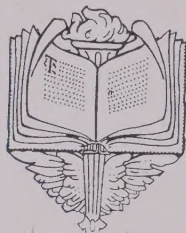




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AND CATHOLIC ALYDONS

1844

REV. A. B. GEORGE, D. D. AND F. J. GEORGE, D. D. EDITORS

VOLUME XXV. NEW YORK

UTICA

WESTMINSTER & CATHOLIC ALYDONS

1844



STANDARD MAGAZINE

AND THE LITERARY

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# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE

AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

DEVOTED TO

THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL RELIGION, FREE INQUIRY, RELIGIOUS LIBERTY, AND INTELLIGENCE.

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REVS. A. B. GROSH, G. W. MONTGOMERY, AND A. C. BARRAY, EDITORS.

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VOLUME XIV.....NEW SERIES.

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1843.







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# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."....."PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, JANUARY 6, 1843.

NO. 1.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### REFLECTIONS ON THE OLD YEAR.

BY D. D. S. BROWN.

The world seemed hushed in the calm slumbers of death. No noise was heard to disturb the last sad moments of the dying year. The earth moved on apace, and the year 1842 was engulfed in the mighty vortex of that which *was*, but is no more *to be*! The magic spell which bound us together is broken, and oblivion has stamped the seal of the spoiler upon her every page. She has gone—old Time has sung the funeral dirge and laid her in the tomb. She is numbered with the things before the flood, and the recording angel has registered in the archives of Death the tale of her dissolution. How transient was her existence—how rapid was her flight! The tones of her funeral dirge, echoing over the expansive ocean of "by-gone ages," and reverberating upon the waves of the unfathomable future, finally died away upon the ear unheeded and forgotten. The requiem of her death, though uttered in accents distinct and audible, awoke not man from his idle reverie. He wanders on, regardless of his destiny. Oh vain, unthinking mortal! why slumber thus? Awake from your unconscious apathy, and in her untimely fate read thy unfailling doom. Turn back and read the pages of her youth, her glory and decline. How eloquent with instruction is the story of her being. The morning of her existence was ushered in with the songs of joy and gratitude—at her meridian she was clothed in the flowery robes of innocence and beauty, and the melodious eloquence of her myriads of musical attendants indicated that happiness reigned unalloyed. But the unrivalled wheels of Time rolled on, and he wrought his changes upon her smiling appearance. Her former golden locks turned sear—her shining garments lost their lovely hue—the chills of age palsied her powers—her sands of life were nearly run—finally the potentate, Death, consigned her to the pall of oblivion, and who of us mourned her departure! She has gone,

"Glimmering by like the dream of things that were,  
A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour."

Amid all this, what has been passing in our nether world? How many hopes have been blighted—how many projects abandoned—how many resolutions unfulfilled—how many anticipations not realized—how many hearts have rejoiced—how many bosoms heaved with anguish—how many families torn asunder—ay, how much bliss and misery has there been in the world? But the tragedy is ended, and all the vain imagination and wild ambition of man retarded not the progress of old imperious Time. At his fiat, the whole was hurled into the abyss of forgetfulness, the "grave of the year."—What associations rush upon the mind as we turn back at memory's bidding, and review the chequered scenes of the past year. Its commencement was ushered in with the jovial cheer, the merry laugh, the mazy dance, the joyous shout, the cheerful song. Sprightly forms moved gaily through the festive hall, bright countenances looked upon smiling visages, and all seemed unconscious that the chariot wheels of Time were rolling on, and that decay was working ruin in their midst. Spring came with all its blandishments and allurements. The warm gale from the land of flowers loosened the gelid fetters of the earth—the genial rays of the returning sun expanded the embryo bud into blossom—the winding valley and the distant hill echoed with the din of husbandry—the groves reverberated with enchanting music of nature's melody—

the air was filled with the odorous perfume from "flowery Arcadia," and all the scenes of earth were clothed with the variegated tints of beauty and delight. But decay is the inevitable fate of all sub-lunary things. Dark clouds from the icy regions of snow and frost swept over the land—the warm zephyr-gale was changed into the hoarse muttering growl of the northern blast—the then flowery vales and green clad hills are now clothed with the silvery white robes of congealed waters—all the brightness and beauty of nature has departed, and the whole creation seems mantled in the mournful habiliments of sadness and decay. The melancholy moaning of the wintry winds was the prelude of the funeral anthem of the dying year.

"Oh, sad and doleful is the sight, to see the flowrets fade,  
To view fair nature late so gay, in funeral garb array'd."

What a true emblem of man's existence. "Thus it is with temporal things; as for man his days are as the grass, as a flower of the field so he flourisheth, for the wind passeth over it and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more." In the morning of our existence we enter upon the theatre of life with vivid expectations and visionary hopes; we bask for a season in the mellow light of prosperity, and finally flatter ourselves that earth is our abiding place. Alas, how sudden the transition! How true, that the embroidered scenery, the works of human greatness and the glory and sublimity of man's ingenuity must vanish "even as the mists of the gay morn' before the rising sun, that pass away and perish." The beautiful and lovely maiden of sylph-like form and glowing features, who glided as if by magic in the social circle, the pride and admiration of all; who to her natural beauty had added the graces of intellectual refinement, she who was radiant in the morning light, now lies in the cold confines of the sepulchral urn. She slumbers now,

"Sweet as the cradled infant's rest.  
No shadows cross that settled brow  
On which the unfelt cloud is pressed."

The thoughtful student upon whose brow genius sat enthroned, and who by the flickering light of his glimmering taper pored over the abstruse theories of science and explored the recesses of mystic thought; now sleeps the dreamless slumbers of forgetfulness; his fancy's flight scaled up in death. The sailor boy, whose elastic step upon the deck of his iron bound ship, showed forth his activity and sprightliness, and whose countenance was emblematic of nobleness and contentment, now reposes in the deep profound of ocean's blue waters, there to lie with the sea-weed for his winding sheet, and the coral rock for his pillow, until the "war of elements, the wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds" shall be the prelude of that era, when the "sleepers" shall be awakened from their graves, and the sea give up its dead, when the trump of God shall sound the dawn of the resurrection morn.

What a lesson does the past year unfold to us, of the sublimity nature of all earthly glory and grandeur. We have seen the innocent child—the noble youth—the lovely female—the middle aged and the hoary headed, all in their turn, fall by the mysterious archer's dart, and borne by their fellows to the dark shades of the valley, the narrow house of the dead. The vigorous and the weak—the wise and the illiterate—the smiling countenance and the portentous look of sorrow—the eloquent and the mute, all are subject to death's imperial sway.

Amid the ten thousand lessons which we daily witness, let us not forget that "dust we are and unto dust we must return." Many who were with us at the commencement of the departed year, whose countenances glowed with enthusiasm, and whose

communion added a zest to the domestic circle; we now miss from our sides—their benignant smiles beam not upon us—they are reposing with the "sleepers," their voices hushed in death. Let us reap instruction from the volume of the past—let us press forward in the attainment of that knowledge which will fit us for the untried realities of the future—let us treasure up that wisdom which will prepare us for the great and final change which man is destined to undergo. Let us seek for the immutable and imperishable principles of truth, which are as immovable as the rock of ages and as illimitable as God's immensity. And may the bright scintillations of the Sun of Righteousness beam upon the path of future life, dispel the dark mists which earthly passions may engender—roll back the clouds of error and ignorance—and with its refulgent radiance light us in our upward march of intellect. Finally, when our souls shall enter upon the untried ocean of eternity, may its irradiating effulgence direct us to the goal of unending felicity, the throne of the great I AM, where sorrow and sighing shall cease—where decay and death are unknown—there to bask in the irradiation of Jehovah's love throughout the unending ages of eternity.

Caledonia Spa.

N. B. The above excellent article was received last year, and unwittingly laid aside with some other manuscripts, until "out of season." We are happy in finding it so appropriate now.

A. B. G.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### CHILDHOOD: A RETROSPECT.

BY MRS. M. B. BIRDSALL.

How delicious a season of life is childhood! Then the heart is free from guile, and all things wear a hue of brightness, which sheds a halo of happiness over every object. Then the heart overflows with love and joy, and renders every thing which presents itself to the eye, delightful. Even after childhood has passed away, the retrospect affords us many pleasing recollections. Fond memory loves to linger with tenacious hold on each of childhood's happy scenes, and to sweetly retrace every trivial transaction.

How delightful to recall each much loved spot; to have again before our mind's eye, the bright green lawn where we have so often sported; the babbling brook, with the venerable old trees overhanging its banks, beneath whose shade we were wont to gambol in those days when we were strangers alike to care and trouble. But in retracing those by-gone scenes we miss many of those friends who were wont to greet us with friendship's brightest smiles. The question arises, Where are they? Where are the friends of our early youth? Where are those with whom we rambled in childhood's bright and sunny hours, o'er hill and dale, engaged in chasing the gaudy butterfly, or in some employment as characteristic of childhood as the pursuit of the gay flutterer? Many times did we pause to gather the wild flowers that grew around us, and twine for each other, fragrant garlands; and many times would we amuse ourselves in forming brilliant anticipations of the future. In those blithe-some days we were ignorant of the many cares incident to maturer years.

But we have asked where are those much loved companions of our early years? Some remain in our familiar circle, but others are gone, the places they once occupied are now empty. Many are scattered in various directions over our land, some have wreathed the garland of fame upon their brows, and have seemingly forgotten the home, and the friends



of their opening youth. Others are at various institutions of learning, storing their minds with the richest of genius, those of knowledge and virtue.—Yet we still miss many well known and beloved forms. We look around for them in vain. Where are they? The village church-yard claims them for its inhabitants. There, engraved on many a tombstone, we see names endeared to us by tender recollections—many of them, those of fond, familiar friends. The high hopes which they a short time since entertained, are withered. Their brilliant prospects are blighted in the bud, by the unrelenting hand of death. A few years ago, with them we roved, and hope beat high in every heart. Their day-star of life then gleamed as brightly as our own, but the shadows of death have forever enveloped its brightness. It has gone down; their day of life was overtaken by the dark, dark night of death.

But we still see those around us, who claim the highest place in our affections. They also are the friends of our youth, those with whom we sported away childhood's happy hours, and they are dear. We may—nay, we have undoubtedly formed many sweet friendships since that joyous period; but we still feel that the friends of our youth are dearer far, than these. Their forms are entwined in the fond recollections of other days which come to our minds. Association places them with all that rendered childhood happy. They were the partners of our early joys and griefs, and in short of all that pertains to memory. Ask the aged what part of their life has passed in the happiest manner, and they will answer childhood. They will tell us of fairy scenes of bliss enjoyed in those by-gone days which they have encircled with memory's brightest garlands, and they will seem to live those hours again. Even now, when we are in the midst of youth's sunny hours, the half-formed suspicion, that all of our high hopes will not be realized, makes youth's bright season inferior to the guileless period of childhood, which may well be called the opening bud of our existence.

Clinton, December 3, 1842.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### DOOMED MOMENTS.

BY MRS. S. ELIZA GIBSON.

Are there not moments in the life of every one, when he feels that all which are called pleasures, are but gilded bubbles, which though beautiful when viewed in the distance, vanish ere they are fairly grasped—ay, moments when he feels as did the gifted Burns

"O life! thou art a galling load

Along a rough, a weary road!"—

and that to die would be gain? *Moments* we say, for hours are by far too great a portion of time to spend in this manner. Life is too short when we reason, to think of mourning away its shortness; besides there are many true enjoyments and real pleasures in this world, which, if we will, we may taste; and innocently too, though they may be called worldly; but then there are times when forgetful of these, we sink in sadness. Darkness then seems to brood around us, and to cast its shadows into the already darkened future. Hope seems to have forgotten her mission on earth, and even memory sheds not one gladdening ray to illumine with peace our desponding spirits. I care not if our efforts have been rewarded with the hoped for success, and our hopes crowned with the anticipated joys; yet these doomed moments, as messengers of sadness, will return.

Let it be the one whose great object through life has been the attainment of wealth. That object has been accomplished, and the shining dust has been poured into his coffers in far greater abundance than he had dared to wish; and it may be that, as a general thing, he looks upon it with satisfaction, while in spite of the care and toil which attend him, he still presses onward, thinking that one more degree of attainment in his heart's desire, will bring an increased amount of happiness. But it is not always thus. Though success may continue, still there are times when he looks upon all with sadness. "Away," says he, "with an enumeration

of my hundreds; for my possessions fill not this aching void—tell me not of my riches; for they can not purchase content to my heart—flatter me not because of abundance; for 'tis all vanity and vexation of spirit! At this moment I am tired of the world, wearied of my wealth, and wish for nothing so much as solitude and forgetfulness!"

Or the person may be one who has panted for fame—a literary fame. The midnight lamp has been a witness of that devoted one's efforts, and the glare of day, of his incessant toil. Tried thoughts and a racked brain with throbbing temples and a debilitated system, have been followed by a word of applause, or a universal awarding of genius—and what then? Ah! there may be times when this will satisfy; and he feel that he has received a reward commensurate with his labors; but on him also steal these doomed moments, and what to him is now the *world's* applause? A sickening sound! "Give me," says he, "a place apart from all else, where no impudent gazing eye shall note my sadness, and you may have all that has been added to my name. I care not for fame now, melancholy has taken possession of my soul!"

Others there are, who have never been lured by either the genius of wealth or fame, but none are exempt from moments like these. It may be true that they occur less frequently than to those of the classes already mentioned, but are there any who have never desired friends and friendship? If so, then it may indeed be, that they are those who have never felt melancholy—they are those who have never felt that they were lone, isolated beings, or that there was but one or two at most who clung to them with other than selfish or interested motives—yes *they* may be those who have never felt wearied or desponding! But, no; such are not to be found. All, all, have borne the weight of sadness! And what then? shall we when thus oppressed, sit calmly down and "nurse our grief" till "doomed moments" are lengthened into hours? Shall we say to the famishing soul when it cries, "give me water, or I die"—there is no remedy? Ah no! Religion as a healing physician, is ready to give water freely from the fount of everlasting life. Let us listen then to her prescription!

"See," says she, "yon poor and afflicted widow—hasten to her; relieve her wants and bid her rejoice;—yon weeping orphan, too—onward; inquire the cause of sorrow, remove it, and with a kindly hand wipe the falling tear;—yon captive to sin—haste ye, and break the galling chains—set him who is confined in the darkened dungeons of iniquity, free—bind up the broken hearted—and tell yon faint and doubting soul, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth! Look within thine own heart, and with unfeigned repentance, wash each spot and blemish free—do justly with thy fellow men—bow in humbleness before thy God; and, stop!—dost thou wish thy days shortened or hast thou wounds or pains to cure?"

Thy answer mortal! "O religion thou hast a balm for every wound, and a cordial for every pain! Let my days be lengthened that I may follow thy precepts; and my life be prolonged that I may enjoy thee!"

Here of a truth we have found a remedy. Arise then, O man! when sadness is enshrouding thy spirit in gloom, and hasten onward to the performance of what is not only thy duty, but what shall also prove thy greatest pleasure. The darkness of despondency shall then give place to the light of peace and satisfaction—no longer shalt thou look upon life as a burden, or the enjoyments thereof as unworthy thy patronage; and no longer shall thy heart ask for solitude, or shrink from communion with thy fellow beings; for thy faith and thy practice, will have already "made thee whole."

Monroeton, Pa.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### HUMANITY.

BY REV. H. TORREY.

Man never appears more exalted in the scale of existence, than when engaged in performing acts of kindness, dictated by humanity. The true nobleness of his nature is thus exhibited. We may

see him engaged in chivalry, and admire his valor; we may see him exploring the works of nature, and bringing out its hidden mysteries, and for this we call him *philosopher* and venerate his name; we may see him in the great places of the nation, engaged in the exposition of law, and lifting his voice for our country's good, and for the rights of man, and then we call him wise and learned, and class him with the great ones of the earth. In all these, and many other situations, we may see man, and feel to rejoice that we too are human, and that our natures are capable of such exhibitions of greatness and glory. But a tenderer chord is touched, sympathy awakened, and the pure affections of the heart well up from their deep fountains, when we see man actively engaged in aiding the suffering, distributing with a liberal hand to the wants of the poor, and pouring the balm of kindness into the sorrow-stricken and disconsolate heart.

Those men who have lived for the good of others, and spent their lives and fortunes in adding to the sum of human enjoyment, have shed the brightest halo around their names, which will glow brightly in future ages, and receive the grateful admiration of the good and virtuous, when others, which in their day and generation appeared in dazzling splendor, will be forgotten and blotted from the page of history. Such names as Howard, who labored for the depraved and forsaken, and Girard, who left a rich legacy for the orphan, will be cherished in the hearts of the remotest posterity, and will be pointed to as examples, when the exhortation is made—"Go thou, and do likewise."

It is a happy thought that we have some, yea, many such men in the world—men who, like the sun in the heavens, shed a cheering influence around all, over whom they have influence. And these are the men we want, *these* are the men who reflect honor on our race, and show us *humanity* in the true dignity of its elevation. We are too prone to think evil of man, and put too low an estimate on the capacities of nature. We look at the corruptions and vices of the world, and say that such is human nature. But alas! how mistaken the notion. *They* originate from vitiated tastes, ignoble propensities, and wrongly directed faculties. *They* are the results of being educated under bad influences; and are not the legitimate fruits of original human nature—of that nature which was created the image of the Invisible. Humanity has something noble in it, something generous, something godlike. It is not a moving, breathing mass of corruption, only fitted to do violence and wrong; but it is imbued with capacities and powers worthy the source from whence they emanated. This is what the world should learn and realize; and when they *have* learned it, then will "violence no longer be heard in our land, nor wasting and desolation in our borders."

The most noble feature of humanity, and the one which partakes mostly of the Divinity, is its beneficence. Man is truly a beneficent being—he has innate promptings of goodness in his soul. And the fact that he always feels to sympathize with the wretched and the miserable, proves that he was not created a selfish being, and that he has a nobler purpose to answer in his existence, than to be a "dweller apart" from his race, or isolated from his kindred. There are generous emotions in the human heart, which demonstrate the goodness of our nature, and which, by directing us in the way of well-doing, crown our lives with happiness, and render our names a blessing to generations yet unknown.

If the philanthropist, therefore, desires to see humanity rise up in the true greatness of its original nature, he should be sedulous in teaching mankind to act in perfect accordance with the pure impulses of the heart. The heart—the feelings seldom dictate wrong, and he who lives in obedience to the beneficent promptings of the heart, will be the most happy; for goodness and happiness are inseparably connected. When these truths shall become generally known and appreciated, then will we begin to entertain some hopes that *humanity* will finally triumph in throwing off the corruptions with which it has been fettered for ages, and stand forth,



as it was in the beginning, when it came from the hand of the Creator, in the image of God.

While we entertain bright hopes for the future, let us not forget that we have something to do for the *present*; for this consummation, "so devoutly to be wished," can only be effected by individual exertion. We must all endeavor to widen out the mantle of charity, that it may shield many a bosom from the darts of accusation and falsehood. In this respect we can do much towards lessening the spirit of persecution and hatred. *Charity for all*, is the first lever that must be applied in removing the errors of the age, the selfishness of man, and in producing the desired reformation. And this charity should not be exhibited alone by the sentiments of the mind, but *it must be felt in the heart*. Benevolent principles must be reduced to practice, and we *must do with our hands*. Each individual in every community can do something to promote the welfare of the whole. Their acts may not be of the same kind or degree of goodness, yet, by a reciprocity of kindness, the whole will be benefited.

Some may say that they have no influence—or, that they are not able to give so much as others for the relief of suffering humanity, and hence, will do nothing at all. But let such reflect, that whatever they may do, or contribute, will help to swell the current of human kindness, and perchance, may cause another tear of gratitude to course down the care-worn cheek of some disconsolate widow, or destitute orphan. Withhold not thy mite from the poor and destitute, because it is seemingly inconsiderate, for by its bestowment thou mayest give joy to many a saddened heart, and save many of the hopeless and despairing, who are standing upon the very threshold of degradation and crime, where they had been forced by the cold repulsiveness of the world. Little causes help to produce great results, as little streams contribute of their waters to form the mighty river. So, likewise, do the little acts of kindness, which every one is capable of performing, help to produce an incalculable amount of good. Say not, then, that thy exertions will be utterly useless and unavailing.

"What if the little rain should say,

So small a drop as I

Can ne'er refresh those thirsty fields—

I'll tarry in the sky ?

"What if a shining beam of noon

Should in its fountain stay,

'Because its feeble light alone

Can not create a day ?

Doth not each rain-drop help to form

The soul-refreshing shower,

And every ray of light to warm

And beautify the flower ?"

May all, therefore, do good according to their capacity, and as they may have opportunity. Now that cold winter is throwing over the world its icy fetters, *humanity* will be frequently called upon to stretch forth its beneficent hand to aid those poor, unfortunate beings who are barely sheltered from the pitiless blast and driving storm. And let not the appeal be made in vain—turn not, with a deaf ear, from the widow and the orphan, from the suffering and those who have none to help, *when they cry for bread*, but let the kind sympathies of the heart have sway, and open with a liberal hand to the destitute, remembering that "he who giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord," and your abundant reward shall consist in the consciousness of having done your duty, lessened sorrow, and augmented the sum of human happiness.

December 8th, 1842.

For the Magazine and Advocate,  
PRACTICE.

BY REV. S. J. GIBSON.

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

It is an old proverb, that actions speak louder than words, and no less true than old, for certainly there is no better method by which to judge of the sentiments within, than by the actions without. And mankind are aware of this fact; for if they are called upon to pass sentence upon an individual,

almost invariably will they look at his deeds, in preference to his professions, for a guide by which to come to a decision. Even the skeptic, though he has no faith in the Gospel, will avail himself of its teachings—lay them along side the actions of the professed Christian, and condemn him by the contrast which may thereby be exhibited. And one would naturally suppose that the followers of the Saviour, aware of this mode of procedure by the enemy of their faith, would study for the purpose of making their actions harmonize with the precepts of their master; yet often, too often is it the case, that no profit is secured from the lesson so frequently taught them, and hence, the doubting individual anon throws aside revelation as an unmeaning sound, because his neighbors have acted in a hypocritical manner!

Were Christians more sanguine in making their conduct agree with the instructions of the Saviour—were they to study for the purpose of doing away those wrangling contentions which so often exist between those of different denominations; and were they to show by their actions, that their religious faith was not an empty sound merely, how soon would the opposer of the doctrines of Christianity, be deprived of one of the most powerful weapons, by which he now assails the temple of divine truth. But alas! too many there are, who seem to move upon the principle, that religion has naught to do with every-day life, but it is only to be employed upon the Sabbath, and in the sanctuary of public worship. Acting upon such a principle, they are *very* sanctimonious upon Sundays, yet when they go out and engage in the busy affairs of the week, one would judge, that instead of being followers of the great founder of the Christian religion, they were the offspring of him of whom it was declared, "his hand shall be against every man." They overstep the bounds of integrity in their dealings with their fellow men, by polishing the truth so highly, that, by its glowing brightness, it is rendered almost invisible, and the hallowed emotions of charity have not a dwelling place in their hearts. "Every man for himself; and the most sordid, the best fellow," is the prominent article in their creed until Saturday night comes around, when the coat is exchanged for the broad cloak of religion, in which they wrap themselves, and upon Sabbath morning, start for church, vainly supposing that thereby will be proclaimed, that they are of those who love the Lord with their whole hearts, and their neighbors as themselves. The services of the day over, they return to their homes, and this accommodating cloak is absolved from the office of hiding a multitude of sins; and hung up in readiness for use when another week shall have passed away! But, "by their fruits ye shall know them;" exclaims the looker on, and immediately arrives at the conclusion, that they are arrant hypocrites, or that religion is all a farce, and more generally the latter. How detrimental, indeed, is such a course to the progress of that cause, which in its simplicity, beautifies the faculties and refines the feelings of man! (Were it not for the Lots, here and there scattered abroad, soon would Christianity sink like the cities of the plain, and naught remain to tell that it ever had been. Perhaps this latitude may be too much extended, but still all will allow, that there are by far too many in every denomination, of this stamp, and their practice is a dead weight to any cause in which they may be engaged. One such individual will pull down faster than any three others can build up; for society is more prone to look upon the vices than virtues of men.

People of this class, may be found in all societies of the Christian community—in ours as well as in others; but we sincerely trust and confidently hope, that the time is not far distant, when we shall be bereft of them—when every member of the Universalist denomination will measure his conduct by those heavenly principles and precepts which an all-wise Being has bequeathed to the world for the moral and religious improvement of man. Then will our cause flourish, exceedingly—then will the prejudices of a doubting public, sink to rise up no more, and Universalism be acknowledged as having a foundation deep in philanthropy and benevo-

lence, and the religion thereof to be the religion of our Saviour.

Too many there are, who suppose that the up-building of Universalism, is alone to be the work of the preacher, while all the obligation resting upon the laymen, is merely to administer to his wants. And though we acknowledge that the success of our cause depends greatly upon the ministry, yet the laymen may do something for its advancement, aside from merely paying the preacher, which will urge onward the good work and develop its beauties.

In proof of this, I will relate an instance which transpired within the circle of my acquaintance. Br. S. is a man whose whole heart is in the good cause of Universalism, and in order to see if he labors judiciously for its promotion we will let Mr. B. his neighbor of the Baptist denomination, bear testimony; for surely he would not be disposed to give a Universalist credit for something which he did not possess. He speaks of him as follows—

"But there's neighbor S., who is too good a man to be a Universalist, and he does more to keep back our cause in this neighborhood than any Universalist preacher could do; for he is as honorable a man as I know—he never swears, nor does he cheat those that he deals with, and is charitable, and, in fact, if I want a favor I can't apply to a better one for success; for he strives to do to others as he would that others should do to him. Now those who are out of the Ark of Safety, see this, and as they know he is a Universalist, they conclude that his doctrine is a good one, and therefore think that they are safe enough. I am sorry that he is a Universalist, for he is too good to be one."

Here, then, we have the effect produced by the practice of one who *lives*, as well as professes his religion; and how much does it speak in favor of that system of faith which we have embraced, and loudly does it call upon others, to go and do likewise. "Too good, to be a Universalist!" I long for the approach of that time when such will be the expression relative to every one who professes to be a member of our body. Then will the many prejudices of the people be overcome, and they will learn that such a course of conduct—such practice, is but the immediate effect of the glorious principles of our doctrine, operating upon the human heart, and pointing the wayward children of humanity to their great Leader who has gone before them:—And then, too, will that bitter opposition, with which we at present have to contend, give way, and the feelings of Christian kindness occupy its place. Let no one be disposed to think that he can not make his conduct speak as loudly in favor of Universalism as this man has done; for surely it requires not so much labor to be honest, as dishonest—to be temperate, as intemperate—charitable, as uncharitable—and, in a word, far more easy to do as you *would* be done by, than to do as you *are* done by—and the result will be productive of far more happiness and peace to yourself, and be more beneficial to those by whom you are surrounded. Let every one who professes belief in Universalism, live as dictated by the principles of that faith, and he will do more to aid and advance the cause than by a thousand professions without a corresponding practice.

Monroeton, Pa.

#### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P M, Burton, [O] for N H—P M, No Norwich, [O] for B B—P M, Collins, for O H and W H—P M, Carroll, for A M T and R K—P M, Hannibal, for I H K, J McC, A W, W H, T B, M P, A B, E C, A B and J E D—P M, Ledyard, for I P—P M, Liverpool, for S S—P M, Paynesville, for M P Van V—P M, Ridgeway, for H S—E L, Rush—P M, Copenhagen, for E M and J R—P M, Erie, for C W and J C—P M, No Wilna, for A T—P M, Ovid, for E L—P M, Perry, for F W, J M W and D S—P M, Fredonia, for J C and I K T—P M, Gilford Centre [Vi] for S H E and E R—P M, Denmark, for S S—P M, Scatsburg, for P W—P M, Fredericktown, [O] for J D and W O—P M, So Ligon, for A P—P M, Versailles, for W H G—P M, Sheshequin, [Pa] for Z F and C K—P M, Baldwinville, for S W—P M, Rupert, [Vi] for T S B—P M, Potsdam, for L E and C B—P M, St Josephs, [Mich] for B K and G B—P M, Huron, [O] for G B and A R—P M, Marcellus, for C C and S L—P M, Fort Edwards, for W F—P M, Orleans, for L D J—P M, Fredonia, for J E B—P M, Soodus Point, for self and J E—P M, Concord, [Vi] for W W—D M, West Chateaugay—W P, Dalhousie, [U C] for self and J L—P M, Java Village—P M, Richville, for A C.



From the United States Gazette.

TO SCOTLAND.

I loe you for your thrilling tales  
O' lofty deeds our fathers tell;  
I loe you for your daring men  
Who proudly fought, and bravely fell;  
I loe you for the patriot chief  
Who died a traitor's death for thee,  
And for the more successful Bruce  
Whose desperate struggles made thee free;  
I loe you for the faithful hearts  
Blithe beating in each lowly cot;  
I loe you for your great and guid;  
For ROBERT BURNS and WALTER SCOTT.

I loe you for your rugged hills,  
The hardy homes o' stalwart men,  
For lea rigg side, and storied cave,  
For rocky pass, and shaded glen.  
I loe the broom on mountain's breast,  
The bonnie gowans o' the dell,  
Each growth o' Caledonian lan',  
Frae waving pine, to heather bell.  
I loe you for the fresh free winds  
That rair around each mountain spot,  
And seem to echo forth the lays  
O' ROBERT BURNS and WALTER SCOTT.

I loe you for each sonsie lass  
With flaxen locks, and e'en o' blue,  
I loe you for each fearless lad,  
To master leal, to maiden true.  
I loe you for the hawthorn shade,  
Where gleesome birds pass summer hours,  
Where sunshine wanders through the leaves  
To seek the haunts o' winsome flowers.  
I loe you for the ingle side  
Round which in many a cantie cot,  
The songs are sung, the tales are told,  
O' ROBERT BURNS and WALTER SCOTT.

I loe you for your rairing lins  
With heath-crowned crags high piled aboon,  
I loe you for each highland burn  
For Devon's tide, and "Bonnie Doon;"  
I loe you for your castles old  
That rear their turrets high in air,  
For darkened loch wi' heaving breast,  
And eldritch kelpies skirlin' there.  
I loe you for the fabled fays  
That haunt each lone or lovely spot,  
And watch above the silent tombs,  
O' hapless BURNS and gifted SCOTT.

MARY HAMERSLY.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

LIFE A VOYAGE.

BY OLIVER WAGGONER.

We are as it were, sailing down the stream of time with a velocity unheeded and unprecedented. The voyage is full of dangers, and many are the difficulties to be surmounted; notwithstanding, the believer in God's impartial and unbounded goodness apprehends no fears, for believers in the glorious restitution have assurance in abundance, that "Our Father is at the helm." Revelation, that glorious chart, delineates the coasts by which we sail. God has given us reason adequate to understand the chart, (or the principles of divine Revelation,) so that by a strict compliance with the precepts therein given, we may avoid those rocks and shoals with which they are beset and which generally prove destructive to mariners who sail without chart or compass. In Heb. vi: 19, as in a mirror, we see the Gospel hope, which is the anchor that holds our ship, and makes it outride the storms and tempests of an unfriendly and uncharitable world. This hope, is an anchor to the soul. Hence, by one of the richest and most beautiful figures, the soul of man is compared to a ship; and many are the instances in which the parallel will hold, though in some, the analogy is destroyed. The one is a piece of animate matter, the other a pure spirit; hence dissimilar in this respect, and perhaps in a few others; but the similarity in many respects is very apparent. What the main mast is to the ship, reason is to the soul; the lading of which are the gifts and graces of the holy spirit, the breezes which

waft her are the gales of heavenly love, which fill the soul. The ocean on which she sails is the life-time or pilgrimage of man. Reader, is not the stately ship, which skims the foaming billows, or "walks the water like a thing of life," one of the grandest and noblest works of man—and is not the soul one of the noblest of God's works? Yea, its value is incalculable; its origin, is divine; its destination, is heaven—the polar star that guides it thither, is the *Star of Bethlehem*, which will direct it to its haven of rest, where we have assurance that every nation and kindred shall appear, after a wearisome pilgrimage through this turbulent and boisterous ocean of life—where shipwrecks are no more, and where the worn-out mariner shall find peace, through the grace and mercy of the great Captain of his salvation

Palatine, Montgomery Co., Dec., 5th, 1842.

It is so long since we have heard of a real, furious, fanatical, indecent and outrageous revival of Partialism in this section, that we give the following letter a speedy insertion as a curiosity—or, rather, as describing what would now be a curiosity in this region. We have protracted meetings here as usual, but they have become a tame, flat, dull, stale, stupid, decent kind of meeting to what they "used to was" a few years ago—and are generally conducted by the Pastor of the society in person, or by some neighboring clergyman known to be a pretty decent sort of a man. The truth is, the members of our Partialist churches are not *totally* depraved. They are not so anxious to build up their sect as, for the sake of that, to run the risk of having their wives and daughters seduced by these ranting roaring revivalist preachers. This Mr. Raymond may be a *slandered man*; or the Rondout Baptists may be determined to learn wisdom by *experience*. Time will show.

A. B. G.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

GREAT REVIVAL IN RONDOUT.

BR. GROSH—We are in the midst of a revival, which has been in progress about a month. About four weeks since, notice was given out in the Baptist church in this village, that a series of meetings would be held in that church, and a protracted effort made for the salvation of sinners, and that the Rev. Lewis Raymond, a very pious and godly minister, would be here to direct their efforts. Accordingly the meeting commenced, and "the pious and godly" Mr. Raymond entered upon his work. As the Baptist society in this place was very small, and as they had lately completed a small church to the erection of which I had contributed my mite, and as the members of that church were all my neighbors, and some of them my most intimate friends, when myself or family attended church, we usually attended that church; and the first evening Mr. Raymond preached my wife and I went to hear him. He took a text, and after making a few remarks on it, he commenced relating anecdotes of individuals and families in Cooperstown, Butter-nuts, Sackets Harbor, etc! Meeting was dismissed, and we came home. As yet I had formed no opinion of the man, and expressed none, not even to my wife, nor she to me. The next evening I asked her if she would go again, and she refused, stating she did not like the minister and did not wish to hear him again. I went alone the second and third time. Then I came to the same conclusion. Several of my Baptist friends asked me how I liked Mr. R. I told them I did not like him, and gave my reasons—he was too fond of low, vulgar anecdotes. Here I committed the unpardonable sin. Notice was given that Mr. R. would preach the next evening about the devil. That drew in a full house, (as I was informed, for I did not attend to hear "the Devil" preached), I was informed by several members of other denominations, that it was one continued torrent of abuse of Universalists and Universalism. Well, that was unnecessary in this place, as there is but one man besides myself in this whole town, that professes to believe in that doctrine. This Mr. R. was a total stranger to me. I did not know there was such a man in existence until he came into our village. But, about this time

a report was in circulation here, that the "pious" Mr. R. had taken certain liberties with a female in Delaware county, not a hundred miles from here, which, if true, were very improper for a minister or a gentleman. Another report was also stated of a death-bed scene which is said to have occurred in or about Cooperstown—of a young woman who had lived in his family, and who, on her death bed, cautioned her female friends to beware of Mr. R.—that he was not what he professed to be. I can not say these reports are true, but they come from respectable persons, who resided in that immediate vicinity. (This death-bed scene should not be mentioned *even if true*; as it was not a renunciation of Universalism!) I related these reports as I heard them, to some of my Baptist friends, in connection with the abuse of Universalists, and stated that when a minister came into a strange place to ridicule and denounce a whole denomination of Christians who were somewhat respectable in numbers, morals, intelligence, and Christian virtues, he should come with *clean hands* and a reputation untarnished. This was too much for the pure ears of my Baptist friends, and I was told repeatedly that myself and family were the subjects of many prayers; and soon after this conversation had time to reach the minister, Mr. R., he carried me away to the throne—not of grace and mercy, but of the prince of darkness. In one of his afternoon meetings he came to one of the back slips of the church, in which Mr. Suydam, one of the members of the Legislature elect from this county, was sitting, and knelt down before him, and prayed in this wise—that James S. McIntee, the proprietor and keeper of the Rondout Mansion House, might be clothed in some inhuman shape, and that God would give him a cloven foot, in order that the people of Rondout might know his true character—that he might be a living monument of God's displeasure, serving as a beacon and a warning to others, &c. Now I am on the most intimate terms with the deacons of the Baptist church in this place, and all its members; and some of them I had supposed to be my warmest friends; but they say *this is all right*. When I ask them what crimes I am guilty of, or what great sin I have committed, they charge me with none but the awful sin of being a Universalist, and oh, my influence! If I would believe it, and *keep it to myself*, it would not be so bad; but I keep others out of the kingdom! The meetings have continued more than four weeks, night and day, and some nights *all night*. Individuals are named, and they are told in harangues which are called prayers, that God is in Rondout, that Christians are praying for them, and if they do not come to the anxious seats now, they will go to hell—that if Christians give them over and cease to pray for them, their case is hopeless, and they must be damned. A great many have gone forward, and twenty or more have been baptized—and wo, wo, unto any person who has the boldness to question the propriety of the means used. It is more than twenty years since I embraced the doctrine of God's impartial grace. I have lived in this place seventeen years, and it is a pleasing reflection, that my neighbors can charge me with no greater sin than that of believing, and some times endeavoring to defend, the doctrine of the final holiness and happiness of all men. But the pleasure of the reflection would be greatly enhanced if I could charge myself with no greater sin than this. Now, Br. Grosh, I have been a subscriber and a reader of Br. Price's excellent paper ever since he published the first number of the Christian Messenger; and of Br. Skinner and yours for several years; and I suppose I am obnoxious to the charge made by this "godly" Mr. R. from the pulpit in this place, that if conviction was to enter the heart of one of these hardened Universalists, they would send to Grosh, or Skinner, or Sawyer, for one of their Universal shipplasters, and it would be all plastered over. But this is not my object in writing to you at this time—it is more particularly to let you know what a glorious revival we have had in our village, and what a *very* "pious and godly minister" we have in our midst. But I am constrained to believe it is a revival of fanaticism, envy, hatred, and malice. My neigh-



bors who, a few weeks since, were kind, friendly, and cheerful, are now sour, morose and bitter enemies; and they complain to my friends of other denominations, and tell them it is their duty as Christians to run me down; and *all* for what they conceive to be an error in doctrine! They carry it to such lengths, that all the rational and thinking portion of our village are disgusted with their extravagance. J. S. McENTEE.

Roadout, December 20, 1842.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### SOPHISTRY EXPOSED.

As sophistry always defeats its own purposes, and invariably injures the cause which it intends to benefit; and as there is a superabundance of evidence to prove to every rational and impartial mind, the existence of a moral Governor of the universe, it behooves every true theist, who wishes to annihilate atheism, and to establish a general belief in the existence of the Deity, to examine thoroughly the register of theistical arguments, and to expunge from its pages, every thing that savors of sophistry. And as truth is the object of my researches, and being no slave to authority, I hope that I will not be accused of rashness, when I assert that the talented Dr. Dwight in his learned treatise on theology, has used arguments to prove the existence of the Deity, that are sophistical in the extreme, and ill calculated to elicit truth. The arguments to which I particularly allude, are the three following ones. 1st. If there has been an eternal series of things; each individual in the series, must be a unit; but every collection of units, however great, is with intuitive certainty numerable, and therefore can not be infinites. 2d. If there has been an eternal series of men, the first must have existed at an infinite distance from us. His son, who may be supposed to have been forty years younger, was either at an infinite distance, or at a finite distance from us. If at an infinite distance, then the infinite distance of his father, was forty years longer than the infinite distance of the son. If the son was at a finite distance from us, then forty years added to a finite distance, will make it infinity. 3d. If the planets have moved eternally in their present orbits, and the earth, for example, has performed an infinite series of revolutions, the moon in her circuit round the earth, has performed a series thirteen times, and the earth in its rotation round its axis, a series three hundred and sixty five times as great as that infinite series. In reference to the first and second arguments, the artifice is so palpable, that it scarcely needs a reply; because the same arguments that the writer has used to disprove the eternity of things, can, by the same parity of reason, be used to disprove the eternity of the existence of God, which eternity of the existence of God the writer himself admits; hence his arguments are of no avail. For the duration of the Deity's existence may strictly be compared to a fleeting and perpetually perishing parts of succession, each part of succession being a unit in the series of his existence. Now if there is any force in the argument, that every collection of units, however great, is with intuitive certainty numerable, and therefore can not be finite; it follows by this mode of reasoning, that the existence of God, is not eternal. And again it must be admitted by those who maintain that God's existence is eternal, that he has existed at an infinite distance from us. Now to prove the imbecility of the second argument, we will suppose, that the first thing that He created, is co-existent with himself; wanting forty years, which thing began to exist either at a finite or infinite distance from us. If at an infinite, then the infinite distance of God, is forty years longer than the infinite distance of the thing created. But if the thing created is at a finite distance from us, then forty years, added to a finite distance, will make it infinite. Both suppositions according to the professor's reasoning, involves a mathematical absurdity—therefore God is finite. But he admits the infinity of God, consequently his reasoning is grossly false. In reference to the third argument, I must confess, that if it proves any thing at all, it proves too much; for it involves palpable

absurdities. The hypothesis, that the planets have moved eternally in their present orbits, does not imply that the duration of one planet, would be greater than that of another; neither does it so far as relative motion is concerned, involve an absurdity, but rather the contrary for the fact, that one numerical infinity, may be greater than another, is no supposition, but a plain deduction from the principles of mathematics. The fact that the earth performs three hundred and sixty five diurnal revolutions, to one annular, and the moon twelve times as many, and that this order of motion can be continued to eternity, if not interrupted by some opposing power, is self evident, and needs no proof. But as an illustration, we will suppose two numerical series to exist, the one twelve times greater than the other, and both increased by constant quantities *ad infinitum*. Let the number of terms in the series, represent the respective parts of the fleeting succession of the duration of the earth and moon, and the units in each term the relative number of their revolutions. Now it is palpably evident, that these fleeting parts of succession, in the motion and duration of the earth and moon, may be continued to any conceivable positive distance, and yet the relations of the two series will nevertheless hold good, still preserving the condition, that the one shall be twelve times greater than the other; and so we may by repeated additions, extend these series commensurate with our idea of infinity, and still the condition will be preserved, that the one series shall be twelve times greater than the other. Yet the number of terms which represent the successive parts of duration, are equal and identified. Hence we perceive the feebleness, and artifice of this manner of reasoning, and its unfitness to carry conviction to the dissenting mind, and conclude with the words of the learned Professor, that it is unnecessary to dwell any longer on this complication of folly.

Clinton Liberal Institute.

JUVENIS.

### MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Rev. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry.

UTICA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 6, 1843.

### THE NEW VOLUME.

We enter on the fourteenth volume of the Magazine and Advocate, and the thirteenth year of our course as one of its editors, with no diminished affection for the cause in which we are engaged, and no lessened hopes of its onward successes and final triumph over all opposition. Every year's examination of its evidences and of the arguments brought to oppose it—every day's observation of its salutary influences and gradually advancing power to mould the opposing creeds around us into a more humane and Christian form—every trial of its adaptations to human wants and sufferings—every experience of its heavenly skill in developing and quickening all that is ennobling in the human soul, and in repressing and subduing the animal passions of human nature into conformity with the precepts of Jesus—all—*all* but render Universalism more dear to my heart, and firmly convince me that it is, indeed, the very and pure "bread of life that cometh down from heaven, and giveth life to the world"—that it is in very truth the full and unadulterated Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God. And this, alone—and especially added thereto the evidences above named—convince me that it is rapidly advancing among men—wearing away their prejudices—softening the harshness of their nature—refining their thoughts and sensibilities;—that it is, as leaven hidden among meal, or as light shining in darkness, working mightily though silently among other denominations, and gradually moulding their creeds into a greater conformity with its own principles;—that it is insensibly affecting Christian nations, and operating to produce a greater manifestation of humanity and righteousness in their laws;—that it is identifying civilization with its own heavenly and benevolent spirit, and gradually abolishing the bloody demon of war, and the

dark shadows of moral and political slavery from Christendom.

It is true, its advances are slow—like the growth of the mighty oak from the small germ of the humble acorn—but they are no less sure than they are slow, even in regard to the whole world. But when viewed with reference to our own land, how rapid the progress of Universalist principles! Every benevolent and great moral movement, though commenced and carried on by our opposers, is successful only so far as they adopt the principles of Universalism. And even the giant writhings of error, in its convulsive efforts to destroy human peace and blast human hope, only awakens the conservative power of the creeds of our opposers, and drives them to take their battle-stand on our principles. Millenarianism is now doing more to compel Partialists to adopt Universalist principles of interpretation, than any other religious convulsion of the day. And we are confident that the skepticism produced by this and other legitimate children of fanatical self-styled Orthodoxy, must yet compel further our opposers to take our principles to meet and crush it forever.

We say, then, that with no diminished affection for Universalism, no lessened hopes of its final and complete triumph, do we enter on the labors of another year. We feel wearied with past labors and struggles—worn with many personal trials and difficulties—discouraged by decreasing support, and pecuniary hardness—so that often, we feel to sigh for repose, or to regret that many who *could* render our labors more pleasant, will not exert more zeal to aid and support us. We are but mortal—and we can not but feel that a want of promptness in compensating hard-working servants, on the part of many of our brethren, has added greatly and painfully to the weight of their burdens, and much crippled their usefulness. And we are satisfied that our cause can not advance as rapidly as it could, and should, and would advance, until these unjust and ungenerous brethren will obey the promptings of the faith they profess, and cease to withhold the laborer's hire, and to muzzle the ox that treadeth out their grain—in other words, until *all* Universalists will do, as they tacitly agree, or as duty requires, in paying their preachers, and printers, and editors. Were all our brethren as these *wheel-horses* are, our cause would have been backed clear down to the foot of the hill long ago! Thanks be to God, there have been, and yet are, many who have a faith which produces a proper share of zeal to do *works* becoming their professions of goodness! May the number increase, until *all* shall *dear justly, love mercy*, and walk humbly with God. Then will Zion put on her most beautiful garments, and reflect to all around the light of her truth, the beauties of her righteousness, and the glory of her God.

In the present year, we hope much of the apathy, lukewarmness and errors of past years will be removed, and compensated for, by an increase of personal interest and exertions in every believer of Universalism.—Increase the amount of your preaching, if possible.—Use exertions to induce others to attend your meetings. Fill up your Bible classes. Gather children into your Sunday schools. Make efforts to establish Conference meetings. Pay up, as much as possible, all arrearages to printers and preachers. See that your preachers have a support sufficient to enable them to devote *all* their time, their thoughts, and their exertions to serve you in the Gospel. Circulate books and periodicals among your neighbors. See that all who are able to afford it, take and pay for a Universalist periodical—and that those able to do so, take *two or three*. See that your societies attend promptly to all their *business matters*, and do them up right. Attend all the Conferences, Associations, and Conventions of the order that are held in your vicinity. These gatherings exert no small influences on the zeal and good feeling of the neighborhoods represented in them. In short—let every believer be also a *doer* of Universalism in his family, his society, his neighborhood—to himself, his friends, community and the world—and our cause will advance rapidly, our opposers be blessed with a conversion to it, and each believer will be a better and consequently a hap-



pier man, before the new year, 1843; grows old, and becomes ready to vanish away. Amen. A. B. G.

### REVIVAL OF RELIGION—NO. I.

"O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years.

HAB. iii: 2.

It can not have escaped the notice of the most careless observer, that, notwithstanding the increase of knowledge and benevolence, there is yet much to darken the mind and lead it away from God. With all the influence that the Gospel exerts upon men, there is still bigotry, superstition and intolerance pervading every walk and condition in life, cutting asunder the bonds and ligaments of society; uprooting long existing friendships; alienating heart from heart; introducing discord and division into families, and pouring wormwood and gall into the bosom of every community. Look in upon the different sects and denominations of the day, and you will see them bitter and hostile toward each other—they have scarcely one single sympathy or feeling in common—the line of demarcation between them is broad and deep, and but few presume to cross it for friendly communion.

A single circumstance that has recently come to hand, shows the madness and recklessness of the sectarian feeling that is abroad. You have all heard of Wm. E. Channing, who is now asleep in his grave, and many of you have learned to love him for his labors in the cause of human good. As a man, he was all a man should be. As a philanthropist, he had "a big heart, and it was in the right place." As a Christian, he was humble and devoted; and his very life as a public individual shows how deep and fervent was his love for God and his fellow men. Wherever the influence of his labors have extended, there you will find a broader humanity, a kindlier spirit, and enlarged sympathies. Every energy and power of his great and benevolent mind were made to bend to one object—the increase of the *knowledge and liberality and benevolence* of the age. And in his last effort before the public, he advocated the cause of the oppressed, and down-trodden, and claimed for all classes of men those inalienable rights which God gave them to enjoy. And yet, scarcely had the grave closed over his earthly remains, and while hearts were bleeding fresh for their loss, the lamented Channing was given a place in the dark abodes of the damned!

O, the spirit of sectarian bigotry! It would consign to endless ruin the purest seraph that adores at the feet of God, if he did not worship by its creed! It would inflict eternal torture upon the holiest being in the universe, who would not subscribe to its doctrines! And this very spirit is abroad in the land, venting its curses and denunciations upon all who are not of its party, and carrying strife and confusion into every lane and avenue of society. O, what need there is to pray, "Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years."—Let the kindness of the Gospel melt and subdue the heart! Let its influence bring men together in love, and banish bigotry and hate from the human soul!

It is a fact that ought not to be overlooked, that we are none of us better than we should be; our hearts are none too pure—our intentions are often none too upright or honest—our acts and dealings are none too righteous. And so far as we are able to discover, the same may be said of those around us. With all the professions that are made, sin and wickedness continue to prevail, and to manifest themselves even under the garb of religion. Few, very few are as faithful in all the relations of life as they should be; the convictions of duty are not always acted up to—the principle of uprightness and truth are departed from, and, as the consequence, wretchedness and disorder prevail. Why is it that the prison and the scaffold have their victims? Why is it that so many are rolling in the mire of infamy? Why is it that the peace of society is marred by strife and dissension between man and man? Why are so many homes desolate, and so many dying-beds comfortless? It is because we are not true to ourselves nor to each other. *It is because the laws of God written on our Constitutions and in the Bible, are violated!* It is because

the principles of the Gospel, founded in love divine, are not cherished and acted up to as they should be.

These facts demonstrate to us the need of a *genuine revival of religion*—not one confined to this or that denomination; but one that shall extend to all denominations, and to all classes and conditions of men.

"But I thought," says one, "that Universalists did not believe in revivals of religion." I know this is the general impression among other sects, and a vast deal of pains is taken to make the public believe that we are a cold, careless and irreligious people; and it was said by a Rev. Mr. Laird, a few days since, that if it was not for *public opinion*, we would *throw the Bible away!* A more unfair, ungenerous, unjust and false accusation never was uttered; and if conscience be not dead in his soul, it will sting him for that act! There is not a Universalist in the land but what loves his Bible. He finds the evidences of his faith written upon its every page. The promises of a Father in which he trusts, are there; and there is his hope and his consolation. What! throw away the Bible through which the love of God has come to him; and in which the Saviour speaks and bids him live! Ask that old man if he would throw away his Bible if it were not for *fashion's sake*. But stay, you need not ask him—it would be insulting his gray hairs. When every thing else is forgotten, he will remember his Bible. As the darkness of the grave gathers around him, it is his light; and were every thing else to fail him, he knows that that would bring him off conqueror at last!

A. C. B.

### THE WESTERN LUMINARY.

We have received the specimen number of the second volume of this periodical, several days in advance of its date. It is changed from the quarto to the folio form, considerably enlarged, much improved in its mechanical execution, and printed on better paper, with new type. Br. James M. Cook, proprietor and principal Editor, will be aided in the editorial department by Brs. C. Hammond, J. Whitney, S. Goff and J. S. Brown. The price of the paper is one dollar per annum if paid in advance, to which will be added fifty cents for every four months delay of payment.

\* \* We regret that Br. J. M. Cook should have seen our remarks and conduct through such a distorted or discolored medium, as he evidently does by his sneering and sarcastic notice of our brief notice of the 16th ult. We saw his prospectus for the first time, (for at that busy season we had so much to do, that we could not read carefully all our exchange papers,) too late for insertion in that paper. We therefore marked it for insertion in the next paper, (when it was published at length,) and noted his intentions and reasons, briefly, in our news items, among some similar occurrences. Writing as we did in haste, we indulged a very slight expression of our melancholy feelings at learning that a number of our publishers were losing money by their labors; and of our fears that by increasing their expenses in the hope of gaining additional support, they will only lose faster and more; and of our astonishment that with all these cries of distress, and the wrecks of the past, around them, other brethren will begin new papers and swell the tide of losses, the cries of distress, and increase the prospects of ruin for publishers. This latter, particularly, appears to excite the sneers and ridicule of Br. Cook; and he speaks of our "loud sounding note ('new papers') which was struck in the old tune," and says that these proposals for new papers are "thorns" that "irritate" and "prick" us. It is perhaps natural that they should jest at scars, who never felt a wound; but we can not but feel that Br. J. M. Cook is ungenerous in these imputations of wrong feelings and motives to us—and that as he has not found our former fears for him prove utterly groundless thus far, it would be more prudent in him to heed the caution than to *ridicule* it. I call his remarks ungenerous; for he knows that I have no cause for being "pricked" or "irritated" by any new papers. He knows that I have not one cent invested in any paper now published—nor a cent to win or lose by any one that may be published. I have lost all I ever

supposed I had made by publishing, and after twelve years of much toil, and care, and debt, feel no desire to try it again.

But while these misfortunes (which many of our publishers have also experienced, while others are experiencing them) remove me from the field of competition, rivalry, hope of gain, or fear of loss, they do not, and I hope never may, close my heart to sympathy with my fellow unfortunates, nor to sorrow for those whom I behold becoming candidates for the same unenviable condition with ourselves. If the expression of this disinterested sympathy is matter for ridicule and sneers, Br. Cook is landably engaged. And if the utterance of my regrets and fears, in the form of cautions or advice intended to save brethren from losses and ruin, deserves their scoffs and rebukes, Br. Cook is paying me well for *past cautions already realized*, and for present fears which I pray God his future success may disappoint. But I do not believe he will justify his remarks, except by imputing wrong motives, or on the ground that my judgment is greatly at fault. Of my motives, I have already spoken, by showing that I am disinterested. In vindication of my judgment, let the following suffice.

When the present pecuniary difficulties commenced, there was hope that, by a careful retrenchment of expenses, a lopping off of non-paying subscribers, and the united exertions of the friends of Universalism, nearly all our periodicals of extensive circulation might weather the storm. Experience has shown that where the old publishers had debts, they too had to be changed, to save their periodicals from wreck. If present times continue, or due prudence is not observed on all hands, they may fail after all the sacrifices and sufferings through which they have passed. Even before 1837, many of our new papers, though they did not much injure the older ones, (for subscribers were plenty,) yet failed, after draining the proprietors' pockets, and sometimes taxing even their subscribers to the amount of nearly a year's subscription for which he got no papers! But since then, the prospect for new papers is not only more doubtful, but the injury they do to the older papers, by drawing away the support they so greatly need, is more deeply felt—the injury is more dangerous. For now good subscribers are fewer in number, and less able to make extra exertions than formerly—and every paper needs all it has to sustain it. Every new paper, then, forms a drain, to a greater or less extent, on this already barely insufficient fund for the support of the older ones—and I presume no one will deny that the cause is injured when a paper breaks down—and that more injury will ensue from the failure of an old and widely known paper, than from a new one, of smaller circulation. But particularly will injury ensue if *both* fail; and, really, if new papers continue to spring up in every section, the general support may become so much divided, that both old and new will ruin their publishers, and fail together.

Who does not remember the injuries our cause suffered by the *almost failure* of the Herald of Truth, in the very city where the Luminary is now published? But for the purchase of its list by Grosh & Hutchinson, at a final loss to them of not less than \$1000, the Herald would have entered on a third year, and perished mid-volume, increasing the injury to the cause tenfold beyond what it was. Yet the *times* and the *prospects* for a new paper were to all appearance far better then—in 1834—than they are now, in 1843. Br. Cook talks of "hopes." After he has lived on a publisher's hopes as long as some of us have done, he will know better what reliance to place upon them. He will find the discount deducted from them by the reality, no *joking* matter! What were his hopes last year, when he started the Luminary? What deduction has *one year* made from them, with all the extra aids which a new paper always finds? I sincerely wish that he may not find his hopes worse founded than my fears; and that a fortunate change of times may come in time to save *all* our papers in this State, and reward richly their self-sacrificing publishers. But certainly there is enough in the past and the present to engage all our exertions, that our papers may be



barely sustained—enough to warrant the expression of feelings of sympathy, sorrow, and apprehensions for our publishers generally, which I have expressed, and which Br. Cook sneers at and ridicules.

Wishing him a vision clear from prejudice, a temper free from groundless suspicions, and a heart more attuned to sympathy with the broken-down of our suffering tribe, I take my leave of this painful subject, praying God that he may learn wisdom by some other means than his personal experience of the heart-wringing toils, cares and losses which have been the lot of so many of our publishers; but of which he has had, as yet, but a very slight foretaste.

A. B. G.

### TRUSTING IN GOD.

Turn over the pages of the sacred volume, from Genesis to Revelations, and you can not find a solitary passage which forbids men from trusting in God—which warns them against relying on his promises, or declares them in danger because they think too highly of his goodness. On the contrary, you will find frequent warm commendations of those who trust in God, and exhortations to the children of men to place confidence in him—to trust him—to believe his promises—to rely upon his goodness with childlike affection and filial trust. And as frequent are the denunciations against those who doubt, and fear, and distrust God's wisdom, goodness, providence and care—who rely on an arm of flesh, and trust to man's wisdom rather than God's—and who narrow down their faith, and limit their confidence in their heavenly Father.

It was thus with the children of Israel in the desert. They believed in God; but they trusted him not—they confided not in his character—they relied not on his promises—and it was for this distrust, and doubt, and unbelief that God chastened them so severely, and swore they should not enter into his rest. The Psalmist, in the 78th Psalm, has beautifully and powerfully set forth the causes of their punishment, and described their ungrateful and unjust want of confidence in God, and of gratitude for his benefits. He says—"Marvelous things did he in the sight of their fathers, in the land of Egypt, in the field of Zoan. He divided the sea, and caused them to pass through; and he made the waters to stand as a heap. In the day-time also he led them with a cloud, and all the night with a light of fire. He clave the rocks in the wilderness, and gave them drink as out of the great depths. He brought streams also out of the rock, and caused water to run down like rivers. And they sinned yet more against him by provoking the Most High in the wilderness. And they tempted God in their heart by asking meat for their lust. Yea, they spake against God; they said, Can God furnish a table in the wilderness? Behold, he smote the rock, that the water gushed out, and the streams overflowed; can he give bread also? can he provide flesh for his people? Therefore the Lord heard this, and was wroth: so a fire was kindled against Jacob, and anger also came up against Israel; because they believed not in God, and trusted not in his salvation." 12-22. "When he slew them, then they sought him; and they returned and inquired early after God. And they remembered that God was their Rock, and the high God their Redeemer. Nevertheless they did flatter him with their mouth, and they lied unto him with their tongues. For their heart was not right with him, neither were they steadfast in his covenant. But he, being full of compassion, forgave their iniquity, and destroyed them not: yea, many a time turned he his anger away, and did not stir up all his wrath. For he remembered that they were but flesh; a wind that passeth away, and cometh not again. How often did they provoke him in the wilderness, and grieve him in the desert! Yea, they turned back and tempted God, and limited the Holy One of Israel."—34-41.

Shall I be excused for saying that a great many of our Christian brethren appear to me to resemble very closely the Israelites in the desert? They are surrounded daily with the exhibitions of God's wisdom and goodness—of his most free and unpurchased benevolence and

mercy—and yet they act and converse as if they dreaded him above all other beings—as if they were in continual terror lest his patience, and goodness, and mercy be clear exhausted and changed into wrath, and cruelty and vengeance. He gives them existence in a world most gloriously beautiful, and stored on every hand with innumerable provisions for their happiness—he provides parents to watch over their helpless infancy—teachers to instruct their ignorance—friends to lend them the helping hand—brothers, sisters and other dear connexions to sweeten social and domestic joys by their participation—and adds to all these, ten thousand, thousand other blessings, which neither labor can produce nor wealth purchase, nor human worth merit. All these are the free, unpurchased gifts of God's bounty. And yet their daily and hourly recipient is asking in his heart, in the same doubting spirit that led the Jews to tempt God in the desert—Can God continue to love and bless me, without my performance of certain conditions? Will God bless in eternity as freely as he blesses in time? Will God be as kind and compassionate to sinners always, as he is now? Will not God be changed in his appearance and conduct in heaven, from what his works on earth declare he now is? God adds testimony to testimony of his fatherly love for man, and at last, as the greatest testimony of all, Christ, as the representative of God, comes and declares himself the sinner's friend and Saviour, and dies, and rises again in attestation of the truth of his mission. And still the question is asked, will Christ find those who are lost? Can he save the sinners? Is it any wonder, that a fire is kindled against Jacob, and that anger also comes up against Israel, because they believe not in God, and trust not in his salvation—because they, like the Israelites of old, turned back, and tempted God; and limit the goodness, and the wisdom and the moral power of the Holy One of Israel?

Filled with these wrong conceptions of the character of God, they, too, have injurious views of the commandments and laws given to the children of men.—They suppose that the manifestation of the divine glory and the exaltation of God's honor, is the only object of his moral government—and that this can be secured as well in connexion with the creature's endless sin and misery, as in the salvation of the creature. Consequently, they feel as if every command given them, did not involve so much their happiness, as the abstract honor and glory of the law-giver. The same view of God's character, extends through, and colors over, every gift of his bounty, every provision of his providence and his grace, and every administration of his government. All—all are seen to be emanations of a cold, selfish and calculating Deity, who blesses abundantly when blessing enhances his glory; but who damns to endless torture as freely, when an exhibition of his vindictive justice will exalt his honor—

"Who, as it pleases best himself,  
Sends one to heaven and ten to hell,  
A' for his glory;  
And no for only gude or ill,  
They've done afore" him.

I know 'tis satire—but the point of the satire is in the strict truth of the representation it furnishes.

A. B. G.

### "AN APPEAL"—EXPLANATION.

In the Appeal to all indebted to the late firm of Grosh and Hutchinson, published in No. 51, last volume, it was stated that Grosh and Hutchinson had paid Br. Skinner, about \$7000 (principal and interest) on their contract for the Magazine and Advocate. It should have been stated (but probably a desire to be brief as possible, prevented Br. Hutchinson, who drew it up, from going into particulars,) that of that sum, about \$4,600 was in the balance due on the contract purchasing the paper from me by the present proprietors. For at the time I sold the paper to Grosh and Walker, I assigned that amount of their contract to Mr. Skinner, who agreed to receive it as part payment of the contract of G. and H. with him. This explanation is necessary, lest the reader may suppose that the whole of that \$7000 was paid in cash.

It is but just to add also, that Mr. Skinner has received but a very small payment as yet on the contract of Grosh and Walker transferred to him as above stated—that he has received but a few hundred dollars, as yet on the accounts transferred to him by Mr. Hutchinson and myself, and that he is really in great need of the money, to meet payments on personal debts, and on the indorsements made for us. We do therefore earnestly urge all against whom those accounts are, to pay as speedily as possible. Those indorsements should have been met before now had we been able; and we are anxious that they should be speedily met by the debtors aforesaid. If not soon paid, Mr. Skinner will be under the necessity of adding costs.

A. B. GROSH.

### A CARD.

Myself and family can not but express thus publicly our gratitude for the fraternal kindness and good will lately evinced by a number of our friends in this city—some of them not even members of the Universalist congregation. We particularly remember the number that assembled at our house last Monday evening, on such short notice and in such unpleasant weather, and after spending an evening of hilarity and social intercourse, left us substantial evidences that they wished us "a happy new year." The teachers and pupils of the Sunday School sent in a beautiful quilt of their own manufacture. We can not particularize; but say to all who came and to all who would have come, God bless you now and ever. The gifts coming as they did at the close of my term of service with the society, all unsolicited and unexpected, were indeed gratefully received.

A. B. GROSH.

Br. Tompkins—Please send me a list of the Juvenile Books you can furnish, suitable for a Sunday School Library. Also, inform me what you can furnish fifty S. S. Manuals at in sheets.

A. B. G.

Br. Hutchinson—Please send me a list of Juvenile Books in your store, also.

A. B. G.

Br. Price—Discontinue Messenger to Philo Cole, Smithville Flatts, N. Y.

### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. Grosh will preach next Sunday as the friends in Liverpool, Onondaga county, may appoint.

There will be preaching on the third Sunday inst., by Br. D. K. LEE in Canandaigua, and Br. U. CLARK in Newark.

*Dedication and Conference.*—A Conference of the Chenango Association will be held at Smithville Flatts, Chenango county, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 25th and 26th inst.; at which time the Universalist church recently erected in that place, will be dedicated to the worship of God. Dedication sermon by Br. Skinner or Br. Grosh. Ministering and other brethren are requested to attend.

*The Second Quarterly Conference* of the St. Lawrence Association, will be held in Fowler, the 2d Wednesday and Thursday in January, next. A general attendance of the friends of the cause, is desired and expected.

W. H. WAGGONER, Standing Clerk.

### DEATHS.

In Lebanon, December 11th, Mr. THOMAS B. HURD, aged 62 years. The palsy hand of sickness bore heavily on Br. H. for years, but resting in the promises of his Father, he saw by faith the arrival of that period, when

"Groans, and pains, and griefs, and fears,  
And death itself shall die."

C. L. S.

In Madrid, September 8th, AMARILLA, wife of R. Hepburn, aged 54 years. Mrs. H. was one of the first settlers in this town, and she was long known as a kind and affectionate neighbor, and a devoted Christian. She died in the triumphs of that faith which receives a ransomed world in its capacious embrace. Her funeral was attended in the Universalist church on the 9th, and a large and sympathizing audience listened attentively to the ministrations of the word of life.

D. MOTT.

In Hounsfield, November 28th, of consumption, Mrs. NANCY, consort of Cornelius W. Ingleheart, and daughter of John and Lucy Phelps, in the 36th year of her age. The deceased never made an open profession of any particular system of religion; but was a pattern of that religion spoken of by St. James. She has left a husband and two children, who deeply mourn their loss; but they mourn not as those without hope. Funeral on the 29th, attended by the writer.

G. S. A.



## POETRY.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## ANSWER OF THE MELANCHOLY.

Oh! ask me not, why in my gaze  
So much of wildness is displayed,  
Which now thou viewest with amaze;  
For should I tell, thou might'st upbraid.

Nor why my brow the obvious line  
Of care and twice my years, has caught;  
It could but move such breast as thine,  
To know each mark with pain was wrought.

Oh! ask not why I love the gloom  
That doth supplant my cheek's young smiles;  
It was not cherished, yet did come,  
Grim harbinger of many ills!

Nor why the lonely nook I seek,  
And love the bird that humblest sings;  
Of merriment, oh do not speak!  
For mine was formed with truant wings.

Mine eye on vacancy hath gazed too long,  
And on the image of unreal mildness;  
Therefore 'tis faded, and its vision strong,  
And youthful fire have given place to wildness.

The wasting form and strength, the waning health,  
Have been the source of deep regret and pain,  
But the auxiliary of disease whose stealth  
Though sometimes slow, is always beauty's bane,

Hath been the agent, writing o'er the brow  
Those characters which time may not control;  
Yes, mind when palsied, or convulsed, will show  
A face of gloom, and a distorted soul!

South Oxford, November, 1842. MARY.

## GLORIOUS WINTER REIGNS.

Winter, glorious Winter, reigns,  
In robes of spotless white,  
And earth is bound with icy chains  
Of brilliancy and light.

The snow, the fair and heavenly snow,  
Around us now it lies,  
A mantle pure of light below,  
Just fallen from the skies.

A welcome, then, to Winter's reign  
Upon the earth below;  
For life and joy are in its train,  
Across the silvery snow.

Resplendent is the silvery sheen  
The brilliant snow displays,  
When o'er the wide and dazzling scene  
Shine forth the sun's bright rays:

The costly jewels, rich and fair,  
Afar in Eastern mine,  
Can never with the gems compare,  
That sparkling round us shine.

A welcome, then, &c.

And when, at night, the jewel'd sky  
Doth vie the glittering frost,  
And envious Cynthia weeps on high,  
The glory she has lost—

It thrills the heart to ride along  
The path of boundless white,  
When merry bells pea! forth their song  
To cheer us on our flight.

A welcome, then, &c.

From the United States Gazette.

## SOWING AND REAPING.

"Reaping where you have not sown."

We took occasion, one of the fine mornings of last week, to make an excursion beyond the city limits, attracted by the freshness of the air, the cool crispness of which seemed to give new play to the lungs, and a new gush to the blood. The blue sky above had not yet put on the hazy dimness of Indian summer, though the gossamer was flitting away in the breezes, twisted and distorted by its rapid motion; and the lovely hues which the forest had lately worn, its variegated garments of autumnal beauty, were fading into sober brown, and the leaves were pouring down from the trees, shaken by

the wind, and crisped and curled by the sun; till the stem could no longer hold them to the branch.

It was a day for a poet—we are none—and so we thought of poor Clark, and his rich fancy, that seized on all these attractive beauties of nature, combined them in song, and gave them to the world—to that world which learned to love nature from the loveliness of his verse. Clark is low: his foliage was shaken from the branches before the autumn storm had dimmed its beauty. It fell while it was receiving and giving charms; and we now, in the dryness of age, remember the richness and luster of his blossoms, that shall bring forth fruit, where no tempests deform the skies, and no autumn frosts wither the herbage.

Pursuing this idea, we leaned against a fence, and contemplated the brilliant, but fading, scene around us, and startled as a foot step denoted the approach of a man. It was an old man, too; he had come across the ploughed field, and seemed intent upon the tender grain just shooting up from the mellow earth. We saluted him respectfully—age and usefulness should command respect. He returned our salutation with a quiet courtesy, that induced conversation.

With the farmer, the talk about the weather is not a mere gossip. He looks to the winds and clouds, not to avoid labor, but to insure success; and the former and the latter rains are to him blessings, like the dew upon Hermon, and the dew upon the mountains. So we remarked that the weather had been remarkably fine during the present month.

"Delightful, delightful," said he, "delightful. The sun has shone out almost continually, and the air has been healthful and bracing. Now and then a cloud has gathered in the heavens, but it seemed scarcely large enough to cover the deep blue above, that hung upon its white skirts in lovely contrast, like the eye of infancy. And when it has rained, it seemed so sparing and so gentle, that the sun looked out upon the water drops before they had been absorbed, like the smiles of the same infant in the midst of tears."

"You have needed rain, then—more, perhaps, than you have had,"

"The earth has required much rain—it is dry and parched—the grass has been burnt out of the upland. But one of the worst effects of the exceedingly dry weather in September and October, is the difficulty of sowing our winter grain, and the still greater difficulty of its taking root, and springing up."

"That requires rain, then," said we.

"Frequent showers; indeed, we ought almost to scatter the seed in a shower, if we hope to have much pleasure in reaping."

"Que simenant in lachrymis, in exultationes metent," thought we rather aloud.

The man, when we looked up, was gazing in our face.

"Sow in tears, and reap in joy," said we, pointing to the field.

A slight smile upon the face of the farmer, faded away slowly into a thoughtful, melancholy look.

"I have, indeed," said he, "in this field, sown in an abundance of tears. Whether I shall reap in joy—whether I shall share in the glorious harvest, I know not."

"I trust you will, for many harvests," said we. "But has that come up which you sowed in the field?"

We both looked across the broad lot, till our eyes rested upon a stone wall at a distance, in the lower part of the field; and after a moments pause, our friend said—

"All has not come up that I have sowed here—sowed in tears, too, and sowed in hope."

"The earth clogs," said we, "seem to be strong and heavy; they probably prevent the fulfilment of your hopes."

"Yes, yes," said our friend, looking away again into the vale, and evidently speaking to himself, rather than to us; "the clogs of the valley do rest upon them. Will you walk across the fields?"

There was something so attractive in the melancholy of the stranger, that we accepted his invitation.

Entering the lower part of the field by another avenue, we found ourselves close to the stone wall that we had noticed at a distance, and we entered a narrow inclosure. It was a family burying ground. A few trees had grown up among the long grass, and they were pouring down their seared leaves upon the graves below.

My companion leaned over the headstone of a principal grave, and pointed to a smaller one at its side.

"The frost and wind," said he, "that are stripping the trees above us, can scarcely make them barer than I have been left. One after another they have dropped from me, and the last, the hardest, because the last."

A little hillock was swelling up, whose newly laid sod told of the recency of the poor man's affliction—wife, child, and grand-child.

"And these," said he, "I have planted in tears. Beyond the wall, the grain which my hand scattered abroad comes forward to repay my toil, and I may reap in joy; but from this narrow field, nothing springs up, and I can never reap with joy what I have planted with many tears."

The dryness of the season, and the melancholy fall of the leaf, had evidently conspired with recent affliction, to disturb the philosophy of my companion, and I sought to cheer him, but scarcely with effect; he seemed to cling to the comparison of the wheat.

"The grain," said we, "which you reap, is not that which you sow; the earth receives the decaying seed, and gives back a perfect harvest. And that which you have deposited here, must be garnered in incorruption, and you can reap in joy only where tears are unknown."

"I have, then," said the stricken man, "set up my expectations of happiness on earth! It was wrong, but unintentionally wrong. My declining years should have taught me other things. And I will, hereafter, make my faith superior to my earthly grief; and mark the signal," said he, pointing backward to the slender shaft just raised at St. Peter's Church, "mark the beautiful signal. The beams of the declining sun are reflected with lustre from yonder emblem, where the gilded cross stands brilliant above the globe, to show us how superior to earth is that faith which can sustain our infirmities."

"There is, then, a hope," said we, "that there will be a harvest in which you can share with joy."

He looked down upon the hillocks below, for a time, and then, raising his eyes till they rested again upon the emblem, said, "I shall go to them—they shall not return unto me."

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTES.—It will be remembered that a reward of 500*l.* was offered for the head of John Hancock. When he signed the Declaration of Independence, he did it with a bold hand, in a conspicuous manner, and rose from his seat, pointing to it, and exclaimed, "There, John Bull can read my name without spectacles, he may double his reward, and I put him at defiance."

When I visited Mr. Adams in November, 1818, his hand trembled similar to that of Stephen Hopkins, the Quaker patriot from Rhode Island, who had been afflicted with a paralytic stroke. Mr. Adams acted as his amanuensis, and asked him if he should sign his name to the Declaration of Independence for him. "No! I will sign it myself—if we are hung for signing it, you shall not be hang for it for me."

Mr. Adams, then, in imitation of Hopkins, took his pen, clasped his wrist with his left hand, went through the tremulous motion of signing his name, and in the language of Hopkins, emphatically said, "If my hand trembles, John Bull will find my heart won't!" which Mr. Adams said electrified all Congress, and made the most timid firm in their purpose.—*Boston Daily Adv.*

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AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL." — "PROVE ALL THINGS: HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, 1945.

NO. 2

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... ..

is thus at first as a person proving—showing—using with God in the beginning, and now manifesting His power, showing, becoming, as it were, Jesus, in the person of our Saviour.

Your particular in saying this fact, because our  
 text is frequently quoted as being the very language  
 of God himself—to which I would have no objec-  
 tion, were the words not still further perverted, in  
 saying that he supposed the eternal state  
 was the worst in the immortal state of ex-  
 istence. An examination of the language itself, will  
 show the reasons for the latter opinion; and I be-  
 lieve the context of the context will completely  
 establish the former error.

The address from whence our text is taken, and at which it forms a part, begins at the twentieth verse—"Wisdom crieth without: she uttereth her voice in the streets," etc. Now unless the Deity should be so condescended to as to assume a female, this is sufficient to show that the language here ascribed to wisdom is not that of God, himself. I say not this to avoid any conclusion legitimately flowing from the words of the text or context—but to impress on your minds a simple fact. For Exhibit freely, that as God is supremely wise, his is the language of wisdom; and that what may fairly be attributed to divine wisdom, may be regarded as belonging to "the only wise God our Saviour."

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life, refused to heed the calls of wisdom—set at naught its counsels and would not hearken to its reproofs—it would spend eternity in inflicting on him all the tortures it could devise for him—in shutting him up from all holiness and goodness—in then laughing at his torments and agonies, and mocking his plaintive cries for mercy. Now—let us candidly ask—was this the end for which wisdom created us? Suppose, when creative power was at work, some being had whispered to divine wisdom, such a wretched, wicked termination as the result of man's being—the occupation of cursing his existence and blaspheming his God, as that which would employ the high and noble powers of man throughout immortality—would divine wisdom have said, "Go on with the work—such is the existence I desire to bestow on man—such is the employment for which I design the gifts I will bestow on him?" Such must have been the purpose—such the counsel of divine wisdom, if the common views concerning our text are true. There is no possible way, that I can conceive, of avoiding this conclusion. For infinite wisdom was able to foresee, certainly, the final result of its plans. I care not what that result was—but if clearly foreseen, and then deliberately adopted, the end was selected and decreed as its choice and scheme, by wisdom

We may be told of present evil, on the same grounds, by the objector: but say what you will of the matter, there is an infinite difference between evil as a mere *means* to establish a final, endless and universal good: and between evil as the *end itself*—an infinite evil too! On our views, present evil is that means—on the common view, infinite evil is the end. And if to design evil for any one's ultimate benefit thereby, is so abhorrent to the feelings of our Partialist brethren, how much more abhorrent must it be, to design evil for their injury—*their ascending evil*! Surely such evil is wickedness—at least, it is *not* godlike, it is not holy or benevolent, to laugh at and exult in the endless sin and suffering of any being.

Hence, on the ground of its wickedness, we can understand how it may have been the cause of the ruin of the vessel. The wisdom is in fact to be in good. There was good in this wisdom. It was a good wisdom—and was the more precious for the evil. How could it be possible that the vessel was destroyed on the ground of being the cause of evil as the result of its wisdom?—When the evil occurs, they can only say, "wisdom is in this about me."—Folly is in fact the cause of evil. Folly might denote a plan of useless wisdom and needless evil—the wisdom is in plan and in good. Folly might laugh at the ceaseless appeals of others, and mock their appealing cries for mercy—but wisdom is allied to goodness, and delights in mercy. Yet wherein does divine wisdom differ from the conceited folly of vain man, if it has designed the endless happiness of man, and is deceived, and disappointed: or, "having begun to build, was not able to finish?" Surely such wisdom, instead of leading *down* or *away* to the miseries of its victims, is, in the language of our Saviour, a fit subject for the derision of those who would be able to say of it—"it began to build, but was unable to finish."

For these, the great lessons that ought to be learned, were, I believe, very clearly and fully presented to us of the nature of divine wisdom. II. It is evident, also, that these views were not those of the writers of the text—their views, as he has said, were a genuine possession, the inheritance of their hearts, existing in the hearts of the writers, and not imposed on a cold and unfeeling Dr. Geo. Campbell, a Scottish Presbyterian, was

correct when he declared of the Old Testament, the book of Proverbs included, of course,) that it preserved an inviolable silence in regard to the state of the dead—their joys or sorrows, their happiness or misery. He is not alone in this opinion. The most eminent Partialist commentators unite in declaring that the doctrine of endless misery is not taught in the Old Testament.

The very context favors this view of the subject. It does not mention the events of our text as taking place *after* the death of these foolish persons—or as existing in a world or state different from that in which the calls of wisdom were made. Far from it. For read onward to the thirty-first verse, and you will there find that they were to “eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices.” Surely it is not necessary for a man to go to the eternal state to do this—this language is invariably used of the punishment of the wicked in this world.

But this is not all—read the thirty-second verse—“For the turning away of the simple shall *slay* them, and the prosperity of fools shall *destroy* them”—and lest this slaying and destruction may be understood to mean something else than natural death, *after* the fulfilment of our text, read the thirty-third verse—“But whoso hearkeneth unto me, shall *dwell safely*, and shall be quiet from fear or evil.” This contrast confirms our rejection of the common views of our text. The text has its fulfilment in this life—before natural death takes place—and the contrast to it, is also in this life. III. In the third place, I will proceed to show *what* the text does mean—and *how* it has its fulfilments in this life.

I conceive it to be one of those passages in which *truth* is expressed precisely as it *appears*, not as it *really* is—viz. that to the man who has despised wisdom, every recollection thereof, rises up as if in mockery and derision before him. He feels that he has acted foolishly, absurdly—that he deserves taunts and reproaches, ridicule and laughter—and would even sooner have them than kindness!

Have none of you ever acted so foolishly toward a friend, as if he really were as if he would be laughing at you, and silent at you? And when he came to his senses and compassed more silence, did you not feel as if he was inwardly taunting you—laughing at your folly—and that his silence was far worse than would be his most cutting rebukes? Just so our text and context intends to represent wisdom as acting toward the ruined, foolish man, after he has gone so far in his folly as to be unable to return.

Take a too common case in the world—a man who makes fame or fortune his deity, and pursues it at the sacrifice of conscience, friendship, religion—every thing. A man may be almost any thing he wills to be, if he will but put his whole soul to the task, and persevere in it, and in it alone. In the language of another—"God gives to man, his idol in this world, if his heart is set upon it, and he pursues it without wavering; but, remember, it is given, not in mercy, but in bitter and blighting wrath—not as a blessing, but as a soul-destroying curse. Go out into the world, with a determination to be rich—God sees that determination, and sends the triumph."

So with our supposed young man. He narrows down his sympathies for human suffering; for they draw money from his purse. Instead of putting it there. He hardens his feelings of dignity: the money is often to be had in the filthy gutters of life! He bronzes his cheek against the blush of shame: for by a falsehood, or a trick, he can sometimes add a penny to his hoard. He blunts his sensibilities: for the cries of the starving poor are troublesome, when their last crust is snatched from them! He



disregards the admonitions of conscience: for by only half-paying his laborers, he can add the remainder of their wages, to the profits of his own. In short—despite the admonitions of conscience, the dictates of heavenly wisdom, and the pleadings of Christian charity, he becomes a *hard man*—one who reaps, where he has not sown—one who gathers, where he has not sowed. He clips the orphan's portion—he scants the widow's wages—he takes the pittance of the poor, without giving compensation—he robs the weeping wife and children of their hard-earned gains, to pay for the poison he put into their husband and father's bottle. He plucks the morsel from the mouth of the hungry, and tears the tattered robe from the shivering shoulders of defenceless poverty. And thus, little by little, (and sometimes by a daring risk,) he becomes rich.

When he started in this career, he intended, at this point, to seat himself down in ease and comfort for the remainder of his life—and it was this intention that led him to disregard the outstretched hand, and to be deaf to the calls of wisdom. But how is it now? Can he sit down and enjoy his ill-gotten gains? No—the avarice which was his servant, has become his master—his *tyrant*—and he is its *slave*! He has fed the flame, till himself is involved in the conflagration. He now is obliged—in order to keep the station in society where his wealth places him, he is obliged to spend dollars, where he formerly spent but cents; and, alas, he now values cents as he formerly did dollars! Every cent he expends in useless pomp, is like draining his heart of blood, and minting its drops. Oh, who can tell the agony of the miser, when compelled to spend the god of his idolatry! Judas, only, when choking with anguish for having betrayed his Lord, is a fit comparison of the miser, when reflecting on his folly in having spent his gold for naught!

But there is a downhill, often, on the path by which the hard-hearted rise to wealth. "The sons scatter with a shovel, what the father has gathered with a fork"—says the old proverb. In vain he robs himself, as he has done others—lives meagrely—redoubles his exertions—faster than he can accumulate, the fashions of the times, or those around him, scatter abroad, till, with ravenous desires for wealth, he is surrounded with the fears of poverty and want! Or, hasting to be richer, and rendered confident by successful villany, he deceives—*cheats* himself, and becomes the victim of his own rascality.

Now is our text and context verified. The present, is all ruin and desolation—the future, but blackness and despair—he turns to the past for consolation. Does he receive it? No! Far off in the vista of life, he sees long despised wisdom, her hand pointing still to the sure path of integrity, industry, and rectitude, which certainly leads to peace and joy, but which he so heartily despised and so carefully avoided. Oh, what bitter thoughts roll in troublous waves of fire across his memory! But the pathway by which he has wandered from wisdom, can not be retraced—the past can not be lived over again. He therefore seems to hear wisdom—the wisdom he despised—calling to him—"Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught all my counsel, and would none of my reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity: I will mock when you fear cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you. Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me: for that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord: they would none of my counsel, they despised all my reproof. Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices. For the turning away of the simple shall slay them, and the prosperity of fools shall destroy them. But whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil."

Oh may God preserve us from inordinate desires for wealth or fame, and cause us to hearken to the voice of wisdom, and to walk as she directs—"for her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her

paths are peace." May ours ever be the wise prayer of Agur—"Remove far from me, vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches: feed me with food convenient for me: lest I be full and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain."

But I desire to present you another case in which, too often, our text and context are verified: Let us hear the unhappy tale of the degraded, brutified sot—clothed by the bounty of others—loathsome by reason of self neglect and disease—and the piteous wreck of a man, in both mind and body.

Oh, what has thus turned the image of Almighty God into the semblance of an unclean beast; and lowered that intellect, which made him a fit companion for angels, into the unmeaning jabbering of silly idiocy and raving madness! Did he purposely degrade himself thus? Did he deliberately sell his birthright for this dishonorable station? No—oh, no—far from his thoughts was such a foolish intention—such a silly bargain. He deemed himself fully capable of seeking and securing his own happiness, and resolved to do it, in defiance of the instructions of the divine wisdom. He lived for excitement, and found it in the bowl of jollity—he loved mirth, and sought it in the company of the carousing—he wished to drown weariness and care, and steeped them in the burning waters of the still, or the rosy juice of the grape. But he would not become a drunkard! No—his soul loathed the name—his pride could not bear even the thought of such an end to his joy. But he derided the counsel of wisdom, and was often indignant at her reproofs. "The world had better mind its own business," said he—his friends impertinently interfered with his pursuits—his family was foolishly concerned about him—he knew what he was about—it was his own concern; and nobody need meddle with it! The periods of mirth came closer and closer together—the desire for excitement came more frequently, and increased in power—his restlessness under care grew more nervous, and demanded a speedier death in the riotous stupefaction of ebriety—at last, even the craving stomach desired a periodical taste of what was at first, but its occasional beverage.

"But he did not mean to be a drunkard—a sot!"—no; strong in self-confidence, he even seriously meditated breaking off altogether, and did, sometimes, break off for a while, to satisfy himself how strong he was in resolution. Succeeding in these temporary efforts, oh, how he laughed at the grave remonstrances of wisdom, and derided the serious anxiety of affection! "Did they think he could not do as he pleased—that he was such a fool as to become a slave to habit? Pooh! he knew better than that!" But habit began to add one link to another of her chain—to render this one stronger, and that one more secure—to repair more carefully the breaches occasional resolutions made in her shackles—until, finding himself incommoded by attempting to enlarge the freedom he enjoyed within the loosely hung chains, he forbore all efforts to break them, and took life quite easy, resolving to leave off drink at some future time. *Alas, that time never came!*

Pitying strangers looked on him with compassionate eyes, and shook their heads in wonder at his folly. Bosom friends, daring repulses and reproaches, spoke to him in every tone of entreaty. It troubled him; his feelings were wounded, and his conscience disturbed,—and he hastened to drink and forget it. He came home late at night, and often found a tender mother, sister or wife, with face bedewed with tears, countenance pale, and form exhausted with watching. They said nothing, or spoke kindly and imploringly—and he hastened to get rid of the reproaches of his heart in a stupefied slumber. He came down from his chamber in the morning with cloudy brow and haggard looks, and met the sorrow-choked family around the lately joyous breakfast, unable now to eat it, for sorrow and shame at the declining footsteps of their loved one. Every tear in their eyes was as a powerful lens to concentrate the sorrow of their looks into a fire of agony on his heart—and he hastened from home and its in-

mates, to quench the inward flame with an intoxicating draught! Nor prayers—nor entreaties—nor kindness, nor reproaches;—not the accusings of his own conscience, nor the desires of his soul, were now a match for his appetite. Father, mother, brothers, sisters, wife, children, friends—hope, peace, joy—*ALL—EVEN HEAVEN ITSELF*, could he barter it, would he give for the deadly poison that now scorches his brain, and makes him that loathsome, beastly thing he once so much despised—a drunkard! And in his sober moments, when he realizes the horrid present—when he looks forward to the equally dreadful future, almost at hand, a drunkard's death—and then despairingly turns his eye on the past—oh, what seems to him the voice of wisdom.

Look at his beginning—mark the increasing shades that gathered on his pathway, still growing darker and darker—down—down to the present rayless midnight. What is its language to him? And see, afar off, in the visible light of its commencement, to which he can never more return—see, there, wisdom pointing steadily to the path of sobriety, moderation and virtue, assuring all who follow it, that it is one of peace and safety, ending in honor and bliss—oh, what seems to be her language to this hapless, foolish man? "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught all my counsel, and would none of my reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you. Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me: for that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord: they would none of my counsel, they despised all my reproof. Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices. For the turning away of the simple shall slay them, and the prosperity of fools shall destroy them. But whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil."

And what is her language to us—to us, who think we stand, and should therefore take heed that we do not fall? "My son, if thou wilt receive my words, and hide my commandments with thee; so that thou incline thy ear unto wisdom, and apply thy heart to understanding; yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures; then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God. For the Lord giveth wisdom: out of his mouth cometh knowledge and understanding. He layeth up sound wisdom for the righteous; he is a buckler to them that walk uprightly. He keepeth the paths of judgment, and preserveth the way of his saints. Then shalt thou understand righteousness, and judgment, and equity; yea, every good path. When wisdom entereth in thy heart, and knowledge is pleasant unto thy soul."

And to those, if any are here present, who have commenced practices, whatever they are, that wisdom approves not—oh, how earnest—how almost severe but affectionate are her entreaties! "How long, ye simples, will ye love simplicity? and the scorners delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge? Turn you at my reproof: behold, I will pour out my spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you." Oh, may they hear and obey this voice—may they consider the end of the way they are travelling, and turn again to wisdom before it is too late—before they have whelmed in shame and sorrow their families and friends, and buried themselves in irretrievable ruin and degradation.

Are there any here, who mourn the folly of their beloved ones, and are hopeless of their reformation? Let them not mourn as the hopeless, nor grieve as the despairing. Wisdom, though stern, is not cruel—though rigid in inflicting rebukes and chastisements, she is not merciless. The wisdom of this world may be cruel and unforgiving; "but the wisdom that is from above, is first pure, then peacea-



ble, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy." Having designed all, impartially, for final holiness and happiness, she will accomplish her design, however mysterious or severe may be the means;—she will perfect her work to the rejoicing of all hearts in the universe of God. So mote it be. Amen.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## CONVINCING ARGUMENT FOR IMMORTALITY.

BY REV. W. M. FERNALD.

I mean the argument founded on *feeling*. Start not! reader, for we mean to present the old matter in a new light. The argument from *desire*, as commonly given, is not what we here indulge in. There is but little satisfaction in that, as commonly put. We would lay down the proposition, that because certain natural feelings exist, the objects *must* exist which call those feelings into action. What are those feelings which go out towards God, to immortality, but the excitement of certain faculties or natural powers of the mind, when directed to their proper objects? For instance, excite the *intellect* of man. But you *can not* excite it without directing it to its proper objects. For illustration—here is a faculty for mathematics. How would you go to work to excite it? How only *can* you excite it? By presenting to it a problem—a question in numbers—a sum. And now the very fact that that faculty *is excited*, is proof that that problem is present. For you can not excite it in any other way. Again—here is a faculty for poetry. How will you excite that faculty? By presenting to it a problem in mathematics? Nay, verily. It has no sympathy for it. But you place before it ideal-scenes of beauty—poetry itself, in the creations of fancy, in picturesque, in romance, in the gorgeous sunset, in the flower. You can not excite this faculty in any other way. You must feed it with its own natural food. Again; here also are faculties for argument—for reasoning from facts and principles. How will you excite them? By holding out *bread* to eat? or by weak, washy, empty poetry? No; but by sturdy, iron-handed, reasonable truth. How would you attempt to excite and gratify the propensity by which you love your children—by fondling a rattle-snake? nor that by which you feel the sensations of hunger, by presenting a stone, or a scorpion. In short, each faculty and propensity of our nature is only excited by presenting to it its proper objects. When *they* are not present, in reality or in the thoughts, or if they did not exist, then the faculty would be dead, the propensity all dormant and inactive. And—mark, very particularly—when they are excited, that very excitement is proof positive that the appropriate objects of those faculties and propensities are present; or rather, that they *do exist*, and are in the thoughts.

Now, is not all this true of our moral and spiritual nature? Can those faculties or sentiments be excited without the presence or existence of their proper objects? Impossible. It is undoubtedly true that the faculties were *made* for the objects; not the objects for the faculties. And how is it, then, with regard to those high—those heavenward aspirations—those immortal gushings out of the soul in desires after God, after heaven itself, after immortal life? Is it possible that these high emotions of the soul are excited without the presence, or even the existence of their suitable objects?—And is not the very existence of the faculties—especially, their state of excitement, sometimes so great—proof enough that the objects exist?

The point is—we admit this with regard to the intellect; we are *obliged* now, to be consistent, to admit it of the spiritual nature. The argument of compulsion is upon us. We admit it in a thing like the faculty of mathematics, of poetry, of argument; and in the propensity of the love of children, and that which gives the sensation of hunger. And shall we now deny it in those mightier things of God, of immortality? Oh, how the truth bears upon us! How it bursts upon us! The solid fact is, these faculties can not be—much more, they

can not be *excited*—WITHOUT the existence and presence of these their appropriate objects, *They absolutely can not!*

You may say that we may feel that a *devil* and a *hell* exists—we may have an *excitement* that may, and therefore, by this reasoning, those objects *do* exist. But, no. I would have it understood that we have no *natural faculties* which run out after the devil or hell—that appear to be made for these particular objects, and no others. And it is *natural feeling*—*natural powers* that I talk of. Now be it known, these spiritual faculties of which I am speaking, are a part of our common humanity. They are excited by *no other* objects. Nothing in the world will excite them—nothing in the world will gratify them. We must, then, go out of the world to give these faculties their proper objects. And they are—God and immortality, *any* bugger would excite the powers that dwell on the devil and hell. They address the natural *fears* of man. But *fear* does not seek one only definite object. The faculties of which I speak invariably do. They answer to nothing else. They are chords in this harp of a thousand strings, which are still and motionless, except when vibrating at the touch of their proper objects. Those objects, then, exist, or those chords would not be there. And their *excitement* proves that a divine hand has touched them. Or, to drop the figure, the faculties of our spiritual nature do prove, as much as the faculties of our intellectual nature, that the objects exist for which the faculties were made. And their *excitement* proves that those objects are present to the mind.

Truth to say—we know not how to get away from this argument. Suppose, for instance, there were no *children* in this world, and yet that we had the strong natural propensity that prompted us to the love of them. Now this very fact of the existence and occasional excitement of the propensity would be proof absolute, in such a state, that we should one day—in a future world if not in this—have children; the objects which would alone answer to the propensity. Well now—if you have pardoned the comparison—this is an exact illustration of our present situation with reference to God and to immortality. We have the natural faculties or powers which are fitted to nothing else—which are gratified by nothing else—which are *excited* by nothing else. And yet there is no God visibly manifested, and no immortality here. The conclusion is—and it comes with all the force of moral mathematics—there is a God, and there *will* be immortality in the next or some other stage of existence.

Think this all over, and see if it is not right.  
Stoneham, Mass.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## THE CONSUMMATION.

BY REV. U. CLARK.

Sustained by the Author and Finisher of our faith, we are led on triumphantly through present storms of temptation and trial, and pointed to the observing star of hope that once arose over Bethlehem's plain, and which rises higher and higher as our course is onward, until faith and hope are lost in the dimness of the past, overpowered by the heavenly splendency of immortality. Transcendent theme! absorbing contemplation! when we gaze around upon the darkness and death that now hover over our world, and remember that these shall one day be swallowed up in the light and life of heaven, the aching bosom ceases its sorrow, and the mantle of Jesus wipes away the last falling tear. "Glory to God in the highest!"

## MARRIAGES.

In Canandaigua, December 15th, by Rev. Uriah Clark, Mr. WM. H. BENAWEY, ofodus, Wayne county, to Miss JANE BARTON, of Manchester, Ontario county.

In this city, on the 9th inst., by Rev. A. B. Grosh, Mr. HUGH OWEN, to Miss JANE ANN EVANSON, daughter of Mrs. Saumet, all of this city.

December 28th, 1842, by Rev. M. B. Smith, Mr. NORMAN SMITH, to Miss LYDIA ANN BARNEY, all of Newport.

In Herkimer, on the 8th inst., by Rev. D. Skipner, Mr.

WM. HOWELL, jr., to Miss MARY A. L. SCOTT, both of Herkimer.

In North Lansing, on the 5th inst., by Rev. R. W. Cheney, Mr. SAMUEL GRESS, to Miss SARAH A. CONRAD.

"O may they both unceasing find  
Substantial pleasure of the mind;  
Prospered and happy may they be,  
And both united; Eord, to thee."

September 15th, 1842, by Rev. B. Darby, Mr. JEREMIAH GILMAN, to Miss CAROLINE E. LEWIS, both of Green, Chennango county.

On January 5th, by Lorenzo Edgerton, of Rome, Mr. LUMAN I. ROBERTS, of Westmoreland, to MARY A. EARL.

## DEATHS.

In Madrid, November 1st, ROBERT MCEWEN, aged 78 years. Father McEwen was long known as a firm believer in the doctrine of God's universal and efficient grace. Long and successfully did he battle with the enemies of his Saviour and King. Long was he a powerful instrument in the hand of God, for the pulling down of the strong holds of error and spiritual wickedness high in authority and influence: and when the time of his departure drew near, he could exclaim with the apostle, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." His funeral was attended on the 2d, in the Methodist church—sermon by the writer, assisted in the services by Rev. Mr. King, Methodist.

In Madrid, November 6, BETSEY, wife of Chester Goss, aged 37 years. Sister Goss was a person who was loved and respected by all who knew her. She has left a companion and two small children to mourn their loss. May her children be trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; and may her companion partake freely of the water of life. Her funeral was attended in the Universalist church on the 7th, and a large congregation were present, who gave evidence of the moral worth of the deceased.

D. MOTT.

In Dexter, December 9th, Mrs. BETSEY, wife of Samuel, and mother of John T. Wood, in the 75th year of her age. This aged sister was in the strict sense of that word, a Universalist. She ever adorned her profession by a well ordered life and godly conversation. A short time before her death, she told some one that stood by, of a different faith, not to tell after she was gone, that she renounced her doctrine; for it was her only hope. God bless the mourners. Funeral on the 11th—sermon by Br. Persons, assisted in the services by the writer.

G. S. A.

In Brownville, December 13th, after a lingering illness, Mrs. SALLY, wife of James Allen, 2d, in the 32d year of her age. In the death of this amiable sister, a husband has lost a tender companion, two children, a kind and affectionate mother, and community a valuable member. Funeral on the 15th—sermon by the writer.

G. S. A.

In Columbus, November 21st, TIMOTHY ROBBINS, aged 76 years. Br. Robbins died a firm believer in the restitution, and well prepared to meet death. Just before he expired, he called his son-in-law (with whom he lived) to the bed, and asked him if he would call on a Universalist preacher to attend his funeral. Being answered in the affirmative, he said, "I shall die happy"—and passed away composed and cheerful. Funeral services by Br. J. S. Sherburne, on the 22d.

In Cohocton, on the 5th of November, JOHN T. SHATTUCK, aged 19 years, 7 months and 12 days. His funeral was attended on the 6th, by Br. R. W. Cheney. May the blessings of the Gospel be showered down upon the mourning friends, and may they be consoled by its life-giving influence here in time, and at last may they with the ransomed universe become holy and happy.

On Howlet Hill, Onondaga county, November 24th, of a painful, lingering, and complicated sickness, Miss MELISCENT CASE, aged 26 years. She bore her affliction with patience and resignation. Her mind was sustained by her faith; which embraced the fullness of the Restitution—here, she had no doubts; for her view was glorious. Having lived virtuously, she was prepared to die calmly, having the respect and affection of all who knew her. May consolation be given to the afflicted mourners, through Jesus the Saviour.

G. W. M.

In Senpott, December 26th, of consumption, Miss ESTHER BARNES, aged 24 years. This young lady was strong and immovable in the faith of the Restitution. And it sustained and cheered her in her last hours; so much so, that she had not the least fear of death. A large number of relatives, and friends, who loved and respected her, mourn her departure. May truth console them.

G. W. M.



For the Magazine and Advocate.  
JERUSALEM.

BY REV. J. S. KIBBE.

Oh death! thy dreary palaces are here,  
Thy ravages have marked this hallowed ground;  
And many hearts were chilled with nameless fear,  
When far and near thy voice was echoed round.  
Jerusalem, once mighty, at thy outer gate  
Sits wrapped in gloom, bowed down and desolate—  
A queen once fair—now ruined and disrowned,  
With ashes rudely scattered on her head—  
A childless mother weeping for her dead!  
Oh once it was not thus!—In ages past  
That now lie slumbering in eternity,  
Then thou wast great and glorious—thou wast  
Thy banners wide, and to them rushed the free.  
We were proud to grace thy princely halls,  
And prophets oft appeared within thy walls,  
And God in holy spirit dwelt with thee.  
While thus remained, though nations rose and died,  
Yet still thy triple walls the world defied.  
But now how changed!—thou art all desolate,  
And trampled down—the very mock of fame  
Is thine, with nothing save thy fallen state—  
Thy buried glory and a deathless name.  
All silent are thy woes—all hushed thy mirth;  
Thy very form is wedded to the earth,  
And lies engulfed in everlasting shame.  
How passed away! I would it were not so!  
Oh may *true greatness* never fall so low!  
Where stood thy palaces and temple gates,  
The tall, coarse reed and long grass rankly grow;  
Lamenting deeply o'er thy fate of fates,  
Doth seem the music of thy waters' flow;  
Where prayers were said and holy feet have trod,  
And songs were breathed whose music woke for God,  
Now sports the scoffing Turk—the Christian's foe.  
How long, Jerusalem, above thy grave,  
Shall jeer Mahomet's creed-believing slave?  
Yet listen! She must moulder where she fell.  
From this though stern decree no arm can save;  
And her destiny was earned full well,  
For first she turned a traitor, then a slave;  
Betraying all her faith and then the Word,  
Then was she by the Roman's sword,  
She sank beneath oblivion's wave;  
But why should Christian's life a wail for her,  
Whose life was pure religion's sepulchre?

\* "The Word made flesh and dwelt among us." St. John.

For the Magazine and Advocate.  
BRIEF THOUGHTS.....NO. VIII.

BY REV. S. GOFF.

"Come ye to the waters." Ps. lv. 1.

How necessary to man's existence, here on earth, is *water*. Constituted as he now is, he could not survive without it. He would droop, and fade away, and die. Yea, the very means of his existence would all be cut off. The earth would appear a barren waste; vegetation would no longer adorn the face of nature; and all the beauty and abundance which now surrounds us and blesses us, would never more be known. Now, as natural water is to the natural thirst, and to the natural world, so is spiritual water—the "water of life"—the water of God's love—to the thirsty spirit, to the moral world. Without this, the soul can not retain its health and vigor—can not survive. The moral world would be barren and unfruitful.—"The plants of grace" would not thrive. And all the beauty and loveliness of piety, devotion, and love would be banished from the world.

Come, then, ye fainting, weary, thirsty souls, "come ye to the waters." Come and drink of the "water of life." Come and "draw water from the wells of salvation." Come and put your confidence in God. Rely on his promises: drink in of his love; and trust him for his grace; and "he shall make thee to lie down in green pastures, and lead thee beside the still waters." "There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God." It is the "river of life," which flows from the throne of the Father's unchanging and limitless love.

There is also a river, whose streams roll *darkness, despair, and death*. It is the river of partialism—the river of endless woe—and flows "from beneath." Many have set themselves down upon its banks, like the pensive, sorrowing Jews, "by the rivers of Babylon;" but the music of the waters is unharmonious to their ears. If they drink thereof, it does not satisfy the soul, but produces parching, burning thirst. To all such we extend the invitation of the prophet: "Come ye to the waters"—to the waters of life, and drink your fill from the "wells of salvation." "And the spirit and the bride say, come. And let him that heareth say, come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Why, then, do ye linger by the torrent of death? Why do ye labor to hew out cisterns, broken cisterns that can hold no water? Listen to what the Saviour saith: "whosoever drinketh of *this water* shall thirst again. But the water that I will give him, shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

"Ho ye that pant for living streams,  
And pine away and die,  
Here you may quench your raging thirst  
With springs that never dry.

Dear Lord, the treasures of thy love  
Are everlasting mines,  
Deeper than all our miseries are,  
More boundless than our sins.

The happy gates of Gospel grace  
Stand open night and day;  
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,  
And drive our wants away."

Bristol, November, 1842.

For the Magazine and Advocate.  
THE DELUGE.\*

BY MISS C. M. TIBBITS.

Day and its attendant glories arose in unclouded splendor. The sun came proudly forth from the chambers of the east, tinging his sapphire throne with rich painted blushes of golden effulgence, and reflecting with dazzling splendor upon the fair clouds of summer, scattered here and there over the azure vault of heaven, like the bright islands inhabited by the pure spirits that circle around the eternal throne. Earth lay out spread in all its native loveliness, dressed up with wood and lawn, with forests vast, and festive bowers; while over the whole enchanting scene brooded that holy unearthly calm, that seems to draw the imagination from nature and the fair scenes of earth, up to the eternal Being who spake worlds into existence, and guides the rolling planets through the immensity of space. Creation seemed offering its warning anthem of praise before the shrine of the Almighty; and the tall oak that decked the forest united its voice with the tiny bird that sung among its branches, and eloquently proclaimed the wisdom and goodness of that hand which was the Author of all created things. The soft morning breezes came bearing upon their wings, the sweet odor of the spring gardens of the east, or scattered the pearly dew from rich purple clusters of the vine, that kissed with its drooping boughs the silvery waters of the Assyrian springs. Earth seemed fair as when from the plastic hand of her Creator, she first took her station in the bright expanse of etherial blue, and none would have thought as they gazed upon the bright scene, which seemed to smile at description, that the poisonous breath of vice had ever infected the air, or the fair soil been pressed by the footsteps of villainy.

In a wide spread valley rested the ark. The day of the Lord's wrath had arrived: and now, led by the impulse of their Creator, came the chosen ones, of the innumerable multitudes that roamed over the earth, or winged their way through the vast realms of ether, to the appointed refuge. "The animals, as once in Eden, met in peace." Bounding from the dark recesses of the forest came the roaring lion, and fearlessly about his pathway gambolled the innocent lamb; the enormous elephant lifted on his friendly trunk the moping sloth to a place of security; and by the side of the docile ox

walked in stately grandeur, the thick robed bear that gains his sustenance amid the eternal snows that encircle the pole; from gazing upon the sun came the bright eyed eagle, and perched by the side of the harmless dove. All came—the terrible anaconda and huge boa; the speckled rattlesnake and creeping reptile. Onward they move in long procession. Noah and his family at length bring up the rear, and amid the execrations and insults of gazing multitudes, enter their future home. The last one passes the threshold, and the strong arm of the Almighty closes for many a day, the massive doors, upon that vast assemblage of living beings.

And now, peering above the northern forests, comes the angry cloud that portends the approaching storm. Soon it is followed by another, and another; and now low muttering peals of thunder may be heard, proclaiming in suppressed tones the power of an Almighty God. Darker and darker grows the angry scowl of heaven; louder, and still louder, the rolling of the thunders, while amid the dark mountains of clouds, which are borne onward with the rapidity of thought, flash the vivid lightnings; or, descending, prostrate with pitiless fury the proud forest trees amid whose dark green foliage the summer zephyrs have sighed for many a succeeding year. The fairy scene of the morning is vanishing—a few short hours, and the glory of earth will have perished, and the fair form of beauty sunk to rise no more. The storm now peals in wild fury—the rolling thunders crash through the earth, from pole to pole, and fiery lightning of God's wrath are streaming down, upon the guilty, terror-stricken inhabitants of earth. Mourn for thy crimes, O guilty earth!—though now too late, let tears of repentance bedew your cheeks, ye that have mocked the mercies of your Creator, and slogged with impunity his frequent warnings. The dark waves of death are rising higher, and still higher, till earth is enveloped in a shroud of deep waters, and all is engulfed in one tremendous ruin.

Cazenovia, August, 1839.

\* We hope this article will be treated with lenity, as it was written when the author was but 14 years of age.

[We give this note, as appended above, though we think the merit of the piece itself, will shield it. We hope for more prose articles from our new correspondent. A. B. G.]

For the Magazine and Advocate.  
THE DEPARTED.

Ever the earth enwraps the kindly cherished,  
Kindred that by the hand of death have perished;  
Friendships too potent to express by word,  
And love, the power of pen fails to record.

But when the blessed dawn  
Of the immortal morn  
Dispels earth's sable veil,  
Then, then again we hail,  
In bliss the lost of earth,  
Where spirits know no death,  
Where fruits ambrosial bloom,  
Springs that all thirst consume.

Forever sweetly flowing, and forever clear,  
And mortal anguish can not interfere;  
There tears are not, there parting hands not given,  
But one eternal welcome swells in heaven!

South Oxford, 1842.

MARY.

For the Magazine and Advocate.  
THE MISSION OF TRUTH.

BY REV. J. S. KIBBE.

Truth is mighty and will prevail, is an old saying, but nevertheless true. When I have thought of this old maxim, I could not despair of the ultimate success of the cause of God's impartial grace. All things in the moral and religious world seem lending their influence for the furtherance of this grand scheme. Yet this can not be accomplished without the co-operation of its friends. Their vigilance and activity are demanded of them. In proportion as they are interested, will they be laboring for the upbuilding of the Zion of our God. They can not forget that the harvest will be in proportion to the cultivation of the soil. There are no fears that the fields of truth will curse the toil of



the husbandman. Then let the friends of the great cause of a world's salvation awake and be active. The hope of success of the principles you have embraced, and the joy that shall attend that success, encourage you, and urge you forward in your glorious work. 'Tis not a set of narrow principles that minister to self alone, that you are contending for, but principles which minister to all mankind and should deeply interest all. In consideration of the final result of your cause, the whole human race feel a deep solicitude. The religious world are watching with intense anxiety, your course, and the success of your principles; some, it is true, with fear and dread, but many with hope and earnestness in the exact ratio as they have sympathy for the progress of your cause. Arouse, then, your slumbering energies, for the sunlight of truth is beaming on your pathway. Let your cause enlist your noblest feelings and engage your deepest thoughts. Its mission is the conquest of the world, the subjection of the human family to the reign of peace, and the presentation of them all in the bonds of unity with God and each other. A glorious result to be accomplished for the whole race of mankind. The work is already advancing with wondrous rapidity, and casting its light far before it, as a harbinger of the coming of a happier state of things. The voice of Truth is indeed in the land. It is as a prophet's in the wilderness, lifting up testimony against the reign of error and ignorance, telling of the wonders of existence, the grandeur of the spirit's home, the sublimation of the world in the love of God, the undying affection of our heavenly Father, and the care with which we should tend the fountain of purity in our hearts.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### A WORD TO THE ABSURD.

Br. GROSH—I attended a protracted meeting a short time since, where very many curious things were said and done. I listened sometime to the convulsions, threats and shouts, sneers and scoffs of its various actors, till at length, a Rev. gentleman observed some young men laughing in one dimly lighted corner of the room, when he immediately bowed before the eternal God his Maker, and *prayed* in the following language—"O God, bind the old devil in this room—pull out his great iron teeth." The name of this gentleman I have since forgotten. I was a stranger to him, and am quite unable to inform you whether he wished the great iron teeth of the old devil for some particular *private* use; or whether he desired the old devil's teeth tortured out of the poor fellow's head, because he thought they would be beneficial to the community; or whether he thought those boys would be scared to profess religion, if he could but procure the teeth of the old gentleman and go about biting the lads with the extracted stubs. The real truth respecting his desires I admit to be of much importance; but, inasmuch as I had never witnessed many such scenes, I could not possibly summons courage enough to ask the gentleman what his real intention was as to the disposal of the old devil's teeth. I hope the community and posterity will accept my embarrassment as an apology, while they have my promise to be more faithful to my duty in future.

Central Square, N. Y.

J. D.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### CONTRASTS.

Messrs. EDITORS—I have but little time or room to write for publication on the present occasion, but if you think proper I will drop a few words on the subject of the contrast presented in the religious world, and if you consider it profitable, I will continue as circumstances may require. [We shall always be glad to hear from you.—A. B. G.]

Contrast 1st.—Infidelity says, There is no Being of infinite wisdom in the universe; and the various phenomena of nature can be accounted for upon the principles of philosophy.

But the principles of philosophy tell us, that it required the aid of a Being of infinite wisdom to create them, and the laws of attraction and gravi-

tation required the wisdom of a Lawgiver to frame them and give them force and immutability.

2d. Infidelity says, the solar system was formed and arranged by the power of the laws of attraction and gravitation.

But the laws of attraction and gravitation tell us, that if there had been no other power and wisdom, to give the lesser bodies a projectile force across the line of the sun's attraction, and thereby cause them to take curvilinear motion, and by centrifugal and centripetal motions keep them in their orbit, they would have been consolidated in one mass.

3d. Deism says, if there is a Being of infinite wisdom, it is unreasonable to suppose that he should meddle or intermeddle with human affairs.

But reason says it would have been unwise for a God to create such a grand machine as the universe, and people it with myriads of sentient creatures, dependent upon him and his laws, and have no care for them or their well being.

J. H. SANFORD.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### "LEAVEN OF THE PHARISEES."

Christ's caution to his followers to "*beware the doctrine of the Pharisees*" has long been justly deemed an argument against endless misery, and so asserted by Universalists—excepting the respected Editor of the Magazine and one of his correspondents, "S." I speak only as far as present knowledge is concerned. The remarks of "S." call out this article, which is intended merely as a defence, irrespective of controversy. I have often questioned the propriety of using the above caution as militating against endless punishment, and till lately have supposed the reasoning fallacious. Reflection has satisfied to the contrary.

Here is the point for consideration. If the Pharisees held the doctrine of endless misery, was not that one of the most prominent in their belief, and did it not breathe its malignity through the whole system? "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees." "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."

To be sure, the Pharisees held to the existence of God, and it is asked whether Christ intended to caution his followers against believing in such an existence. Not against the existence of the *true* God, but against the God of the Pharisees—partial, cruel and vindictive. We may with propriety say, "Beware of the doctrine of the Partialists," without any qualifications whatever. But is it understood that we thus deny the existence of God, the doctrine of rewards and punishments, the mission of Christ, the doctrine of forgiveness, the resurrection and immortality? By no means; though these doctrines are held by Partialists, as well as Universalists. It is understood that, though we believe them in what we consider the truth, yet, we deny them as *entertained by Partialists*, and hence beware of them.

It was in wisdom, then, that the disciples were warned of the doctrine of the Pharisees—the whole system, excepting no part as entertained by them. One fundamental error strikes at the root of the whole system. If it can be shown that any one point in the Pharisees' faith agreed in every particular with the teachings of Christ, then may Christ be charged with folly in giving the caution, and the argument, drawn from this caution, against the doctrine of endless misery, may be proved fallacious.

Canadaigua, January, 1843.

#### REPLY.

I thank Br. Clark for the candid manner in which he has presented the argument on his side of the question; and shall endeavor to reply as briefly and as fraternally. I know not how many Universalists agree with him on the subject, but I know that Br. "S." and myself are not the only exceptions, if indeed we are exceptions, which I much doubt.

If the Pharisees had been the only people who, in the days of Jesus, held the doctrine of endless woe—or if that term had included all who held that doctrine—Br. Clark would have the argument; for the tenet of ceaseless suffering would then have been emphatically the

doctrine of the Pharisees—that is, *their* prominent and distinguishing doctrine. This is true now of the Partialists; for by this term we designate, and include in it, *all* believers in endless misery. But this was not the case with the Pharisees. Indeed it is doubted by some whether the Pharisees *did* hold to the doctrine of absolute endless misery! And certain it is, that they held it no more exclusively and distinctively, than do the Protestants, the Catholics, and the Mahomedans of our day. And surely a caution against the leaven of either of these three classes, would not be a caution *of course* against the doctrine of ceaseless suffering! The truth is that the most important, because most prominent and distinctive tenet of any sect and class, is that on which it differs particularly from all the sects and classes around it. Calvinists and Arminians both hold the doctrine of endless misery. Yet the leaven of the Calvinists would be understood to mean something different from that of the Arminians. So with the Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists, Congregationalists, Unitarians, etc. The doctrine (or leaven) of each of these, is something wherein it differs from the others. And so the doctrine of endless misery was *not*, in my opinion, the doctrine, the most prominent and distinctive doctrine, of the Pharisees at that age; nor the doctrine against which Jesus most emphatically and directly aimed his reproofs and rebukes, when he plainly opposed them.

The distinctions which Br. Clark makes between the God of the Pharisees and the God of Jesus, are proper enough in some respects; but in this case, are out of place,—for the plain reason, that neither Jesus nor his apostles ever made such distinctions. On the contrary, they were ever speaking and writing on the presumption that the God of the Jews is the only true God. In my opinion we are not authorized, therefore, to make a distinction for the Saviour, which he never made himself.

The concluding remarks of Br. C. were, I hope, a mere slip of the pen. We, all, are rather apt to assume that if our view of a passage is not correct, then it has no meaning at all. But we all must admit that the Saviour may not have meant what we suppose he did, and yet not be guilty of "folly." Our meaning may not be the *only wise one* in the world! Should Br. C. reply that his language only accuses Br. "S." and myself with charging the Saviour with "folly"—I answer that, the sentiment is not quite so bad in taste and as false in logic; but still it is not the *very best* thing he could have said on the subject. We have made no such charge against Jesus. Our arguments involve no such consequences. We believe the argument against endless misery, drawn from the text in question, to be fallacious, only because Jesus did not refer to that doctrine when he uttered the caution. And we believe he did not refer to that doctrine, because it was not the doctrine—the most prominent, and distinctive doctrine of the Pharisees. If we are correct in this view, Jesus must have referred to something else than the doctrine of unending agony, and did not, therefore, utter a foolish saying. If we are wrong, it is because our latter stated position is incorrect, in which case the first stated one based upon the latter, falls to the ground, and the saying of Jesus still remains a wise one. But, as I said before, I believe Br. Clark did not mean what his language may be construed into meaning, and therefore close as I began, by thanking Br. Clark for the mildness and candor of his strictures on our views, and of his defence of the other side. A. B. G.

P. S.—The syllogisms of Br. S., which might seem to justify Br. Clark's remarks about charging the Saviour with folly, I understand to refer *only* to the course of argumentation used by our worthy Br. G.W. M.—to show that *his arguments*, or rather *mode of reasoning*, was incorrect; inasmuch as, if it proved any thing, it proved too much. I hope brethren (myself included) will be careful in discussing opinions, to avoid imputations on motives, and charges which would be honestly disavowed by either party. But should such errors be even *intentionally* committed in the heat or hurry of composition, let us endeavor to be cool and patient, and rather remonstrate



and entreat, than rebuke or retaliate. The law of kindness is becoming the order of these Washingtonian days—"overcome evil with good." G.

## MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry.

UTICA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, 1843.

### IMPORTANCE OF CORRECT BELIEF.

Indifferentists and Nothingarians in religion may say what they list about the non-importance of what a man believes or disbelieves; but every day facts are found in abundance, where a man's faith or unbelief is the cause of a happy or a miserable existence. That man can not have a very pleasant journey through life, who begins it in total depravity, with a world-load of sins accumulated on his soul from the days of Adam down to his own birth—who goes on the journey feeling totally unable to comply with God's law, and infinitely guilty for non-obedience—and who expects his journey to end in the company of fiends and damned spirits in an endless hell of sin and woe. This, with varying shades and modifications, is the faith professed by the Christian church generally—and by many is most heartily believed, as well as professed. And whatever may be the views of those who deviate from this statement, all termed orthodox, have the final prospect of endless sin and woe as one termination of life's journey.

Will it be said that few believe it for themselves, and are therefore not rendered miserable by their faith? I answer that the despairing features of hundreds and thousands of our fellow Christians, show that they believe too much of this gloomy picture for their own happiness—and the records of our insane asylums, show a long and melancholy list of others who distrusted God so deeply that reason was dethroned in consequence.

But even if no one ever feared God's endless wrath for himself, still, if they fear it for others whom they love—and are there any whom we should not love?—that is enough to destroy their peace and joy in believing. In vain does God deal graciously with them—in vain does he pour out gifts to overflowing on them and theirs—in vain does he in the Gospel assure them of the immutability and boundless infinity of his love for them and for all mankind—the word preached does not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them—they can not enter into rest. Like the fearful and the unbelieving spoken of in the Book of Revelations, they have a part—and a fearful part of dread doubts, and fears, and anticipations, it is—in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone—they have no rest, day nor night, and the smoke of the imaginary torment which harasses their souls at every thought of eternity, ascends up for ever and ever. Is it any wonder that such persons look with distrust and want of hope on their fellow beings—that nature seems covered with a universal gloom—that the smell of the pit mingles with the aroma of flowers, and the shrieks of the damned with the songs of birds and the chirp of insects? And when they look around them, and realize their views of eternity in reference to those they love best—oh, then, how does a want of confidence in God, and of faith in his promises, sink the barbed agony deep—deep into the soul! "No importance what a man believes," say you! then is it of no importance whether a man is saved or damned in this world—whether he is greatly happy or deeply miserable—and whether he has correct principles of action, or false ones! A. B. G.

The following from Br. Montgomery came to hand, after the other articles on the subject were in type. We therefore insert it without further remark, than to say, that there was no intention on our part of charging Br. M. with arguing for the denial of God, etc., but merely to say that if the argument were followed out, it might involve that as a consequence. The distinctive doctrine of the Pharisees was probably their separativeness, their exclusiveness. The doctrine of endless woe might, or

might not, follow from that. Nevertheless, Br. M. may be right, and we wrong. A. B. G.

### TO BR. A. B. GROSH.

In the Advocate of December 16th, is an article signed "S.," in which my views of the warning which our Saviour gave his disciples, that they might beware of the doctrine of the Pharisees, as well as that of the Sadducees, are called in question. Those views, are, by your correspondent, made to involve the non-existence of God, the falsehood of the resurrection and of the Old Testament Scriptures. In replying to this representation, I shall not address myself to "S."—for I have made up my mind to let anonymous correspondents alone.—But as you have added your remarks to his, and endorsed his conclusions, thereby virtually adopting the article as your own, I shall present my strictures directly to your consideration.

I am not convinced that the conclusions of your correspondent are correct, nor am I convinced that his reasoning is "fallacious." Still, I am desirous that the precise meaning to be attached to our Saviour's warning, should be ascertained. If I have mistaken that meaning, and am wasting my time and talents on "fallacious reasoning," let me be corrected.

Before offering my views on this subject, let an error which your correspondent has ascribed to me, be removed. He makes me say, that "the Pharisees and Sadducees believed the doctrine of endless misery." I have nowhere stated that the Sadducees so believed. They had no faith in a resurrection, and certainly they could have none in endless misery. This point, however, is referred to, only to correct the mistake.

It will be admitted, that our Saviour did warn his disciples to beware of the Pharisaic doctrine. Of this there can be no doubt. And that the warning was given in earnest, is also beyond doubt. What, then, did our Saviour mean by it? By the reasoning of your correspondent, if I understand him, the warning amounts to nothing. He says:—"I confess myself unable to see any thing in it militating against the doctrine of endless misery." Well, if it does not militate against that dogma, then we may, with the same propriety, affirm that it does not militate against any point in their doctrine. If any one important point is excepted, another important point also may be excepted—until all of them are excluded from the warning. In this manner, it may be made to appear that the Pharisees believed the truth, and that our Saviour's warning was a senseless and useless cry.

I have carefully examined the chapter in which our Lord's warning is contained, and I can not discover that he made reservation of any points embraced in the distinctive doctrine of the Pharisees. I may be mistaken—but your correspondent has failed to convince me that such is the fact. But if Christ made no reservation of special parts of that doctrine, your correspondent concludes, that as the Pharisees believed in the existence of God and the spirit, and in the truth of the Old Testament Scriptures, therefore my argument, if it disproves endless misery, also "disproves all religion, dethrones God, and blots out creation." But such a sweeping conclusion has no terrors for me. I must be excused from believing that it flows from my argument, even if my friend A. B. G. has endorsed it. It is true the Pharisees did not deny the existence of God. This, isolated from the rest of their principles, is unquestionably right. But combine it with those principles, and does it therefore follow, that the existence of such a God as they described, is set forth either in the Old or New Testament? The heathen believed that there is a power who is superior to man—and so all believe. Is it hence true, that the gods which they worship, really do exist? The Pharisees represented God as a partial, and cruel, and unjust being. They believed that he "was under obligation, and bound in justice, to bestow favors on the Jews, to render them partakers of the kingdom of the Messiah, to justify and render them eternally happy; and that he could not condemn any of them." Jahn's Archaeology, § 419. But of the wicked, by whom they must have principally meant the Gentiles,

they believed, "that their souls, as soon as separated from their bodies, were transmitted into a state of everlasting woe, there to suffer the punishment of their sins to all eternity." Prideaux's Connexions, Vol. 3, p. 46. Now, in these positions, they set forth a God of infinite partiality, of monstrous cruelty, and of the broadest injustice. Is the existence of such a God, proclaimed by the sacred writers? If this is the God of the Scriptures, where is Universalism? My Bible speaks of no such Being. Yet the Pharisees held to such a God.—Did our Saviour reserve this point in their faith for the belief of his disciples? And because there is no infinitely cruel, partial, and unjust God in the universe, does it follow that the all-gracious, benevolent and just Father, who is said in the Bible, to be the God of love, has no existence? It must be a mighty syllogism which convinces me of the truth of such "fallacious reasoning."

Your correspondent refers to the Pharisaic belief in the "existence of the spirit." He refers to Acts xxiii: 8, where it is stated that they believed both in angel and spirit. By using the word "spirit" alone, and coupling it with another portion of his article, I suppose that your correspondent alludes to their faith in a resurrection. If he meant to embrace their faith in the existence of angels, I remark, that they believed, according to Jahn, that there are a multitude of evil angels in the other world. The Scriptures say nothing of such beings.—They stated that one angel is uncreated. The Scriptures do not speak of two uncreated Beings. If there is an uncreated angel, he must be co-equal and co-eternal with God. Their views of the resurrection were equally fabulous. Their resurrection was connected with endless misery; and those who were the subjects of it, they believed, "at times made their re-appearance upon the earth to vex men with epilepsy, mental derangement, madness, and melancholy." They believed that the good, in that resurrection, "received rewards, and at length passed into other human bodies." Jahn, Sec. 388. Is this the resurrection which Christ and his apostles taught? If so, what becomes of the fact, that all the subjects of the Bible resurrection, were to be as the angels of God? I know that their faith in a resurrection, is alluded to in the New Testament—but I have yet to learn, that the sacred writers have sanctioned that resurrection as true and divine. Did our Saviour, then, except their faith in a resurrection connected with the transmigration of souls, as a point, which the disciples might believe, instead of rejecting? And if their fable on the subject, is not true, does it follow, that there is no resurrection whatever, and that the faith which the Scriptures inspire on this point, so reasonable in itself, and so strongly proved, is also untrue. So "S." seems to reason, and so my friend A. B. G. seems to endorse. But I must be excused from following that "fallacious reasoning," which, because a fable is untrue, deprives truth of existence. We might as well affirm that because endless misery is false, therefore Universalism is equally false.

Your correspondent also involves the truth of the Old Testament Scriptures, in the argument which he opposes. In my humble judgment, those Scriptures do not properly belong this subject. We frequently speak of a distinctive doctrine being erroneous, without intimating that the Bible is false, from which it professes to derive its proof. When we question the doctrine which constitutes a mass of people a separate sect, it is not understood that the Bible has anything to do with that questioning, so far as its divine origin is concerned. The Pharisees, though they professed to adhere to the Old Testament, yet virtually denied it by their fables and traditions. Hence when our Saviour warned his disciples against their doctrine, he warned the disciples against the doctrine which constituted the Pharisees a distinctive sect. If I am correct in these views, then the syllogisms of your correspondent are founded on false premises, and have no real bearing on the question.—And I must say, that if our faith in God, in the resurrection, in the destiny of man, in religion, and in the existence of "creation," depends on the truth or falsity of the Pharisaic doctrine, it rests on a slender foundation.



But all this may be "fallacious." If so, I shall be glad to be corrected. If it is "fallacious," allow me to propose a few questions. If our Saviour did not warn his disciples against the Pharisaic views of God, of the resurrection, and of endless misery, as well as against their false moral principles, what did he warn them against? Did he except endless misery?—and if so, where is such reservation to be found? Where, in the New Testament, is a distinction made, as to the true or false in their doctrine? And if such a distinction is made, does the warning have no bearing against endless misery?

Yours, in fraternal love,

Auburn, Dec. 23, 1842. G. W. MONTGOMERY.

### MORAL SUBJECTS.

Our brethren "down East" are troubled and divided about the subjects proper for discussion and resolution in our Associations and Conventions. For years past, resolutions have been passed on temperance, mourning apparel, capital punishment, etc. Of late our Anti-slavery brethren have insisted on introducing the subject of American Slavery, in some shape or form, for condemnation. The result is, no little excitement, some discussion, and great diversity of opinion. One is for allowing the discussion of any subject—another for discussing those subjects, only, on which the whole denomination are agreed. One is for discussing all moral questions, and all subjects that have moral bearings and relations; and another, seeing that this would introduce every question and subject under heaven, proposes to introduce those questions only that involve measures for the better organization of our ecclesiastical bodies, and the spread of our sentiments. One appeals for precedent to our past action on temperance, capital punishment, etc.; and another condemns that past course as having been entirely wrong, out of our proper line of business, etc.

Now, in this subject itself, there is much of interest and importance to every Universalist. For the first time, I believe, the question has arisen, What is the proper sphere of action—the proper subject of legislation—for our Associations and Conventions? Where shall we stop? What are our limits? To what point shall contraction extend, if we must draw back? These are weighty and important questions, and must soon agitate our public bodies all over these United States. For with the increasing dislike to Slavery, at the North generally, and the injudicious course of our Southern brethren in resolving and printing on the subject as they have done, the question is fairly before us, and we must decide, sooner or later, whether our ecclesiastical bodies have any thing to do with such questions. This will start the ball, (indeed, in some sections our Associations have taken up the matter already,) and resolutions may be introduced on forms and ceremonies, declaring one party right, and the other wrong; and from thence it may be extended to doctrines, until a very pretty "system of divinity" is framed, to be taught by our Professors of didactic, dogmatic and polemic theology, in our future Walnut cracker theological seminary! I do not say this will be done—though a part of it has already been done, and the rest must follow if the course begun is consistently pursued to a conclusion—for it will conclude Universalism with a vengeance!

But what rule or limitation would you propose? I have none in particular to offer. If there is a real, hearty love for Universalism, and a proper respect to the feelings of the brethren, and common sense among the members of our councils, we will need no arbitrary rules and regulations; but if each one is determined to get his peculiar notions, likings, or hobbies endorsed by some Convention or Association, without regard (or only a secondary regard) for the cause, or caring for the rights and feelings of his brethren, then rules and regulations will be of but little use. The life will be extinct, and it matters little how the dead body is governed!

But some may talk of the moral relations and bearing of subjects. It is said that when the "cute Bostonians" wanted to enlist community in some rail-road they had in prospect, they addressed circular letters to all the

clergy along the route, accompanied with *gratis* tickets, (powerful arguments!) persuading them that the rail-road plan had moral aspects and bearings, and would be productive of moral results; and requested them to preach on the subject. The clergy were convinced *en masse*, (who could resist the *gratis* tickets?) and preached lustily on the moral influences of rail-roads—stock went off rapidly—the road was made—and the Boston speculators are probably reaping a very fair per centage of profit on their *gratis* passengers. So true is it, that lending to the Lord (his clergy) does not impoverish!!! But in "wicked York State," where they exclude clergymen, negroes and idiots from holding office, the rail-road corporations are cursed with the spirit of blindness to their real interests. They have property, and so give free tickets to the lawyers. But as corporations have no souls, they do not see the necessity of bestowing gratis tickets on the clergy, and consequently the laity have not yet been enlightened in regard to the moral bearings and relations of rail-roads, and our ecclesiastical councils have never been asked to pass resolutions requiring people to travel in cars and packet boats for the improvement of their morals!

In short, there is no help for our cause but in a greater exercise of its spirit, and an increased regard for its prosperity among our brethren. Universalists are not apt to be won over to any measures by force-work, or resolutions passed against their wills and opinions by public bodies.

A. B. G.

### CHRISTMAS EVE

Was celebrated by most of our societies in this section, and indeed in almost every section from which we have received information. In some places the day was also celebrated with particular ceremonies. Where there were Sunday schools, they were made to take a prominent station in the affair.

In this city, the Fair got up by our Sunday-school went off very well. The audience was much pleased with the show of trinkets and refreshments, and satisfied themselves in their purchases. The children were also delighted, particularly with the profits of the experiment, which amounted to about forty dollars—sufficient to re-furnish their library with an excellent assortment of new books, after repairing the old ones.

In Ford's Bush Br. Anderson officiated happily for his audience. The house was never before crowded so full of hearers. St. Nicholas could not have squeezed the stem of his pipe between any two of the audience, they were so completely jammed together!

In Clinton they decorated and illuminated their house, and Br. Soule gave them an excellent discourse. Br. Skinner officiated in Canaseraga, (Sullivan,) and we hear they had a good time.

REMOVAL.—Br. J. H. Sanford, of Deerfield, Livingston county, Mich., has removed to Kensington, Oakland county, Mich., where he wishes to be addressed hereafter. He is constantly and acceptably preaching the Gospel of the great salvation in the counties of Oakland and Livingston, and the good cause is now again prospering in his hand.

NEW AGENTS.—Eri Denning, Esq., of Edmeston, N. Y.; A. Hunt, at Denmark, N. Y.; and Seth W. Fenton, at Waddington, N. Y., in place of E. Meigs, Esq., resigned.

SOUND DOCTRINE.—We will feel very grateful to correspondents who will furnish us with a number of brief, pithy articles of a doctrinal character. We do not care about their being controversial, though error must frequently be removed before truth can advance. But we most need plain, strong exhibitions and proofs of prominent doctrinal points—especially of those that are the foundations of human duty and hopes. We have not had many such articles for a few years past; and as now seems to be a time of pretty general inquiry, we think they will do good to many of our readers, and enable them to do good to others. Come, brethren and sisters who are well qualified for this work, let your light shine

in our Magazine! Others will pursue their labors, and thus we shall have a good variety in our pages.

A. B. G.

The Partialist clergy appear to be getting "the old fits" on them again—seduction, fraud, inhumanity, etc. The Methodists in Cincinnati, Ohio, appear to have their hands full, with the inhuman and licentious conduct of some of their pious preachers. And in Lowell, Mass., the Free will Baptist Corporation, after persuading poor girls and widows to vest their money in their hands, have burst, and will not pay 50 cents in the dollar. Some heart-rending cases of suffering by this religious swindling, are narrated in the papers; and public indignation may yet find a way to bring the revered and other pious "evangelists" to an account here for "deeds done in the body." What says Luther Lee's "Sword of Truth" (Dirk of Defamation) at this new proof of the awful licentiousness of Universalism?—for surely this misfortune would not have happened to the Baptists, had there not been two Universalist churches, (and the beginning for a third,) in that city.

THE NAUTILUS, or, *Tales of the Sea*, Including a full and circumstantial account of the Mutiny of the U. S. Brig Somers, and the execution of three ringleaders, written expressly for the New World. This work will be very interesting—full of thrilling Adventures and Incidents in a sea-faring life—accounts of Shipwrecks, Mutinies, Tales of Piracy, &c.

It will be issued in a Double Extra New World, on Wednesday, Jan. 11, at twelve and a half cents single copies—ten copies for \$1.00. Address J. Winchester, 30 Ann-street, N. Y.

### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Dedication.—The Union meeting house erected in Newport, Herkimer county, by the Unitarians and Universalists, will be dedicated to the worship of God on Wednesday the 25th inst. It is expected that the dedication sermon will be preached by Br. M. B. Smith, of that place; that ministers of each denomination will be present and aid in the services, and that the meeting will continue two days. The public is invited to attend.

Dedication and Conference.—A Conference of the Chenango Association will be held at Smithville Plats, Chenango county, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 25th and 26th inst.; at which time the Universalist church recently erected in that place, will be dedicated to the worship of God. Dedication sermon by Br. Skinner or Br. Grosh. Ministering and other brethren are requested to attend.

Conference, Installation, &c.—The second Conference of the Otsego Association will be held in Ford's Bush, (Minden,) on the third Wednesday and Thursday in January (18th and 19th)—when Br. G. W. Anderson will be installed as pastor of the society in said place. Installation sermon by Br. A. C. Barry. Ministering brethren, friends and the public are invited to attend.

N. B.—A report of the Committee recently appointed on the subject of an "Itinerating Association" will be brought before the Conference. O. WHISTON, Standing Clerk.

A Conference of the Black river Association will be held in Dexter on the fourth Wednesday and Thursday in January. A general attendance, particularly of ministering brethren, is confidently expected. P. MORSE, Henderson, December 19th, 1842. Standing Clerk.

### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P. M. Salt Springville, for W S W and J W—P. M. Middlefield Centre, for A T and J M—P. M. So. Hartford, for T B H, I C, C T and B M—J F, Eaton, for C G—P. M. Lafayette, for V B—P. M. Hume, for O D—P. M. Noble, C H, (Ind) for J C—P. M. Salisbury, for S S—P. M. Hoo-sick Falls, for B G S and J L W—P. M. Perysburg, (O.) for D W—G. Clayton, for G B—P. M. Chester, for F T—P. M. Harpersville, for D W—P. M. Bridport, (Vt.) for Z M—P. M. Ames, for A H, M B, L R and J Van V—P. M. Tioza Centre, for L P L and A D—S. G. M. Mixville, for J W, R M, E P, P P G and J L—P. M. Wheeler, for J P jr—P. M. Delta, for A H—P. M. Athens, (O.) for F C—P. M. Perryville, (Ind) for D D—P. M. Walled Lake, (Mich.) for A V—P. M. Cenesus, for J G—P. M. Portageville, for H O B, A T, G B and D S—P. M. Concord Centre, for B T—P. M. Union Village, for B P and R P—P. M. Harpersville, for E N—P. M. Akron (?), for E C—P. M. Portland, for W M and J T—P. M. Hornelsville, for P G and J P—P. M. Ellicottville, for L V and J R—I A, Bennington, (Vt.) for self and E W R—P. M. Reedton, (O.) for W W—P. M. Owego, for S I—P. M. Southbridge, (Mass.) for F W—P. M. New Martinsville (Va.) for I E—P. M. Stockholm, for F D.



## POETRY.

For the Magazine and Advocate.  
LINES

Suggested by the strange appearance of the sky, Nov. 14, 1837.

BY MRS. M. B. BIRDSALL.

Twilight was deepening fast o'er lovely earth,  
The golden hues of sunset's glorious hour  
Were fading from the sky, and in the west  
The star of evening shone with brilliancy,  
Scarce ever equalled.  
At our cottage door, I stood in silence  
Gazing on the scene; first to the lovely west  
I turned my eye, then to the horizon,  
To mark the glittering stars that to the sight  
Emerg'd in quick succession.

Suddenly I saw,  
In the far north, a streak like livid fire;  
It swift extended through the blue expanse,  
Till the whole vault of heaven seemed in a blaze.  
The stars glowed with a light unnatural,  
The face of nature wore an aspect strange,  
All things seemed altered, as we wond'ring gazed.

But the phenomenon now changed its form;  
From the far north and west, the east and south  
Came forth those streams of brilliancy so fair,  
And slowly rising from the opposing points,  
They in the zenith met; pure, dazzling white  
Mingled at intervals with the bright rays  
Of deep'ning crimson, till the spectacle  
Was grand, beyond description.  
Swiftly it faded, and the sky now wore  
Its wonted hue of blue, fair to behold,  
And the stars twinkled gaily, as before  
The strange appearance came; for a short space  
The prospect wore its own bright natural face,  
But soon it reappeared, and doubly bright,  
It seemed as if its transient absence had been spent,  
In gathering brighter hues, to dazzle more  
The wond'ring eyes of those, who, silent gazed  
Upon the beauteous sight.  
At length it vanished, and was seen no more.  
Those brilliant colors faded from the sight  
And left us filled with awe, and wonder deep;  
And as my mind was occupied with thoughts,  
Of what the cause could be of the strange sight;  
'Twas led to turn unto the Great First Cause  
Of all things, and I thought that He who form'd  
Such glorious, lovely scenes, as that, which yet  
Had scarcely faded from the midnight sky,  
Must be beyond, ay! far beyond the ken,  
Of us, his worshippers; and that He must  
Be worthy of the purest homage, which  
Frail man can render to the God of heaven,  
Who placed him on this beauteous, fertile earth,  
And showered his blessings forth on all mankind,  
Till all are filled with plenitude; and yet  
There's blessings still in store, and man should give  
The pure incense of praise and gratitude,  
To Him, whose hand sustains our feeble frames,  
And guides us safe through all the various ills  
That checker human life, to realms of peace.

Clinton, December 10, 1842.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## THE SAILOR'S HOME.

BY MISS CELIA M. TIBBITS.

It comes to me in dreams,  
With the glad music of its woodland shade—  
With the low gushing of its rainbow streams  
Far in the forest laid.

It comes with sunlit bowers,  
With dark leaves glancing 'neath the deep blue sky—  
With the rich fragrance of its countless flowers,  
And its low south wind's sigh.

It comes across the waves,  
The mystic beauty of my own bright land;  
Where the cool streamlets, as with sunlight, lave  
Banks by the zephyr fanned.

It comes, my own sweet home,  
Lying embosomed 'mid the vine-clad hills,  
'Neath rich concave of the heaven's blue dome,  
With its unnumbered rills.

It comes, the brave old oak—  
Bathing the greensward in its wavy shade,  
What bell-like music from its leaflets broke,  
When 'neath its boughs I strayed!  
And they, the household band,  
They that looked on me with their love-lit eyes,  
Now call me homeward to my native land,  
Where our loved cottage lies.  
I go—the ocean's foam  
Shall bear me back to the deep forest shade,  
To the bright waters of my early home,  
And to the flowery glade.

Cawasalone, December, 1842.

## HOME, AND ITS CHANGES.

The following beautiful and touching description of Home, and its changes, as they appear to one who had been absent for some time, we take from a late number of the Balm of Gilead. They are from the pen of Br. G. W. Gage, of Manchester, N. H., formerly of Canandaigua, in this State. He visited his home last Fall, to witness the last illness, death and burial of a young sister, (whose death we noticed a few weeks ago,) and the following is a part of his Editorial Letters in the Balm, while he was thus journeying. The description will be peculiarly interesting to those of our readers who know Br. Gage, or his Home and its inmates.

A. B. G.

Canandaigua, N. Y., October 6th, 1842.

HOME.—The worn mariner turns from the solitudes of the ocean and hails with joy the first visions of his destined haven,—the wasted wanderer of the desert, views afar the long-loved Oasis of the wilderness,—and he hastes with glad shoutings, to taste again its pure waters, to bathe in its living fountains, and to repose himself under its deep shades.

And such to us, is the home of our childhood years. The fields are clothed in lovelier verdure—the trees wear more gorgeous hues—the streams sing a sweeter song in their rocky beds—the birds warble more welcome notes—the landscape slopes and bends with more grace and beauty than elsewhere,—and all things seem to smile at our coming: How thick and thronging are the thoughts of the past,—every tree has its tale,—every nook and dell its story or song,—and even the "Old oaken bucket that hangs in the well," has its legends of yore.

Sickness at home. But time has changed us. The young and the youthful, have gone up to manhood—the middle-aged have trod on still further in paths of toil and trial—the locks of the aged have put on a purer whiteness—and what is sadder still, sickness has smitten a sweet and sunny heart. One it is, that loved the beautiful, the bright, and the fair of earth,—one that lingered long with the flowers—that won and wore their beautiful blossoms—one that oft poured forth the richest melody of music in the soul of song. Now, how changed, and yet how outward—how earthly is the change. The same happy heart is beating there—the same gushing goodness is flowing up from its deep fountains and resting richly on all around. The calm spirit hath clothed itself with strength for this hour of trial,—and no murmurs fall from the lips—no repinings struggle up from the faint hope that still holds on to the earth. All is peaceful and pure—the light of love burns brightly on the altar of the heart,—it is freeing itself from the fickle follies of the world,—it is taking up a robe of beauty and brightness that will never fade away. The harp is still strung—it asks for the voice of song,—and the soothing strains of—'All's well'—fall joyfully from its fainting and faltering strains, and the strife and struggle of life glide gently away from the sight.

Death at home. The Angel-messenger of the Highest, has folded his flashing wings, and stood in the midst of a happy home. But he comes not with bended bow or thirsting spear to do the deeds of the destroyer.—First there is a half-hushed whisper, then a calm, kind voice speaks out and sweetly says—come. There is nothing stern and fearful in this summoning call. It is but the bidding of a higher, better wisdom, to leave this

crumbling and falling frame of flesh—to soar with bright wings to the spirit's starry home on high. Hushed be the repinings of those hearts that linger so lonely for a season here. Let us tread now with gentler steps, for mortal dust is slumbering there, and its peaceful presence must hallow all our thoughts. True, it is cold, for it is but clay; but that silent smile is so like life that we must long linger to look upon it. They have told us that death is full of terror, yet this is lovely—this is bright and beautiful as the May-morn of spring-time and flowers.

Funeral at home. The rites of religion are full of the oil and the wine that the heart most needs. The voice of its minister is lifted up—from the word of life he bids us remember our Creator in the days of our youth—to place the heart's affections on Him, when our Sun is rising in its brightness—when the sky is without a cloud. Then he rolls back the tide of years—he leads us to the gates of ancient Nain, and we hear those glad words—'weep not'—that filled and flooded the widow's heart with joy. And these are the welcome words that are now binding up and blessing the sorrowing soul of the world. Fair forms are falling—tears are streaming throughout the wide earth,—but there is a voice that is heard, loud and clear, above this wail of anguish. It speaks of hope to the fearful—of joyful promises to the comfortless,—and of an ever-living life to dying hearts,—and the tears of time are lost in the triumphs of eternity.

The grave at home. This is a fair and sunny hillside—this is a beautiful home for the dust of the departed. And there is an opened grave,—but it is not dark and cheerless as we once thought it was. It has now taken to its bosom the treasure of its trust,—four strong and noble forms have consigned again—"earth to earth—dust to dust"—and the green turf is now resting on it. What so lovely as this little mound of earth? It is a holy resting-place for one who had seen so little of the sin and sorrow of this world. And see! this one near to it, is the grave of THE MOTHER,—for years have perished since she was called. Let them thus softly sleep, and we will bring hither the favorite rose-bush, and pink, and lilacs, and we will teach them to bring forth their beauties to garnish with garlands the silent halls of the dead. We will turn hither with frequent steps, for this is a place we have learned to love. Here we can meet—can shut out the strifes of the heart, and feel that we are children of one Father—God.

Consolation at home. Our little band is gathered again,—but one is gone—'Gone? but not lost!' What rushing thoughts press on the mind, as this truth comes in its soothing sweetness to our wearied spirits. We are led back through the far mists of buried ages, and we hear the words of the BELOVED—'because I live'—ringing out from the silence of the grave,—and that home of darkness has been robbed forever of its gathered gloom. Since then man can not die—he can only lay down this body of death and mount to a world of life. We can give no tears for the gone!

'Mourn we for the dead—for the dearly loved dead—  
Who've left us, (how early!) to linger behind?'

No, never—we will mourn but for ourselves,—that no more sunny smiles can fall on our hearts,—that no more warm welcoming can greet us to our earthly home.—But above these things we rise to a more glorious view than eye hath seen or ear heard. A wandering star hath returned to its native sky,—and the constellations of the heavens are sweeping on to the same everlasting abodes. Then you whose burdened hearts have bled,

'Weep not the dear, the blessed dead!

But rather sigh,

That partings, griefs, and cares and strife

Have not been swallowed up of life

And joy on high.'

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# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

'I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL,'.....'PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD.'

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, JANUARY 20, 1843.

NO. 3.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### EXTRACT FROM A FUNERAL SERMON.

BY REV. S. GOFF.

"For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day."

2 Cor. iv. 16.

Affliction is the common lot of all. This world is one of imperfection, sin and sorrow. Nothing of an earthly nature is stable or enduring. "Passing away" is inscribed upon every thing that pertains to time. We often experience trials which bring sorrow to our hearts; which cause the eye to fill with tears, and the bosom to heave with anguish. Suffering, deep, protracted suffering, is many times the portion of human life. Sickness preys upon our mortal frames, and we linger upon the couch of languishing and disease. The despoiler marks us for his own; we must bid farewell to every thing of earth; lie down in the silent tomb, and sleep the sleep of death. Or, if sickness, suffering, and death are not our own immediate lot, they are the portion of those who are as near and dear to us as our own lives.

Yes, when death is in our midst, there is sorrow, there is anguish, there is mourning. For death severs the holiest ties of our nature. He lays his cold and icy hand upon the loved, the cherished, and the honored—they yield up their breath, and "go the way of all the living." And surviving friends put on the sad habiliments of wo, and weep and mourn for the departed. "Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets."

Behold the ravages of Death! See there before us, his victim! He has cut down the virtuous, the noble, the generous, and the beloved youth. In the prime of life he has gone—gone to be here no more. And how deep is the wound which death has made, and how sincerely he is mourned and lamented, are but too manifest from the flowing tears of an aged, and widowed mother; an affectionate and beloved brother; kind and tender-hearted sisters; respected and cherished companions; and sympathising friends and neighbors. Surely with the eloquent witnesses now before us, we must be blinded and stoical, indeed, if our hearts do not acknowledge that afflictions do sometimes fall heavily upon the children of men, and they are truly called to weep and to mourn.

That affliction is the lot of humanity, is a truth recognized by the apostle in the context, and even in the text itself. And what afflictions were, the primitive disciple of Jesus knew full well, for of them he had experienced a full share. And how to triumph over them he knew equally as well. And that we too may triumph, when, to us, the hour of trial comes, they have not only left us the precept, but the example also. The early followers of our Saviour were the subjects of the most bitter and relentless persecution. They were opposed in every step of their progress. And much, much were they doomed to suffer from the malice and envy of their enemies. They were persecuted from city to city. They were brought before kings and rulers, and delivered up to councils. They were beaten, scourged and imprisoned. Their lives were continually in jeopardy. Hence the apostle says, "We which live are always delivered unto death." Yea, and many of them did yield up their lives in the cause of God, and for "the testimony of Jesus." And yet they could endure and suffer all in holy triumph, without one murmuring word of complaint. Their faith in the glory and blessedness which immortality would reveal, was so strong that it robbed

death of its sting, and the grave of its victory, and enabled them, even in view of the martyr's stake, or the yet more terrible agonies of crucifixion, to exclaim, "We know if the earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." "For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day." Though trials and afflictions may come; though sorrow may invade our hearts; though our bodies may waste away with racking pains and burning heat; and though the grim monster, Death, may stare us full in the face; yet "we faint not"—our faith is not weakened, or our hope dimmed. But our prospect grows brighter as earth disappears from our view. The darkness of the grave is lit up by the brightness of the resurrection morn; and by the eye of faith we look far across the Jordan of death to the land of eternal sunshine and joy, where all is love, and peace, and heavenly rest, and life eternal.

"Then, while ye hear my heart-strings break,  
How sweet the minutes roll!  
A mortal paleness on my cheek,  
But glory in my soul!"

Oh the blessedness of a faith, and the triumph of a hope like this! Who would not "rejoice in tribulation," if he could thus triumph over it? Who would not "fight the good fight of faith," if he could thus come off "conqueror, yea, and more than conqueror, through him that loved us, and gave himself for us?" feeling that his "light afflictions which are but for a moment, will work for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

"Such is the hope which cheers the heart;  
This hope the Lord hath given;  
His spirit is the earnest now,  
And seals our souls for heaven."

If, then, such is the power of Gospel faith, and such the triumph of the Gospel hope, we would earnestly and affectionately entreat the hearer to exercise the one, and cherish the other. Life is uncertain. Death will sooner or later come. And we know not how near may be his approach. His dart may even now be fixed in the heart of one or more of this assembly; and before another year, or month, or even week is past, some one of our number may be borne to the silent mansions of the dead. We know not to whom the summons may first come. It may be to ourselves; or, perchance, to some of our near and dear friends. One thing, however, is certain, sooner or later it will come to us all. It therefore becomes us to "watch and be sober," that our departure may be peaceful and triumphant. Oh, then, dying fellow-mortals, seek, and seek earnestly, for the faith and the hope of the Gospel. Be this the burden of your prayer,

"Oh for a strong and lasting faith,  
To credit what Jehovah saith;  
To hear the message of his Son,  
And call the joys of heaven my own."

And give not over till you find answers of peace to your waiting, anxious souls. Then, when the hour of trial shall come, you too may say, in view of the blissful prospect which immortality presents to your spiritual vision,—"For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day."

We are not thus earnest in urging upon you the necessity of faith in God, and hope in heaven, because we suppose you can purchase immortal bliss by so doing, or because we believe this to be the reward of faith and obedience. No. Faith can not purchase heaven; nor is immortality the reward of good works. Our future blessedness de-

pends alone upon the rich mercy and free grace of God. It is the free, unmerited, and unpurchased gift of infinite and eternal Love. For thus saith the testimony:—"This is the record, that God hath given unto us eternal life, and this life is in his Son."

Why, then, it may be asked, do you urge the necessity of repentance, faith and hope? Because, dear hearer, we wish you to live in peace, and die in triumph. We do not wish you to go down to your graves; "all your life-time subject to bondage through fear of death." We wish you to know—to realize, that mortality may not only be submitted to, but triumphed over; that Jesus has conquered death; and that through him you may come off conqueror, shouting, "O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory?" And we have no warrant to assure you that this blessedness will be yours, unless you live the Christian life, possess and exercise the Christian faith and hope. Nay, we know that without these, such can not be your happy privilege. And hence our earnestness in calling your attention to this important subject.—And God grant that our call may not be in vain.

In the sickness and death of him whose mortal remains are now before us, we have an instance of the power of Christian faith, and of the "strong consolation" afforded by the Gospel hope. These two inestimable Christian characteristics were the possession of our departed brother. His faith in God was strong, and his hope bright. And although in the full bloom of youth, with the brightest prospects before him, and respected and beloved by all who knew him, he was unmoved at the approach of death. His mind was calm and serene,

"And not a wave of trouble rolled  
Across his peaceful breast."

He was perfectly resigned; and ready to depart whenever the Master should call. Yea, at times he was anxious to go—to leave the earth and go home to heaven. Of him it might be truly said; "though the outward man perished, yet the inward man was renewed day by day." Oh that the same confidence and holy trust may be ours.

In this instance, too, is afforded a triumphant refutation of that oft-repeated saying, that the doctrine of God's illimitable grace and universal salvation "will do to live by, but not to die by."—This faith was our brother's in life. It was his consolation in sickness. Nor did it forsake him in the hour of dissolution. But it sustained him to the last. We saw, and conversed with him but a few days before his death. We asked him if he had any hopes of recovery. He said, none at all. We then inquired if he felt at ease in his mind. "Oh, perfectly, perfectly," was the unhesitating response. We reminded him of the saying which we have repeated, and remarked that if it were the will of God, we hoped it would be triumphantly refuted in his death. "Oh," said he, "if I have my reason that question is already decided." So strong was his confidence in the unfailing goodness and mercy of God, that he was fully persuaded that the faith that had sustained him thus far, would sustain him to the end. Such being the solemn truth, if there is a person within the sound of our voice who has ever made use of this objection to our most holy faith, we pray you to remember the life, the sickness, and the death of him we now mourn, and never, never again repeat that inconsistent and contradictory declaration, "Universalism will do to live by, but not to die by."

A few words more, and we close. We feel that we should be recreant to duty, did we not improve this opportunity to impress upon the youth the importance of an early acquaintance with the religion of Jesus Christ. Your prospects may now be bright,



and the pathway appear all fair and sunny before you. So it was with your fellow youth, your departed associate, but a few months ago. But to him the hour of trial came. All his fair prospects were blasted; he was prostrated upon the couch of sickness; he has "paid the debt of nature," and gone down to the tomb. To you, the hour of trial will also come—not so soon, perhaps, as it did to him—but *come it will*, sooner or later. Oh, then, heed the admonition, "Be ye also ready." Death did not take your friend by surprise. He was prepared to meet the victor, and through faith in the Redeemer, to triumph over him. And while he lay upon the bed of sickness and death, the reflection, that in health he had investigated the subject of religion, and became satisfied that he was perfectly safe in the hands of his heavenly Father, was a source of unspeakable satisfaction to him. Oh, then, my young friends, imitate his example, and "remember your Creator in the days of your youth." Then you will be prepared for life, or for death, and whenever the summons comes, it will find you ready and willing to depart.

"In the soft season of thy youth,  
In nature's early, smiling bloom,  
Remember thy Creator, God;  
For him thy nobler powers employ;  
Make him thy Fear, thy Love, thy Hope,  
Thy Confidence, and highest Joy.  
He shall defend and guide thy course  
Through life's uncertain, stormy sea,  
Till thou art landed on the shore  
Of glorious immortality."

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## ORTHODOX HEAVEN.

BY REV. U. CLARK.

We have often thought it would be a singular place, and one not much to be preferred above earth. "No change after death," say they, and at the same time declare that God will *change* so as to cease all regard for a portion of his children—Christ will *change*, and the saints will *change*, from pity and compassion, to coldness and even hatred towards the lost. And yet we are told there is "no change after death"! If we take the whole system we shall find no inconsistencies or contradictions here; for we are told that *reason* must not be exercised. Hence there is only an *apparent* contradiction or two, which looks perfectly consistent when we look aside from *reason* and common sense, through the mysterious telescope of Orthodoxy!

The following extract from the Oberlin Evangelist shows, however, that some folks are beginning to doubt the comfortableness of an Orthodox heaven, under the supposition of *no after death change*. We are glad that the Evangelist sees the propriety of making these remarks previous to the suppositions of a Mohegan Indian:

"If the conduct of sectarians here, is an earnest of what their enjoyment will be hereafter, they will indeed have a scanty place—if God should treat them in heaven, as they treat their brethren on earth, heaven would afford them very little liberty or enjoyment."

"Supposing you get to heaven, the Lord Jesus ask you who you be: you say you are a Presbyterian. Then he say, you set there on that little seat: and there you stay; don't you go any where else; keep your place. Another come to heaven: he ask, who are you? He say I am a Baptist. Then you set there on that little narrow seat, let no one sit nor eat with you, nor come near you: keep all your singing and rejoicing to yourself. [The Indian here alludes to the *close communion Baptists*.] Another come. He say, who are you? He say, I am a Methodist. Then he say, you sit in that corner, and let one stand and keep all away who do not make as much noise as you do in your worship. Another come. He say, who are you? He answer, I am a Quaker. Then Christ say, you sit away out yonder alone, that the noisy one may not disturb you."

Had the Indian added to the scene a specimen of Oberlin Institute lynch discipline, a few Elder

Knapps, with the long tables for feasting on roast beef, &c., a few of the scenes exhibited in Presbyterian Assemblies, Methodist Conferences, church trials and controversies, protracted and camp meetings, &c., an orthodox heaven would have been complete, all except the joyful shouts and hallelujahs of the saints over the victims of hell!

We are almost compelled to disbelieve that any man of sensible mind can entertain opinions leading to such monstrous absurdities. And yet such are the opinions expressed in the no-after-death-change assertion. No other than the Indian's conclusion can be drawn from the premise. Reasonable men will reflect upon these things, and learn, hence, that "*we shall all be changed*—that this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality."

Canandaigua, N. Y.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## SIR HENRY VANE.

A better service could scarcely have been rendered to the youth of our country, than the publication of the "Lives of eminent Men"—a work in three volumes, published under the auspices of the "Board of Education" in Massachusetts. Circumstances of time and place, combine to make some of these biographies much more interesting than others; but all of them are highly valuable, as the individuals are identified with the history of the United States. The reader sees more of the characters of these extraordinary men, through this medium, than he could ever learn from general history; and he will learn some particulars of great importance in relation to them, as surprising and gratifying, as they are worthy of attentive consideration. This is especially the case in the biography of Sir Henry Vane, by C. W. Upham. Of this great man, much less is generally known, than of most other American worthies—and some of the most remarkable features of his character and life, appear to have almost escaped observation.

Sir Henry Vane was one of the devoted religionists who sought an asylum in the wilds of America, from the proscription, and perfidy, and cruelty, of their countrymen in Europe. He was alike eminent for station and patriotism, and for his zeal, piety and liberality. Descended from one of the most distinguished families in England, surrounded by all the elegancies and allurements of wealth, associated with the great and powerful, and having a right to expect any distinction that court-favor could confer—we still find him at a very early age, openly espousing the cause of the Puritans, and with them seeking a home and a country in Massachusetts. This might be supposed a precipitate and unadvised measure, were it not abundantly evident, that it was the result of mature and deliberate reflection. The spirit of the times drew the devoted attention of even the young to the subject of religion; and had induced him as well as others, to employ the ample means and opportunities at his disposal to the choice of a creed and the adoption of a religious profession.

Until this period, the reformation in England, had been conducted, rather as a matter of state, than of individual concern. The king, the nobles and dignitaries of the church, had managed the spiritual, as they did the temporal affairs of the people—without consulting them. But now after the several revolutions and counter revolutions, in which the Protestants and Catholics have successively ruled and been ruled, alternately persecuting and persecuted, the whole English mind turned to the consideration of religion. Tired of the emptiness of popery, and utterly disgusted with the less imposing ritual of the establishment, the people firmly repudiated both; and sought a religion of spiritual power rather than of ostentation. The long recognized symbols of religion were ridiculed into contempt, and its ferocious spirit and its unprincipled champions held up to abhorrence. The Puritans arose, and multiplied, and sent their influences abroad over the whole land. They were in the court, the camp, the city, the country, and at the fire-side of every family. Their indomitable spirit, their ardent zeal, their ghostly phraseology, and

their moral sentiments, were almost universally diffused over the nation. Debates in parliament were conducted in the godly cant terms of the conventicle—pious exhortations mingled in the transaction of ordinary business, and nothing was undertaken without fasting and prayer, or accomplished, without special thanksgiving.

This was the age that produced Sir Henry Vane. And it is matter of no surprise, that like others, he was a devotee to religion, as well as a politician: or that seeing, as he must have done, the hollow heartedness of the minions of the court, the sincerity of his own young heart, should have placed him in the ranks of the Puritans. But it is most surprising, that in an age when both Papists and Protestants limited the grace of God to the members of their own party, he should have maintained the salvation of both; and that when every sect in power deemed it right to persecute all others, he should advocate universal toleration.

His tolerant principles were not alone displayed in quiet speculations of the closet, but in the most substantial form. And when he might have looked on in safety and without reproach, he periled his popularity and his character, not to say, his personal safety, for the rights of conscience. He sacrificed much reputation with the colonists, while Governor of Massachusetts, for the countenance and protection which he gave to the famous Mrs. Hutchinson, whose opinions rendered her obnoxious to the government as well as the clergy. True, he evidently favored her views; but the noble and manly stand which he took in respect to a law subsequently passed regulating the establishment of strangers in the province, leaves no room to doubt the genuineness of his principles. This law, the object of which was to prevent the future introduction of heresy—to make the magistrates of every parish responsible for the religious opinions of its whole population—he denounced as an unwarrantable violation of human rights, and as more exclusive and oppressive than the Mosaic dispensation.

But his views respecting the liberty of conscience, are not alone derived from his conduct, or his writings while in America. After his return to England, he vindicated the same principles in the same open and fearless manner under circumstances of peril and obloquy, from which his silence would have effectually screened him. Why then was he not silent? Why did he not suffer public opinion and the laws to perform their work without opposition or remonstrance? Plainly, because in his view, it was wrong to do either. No other reason can be assigned. And it is surely enough to prove the catholicism of any reputed Calvinist, when he takes it upon him to defend the rights of conscience of a Unitarian. This was done by Sir Henry Vane!

There is another feature in the religious character of this extraordinary man, deserving of particular consideration. It is highly probable, that *he was a believer in universal salvation*. The reference to that fact by his biographer, may not have attracted the attention of Universalists; nor is it known, that they have ever claimed him as a fellow believer. But that he was more than suspected of believing in the Restitution, is very distinctly asserted: and it is rendered morally certain, by other circumstances not easily explained on any other supposition. His connexion with the Calvinists of that period, is by no means sufficient to neutralize the evidence of his Universalism. For it is well known that others held that view of salvation under similar circumstances; and that too, while filling places of great responsibility. This was especially the case with Jeremy White, chaplain to Cromwell, whose sound orthodoxy does not appear to have been impeached on that account. So that Universalism was plainly not incompatible with the most rigid and determined Puritanism.

His views of toleration were every way in accordance with the spirit of Universalism. They are characteristic of that doctrine, and inseparable from it; and therefore, indispensable to the consistency of its profession. It is not to be denied, that other sects have learned to practice upon tolerant principles: but this is by no means a necessary consequence of their religious views. Humanity pleads



with what of Christian charity they possess; and softens the rigors, and stays the hand of persecution. And it is well, that with opinions which disclaim all sympathy or charity for heretics, there are yet influences at work which effectually exclude the fierceness of sectarian zeal, and the horrors of the dungeon and the stake.

The more direct evidence of the Universalism of Sir Henry Vane, is contained in the following extract, which is all that our limits will permit. His biographer says—"He regarded Christianity as a spiritual religion, the vital essence of which resides in the hearts of its followers; and he indulged the benevolent and liberal belief, that the moral and spiritual excellence, which is the substance of true religion, might be found in the minds and characters of Gentiles and Jews; and that wherever it existed, it marked its professor as a Christian, although living in an age and country where the name of Christ had never been heard. He therefore did not dare to exclude even the heathen from his charity, for fear that he might, in so doing, shut out those whom Christ, the great Head of the church, would at the final day, acknowledge and welcome as his own."

The above remarks merely introduced a quotation from a work of Sir Henry's, entitled "Retired Man's Meditations," part of which follows. "And although they may in that respect, (want of exercise of their spiritual senses,) seem to be *men in the flesh*, yet they may *live according to God in the spirit*, and find acceptance in the beloved One; whilst they themselves may either be *without law*, exercising a *chaste natural conscience*, or may be *under the law*, believers so *zealous of the law*, as to fly in the face of Paul himself, for witnessing a higher light than they have yet experience of, or can bear."

The following observation of Dr. Burnet, is nearly decisive on this subject. He says—"His (Vane's) friends told me, he leaned to Origin's notions of a universal salvation of all, both of devils and the damned, and to the doctrine of pre-existence. *The friends of any man*, may be supposed to know his opinions, nor can they have any motive for misrepresenting them. And when an enemy states them on such authority, at a time and under circumstances which admit of correction, he is entitled to credit. We therefore believe that Sir Henry Vane was a Universalist.

S. R. S.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### OUR SCHOOL MISTRESS.

To the sensitive, there are many bright spots to which fond memory loves to turn, and recall scenes long since past, but which will ever retain a place in our affections for the pleasing and happy emotions which they did, and still do excite, and for which we have reason to be ever grateful. There are individuals too, whom we can never recollect but as choice spirits sent to an unfeeling world, to remind us of heaven, its purities and high intellectual enjoyments, and whose genial influence has twined around our hearts, until we feel that we are happier and better for having been with them.

One of these was our School Mistress, Miss L. Mistress I choose to call her, let the appellation sound old fashioned as it may; it is a true one, for she was mistress of our affections and our wills, and drew us by an indefinable charm, to yield implicit obedience to her wishes and requirements. We felt ourselves grieved when she was troubled; for troubled she was as are all others, who labor for the benefit of their kind, who feel the responsibility which devolves upon them as moral and intellectual beings, and who act from principle, and endeavor to induce others to do the same.

Some called her an old maid, and said she would be one; but we could not believe this a reality, as she had none of those whimsical fancies and odd conceits, which so generally characterize that class. She fulfilled alike faithfully the situation of teacher, mother, guardian and playmate; and never were we more gratified than when we could induce her to spend a few moments in our rooms, and relate some anecdote, tell some interesting story or

exchange thoughts and feelings with us. The rich and accomplished were no more her favorites than the poor and humble, but worth, true worth and a willingness to improve, alone received her approbation and meed of praise.

Would you inquire if she was handsome? Then we answer, yes; though she had neither fluttering ringlets, rosy cheeks, brilliant eyes nor a snow white neck; neither sylph like form moving as some airy being, nor a small white hand too delicate for use; yet she was "the beauty," for

"'Twas goodness that gilded her brow,

Like the sun on the fruit of an autumn bough;"

and truly and easily

'Could we read her heart, like an opening book,  
Through each change serene of her innocent look."

I am not alone in my praise of her. Many, very many are the minds which have been instructed, and hearts warmed and cheered by her love and friendship, and though she has "cast her bread upon the waters," yet her influence is still with us, and our ardent prayers shall ascend to Heaven, that its choicest gifts be hers while on earth, and at last may angelic beings guide her to the Paradise of God; there may she see those whom she has instructed, enter its shining portals with purer hearts, and receiving brighter crowns for having been with her.

LETITIA.

December 27th, 1842.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### BEAUTIES OF MODERN THEOLOGY.

It is very noticeable, that, while on the whole, the science of theology has made very marked and rapid advances toward the region of common sense, within a few years past, we yet meet, occasionally, with specimens of a way of writing and speaking, which Calvin himself would have denounced as barbarous, and from which Edwards would have shrunk with disgust. Is it, that, determined to be very orthodox in spite of the tendencies around them, men rush into such extravagances as the following from a late New York Observer, where it is presented to the religious public as a select morsel, specially suited for the nourishment of the soul?

The subject is the crucifixion, and the writer, (Krummacher,) quotes the text, Romans iii: 25—"Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God,"—of which he gives the following remarkable exposition. "Do you hear? Calvary is a *scene of vengeance*, the cross a gibbet, and the bleeding form upon it a living proof of the *retributive justice* of God. My God! how well art thou able to demonstrate thy honor." So "set forth a propitiation," then, is considered by this interpreter, equivalent to a display of vengeance," to "declare God's righteousness for the remission of sins," means to inflict punishment for sin; and the "forbearance of God signifies the retributive justice of God." The force of exegesis can go no farther in interpreting an idea *into* a passage, instead of a meaning *out* of it.

And what an idea! Many persons will remember the burst of pious horror sent up in all quarters, when Dr. Channing, in his famous New York sermon, represented the orthodox view of Christ's death as a punishment inflicted on him by God, as setting up "a central gallows" in the midst of the universe. It was declared to be a misrepresentation and caricature of orthodoxy. But here we perceive in a leading orthodox print, published in the very same city, the very same representation of their own doctrine, in nearly identical language! According to the gospels, the death of Christ, was a display of God's love. Every where the apostles in contemplating the scene, cry out, "Herein is love!" Not so the New York Observer—not such the visions which meet the eye of orthodoxy in gazing upon Calvary. They see not there the tender mercies of God. "Herein," they cry, "is vengeance!" They do not say "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son;" but "God so hated sin, that he punished his only begotten Son to vindicate his honor!!!"

WESTERN MESSENGER.

### SECULAR NEWS.

Another good round sum has been added to the list of defalcations in New York. The defaulter is Mr. Nicholl, and the sufferer is the New York Life Insurance and Trust Company. The exact amount missing is not stated, but upon that subject the directors have adopted the following queer resolve:—"that any loss which the company may sustain, will not impair its capital, nor exceed the sum of Two Hundred and Forty Thousand Dollars."

The Northampton Courier says, that Capt. William Smith, who for the last ten years has been an inmate of the Northampton Alms-house, has just claims against the Government for French spoils, prior to 1800, to the amount of \$10,000. In 1798 and '99, he commanded at different times, three vessels, in the cargoes of which he was interested to the amount of \$10,000, prime cost—all of which vessels were captured by French privateers, and, with their cargoes, confiscated. The French Government made compensation for these damages more than forty years ago, and the money was used in the purchase of Louisiana. Capt. Smith has sent a petition to Washington, for relief, which is dated at Northampton poor house.

The recent earthquake was experienced at Madison, Indiana, on the 4th inst., about 9 P. M., with such violence that the windows of the houses shook as though struck by a heavy gale of wind. At Louisville, Ky., the shock was also felt about 9 o'clock in the evening. It continued about 30 seconds.

The ladies of Nantucket have paid eight hundred dollars during the last year, for the promotion of the cause of temperance in that town.

At the Cape of Good Hope, the ladies and the sheep are esteemed highly for the same reason. A lean young lady has as little chance of being toasted, as a lean sheep has of being roasted.

Messrs. Conrad and Clanding, Clerks of the High st. Market, Philadelphia, seized during the year, 1398 lumps of butter, 275 lumps of lard, 34 parcels of sausages, 2 quarters and 4 pieces fresh pork; 22 pieces of beef, 8 quarters of mutton, 1 of veal, and 50 tin measures.—The scales and weights seized, sold for \$9.16. Two-thirds of the meat, butter, etc., were handed over to the Guardians of the Poor. A fatlaw for the poor of Philadelphia, is that confiscation law.

Several converts of the "battle-axe" doctrine, a most licentious creed, have been lodged in the prison of Chester county, Pa., within a week.

Another effort is in progress in Massachusetts, to obtain an indemnity for the burning of the Ursuline convent.

A very important and difficult surgical operation has just been performed in Boston, by Dr. J. Mason Warren, upon a man from Nantucket. The patient was afflicted with a malignant tumor, in size somewhat larger than a hen's egg, located on the under jaw. In order to reach it, it was necessary to lay open the jaw, by removing the skin, and dissecting from the point of the chin nearly to the ear. After this was accomplished and the arteries carefully secured, the operator applied the saw, and that portion of the jaw-bone to which the tumor was attached was successfully removed.

Dr. Smith of the New England Medical and Surgical Journal, says, "these tight straps under the feet, when the leg is flexed, press the knee-pan, so forcibly into the cavity of the joint, that it is by no means strange there are numerous complaints of weak knees, rheumatic pains, and soreness of the muscles."

President Houston, of Texas, is accused of corresponding clandestinely with Mexico, of misappropriating the public funds, of purloining sundry acts of legislature, and appropriating 100,000 acres of land for the use of the Santa Fe prisoners, besides other equally improper acts.



## THE BLIND BOY.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

Oh! tell me the form of the soft summer air;  
That tosses so gently the curls of my hair!  
It breathes on my lip, and fans my warm cheek,  
Yet gives me no answer, though often I speak;  
I feel it play o'er me, refreshing and kind,  
Yet I can not touch it—I'm blind, Oh! I'm blind.

And music, sweet music, oh! where does it dwell?  
I sink, and I mount, with its cadence and swell;  
While touched in my heart, with its deep thrilling strain,  
Till pleasure, till pleasure is turning to pain:  
What brightness of hues are in music combined?  
Will any one tell me? I'm blind, Oh! I'm blind.

The perfume of flowers that are hovering nigh—  
What are they?—On what kind of wings do they fly?  
Are not they sweet angels that come to delight  
A poor little boy that knows nothing of light?  
The sun, moon, and stars never enter my mind,  
Oh! tell me what light is—I'm blind, Oh! I'm blind.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## THE OBJECT OF LIFE.

BY MRS. S. ELIZA GIBSON.

Have we then no object for which we live? Are we, creatures formed after the image of the great Creator of all things, endowed with minds capable of thinking and reasoning, imbued with feelings susceptible of enjoyment—are we then ushered into this world merely to be blown about like some gossamer thing, by the uncertain winds of chance or of fortune, without an object or an aim in life? Or what is worse, did the great Author of benevolence, form us with feelings thus sensitive, and sensibilities thus acute, merely that those feelings might be easily wounded, and those sensibilities stung with anguish? Were hopes made to animate our bosoms, only that we might keenly feel the bitterness of disappointments; and anticipation after anticipation, of good, made to live in our hearts only that we might know of the sorrow occasioned by their being blighted? In short were we made to taste of life, merely that we might taste of its toils and its sorrows, its privations and sufferings?

Ah no! Let not a thought so degrading to the character of the Disposer of all events, be harbored for a moment within our minds; for without an object for pursuit, we were not made dwellers in this lower world, and for purposes so destitute of enjoyment we were not formed! What then is the object for which we live? The poet has told us in one short line, yet how expressive!

"O Happiness! our being's end and aim."

The Pharisaical religionist will stand back in pretended horror, when you tell him that happiness—that one word which embraces all of peace and joy, all of pleasure and fulness of enjoyment, is the object and end of life; and he will close his ears as at blasphemous sounds, when you tell him that in this world we were placed to be partakers of it. Not so, he will say—this world is but a darkened prison house, where pleasures are placed but as poisonous inducements to lead us to eternal death! Even the pious Christian, who should have "joy and peace in believing," (he will tell you,) has a heavy burden to press him down and a hard cross to bear.

But our faith is not as his faith, neither is our God as his God; for we believe not that the rational gratification of our faculties are but enticements to lure us on to the "infernal pit," neither is obedience to our God a heavy burden or a galling yoke! No, not thus "reads our creed!" On the contrary we believe, that all the faculties which our Almighty Parent has bestowed upon us, were bestowed as the fruitful sources of pleasure and enjoyment in this world. Else why was implanted within our minds so strong a love for the beautiful, if not that this world, so broad and yet so replete with beauty, might yield us gratification; why were sounds so soft and musical wafted to our ears, if not that they might yield us happiness; why were odors fragrant and perfumed, made, if not to add to our enjoyment; and farther, why

were desires for friends and friendship ever implanted within our minds, if not that these desires aided by other sentiments, might enable us to "love our neighbors as ourselves," and thereby receive the pleasurable reward; and more than all, why were sentiments which lead us to obey and adore some wise and pure Being, given us, if not that we might love with that "perfect love which casteth out fear," and in so doing, receive that greater recompense than all?

For naught, naught else were these faculties and sentiments bestowed, than that Happiness might be our portion, and though far wiser heads and abler pens than mine have been engaged on this subject, yet so long as I hear proclaimed from the desks, and repeated in the family circles of certain religious sects, the idea that we must combat all our natural inclinations, because of their utter depravity, (though I will not do them injustice, by saying that their practice corresponds with such teachings,) and that to obey God is contrary to our natures, and therefore a great cross—even making the Christian's task greater than that of the sinner's—so long as I hear such ideas as these advanced, I can not refrain from repeating in my own way, arguments which go so far to show the truth of a contrary position. Let us then, instead of being ungrateful, by making those gifts which a benevolent Creator has bestowed upon us, appear of a low and degrading order—show our thankfulness by improving them in the manner which He designed, and which will invariably secure to us a commensurate reward.

Monroeton, Pa.

For the Magazine and Advocate

## EVIL NECESSARY.

BY E. L. DAVIS.

"All nature is but art, unknown to thee;  
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;  
All discord, harmony, not understood;  
All partial evil, universal good."

The question is often inconsiderately asked, "Why did not God, whose power is equal to his will, when he created the world, so arrange it, that evil could not exist?" With the same parity of reason, might the same person inquire, why did the eternal mind create such inferior animals, as the infusora, the mollusca, and the like?—why did He not create them all men, since man is more dignified in nature?—or, why did He create the material universe at all?—why did He not cause, in its stead, a world of mind, a purely spiritual whole; forasmuch as the latter approximates nearer to his infinite perfections?

The most satisfactory answer that we can give to questions of this character, is, that the Moral Governor of the universe, when he put forth the creative energies of his mind, had an ultimatum in view, which ultimatum is found in Himself, and is the manifestation of his own glory; and most effectually to attain this end, he has commanded into existence, *universal nature*—essentially the same as we now find it—composed of numerous substances—comprising mind, matter, and the affections of matter—with matter under various combinations and arrangements—existing in an unorganized state, as well as joined vitally in the vegetable and animal kingdoms—and all governed by certain immutably established laws, and constituted in such a manner, that evil is the necessary result of that constitution, being an incidental dependant of matter, necessarily and unavoidably connected with the means employed to attain the infinitely grand ultimatum proposed.

Since evil exists, and could not exist without a cause, let us not foolishly arraign the wisdom of the Deity, for permitting its existence; but rather let us content ourselves with the honest avowal that it exists not in vain, and let us humbly acknowledge our incapacity to conceive the designs of Omnipotence, the mode of whose being we can not even comprehend.

"Weigh well your part, and do your best,  
Leave to Omnipotence the rest."

For it can not be shown that God, consistently with his infinite perfections, is obliged to prevent

the existence of moral evil, originating necessarily in the nature of things; nor the natural evil as its proper punishment; neither can it be proved, nor rendered probable, much less evident, that the greatest possible good will not be found in a world, into which moral evil has admission.

Without evil, there could have been no secular enjoyment; for pleasure without interruption, is no enjoyment at all—without moral evil, man could not have enjoyed even his corporeal existence; for want is the first evil that man experiences, and is indispensably requisite to ensure his being. His first movements are instigated by his wants, and the first impulse he receives, is to preserve his existence. Were it not for this uneasiness, arising necessarily from man's constitution, and instinctively urging him to provide the proper remedies, he would not be apprised of the means of conserving his existence, and would die as the insensible vegetable, unconscious of his being. He would be a mere *automaton*, without passions, because their gratification implies an evil—without desires, because having no wants, he would have nothing to desire—without will, because that presupposes the existence of desire; and, finally, both his bodily and mental energies would be annihilated, because of the absence of wants to stimulate their activity. He would neither think, will, nor act; but exist in a perfect state of apathy, insensible to all the numerous and manifold pleasures that he now enjoys. The existence of society and sociability would be inconceivable, and that sterling activity, and manly enterprise, that now so strikingly characterize the drama of human action, could exist only as a dream of the imagination. In conclusion, the hypothesis, that solid can exist without extension, would be less repugnant to reason, than the supposition that pleasure can exist in the material world, without evil.

But let it not be supposed, as it too often is by enthusiasts and fanatics, that we live in a barren and miserable world; a world of uninterrupted suffering and sorrow; writhing under the burden of sin, and wretchedness—that we live here, merely in a state of probation preparatory to another state of existence, without a reference to *present* happiness—that we have no joys to expect, no pleasures to realize, on this side the grave—that Providence can, consistently with his infinite benevolence, confer life upon his creatures, with the unworthy object of making them miserable, or of satiating a malignant revenge—that He can, consonantly with his inconceivable goodness, usher into existence, an endless circle of animated beings, which are unworthy of his notice and kind, parental care. No; let not such disrespectful and foolish views be entertained of an unerring God, who, as a necessary consequence of his infinite attributes, has commanded into being, innumerable living creatures, to participate in the munificent bounties, issuing gratuitously from his ubiquitous throne.

"Heaven may not grant thee all thy mind,

Yet say not thou that Heaven's unkind."

Look around and observe the happiness and scenes of pleasure that every where meet the eye;—every earthly being, provided with the means of enjoyment to the full extent of his capacity—all apparently happy and contented with their condition—all beautifully adapted to their respective spheres, with their mental and corporeal energies bent towards the worthy object of conserving their existence, and each individual clinging to life with the utmost tenacity, and rejoicing in his own entity.

The European and American blessed with all the conveniences of life, and surrounded with the din of busy bustle and manly enterprise, are happy, and turn their thoughts, with reverential awe to the Author of their existence—the roving inhabitant of Africa, or the Bedouin of the barren and arid deserts of Arabia, are equally content with their condition, and take pleasure in leading an erratic life, accompanied with camel or courser—the Iclander is also satisfied with his frugal repast, and takes exquisite delight to live with his dog and reindeer, in cold boreal climes, and no motive, however enticing, could induce him to leave his icy mansions. And finally, wherever we notice life, there we see something calculated



to excite pleasing emotions, and to inform us that its Author is infinitely good. Whether it be in the possession of the brute of the forest, the insect of the air, the inhabitant of the deep, or even the inconceivably small animalcule of the drops of water, all equally give indications of contentment, and the enjoyment of their existence.

"The learned is happy nature to explore,  
The fool is happy that he knows no more;  
The rich is happy in the plenty given,  
The poor contents himself in the care of Heaven.  
See the beggar dance, the cripple sing,  
The sot a hero, the lunatic a king,  
The starving chemist in his golden views  
Supremely blest, the poet in his muse.

Behold the child by nature's kindly law,  
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

Clinton Liberal Institute.

How touchingly tender and beautiful are the following lines, from the pen of Barry Cornwall:—

Send down thy winged Angel, God!  
Amidst this night so wild,  
And bid him come, where now we watch,  
And breathe upon our child.

She lies upon her pillow, pale,  
And moans within her sleep,  
Or waketh, with a patient smile,  
And striveth not to weep.

How gentle, and how good a child  
She is, we know too well,  
And dearer to her parent's hearts,  
Than our weak words can tell.

We love,—we watch throughout the night,  
To aid, when need may be;  
We hope—and have despaired, at times,  
But now, we turn to Thee!

Send down thy sweet-soul'd Angel, God!  
Amidst the darkness wild,  
And bid him soothe our souls to-night,  
And heal our gentle child!

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## DREAMS OF THE FUTURE.

BY REV. J. S. KIBBE.

Dreams of heaven, the world of bright and happy spirits, where all is love, joy and peace—with what consolation do they come to the weary of earth! What new impulses have they not infused into the heart of the despairing—what noble purposes of soul have they not awakened in the bosom of many as they journeyed through the world—and what bright hopes and anticipations have they not caused to bud and blossom in the heart of the pilgrim, harbingers of the spirit's rest, telling of the joy that is in reserve for it in the everlasting sabbath of the soul, and cheering it amid the toils and cares of life with the golden promise of the future. Unbidden they rise up before us, greeting the mind's vision, and we call them lovely, we beguile ourselves with them, we wish—yea, we more than wish—we involuntarily say to our souls, this future joy is thine, it shall be realized, all that these enchanting dreams speak of God in his unchangeable loveliness and glory, and man in his future and eternal beauty, shall be brought to pass. We will not believe that we are cheating ourselves with hopes and prospects that will mock us with their emptiness in the end. How guarded we are that nothing shall mar its loveliness and beauty of the scenes before us. We make every thing pleasing to our sight and gladdening to our hearts. There is no well remembered face, loved but lost on earth, that does not rise up before us there in the abode of blessed spirits to greet us with an eternal smile. Upon the fair banks of the river of Peace, the living and departed are gathered together to spend an eternity of bliss. The kind voices which have long been hushed in the silence of death then break forth in melody upon our ears again. The warm pressure of the hand we have so often felt on earth, but now mouldering away, is realized once more. Do we think, as we

contemplate these things, dreams though we may esteem them, that they will mock us? No, we will not think so! As we look upon the smiling face—listen to the kind voice and press the warm hand, we do not think how they have been scattered on earth—how they faded away. We behold them all in our bright dreams of the future, gathered in one blessed assembly, as we shall meet them in some happy circle in heaven, where the ties which death has sundered shall again be united, and where those long separated shall meet never to be parted again.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## BRISBANE ON ASSOCIATION.

This is a volume of four hundred and eighty pages, devoted to the explanation, illustration and defence of Fourier's system of association: called the social destiny of man.

The reading of this work has been to me a feast of intellectual and moral enjoyment. It is partly a translation from the writings of Joseph Fourier, a Frenchman, and partly original, from the pen of Albert Brisbane, of New York. The social system here presented, is manifestly the production of a powerful intellect, devoted to the service of the most expansive benevolence.

I do not suppose that every reader of this work will rise from its perusal as well satisfied of the soundness, and consequent practicability of the system as I have done: but I think no man who has a taste for scientific investigation, or who feels an interest in the general welfare of mankind, can fail to feel himself richly repaid for all the time and expense that it will cost to give this book a careful reading. I can discover no fallacy in its fundamental principles. Now if the theory of Fourier is not defective, it should be remembered that what is *really sound* in theory, will prove so in practice. Should this system, when thoroughly tested by practical application, prove to be sound, should it prove to be based on the divinely implanted principles of human nature, it will be found to be more important to mankind—to contain richer blessings for the human race, than any thing else which has been disclosed since the apostolic age. This system is neither Owenism, Brownsonism nor Shakerism. It seeks not to pull down the rich, but to elevate the poor, by introducing a system of attractive, economical and well directed industry; associated with every advantage for intellectual and moral elevation. It seeks no political or other compulsory power to enforce compliance with its rules. It only asks for investigation and a practical adoption, by those who are satisfied of its soundness.

But to conclude, the work under consideration, has no sectarian ends to subserve, either religious or political. The subject of which it treats, is one of vast importance to the whole community. It, of course, belongs to the class of books recommended by the Superintendent, for the School Library. Trustees of school districts would do well, at their earliest convenience, to procure it. Let it be read, for a reading it surely merits. J. FRENCH.

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Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry.

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## REVIVAL OF RELIGION....NO. II.

"O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years.

HAB. iii: 2.

The impression that we do not believe in revivals of religion, is probably gathered from the fact, that we have ever been opposed to all the popular human schemes and inventions for bringing men and women into the church. Our reliance is upon the Omnipotence of Truth—upon the power and influence with which God has clothed it. Without the aid of any extraneous power, or any machinery whatever, the Gospel at its first introduction prevailed against the sin and wickedness of ages, and renovated thousands of hearts. In the might of its own unassisted energies, it wrought its con-

quests over the powers of darkness, and bowed the knee of the proudest philosopher. It made those free who were in bondage; it humbled the haughty Pharisee; it lifted up the despised publican; it imparted life to those who were dead in sin; it clothed the naked soul with righteousness; it gave hope to the despairing, and crowned the trembling heart with rejoicing. And has it lost any of its power during the lapse of eighteen hundred years? Rather, is it not increasing in strength, and are not its energies more resistless? It can not be denied. Then why not rely upon the Gospel—which is the power of God unto salvation—in converting sinners? Why not let that do the work? Why not rely upon its influences for bringing men to God?

No one would rejoice more than myself to witness a genuine revival of pure and undefiled religion; for such a one, the condition of society imperiously demands.—I say a *genuine* revival; because there are those that are *spurious*, and I will give you some *marks* by which you may know them.

1. They are characterized by *extreme and unnatural excitement*. That men should become excited upon subjects of interest and importance, is no ways strange.—There is an excitement attendant upon most pursuits, but it is natural, and perfectly innocent. Not so with that of which we speak. It is produced by frightful and overdrawn pictures of the imagination—by startling appeals to the fears, and by tragic action. And the effect of the excitement thus produced upon those who are the subjects of it is, to unfit them, for the time being, for the discharge of the commonest duties of life. Day after day, and week after week, nothing is thought of, save that which has created this fear of the soul. But were this all, it might possibly be overlooked. It often prostrates the entire nervous system and produces insensibility. I understand, that but a few evenings since, at a meeting in this place, (Fort Plain,) a lady swooned through excitement, and was carried home in that state. Now, I would like to ask, if under the preaching of Christ and his apostles, any such effect was ever produced? Did they ever make such frightful appeals to the passions, as to destroy the balance of the vital energies, and to freeze up the blood in its passage to the heart? Where is the instance recorded? It can not be found. The truth is, the religion of Christ was never designed to produce such effects. In its calm appeals to the human heart, it convinces and persuades, but it never destroys sense and animation.

2. False revivals are marked by *extravagance*. The very means employed in producing them, are such as never would be used where the dependance was in the righteousness of a cause. Does the pastor of any church consider it necessary or proper, after he has delivered his message on the Sabbath, to promenade the aisles of the house, thrusting his face under ladies' bonnets, and exhorting and threatening by turns, in order to get certain seats occupied? Not at all. And were he to do so, he would be given to understand that such a *farce* was out of character in the temple of God, and would not be tolerated. But if necessary at one time, why not at all times? If the salvation of souls is dependant in any way upon these means, why not employ them Sabbath after Sabbath? Why abandon them after a few days, when thousands are perishing for want of them? The very fact, that they form no part or portion of the regular weekly service, shows that they are too extravagant and absurd to be used, save on special occasions.

3. Spurious revivals often produce *insanity*. The poor victims of religious madness, may be found in almost every village in the land. Hundreds—and I might add, thousands, who have gone to the house of God to hear his Word preached, have returned with their intellects blasted, and with the consuming fires of despair burning fiercely at the heart. Instead of hearing the Gospel declared—which it *good news* to all—they are told that Jehovah is standing with the sword of divine justice uplifted, ready to cut them down and consign them to everlasting perdition. The bottomless pit is uncaped, the flame and smoke ascend, the groans and



shrieks of the damned are heard, and their very contortions and convulsions beheld! All the dark and frightful imagery that a gloomy and fanatical mind can grasp, is thrown around this subject; and the hollow, sepulchral voice, and the tragic gesture, are well calculated to add horror to the scene. And no wonder the mind sinks under it. The only marvel is, that ten are not made insane where there is now one. But God knows there are enough as it is. Go, look into our asylums and mad-houses, and they will tell you a tale such as no language can tell. And who or what is responsible for this?—Not the religion of Christ, which breathes peace on earth and good will to man. Not the Gospel, whose "grand moving principle is love to the guilty." Who, then, is responsible? My readers know as well as I do. And they know, too, how very guilty they are, who thus sport and trifle with a human soul!

"—wo for those who trample o'er a mind!

—they know not what they do,

Or what they deal with! Man perchance may bind

The flower his step hath bruised; or light anew

The torch he quenches; or to music wind

Again the lyre-string, from his touch that flew—

But for the soul!—oh! tremble and beware

To lay rude hands upon God's mysteries there!"

A. C. B.

### THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

In the course of my reading, I occasionally meet with instances which illustrate the Christian Law of Love.—I now present the readers of this paper with a few, which are additional to those given in a book on this subject.

In reference to the cruelties which have grown out of the laws of imprisonment for debt, I was much interested with the following letter taken from Stone's Life of Brant, the famous Mohawk warrior.

Letter from Joseph Brant To \*\*\*\*.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Your letter came safe to hand. To give you entire satisfaction, I must, I perceive, enter into the discussion of a subject on which I have often thought. My thoughts were my own, and being so different from the ideas entertained among your people, I should certainly have carried them with me to the grave, had I not received your obliging favor. You ask me then, whether in my opinion civilization is favorable to human happiness? In answer to the question, it may be answered, that there are degrees of civilization, from cannibals to the most polite of European nations. The question is not, then, whether a degree of refinement is not conducive to happiness; but whether you or the natives of this land, have obtained this happy medium. On this subject we are at present, I presume, of very different opinions. You will, however, allow me in some respects to have had the advantage of you in forming my sentiments. I was, Sir, born of Indian parents, and lived while young among those whom you are pleased to call savages; I was afterward sent to live among the white people, and educated at one of your schools; since which period I have been honored much beyond my deserts, by an acquaintance with a number of principal characters both in Europe and America. After all this experience, and after every exertion to divest myself of prejudice, I am obliged to give my opinion in favor of my own people. I will now, as much as I am able, collect together, and set before you some of the reasons that have influenced my judgment on the subject now before us. In the government you call civilized, the happiness of the people is constantly sacrificed to the splendor of empire. Hence your codes of criminal and civil laws have had their origin; hence your dungeons and prisons. I will not enlarge on an idea so singular in civilized life, and perhaps disagreeable to you, and will only observe that among us we have no prisons; we have no pompous parade of courts; we have no written laws; and yet judges are as highly revered amongst us as they are among you, and their decisions are as much regarded. Property, to say the least, is as well guarded, and crimes are as impartially punished. We have among us no splendid villains above the control of our laws. Daring wickedness is

here never suffered to triumph over helpless innocence. The estates of widows and orphans are never devoured by enterprising sharpers. In a word, we have no robbery under the color of law. No person among us desires any other reward for performing a brave and worthy action but the consciousness of having served his nation. Our wise men are called Fathers; they truly sustain that character. They are always accessible, I will not say to the meanest of our people, for we have none mean but such as render themselves so by their vices.

"The palaces and prisons among you form a most dreadful contrast. Go to the former places, and you will see perhaps a deformed piece of earth assuming airs that become none but the Great Spirit above. Go to one of your prisons; here description utterly fails! Kill them, if you please; kill them, too, by tortures; but let the torture last no longer than a day. Those you call savages, relent; the most furious of our tormentors exhausts his rage in a few hours, and despatches his unhappy victim with sudden stroke. Perhaps it is eligible that incorrigible offenders should sometimes be cut off. Let it be done in a way that is not degrading to human nature. Let such unhappy men have an opportunity, by their fortitude, of making an atonement in some measure for the crimes they have committed during their lives.

"But for what are many of your prisoners confined?—for debt!—astonishing!—and will you ever again call the Indian nations cruel? Liberty, to a rational creature, as much exceeds property as the light of the sun does that of the most twinkling star. But you put them on a level, to the everlasting disgrace of civilization. I knew, while I lived among the white people, many of the most amiable contract debts, and I dare say with the best intentions. Both parties at the time of the contract expect to find their advantage. The debtor, we will suppose, by a train of unavoidable misfortunes, fails; here is no crime, nor even a fault; yet your laws put it in the power of the creditor to throw the debtor into prison, and confine him there for life! A punishment infinitely worse than death to a brave man! And I seriously declare, I had rather die by the most severe tortures ever inflicted on this continent, than languish in one of your prisons for a single year. Great Spirit of the universe!—and do you call yourselves Christians? Does then the religion of Him whom you call your Saviour, inspire this spirit, and lead to these practices?—Surely not. It is recorded of Him that a bruised reed he never broke. Cease, then, to call yourselves Christians lest you publish to the world your hypocrisy, Cease, too, to call other nations savage, when you are tenfold more the children of cruelty than they." Life of Brant, Vol. 2, p. 481.

This letter speaks for itself, and needs no comment. The next instance which I have to present, is a perfect exhibition of the power of love in subduing enmity. It is taken from an article in the Democratic Review, concerning Mr. W. Ladd, the ardent advocate for peace.

"It was not mere good nature, but the adoption of the Peace principles, which made him thus gentle-hearted. A story which he often told with peculiar relish, will illustrate this moulding of his character—the gradual progress of his mind in adopting the Peace principles. 'I had,' said he, 'a fine field of grain, growing upon an out-farm some distance from the homestead. Whenever I rode by I saw my neighbor Pulsifer's sheep in the lot, destroying my hopes of a harvest. These sheep were of the gaunt, long-legged kind, active as spaniels; they could spring over the highest fence, and no partition-wall could keep them out. I complained to neighbor Pulsifer about them, sent him frequent messages, but all without avail. Perhaps they would be kept out for a day or two, but the legs of his sheep were long, and my grain rather more tempting than the adjoining pasture. I rode by again: the sheep were still there; I became angry, and told my men to set the dogs on them, and if that would not do, I would pay them if they would shoot the sheep.

"I rode away much agitated, for I was not so much of a Peace man then as I am now, and I felt, literally,

full of fight. All at once a light flashed in upon me. I asked myself, Would it not be well for you to try in your own conduct the Peace principles you are preaching to others? I thought it all over, and settled down my mind as to the best course to be pursued.

"The next day I rode over to see neighbor Pulsifer. I found him chopping wood at his door.—'Good morning, neighbor.' No answer. 'Good morning,' I repeated. He gave a kind of grunt, like a hog, without looking up. 'I came,' continued I, 'to see you about the sheep.' At this he threw down his axe, and exclaimed, in a most angry manner, 'Now aren't you a pretty neighbor, to tell your men to kill my sheep? I heard of it—a rich man like you to shoot a poor man's sheep!'

"'I was wrong, neighbor,' said I; 'but it won't do to let your sheep eat up all that grain; so I come over to say that I would take your sheep to my homestead pasture, and put them in with mine, and in the fall you may take them back, and if any one is missing, you may take your pick out of my whole flock.'

"Pulsifer, looked confounded—he did not know how to take me. At last he stammered out, 'Now, Squire, are you in earnest?' 'Certainly I am,' I answered; 'It is better for me to feed your sheep in my pasture on grass, than feed them here on grain; and I see the fence can't keep them out.'

"After a moments silence—the sheep shan't trouble you any more,' exclaimed Pulsifer. 'I will fetter them all. But I'll let you know that when any man talks of shooting, I can shoot too; and when they are kind and neighborly, I can be kind too.' The sheep never again trespassed on my lot. And my friends,' he would continue, addressing the audience, 'remember that when you talk of injuring your neighbors, they talk of injuring you. When nations threaten to fight, other nations will be ready too. Love will beget love; a wish to be in peace will keep you in peace. You can only overcome evil with good. There is no other way.'

This fact also speaks for itself in the vivid tones of love. Nor is the one which follows, less influential in proving, that the law of overcoming evil with good, is more potent than violence or strife. It is entitled "A Kiss for a Blow."

"A visitor once went into a school at Boston, where he saw a boy and a girl in one seat, who were brother and sister. In a moment of thoughtless passion, the little boy struck his sister. The little girl was provoked, and raised her hand to return the blow. Her face showed that rage was working within, and her little clenched fist was aimed at her brother, when her teacher caught her eye. 'Stop, my dear,' said she, 'you had better kiss your brother than strike him.'

"The look and the word reached her heart. Her hand dropped. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. The boy was moved. He could have stood against the blow, but he could not withstand his sister's kiss. He compared the provocation he had given her, with the return she had made, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. This affected his sister, and with her little handkerchief she wiped away his tears. But the sight of her kindness only made him cry the faster; he was completely subdued.

"Her teacher then told the children always to return a kiss for a blow, and they would never get any more. If men and women, families and communities and nations, would act on this principle, the world would almost cease to be a vale of tears. 'Nation would not lift up sword against nation, neither would they learn war any more.'

I can not close this desultory article better, than to present the following beautiful piece of poetry. Like the incidents already given, it needs no comment.

"A little word in kindness spoken,  
A motion or a tear,  
Has often healed the heart that's broken,  
And made a friend sincere.

A word—a look—has crushed to earth  
Full many a budding flower,



Which had a smile but owned its birth,  
Would bless life's darkest hour.  
Then deem it not an idle thing,  
A pleasant word to speak;  
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,  
A heart may heal or break."

G. W. M.

## REV. LUTHER LEE

Has discontinued the Sword of Truth, (*alias* Dirk of Defamation,) and has seceded from the Methodist Episcopal church, and joined O. Scott, La Roy Sunderland and others in their warfare against its intolerant and despotic power. We bear Luther no little ill will that we rejoice at his deliverance; and the despotism of the Episcopal Methodists so little good will, that we hope he may be more successful in his present warfare, (and use more fair and decent weapons,) than in his late fruitless attempts to put down Universalists and Universalism. But it is not likely that his late friends will now be willing to allow him much reputation for honesty or talents.

It is no evidence of a correct moral feeling among the Partialists of New England, that these Anti-Universalist papers can not find purchasers for their filth and garbage for more than about one year. For even a turkey buzzard would sicken on such food in that time!

A. B. G.

## TO BR. H. BOUGHTON.

DEAR BR.—The story is in circulation here, (by whom first started, I know not,) that you have renounced the doctrine of God's impartial grace, and have become a follower of that form of tradition held by the Baptists. I have no faith in the story—but yet, to stop the idle tale, we should be happy to hear from you, through the Advocate.

Truly Yours,

GEO. W. MONTGOMERY.

## TO BR. CLOWES.

DEAR BR.—I have long desired to examine your views of Matt. x: 28—for I believe, from conversations which I have had with you, that they will give light on that subject. If consistent with your engagements and labors, I should be happy to see an exposition of this text, from your pen.

Yours truly,

G. W. MONTGOMERY.

## RELIGIOUS NEWS.

REMOVALS.—Br. B. F. Hitchcock has removed from Erie, to Conneautville, Crawford county, Pa. Br. E. H. Lake to Middleton, Mass. Br. H. P. Sage from Winsor, to Centre Belpre, Washington county, Ohio. Br. L. P. Rand from Durham to Orono, Me. Br. J. A. Coledge from Royalston to Orange, Mass. Br. M. W. Sargeant to Dunham, L. C. Br. B. F. Foster to Terre Haute, Ind.

NEW PREACHERS.—Br. Edwin Davis, a young man of good promise, has commenced his labors in the ministry of Reconciliation, in Westmoreland, N. H. Br. Wm. Livingston, of Hartland, Vt., and a graduate of Norwich University, has also commenced preaching the great salvation to good acceptance.

NEW ASSOCIATION.—The Star in the West contains a call to the brethren of the Montgomery Association, residing in the counties of Champaign, Clark, Madison, Green, and Montgomery east of Miami river, to organize a new Association to be called after Winchester. The old Association is too large, and its societies too numerous. This is the third new Association lately organized in that state, and the fourth or fifth organized quite lately in the West.

NEW CHURCHES have been organized lately in Highland, Vermillion county, Ind., by Br. B. F. Foster—in Williamsport, Warren county, and in Jefferson, Clinton county, Ind., by Br. E. Manford.

ORDINATIONS.—Br. B. F. Foster, of Terre Haute, Ind., was ordained at the last session of the Indiana State Convention. Br. F. Foster, late of W. Haverhill, Mass., was ordained in Winthrop, Me., on December 29th.

Br. James Whittier, late of Amesbury, Mass., was ordained in Union, Me., December 21st. Br. G. F. Flanders, Editor of the Genius of Truth, in Zanesville, Ohio, was ordained December 2d.

VARIOUS ITEMS.—Since Elder Knapp's visit to Salem, Mass., our cause there has prospered greatly—55 persons were added to the church on one Sunday. The same happy result has followed the Elder's abuse of us in Concord, N. H. Rev. E. Dow also denies that he renounced because of the Elder's preaching, thus denying him the last leaf of his boasted chaplet!

The Baptists in Lowell have had two extensive explosions. A corporation of the Free will Baptists, getting all the money it could from factory girls, widows and orphans, and spending it most lavishly, has failed, and it is presumed will not pay 25 cents on the dollar. Elder Thurston, a very zealous opposer of Universalism, was the head man in the concern, and has been suspended, not for his iniquity, but for carelessness in keeping the accounts. The other concern is the Second Baptist church of Lowell. Its Treasurer was made a kind of banker for the factory girls, and others; and he too has bursted, and ruined the confiding depositors. It is hinted that the church has secured itself at the expense of the others. So much for Baptist honesty and humanity, when congregated in a corporation or saving bank. They had better get Elder Knapp and M. H. Smith there again, and have another glorious revival of religion!

Millerism is doing its work in every quarter. Mr. Miller himself has been in this city for several days past, lecturing to crowded houses of every kind of materials. I believe none have yet been taken to the Asylum. But we notice by the papers that one man in Philadelphia, another in Effingham, N. H., another in Tufonborough, N. H., and another in W. Randolph, Vt., have all been driven to insanity by such preaching. The first patient admitted into the New Hampshire Lunatic Asylum was a poor Millerite. Besides these, a lady in Great Barrington, Mass., cut her throat under the influence of such preaching. In what passage of the Bible is it recorded that any one was driven to insanity by the preaching of the prophets, the Saviour, or the apostles?

Several of our papers have published a list of Partialist preachers who have embraced Universalism within five years and are now preaching it. We notice the name of "Rev. L. C. Todd, Presbyterian, N. Y." This is an error. Br. Todd was not a Presbyterian preacher. After his renunciation, he became a Methodist. But he does not now preach, at least not stately and lives in Ohio.

Messrs. Tappan and Dennet, the Publishers of M. H. Smith's book against Universalism, were sued for a libel contained in said book, by Br. J. B. Dods, and have lately allowed judgment to be entered against them. Thus another Rev. slanderer has had his falsehood nailed to the counter.

The request to copy a notice of the Conference of the Steuben Association from the Luminary was not complied with, because, owing to the perversity of the printer of the Luminary, Br. Cook could not get out his paper until about two weeks after date. The next volume of the Luminary will be printed in an office of its own, when its appearance will be more regular than heretofore.

Will our friends and agents send us all the money they have collected or can collect, before the first of next month (February), as we have a large amount to pay at that time, and are depending upon our patrons for the means to meet that payment. Do what you can for us.

"S." is informed that there is some anxiety to hear his arguments in full on the subject between him and Br. Montgomery—and, also, that he should, if he pleases, give them over his proper name. If he will oblige those having this desire, I will drop my pen, and trust Br. Clark will ask no special attention until the whole affair is completed, nor then, unless new arguments can be

adduced on either side. Will "S." let us hear from him?

A. B. G.

Br. Tompkins—Send current volume Repository to Asaph Pratt, Whitewater, Wisconsin; credit him and charge us \$2.00. D. Brayton, Esq., of Eatonville, N. Y., has received a dun for current volume Repository from you. He informs us that he paid O. Hutchinson at his book store, either in May or June last.

## RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching on the fifth Sunday inst., by Br. GROSH in Little Falls—Br. RYDER in Madison; and will give the "reasons" requested in the P. M.

## MARRIAGES.

In the Universalist church, Calvert street, Baltimore, Md., on December 28th, by Rev. Geo. L. Lumsden, Rev. JAMES SHRIGLEY, Pastor of said church, to Miss MARY E. MYERS, daughter of Capt. John Myers, of said city.

In Cazenovia, Dec. 8th, by Rev. W. J. Goss, Rev. DAVID BIDDLECOM, of Phelps, Ontario county, to Miss ELIA BURTON, of the former place.

In the Universalist church in Cortland village, Dec. 25th, by Rev. T. J. Whitcomb, EDMUND B. VEDDER, Esq., of Buffalo, to Miss SARAH MARIA, daughter of Rev. T. J. Whitcomb, of that village.

In Watertown, in the Universalist church, on Sunday evening, January 1st, by Rev. H. Boughton, Rev. G. S. ABBOTT, Pastor of the Universalist society in Dexter, to Miss ELOISA A. MILES, daughter of Jonathan Miles, Esq.

On the same day, by the same, Mr. JOHN ROUNDS, of Carthage, to Miss JANE SNOW, of Watertown.

In the same place, on the 4th inst., by Rev. P. Morse, of Henderson, Mr. CHARLES BURT, to Miss SARAH CALHOUN, both of that village.

In Deerfield, on the 11th inst., by Rev. D. Skinner, Mr. HORACE WOOD, of Schuyler, to Miss JULIA E., daughter of Franklin Whitney, of the former place.

In Canastota, Dec. 31st, by Rev. W. J. Goss, Mr. WM. STONEBAF, of New York, to Miss DELIA WHITNEY, of the former place.

In Tully, January 4th, by H. Chapin, Esq., Mr. HORACE WHEELER, to Miss ELEANOR ALDRICH, of Pompey.

## DEATHS.

In Auburn, January 3d, of disease in the stomach, Mrs. JANE CASEY, aged 73 years. Though a legal member of a Presbyterian church, yet she was for several years a believer of the Restitution, and attended its Sabbath ministrations. Her death was triumphant, and unattended by fear. Her last words were, "I am going home." And so she has. May consolation be given to her afflicted family.

G. W. M.

In Truxton, Dec. 2d, Mr. ISAAC COWLES, of natural infirmities, aged 75 years. Mr. Cowles lived a practical Christian, and died in the triumphs of a Christian's hope. His death is much lamented by the community in which he resided. But may they realize that their limited loss, is his infinite gain. The funeral was attended by the writer.

W. J. G.

## LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

E. R. Webster, for Z A and J O—W F G, Auburn, for M B, G S D H, P G and R N—P M, Springfield, for J F, L M G, B H H M, and A S—P M, Canal, for S L—C J, West Cañon—P M, Soda, for J W, T F S and G P D—P M, Sherburne, for J G and J A B—P M, Oxford, for A C, C H, P B, V L, D B, W B, L E, J H F, T B, U B, D D, I W 2d, D L, T W and W W P—P M, Fort Plain, for J H, R A and N L—W V, Phelps, for self, E B, S B T, G B R, J V, and F V—P M, Woodville, for J E S—P M, Sheridan, for T C E and D E—P M, Green Oak, (Mich.), for C C and J H—P M, Ellsburg, for J B—G A M, Buffalo, for self, G A M, Fabis, and R H B—P M, Albion, for O H—P M, Chesterfield, (O), for N E—P M, Farmingham—P M, Laporte, (O), for J E and J T—P M, Fredericktown, (O), for D E—P M, Green Bay, (W T.), for I B—P M, Alagan, (Mich.), for J A—P M, Union City, (Mich.), for J R—P M, Knox CH. (Ills.), for J G, J H and U C—P M, Scipio, for G J—P M, Portland, for E P, J L S and W S—P M, Madison, for P E—P M, Union, (Ct) for R A E—P M, Lebanon, for J B Jr—S J G, Monroeton, (Pa), for E C K—P M, Mayville, for S P—P M, Depuyster, for J M C—P M, Pavilion Centre, for H C—P M, Sheshequin, (Pa)—J L Mc E, Rondout, for S A, C P, R K, J A F, M G H, J D, R P and J N R—P M, Bridgewater, (Vt), for H F F.



## POETRY.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## A WISH.

BY MISS CELIA M. TIBBITS.

I would I were a genii,  
With power to roam at will  
Through all earth's wide dominions,  
O'er mountain, vale and hill;  
Yet not 'mid blushing roses  
My wing should e'er be staid,  
Or over pearly fountains  
That with the zephyrs played.

I'd talk with rolling thunders—  
I'd wear the lightning's wreath—  
And from the brow of Etna  
I'd view the world beneath;—  
My car should be the whirlwind,  
That rushes through the sky;  
I'd wrap me in the storm-cloud  
While tempests hasten by.

And when the vivid lightnings  
Were flashing o'er the deep,  
I'd wake the moaning spirits  
That in its bosom sleep;  
I'd dance upon the billow  
That sweeps the angry sky,  
My voice should be the echo  
Of the wild sea-bird's cry.

Where rose the din of battle  
And shrieks of wild despair—  
Where clashed the sound of armor—  
Oh, I would fain be there!  
Then in the angry maelstrom,  
My spirit fain would look,  
And read the briny pages  
Of its mysterious book;  
And when its fearful records  
Of anguish I had read,  
O then I'd find a sepulchre  
Among its silent dead.

Cawasalone, December, 1842.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## RESIGNATION.

O, resignation! best benison of heaven,  
And to how few thy balmy rest is given;  
Thy calm repose, the heart with sorrow riven,  
Alone can heal.

How eagerly we grasp the things of earth!  
Though often pierced, the asking hand hold forth,  
The hand that hitherto reached nought of worth,  
Save fruitless zeal.

But when affliction's hand hath wrung the heart,  
In what we cherished most have found a dart,  
'Tis then, we learn resigned from earth to part,  
And raise the mind  
From fragile things that only bloom to die,  
To smiling joys beyond the blessed sky,  
Where deathless love absorbs the tear, the sigh,  
And solace find.

South Oxford, Chenango county.

MARY.

From Miss Leslie's Magazine.

## THE WIDOW'S LAST TRIAL.

## A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. N. SARGENT.

"He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

"And to-morrow you are to be taken into the firm as a partner." This was uttered by an aged female, who was sitting with one of her withered hands clasped in that of her son, a young man of two-and-twenty, who sat looking her in the face, with eyes beaming with affectionate interest. "This fully repays me, my beloved son, for all I have suffered."

For a moment the son's features appeared clouded with sorrow; he thought what that suffering had been; of the years long past, when the mother now sitting beside him, so beloved, had submitted to toil and privation, enduring all this for his sake; his eyes glistened with tears, till brushing them away hastily, a smile broke over his countenance.

"True mother," he said; "but let these recollections be forgotten now. The memory of the past we will bury in oblivion, and think only of the days that are to come."

"But you will not allow present prosperity to harden your heart, William; you will not let your good fortune make you high-minded, and forget Him, who has been a friend in the hour of trouble?"

"No, mother, I will not forget that I am the child of God—yet should temptation assail me, I have only to think of your precepts and example, and they would always deter me from doing wrong. But think, mother," he continued, a bright gleam lighting up every feature, "how happy I shall be, in being enabled to place you in the sphere of life to which your virtues entitle you. If you knew how often busy fancy has pictured this hour; how often I have dwelt upon the idea of one day being able to place you in a home equal to your merit, you would not wonder, that now, when I see my wishes on the eve of accomplishment, it should thus snub me."

"Nor do I, nor do I, my son," the mother said with tearful eyes; "but you think more favorably, my boy, of your aged mother than she deserves. I doubt not many will think and say the old woman has now more than she merits; and really, though I am proud of your advancement, I should not murmur, at never having a more comfortable home than the present one you have provided me."

The night was pitchy dark, not a star being visible, while the wind blowing in fitful gusts, portended a storm of unusual violence.

"'Twill be a stormy night, I fear," said the young man, rising and going towards the door to look out.—"The river is already swollen, and if the rain falls as it did the other evening, I fear much damage will ensue. You heard of the poor fellow drowned in the canal last evening?"

"Yes," the mother replied. "I hope he had friends to care for him. 'Tis a dreadful death to die," she added musingly.

"They say not," said William; "many who have encountered it, assert the being brought to, is the most painful part to endure."

"It may be so," the mother answered; "but I fervently trust no one dear to me, may ever be submitted to the experiment."

A vivid flash of lightning, followed by the low rumbling thunder, caused William now to retire; and observing again that the river would be very high, he closed the door.

It was now the usual hour for family worship. The mother had seated herself in a corner of the fire place, with her features settled into a look of devotion, while the son, with a corresponding gravity, walked toward the stand on which the family Bible was placed, and opening the sacred volume, began reading a chapter. Religion with them, was not the cold expression of the lip alone. It was the incense of the heart. It was a beautiful sight; that aged mother, and her only son, bending their knees, and lifting up their voices to the Most High. Perhaps the events of the day had given a deeper tone of tenderness to William's voice and feelings; certain it was, he had never prayed more fervently than on that evening; and when they separated for the night, the poor old woman looked forward to the bright vista of the future, with full confidence of its meeting her most sanguine anticipations.

The mother of William had been left a widow, while he was in his second year. By dint of hard labor, she had managed to keep her boy at school, until he arrived at his fifteenth year, when she obtained a situation for him with a merchant, residing at the flourishing town of Rochester, in the State of New York. William's good conduct and steady application to business, won the favorable opinion of his employer. The merchant was a man of great benevolence; he could appreciate merit in whatever station it was to be met; and when he saw the lad supporting an aged mother out of his earnings—never mingling with the low and vicious, and

and practising a fidelity to business unusual in one so young, it was impossible to avoid feeling an involuntary respect for his character. William was aware of the merchant's kindness; he knew that his salary exceeded that given to other boys; still he never presumed on the merchant's disinterestedness, but was alike respectful to his employer, and their customers. On the day in which he was introduced to the reader's notice, he had been offered a share in the merchant's lucrative business. Never had his brightest vision pictured such a result; but even then, when it would have been natural to suppose him greatly elated by his good fortune, he thought only of his mother; and while his expressions of gratitude were poured in eloquent language into the ear of his benefactor, there was a mingling of thanks that she would be the reaper of his unexampled kindness.

To-morrow! who may boast of to-morrow!

The widow and her son parted from each other with happiness bright in the perspective. The storm of the preceding evening had been succeeded by a morning of unusual mildness for the season; for it was the middle of January; and telling his mother he would not return to dinner, but that she should see him early in the evening, William bade her farewell.

It was at the close of the day, that a traveller went forth to view the picturesque and beautiful falls of the Genesee. He proceeded slowly, gazing upon the surrounding country, with the eye of a connoisseur; and had gained the point at which the fall could be seen to the greatest advantage, when his attention became engrossed by an object of exceeding interest. Near to the aqueduct was a young man employed in endeavoring to collect some drift wood. He had stretched forth his arm to seize a floating log, when, the place being slippery, he lost his balance, and fell into the water. At first, the stranger thought him justly punished for his temerity, and felt inclined to smile at what he deemed his foolhardiness; but soon other feelings predominated. The river was very high, and the current, running strong, soon brought the rash youth towards the rapids.

Who, oh! who may paint the anguished feelings of that hapless being, knowing himself to be doomed to inevitable destruction! On, on the rapids drove him.—There was not a ray of hope to cheer his drooping heart; but as the moment of impending fate drew near, desperation gave him strength to grapple with a death grasp; on the very top of the falls he stood bolt upright upon his feet, and giving one wild dreadful shriek, went over. Faint and dizzy, the traveller had closed his eyes to shut out the dreadful sight. He knew that the hapless being had seen him, that the last agonizing appeal the unfortunate youth had made for aid, was to him, and sick at heart he returned to the hotel.

When the melancholy fact became spread through the town, it was said to be a poor youth who had been in the habit of nightly carrying home a supply of drift-wood to his mother. All spoke highly of him, of his devotion to her, and of his subsequent good conduct. It was mentioned that his prospects had improved, and many conjectured that the force of habit, more than actual necessity, had occasioned the fatal catastrophe.—Reader, the poor drowned youth was the widow's only son!

Not many days after, a coffin was seen slowly emerging from the widow's now desolate mansion. The body of the young man had been found many miles below the spot at which he perished. Not a trace of his once pleasant countenance was perceptible; but his clothes were identified by many. There was one who would have recognized him under any circumstances—the heart-broken mother. When all shrunk and turned away with horror, from viewing the sight of his mutilated limbs, she clung to them, and wept over the body in the most bitter agony. The earth closed over his loved remains. It was the widow's last trial.

Soon she was sleeping beside them!

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# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL,"....."PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, JANUARY 27, 1843.

NO. 4

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## A FUNERAL SERMON,

Delivered at Stamford, N. Y., by REV. DAVID PICKERING, Pastor of the First Universalist church and society, in Butternuts, Otsego county, N. Y., January 5th, 1843—and published by request of the mourning friends—on the death of LOUISA STEVENSON, who died December 21st, 1842, aged 29 years—of ELMIRA STEVENSON, aged 31 years, who died the same day, and but ten minutes after the death of her sister—of EDWARD E. STEVENSON, who died December 24th, the same month, and but three days after his two sisters, aged nearly 15 years. Peace be to their sleeping dust, and joy to their immortal spirits.

"I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep; that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope." 1 Thess. iv: 13.

The church addressed by the apostle in the language of our text, was located in a country which had long been enveloped by the mists of heathenish darkness and erroneous superstition. It was situated in that part of Europe which has long been in possession of the Turks, and consequently far from the place where the Christian religion first opened to the hopes of man its ample stores of intellectual wealth and spiritual enjoyment. Previous to the time of its visitation by the author of this Epistle, its inhabitants had paid their devotions to changeful and capricious gods, which were only the creations of a disordered and misguided imagination, and consequently subjected to all the uncertainty and doubt respecting a future existence, which the vague conjectures of an incompetent philosophy was calculated to inspire. From the text and context, it is readily inferred, that much doubt and uncertainty existed, and excited the painful fears of the Thessalonians, respecting the state of those who had departed this life; and perhaps even a portion of the Christians, who had been but imperfectly instructed in the great destinies which the Gospel unfolds, might, at times, fall under the influence of those fears which continually preyed upon the hearts of the multitude: hence it became necessary for the apostle to write and impart some particular instruction to them upon a subject which so tenderly and deeply interested their feelings and their hopes.

The familiar manner in which the author of this Epistle addresses his brethren upon the subject before us, leaves no room to doubt that the multitude of the heathen in his day were not only a prey to continual fear and anxiety concerning the dead, but it apprizes us that their condition was one of *hopeless sorrow*, on account of those dear friends who had been removed from them by the hand of death. They possessed no means by which they could draw aside the veil of futurity; nor did they enjoy, from the boasted refinements of all their philosophical speculations, a single ray of light to illuminate the passage of the tomb. No kind angel of comfort whispered to them the joys of future life and glory, nor had they aught to break the cheerless, sullen gloom which pervaded the house of death. Their hopes were all bounded by the narrow span of life, and *death*, to them, was viewed as an eternal sleep! The tear of affection and regret which fell from the eye of sorrow to moisten the face of the dead, was the token of a final and last adieu to the captive of the unrelenting king of terrors. When they beheld the vegetable kingdom stripped of all its leafy honors, and shorn of its blooming beauties by the chilling blasts of Autumn, they knew that the vivifying power of Spring would restore them to their former freshness, and clothe them anew in all their verdant sweetness. But no such hopes cheered their hearts for the silent captive of the tomb: A dreamless, unbroken and eternal sleep, to them was the hopeless portion of the

dead! That such was the gloomy prospect of the heathen, may be seen by the following elegant quotation from one of their most renowned poets—

"A flowing river, or a standing lake,  
May their dry banks or naked shores forsake;  
Their waters may exhale and upward move,  
Their channels leave to roll in clouds above;—  
But the returning Winter will restore  
What in the Summer they had lost before:—  
But if, O man, thy vital streams desert  
Their purple channels, and defraud the heart,  
With fresh recruits they ne'er will be supplied,  
Nor feel their leaping life's returning tide."

We are all, in some degree, acquainted with the influence which early opinions and habits are capable of exerting over the mind and feelings, notwithstanding those early thoughts may have been overpowered by the sober convictions of the understanding in riper years. Yet even then, there are periods in which the mind reverts back to the days of childhood and youth, and will, notwithstanding all our convictions, associate the innocence and pleasure of that vivid period of life with the opinions which then swayed the sceptre of the heart.

Such, the apostle was aware, might be the condition of his brethren at Thessalonica. He knew that public opinion was opposed to the hopes which Christianity unfolded, and that the disciples had less cause of sorrow for the dead than their heathen neighbors, whose anticipations were bounded by the grave. This hope would naturally cause a degree of cheerful and pious resignation to mingle with the mournful solemnities which were observed among Christians, as the last tribute, dictated by social and religious affection. The heathen, too, who were accustomed to paroxysms of excessive grief for the dead, would be likely to upbraid them with the charge of indifference and want of affection for their departed friends, when they witnessed the composure of Christians in the house of mourning. As this might also exert some influence, unfavorable to the prosperity of their religious character and hopes, he penned the appropriate exhortation, of which our text is a part, to strengthen and encourage their hearts in the constancy and love of the Gospel—"I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope."

In the improvement of this subject, I shall

I. Treat of the causes which are productive of sorrow, when called to part with our friends.

II. Consider a few of the consolations which the Gospel affords, by those divine declarations and promises which mark their final destiny.

I. The causes which give birth to the feelings of regret, when we are called to take the last parting adieu of those who have been connected to us by the ties of consanguinity, or even of those with whom we have contracted the habits of intimacy and friendship, are too numerous to demand or admit of a minute detail in the limits of a single discourse. We can only glance at those which are the most general and prominent in their character, and which seldom fail to awake the sympathies with which we are furnished in the constitution of our common nature.

The unerring Author of our existence has been pleased to implant in our hearts a principle of affection and sympathy which is the fountain that continually supplies the streams of social love, and strongly unites us by the tenderest ties to the interesting circle of kindred here below. The longer we are permitted to enjoy their society, and the more numerous the scenes through which we accompany them, the stronger our attachment becomes, till our very existence, or at least much of

the value which we attach to existence, seems to hang upon the destiny which awaits them.

This is peculiarly the case in the most intimate and endearing relations of life. The social tie of affection which unites the husband and the wife, the parent and the child, the brother and the sister, is so strong, so tender and delicate, that the happiness of one seems to depend essentially upon the existence and prosperity of the other. When they are in affliction, we sympathize with them;—when sorrow forbids the smile of joy, we labor to administer the needed comfort;—when they sink under the pale hand of sickness, we watch over them with solicitude and care, and mark with feelings of deep concern whatever changes may appear ominous of a speedy dissolution.

Does returning health restore them again to the active scenes of social life and social enjoyment? The heart of affection leaps for joy, and forgets the burden of its woes. But does the cold hand of death sunder the brittle thread by which their earthly existence was sustained? how deep and poignant is the pain of grief, which the heart of affection is doomed to bear! Nature then, though dressed in her gayest attire, seems to lose the sweetness of her charms, and all the smiling landscape assumes the livery of mourning, in unison with the sad realities of heartfelt grief. We are reminded by a thousand circumstances in the daily occurrences of life, of the loss we have sustained, and the wounds of affliction are opened afresh by the remembrance of scenes that are past. Their memory is interwoven with so much of the history of our own lives, that we can scarcely recur to any of the pages of past experience, without bringing them within the compass of vivid recollection. The visit of some familiar friend, reminds us of the departed. They, perhaps, have mingled with them in the circles of social life,—or have joined them in scenes of gay and innocent amusement,—or have been associated with them in the active and hazardous duties of business, or the intricate and arduous transactions of commercial enterprise. They too may have accompanied them through scenes of peril and danger,—they might have been companions in childhood, and commenced the journey of life together.—nay, they might have been bound together by a still purer tie, the tie of religious confidence and joy. They, perhaps, had visited the house of God in company, and mingled with devotional gratitude in the assembly of the saints,—had listened with emotions of joy and thankfulness to the tidings of mercy and grace, while their humble prayers and the loftiest affections of their souls mingled with acceptance, like holy incense before the throne of the Eternal.

Not only by the visits of a friend, are we reminded of our departed kindred; but even the apartments of domestic retirement, awake in the remembrance, scenes which seem to open afresh the sources of our grief. Their very image seems enstamped upon the objects by which we are constantly surrounded. Their places at table and by the cheerful fire-side, call up anew their memory, and print more deeply their image in our thoughts. All the dear memorials of the departed inspire us with sorrow, excite the tear of affliction, call forth the sigh of lamentation, and spread a settled gloom over the countenance where cheerfulness dwelt before.

All the sad memorials may excite our tears, and deepen the conviction of our loss in the privation of their society, without implying any serious concern for their future and final welfare. Indeed, as Christians, we ought to possess, and if we are sincere in our professions, we must enjoy a settled conviction of the rectitude and benevolence of the divine gov-



ernment, which will ever shield our hearts against the arrows of despair; and effectually check the tears of hopeless lamentation and unavailing regret. This happy reflection should silence every murmuring thought, and impress our hearts with a deep and penetrating sense of the kindness and love of God, through an all-sufficient and all-conquering Redeemer, whose beams of mercy have penetrated the darkest clouds of sorrow, and ushered in the prospect of fadeless glory beyond the grave.

How happy, compared with the painful realities which history and observation afford, would be the condition of the human race, if no other sorrows existed in the heart, on account of departed friends, save those which result from the temporary loss of their society: but unfortunately, this is not their enviable condition. Other and deeper sorrows prey upon their hearts. Aside from the holy light of revelation, (and which many unwisely and madly reject,) man is destitute of any solid foundation for the hope of future existence, however ardently he may desire to live beyond the grave: and if he enjoys no well-grounded hope of existence for himself beyond the narrow confines of this mortal and changeable abode, it can not be supposed that he cherishes such a hope for any of his fellow beings. The fact, therefore, is not to be concealed, that many, very many, and even in Christian lands, too, are called to part with their dearest earthly friends, who are destitute of any comfortable and well-grounded assurance that they will ever awake from the slumbers of the grave. The melancholy and corroding thought, that those who were bound to them by the tenderest ties of kindred and affection, are blotted from the page of existence forever, can not fail to infuse the deepest gloom, and fill their hearts with anguish that naught but eternal oblivion will creep over the mouldering ashes of the dead. To such, the parting adieu of an expiring companion, of a beloved child, or of an affectionate brother, father, sister and friend, is an eternal farewell, an endless separation! No friendly light of hope cheers the sullen gloom, or points to a bright reversion beyond the silent mansions of the grave! Such, indeed, is the sorrow of those "who have no hope;" and from the painful visitations of which, the apostle was laboring to guard the minds of his Christian friends and brethren. And such is the inevitable portion of those who heedlessly or madly spurn the friendly light of inspiration, which alone can aid the mental vision in the welcome discovery of an immortal inheritance beyond the tomb. Oh, how unwise and unfortunate are those who reject the wholesome instructions of the Gospel of peace and eternal life, and throw themselves upon the tempestuous ocean of human calamities, without a friendly port in view, and without the compass of faith to direct them to the desired haven of contentment and immortal rest! The fault, however, is their own, the Sun of righteousness shines in all its pristine splendor, but they willingly close their eyes—the portals of endless glory are open, but they behold them not. They reject the counsel of God against themselves, and become, emphatically, the destroyers of their own mercies! But thanks be to God, such is not the unhappy lot of the Christian. His sorrow for the dead, arises, not from the painful fear, that like the trees of the forest, they have fallen unconscious of future being; for he expects to meet them again in the day of eternity.

Before we take our leave of the causes which are productive of sorrow, when called to part with our friends, we should not omit to mention those distressing fears, which haunt and corrode the minds of those who are so unfortunate as to be under the dominion of moral darkness, or are at best but very imperfectly instructed in the will and word of God, and the destinies of infinite and unerring wisdom. With such, it is no uncommon event that they are harassed with direful apprehensions of wretchedness and woe—that they are tortured with the most distressing fears, lest the condition of their friends should be infinitely more deplorable beyond this vale of tears, than the most wretched condition of mortal existence here below.

The idea of parting with our friends, and that we can no more enjoy their society in all the jour-

ney of life, is indeed, a sorrowful reflection to the heart of sensibility;—but let the awful and painful foreboding of unending wretchedness be added, and what possible hope remains for the consolation of the living! Human language is too weak to set forth the sufferings of that mind, which is so unfortunate as to be borne down under the oppressive burden of such hopeless sorrow. A sorrow which poisons all the enjoyments of life, renders every pleasure insipid, and diffuses unspeakable bitterness of soul through every season of reflection. It was against the invasion of such despairing thoughts, such unwelcome forebodings, that the apostle was striving with a noble and praise-worthy zeal to guard the minds of his Christian brethren, when he penned the affectionate salutation of our text,—"I would not have you to be ignorant brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope." We may now pass—

II. To consider a few of the consolations which the Gospel affords, by those divine declarations and promises which mark the final destination of man.

The expressions employed in our text, as well as the current language of the New Testament, go very far to establish the fact, that something is revealed, and may be known, concerning the state of our departed friends.

That all men are *perfectly* happy at death, is a conclusion at which we are unable to arrive, either by the light of reason or revelation. But that they will be happy in proportion as they are virtuous and pure, is a conclusion perfectly in accordance with the dictates of reason, and the voice of unerring inspiration. The infinite perfections of the great Divinity whom we adore, forbid the ungrateful suspicion, that he ever administers suffering for the sake of inflicting pain; and reason, therefore, cordially approves the strong assurance of revelation, that "He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men."

It would be absurd to suppose that death has any power to qualify a vicious man for the pure enjoyments of God, or the society of the holy angels,—for then would the mission of Christ, as well as the holy requirements of repentance, faith and reformation, be unavailing and vain, and the icy king of terrors would be defied with the praise of salvation.

The luminous and all-important truths which are laid down in the New Testament to sustain our hopes and gladden the prospects of eternity, are plain and easy of comprehension. They assure us that "the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world"—that he clothed the great Redeemer with his own divine perfections, and invested him with "all power in heaven and in earth"—that he is appointed "to be the Judge of quick and dead," and that he "will render to every man according to his works"—nay more,—that "he must reign till he hath subdued all things to himself"—till "every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall confess, that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God, the Father." An eminent apostle of our Lord has directed our faith to "the times of restitution of all things, which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began;" while his fellow laborer in the Gospel, announces with unfaltering assurance, that "as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." Thus does the light of revelation cheer the Christian's hope, and illuminate his soul with the vision of endless peace. He sees through the promises of God, the arm of omnipotence extended to bow and subdue the rebel heart, and end the terrific reign of sin and death. To his enraptured view, is opened the cleansing fountain of a Saviour's grace, to purify the soul, and prepare it for a blissful association with "the spirits of the just made perfect."

Are his virtuous friends suddenly called away, and the tenderest ties that bind kindred hearts, sundered by the unsparing hand of death?—he is not left a prey to the bitter pangs of hopeless despair, but beholds by the light of heavenly wisdom and truth, their celestial flight to the radiant throne of the Eternal. The sorrows which the privation of their society has occasioned, are mitigated by the reflection, that they have ended the rugged path of

their pilgrimage, and have already entered into the Paradise of more than mortal joy; and with countless myriads, released from the prison of mortality, are waiting the final consummation of their beatitude, in the transcendent glories of that immortal day, when with the innumerable multitude of angels they shall touch a higher note upon the timbrels of eternity, and in strains of sweet seraphic wonder, "with every creature in heaven, on earth and in the sea," restored to divine favor by the power of redeeming love, unite in deathless ascriptions of "blessing, and honor, and glory, and power unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, forever and ever."

Such are a few of the prominent consolations and hopes which the Gospel of Christ holds out, to cheer our hearts and lighten the burden of our griefs and woes, as we journey through the plains of time.—And oh, how invaluable are the comforts which they bring to the aching, anxious mind! How pure and exalting to the soul! How refining to the moral sensibilities of beings created for eternal duration! Say, my kind friends and brethren, are they not worthy the devotion of all our powers? Are they not infinitely worthy of our highest gratitude and love? Let us then evince our joy, and the grateful emotions of our souls, by the virtues of ardent faith and constant love!

What now remains is a few addresses to the mourning friends, with which we shall close the labors of the passing hour.

To the deeply afflicted Parents I would say—The present is truly a period when we stand in need of all the power of faith and hope, and of all the constancy and firmness which the Christian religion is able to impart. The angel of death has been commissioned to visit the abode of domestic retirement and peace, and to snatch from its sacred circle THREE of its choice and valued companions.—Thrice has the Lord spoken by the voice of a most solemn, trying and affecting visitation of his providence, to remind us of the shortness and vanity of human life, and of all we hold most dear beneath the sun.

The anxiety and tenderness of parental love could not stay the approach of death, nor hold the dear objects of your fond regards from the silent mansion of the tomb. No pains was spared to administer relief and comfort to the departed: but in vain! They have burst the fetters that bound them to earth, and gone to that unseen world to which we are all hastening as fast as the wheels of time can move.

Your hearts are now pained with grief at the thought that you can enjoy their society no more on earth—but my dear friends, bless the name and goodness of your God, that he has not left you "to mourn as those who have no hope." You look beyond the shores of time, and anticipate the welcome period when you shall hail them in all the bliss of immortality and eternal life. Bow, then, to the unerring decision of infinite wisdom with that resignation which becomes the devout and humble Christian; resting in the cheerful assurance that *this*, and all your afflictions, will work for you "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Those who sustain the fraternal relation to those dear and affectionate friends, who have so recently bid adieu to all the scenes of mortality and time, are affectionately commended to God and the word of his grace, and are invited to remember, for their consolation and support, the pure and elevating hope which sustained the heart of an affectionate sister for months and years before she was called to lie down in the silence of the grave, and to follow her in all the examples of virtue in which she has walked before them. And may her pure and elevated faith dwell richly in your hearts, and prepare your minds and moral feelings for all the vicissitudes and duties of life. Ah, and may the clear and invigorating assurance of that dear brother for whom you mourn, be transferred to your hearts, and lift you far above the vanities and trifles of this vain world, and prepare you to join him in more than mortal raptures beyond the changing scenes of earth and time, where all is joy and peace and love for-



ever; and where no cloud of parting grief shall ever arise to obscure the brightness of your joys, or check the fervor of immortal love and peace.

You are only left to mourn the loss of their society for a few fleeting days, before they will welcome you to join their happy throng, where joys and pleasures are all full of the glories of immortality, and all the sorrows of earth are forgotten in transports of unending joy and praise! And where "every creature in heaven, on earth, and under the earth," shall unite to ascribe "blessing and honor, and glory and power, to him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, forever and ever."

And now, my respected hearers, may we all be comforted by the joyful hopes which the Gospel of a risen and exalted Saviour has left us for our encouragement and joy, as we pass along this vale of tears. And while we deeply and feelingly sympathize with this disconsolate family, let us point them to the great Head of the church, who shall wipe away tears from off all faces, and crown a ransomed creation with the endless joys of the immortal Paradise, when time shall be no more.

And to close—may these rich and immortal consolations of the Gospel of a risen Saviour become the peaceful and invaluable legacy of every mourning heart; that reconciliation to all the allotments of a righteous Providence may sanctify us for every changeable scene, and that at last we may be fully prepared, with a ransomed universe, for that endless inheritance of the saints in light, "which is incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away." Amen.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### DONATION.

Brother Grosh—I think it is justly due to my numerous friends in this part of the heritage of our common Master, to notice in a public and respectful manner, their ambition, kindness and generosity to myself and family. And I know of no method more convenient and suitable, than to ask the friendly and useful columns of the Magazine and Advocate, for that purpose.

A brief notice was given that my house would be open to receive my friends for the purpose of a donation, on Tuesday, the 3d day of January, instant. The day arrived, but it was the most cold, blustering and unpleasant day we have experienced this winter. I regretted that circumstance very much, and thought, if five and twenty came, it would be as many as could be expected, as they lived scattered over the hills and valleys of this uneven country. But they began to assemble in the afternoon, and at seven o'clock in the evening, more than one hundred friends called on us, bringing with them the ample tokens of their friendship and good will. They mingled in social, friendly chat, and seemed as happy as heart could wish, till nearly ten o'clock in the evening, when they dispersed in all directions for their homes. We supplied them with plenty of hot tea and coffee, and provision was plentifully set before them. I think I never saw so large a company together, of all sects and ages, who appeared more civil and happy. This fact was more grateful to my feelings than the liberal donations which they brought. I have since heard of a considerable number of friends who intended to be present, but were prevented by the severity of the weather, and that still intend to come.

The whole donation amounted to about \$100, and I am sure that the good feelings that appeared among our guests on that occasion, was worth much more than that sum.

The donation consisted of about one hundred pounds of fine fresh beef, turkeys, chickens, butter, cheese and honey, lard and tallow, cake, an elegant coat-pattern, loaf and brown sugar, tea and coffee in abundance, and about seventeen dollars from the young people to my daughter, in an elegant bonnet, gowns, shoes, &c.—and I must not forget to mention some cash.

God bless and reward their great kindness.

Butternuts, January 11th, 1843. D. PICKERING.

REMARKS.—We rejoice at the above, and can sympathize with Br. Pickering in the occurrence—for some

of our friends here, have been serving us just so, ever since about Christmas. We protest that we are not "served just right"—that we do not deserve it—but they do as they "have a mind to," and we are so far a non-resistant, as to let them have their own way! It is not the mere comfort of the "outer man," nor of his *inside lining*, that makes us glad of such demonstrations; but there is a warmth created in the "inner man," of goodwill, gratitude, and joy in seeing people happy in making us so, that is worth far more than all their gifts, precious and timely as they may be. We hope these good offices will go round, until all our preachers can sympathize with us in regard to these *invasions*.

A. B. G.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### INSTALLATION

At Ford's Bush, Minden, Montgomery county, N. Y.

On Thursday the 19th inst., Br. W. G. Anderson was installed as Pastor over the above society, according to the following manner, viz.

1. Reading select Scripture, Br. A. C. Barry, of Fort Plain. 2. Hymn. 3. Prayer, Br. P. Hathaway, of Salisbury. 4. Voluntary. 5. Installation Sermon, Br. A. C. Barry. 6. Installing Prayer, Br. J. S. Palmer, of Montrose, Pa. 7. Charge, Br. J. D. Hicks, of St. Johnsville. 8. Right hand of fellowship, Br. P. Hathaway. 9. Voluntary. 10. Benediction by the Pastor.

On the above occasion a crowded audience convened in the sanctuary of God, and listened with intense interest to every part of the sacred services. Br. Barry's Installation Sermon was searching, convincing and eloquent. The singing too was excellent, and elicited approbation from all. The brethren at Ford's Bush did their best to accommodate, and made ample provision for those present. Every face was lighted up with joy, and many a heart was made glad.

On Wednesday sermons were preached by Brs. Palmer, Barry, and Anderson, and a valedictory address by the writer. J. D. Hicks.

#### SECULAR NEWS.

NAVIGATION OPEN.—The steamboats Norwich and Robert L. Stevens, arrived here from New York yesterday. Both boats left New York on Saturday evening. The Norwich came through direct and suffered considerable damage by the floating ice. The Stevens lay at Hudson until day light. The Oliver Ellsworth, which left this city at 10 A. M. on Saturday, was 6 miles below Catskill at 3 o'clock on Sunday morning on her way down.

The Norwich and Stevens leave at 8 o'clock this morning.—*Alb. D. Advertiser of Monday.*

A wag in Albany made a bet that he could get 500 signatures to hang a venerable Episcopal minister in that city. He wrote in a fair hand a long petition, too long for any body to take the trouble to read, and succeeded in getting the requisite number in a single morning.

Eighteen thousand three hundred and forty-seven persons have applied for the benefit of the bankrupt law, in the United States.

Franconia in New Hampshire, keeps up its reputation for the coldest place south of the Pole. A few days since the thermometer stood at 19 deg. below Zero, and the snow in the valleys was 23 feet deep.

Wm. Dickson, who died at Greenville, (Tenn.) on the 2d inst., was appointed post master by Gen. Washington in 1796, and held on through all the changes of the country to the day of his death. He had also taken the National Intelligencer for forty years, and had paid up to the 5th day of the month preceding his disease.

Hon. Francis S. Key, who has been for many years widely known as an able lawyer and who formerly for some years held the office of District Attorney for the District of Columbia, died at Baltimore, a short time since. The U. S. Supreme Court, as a testimony of

their respect, immediately adjourned; the Bar of the District held a meeting to express their sense of his worth, and the courts of Baltimore likewise expressed their deep regret at his decease. Mr. Key in the early part of his life, was connected with the Navy, and wrote, at that time, the spirited song since so popular, "The Star-Spangled Banner."

We understand that in one of the School Districts of Hillsborough, in this State, the whole population have become believers in the doctrine of Miller—closed their district school, and taken their children home to get prepared for the Second Advent.—N. H. Sent.

We learn from the Cincinnati Chronicle that the number of hogs killed at that place this season up to the 1st of January was 115,000. It is supposed that the number will reach, before the season is over, 150,000. The meat is said to be very fine. A portion of the provisions put up this season has been for Europe and other foreign markets. The scarcity of money has prevented any speculation this season.

Employment for the Poor.—We are gratified to learn the humane intentions of the Navy Department in regard to an interesting portion of its duties. The Naval service requires a considerable quantity of clothing for seamen. To test the economy and advantage of a change in the system of procuring these supplies, the Department contemplates the employment of persons to make up a portion of the clothing for the Government. The plan has been approved by the Navy Agent, and measures have been taken to carry it into effect.—*Com. Adv.*

Recall of Com. Jones.—We learn from Washington that Com. Thomas Ap Catesby Jones, commander of the U. S. Naval Forces in the Pacific, has been recalled, in consequence of his rashness in taking possession of the little Mexican settlement of Monterey in California. The Mexican Minister at Washington, Col. Almonte, has made strong remonstrances on the subject. It is further said that Capt. Foxhall A. Parker is appointed to succeed Com. Jones. In what way the orders are to be sent does not appear. The invasion took place on the 20th of October, and the intelligence was 70 days in reaching Washington across the country by way of Mexico.

While pursuing the West India Pirates many years ago, Com. Porter chased one into Foxardo, and took the responsibility of taking the town, for which he was punished; and this is only the similar instance of usurpation in the history of our Navy.—*Newark Adv.*

#### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching on the fifth Sunday inst., by Br. GROSH in Little Falls—Br. RYDER in Madison, and will give the "reasons" requested in the P. M.

There will be preaching on the first Sunday in February, by Br. N. BROWN in Mottville; subject, *Demonology*.

Conference.—The Madison County Quarterly Conference of Universalists will meet in Knoxville, (Stockbridge,) on the second Wednesday (8th) of February, and continue two days. Ministering brethren and friends are respectfully invited to attend. May we have a full and interesting meeting. W. J. Goss, Stand. Clerk.

The third quarterly Conference of the St. Lawrence Association will be held at Malone on the 2d Wednesday and Thursday in February. Let the friends all be there.

W. H. WAGGONER, Standing Clerk.  
Canton, January 20th, 1843.

#### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P. M., Parma, for J. H. M.—P. M.; Euclid, for A. J. and J. F.—P. M., Union, [Pa] for S. S.—P. M., Wayne, [Mich] for P. E. and S. G. H.—P. M., Boston, for E. H.—P. M., New Berlin, for O. R.—P. M., Middletown, [Vt] for D. L.—J. P., Prattsburg—P. M., Glyde, for J. D. S. and J. S.—P. M., Dansville, for P. W.—P. M., Clintonville, for R. T.—A. C. B., Fort Plain—P. M., Johnson's Creek, for D. A. and D. K.—P. M., Springfield, for J. W.—P. M., Louisville, [Ky] for G. C., E. A. and J. F.—P. M., Buffalo, for G. W. D.—P. M., Wheeler, for A. L. and S. H. R.—P. M., Hanover, [Mich] for D. P.—P. M., Newport, [N. H.] for L. B.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## THE POETRY OF NATURE.

BY MISS CELIA M. TIBBITS.

There's poetry in every floral bell

That sheds its fragrance on the passing breezes,  
And melting words are traced in pencil veins  
On blooming petals, and on grass green leaves.

In the glad music of each singing rill,  
In the wild rushing of the mountain stream,  
On the grey tablet of each mossy rock,  
Deep words of poetry are heard and seen.

"In the deep organ of the forest shade,"  
In the blue depths of heaven's eternal dome,  
In the low whisper of the summer breeze,  
And in the solemn night-wind's fearful moan—

In the loud crashing of the thunder bolt,  
And in the moaning of the troubled sea,  
Upon the briny page of every wave,  
Are written gem-like words of poetry.

On flowret, hill and dale, and mountain's brow,  
On the fair tablet of each distant star  
Poetic words are traced; and winds, and waves,  
The storms and thunders, all, its heralds are.

Cawasalone, December, 1842.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## BRIEF THOUGHTS.....NO. IX.

BY REV. S. GOFF.

"And Jesus returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee: and there went out a fame of him through all the region round about." Luke iv: 14.

Immediately after the trial in the wilderness, the Saviour entered upon the duties of his public ministry. The period of seclusion being ended, that of active exertion commenced. The "thought" which I would here record is, that the *Christian life* is one of activity; and hence, that the disciple of Jesus should never be idle. His whole duty is not alone in resisting temptation, and slunning evil. But he must labor; he must work; he must advance. He must labor for his own improvement, and work for the good of others, that he and they may advance in the school of Christ, and "grow in grace." Having triumphed over the tempter, Jesus did not wait, he did not linger, but without delay he commenced laboring for the amelioration of humanity—for the salvation of the world. And he has left for us this word of instruction: "If any man will come after me—will be my disciple—let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." Then, Christian, be not idle. Let thy motto be ONWARD. Leave "those things which are behind, and press toward the mark for the prize of thy high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

"Vain are our fancies, airy flights,  
If faith be cold and dead;  
None but a living power writes  
To Christ the living Head."

Bristol, November, 1842.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## DECREES OF OMNIPOTENCE.

BY JONATHAN DOUGLASS.

The subject of predestination seems to be held, by some of our brethren at least, as intangible matter. It has long appeared to me however, as a subject of the highest importance, inasmuch as the predeterminate decrees of Jehovah, form the very basis of the glorious doctrine in which I rejoice.—When we believe, as I am compelled to, that Pope spake volumes of meaning in the short sentences, "Whatever is, is right,"

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
Whose body nature is, and God the soul;"

and then associate that sentiment with the popular doctrine, that by far the greater part of the human family are fore-ordained by the all-benevolent Parent of our spirits to wail the unending sounds of ceaseless wo, it seems to carry with it a sickly sentiment, better calculated to engender misanthropic feelings and irreverence to God, than any thing becoming the age in which we live. How deprecia-

tingly does "infant damnation" speak of the character of a just Author of all things? That a benevolent God, whose goodness is infinite, should create a being and force upon it existence, and fore-ordain it to interminable wo, and that being a helpless, innocent infant, which never cherished an evil thought, is at once horrible and shocking to all humanity. And hence this doctrine is becoming almost universally obnoxious, and will soon pass from the creed books of men. May its death be soon witnessed!

But what better is that doctrine which decrees any being to endure the pains of endless wo; so long as that decree existed long before that being existed, or did any good or evil? I am indeed, unable to behold any difference. When, therefore, we prove all things to be "foreordained of God," we have advanced an almost irresistible argument in favor of the final holiness and happiness of all mankind. Hence it appears to me to form the very basis of Universalism. This alone drove me from the dreary and gloomy regions of Partialism. Believing that mankind generally possess, in common with myself, the principles of philanthropy, I am unwilling to believe that candid and serious minds, at least, will long cling very tenaciously to the opinion, after becoming familiar with the case, that Pharaoh, for instance, whose frail natural heart was more than once softened by witnessing the power of God exhibited in Moses, which caused him to promise the release of the Israelites, and as many times hardened again by the power of Omnipotence "that he should not let them go," should in justice endure endless misery. God raised up Pharaoh (according to Scripture) to act the very part that he did act. In short, he compelled him to do as he did do. And for what? That he might justly be sentenced to endure interminable misery? What sane person will argue thus? What then shall be Pharaoh's future fate? God is of course eternal in existence. He was anterior to all other existences—and all others necessarily proceed from Him. He is therefore literally the Creator of all things, whether we denominate them good or bad. And is the Deity infinite in wisdom, goodness and power, and is he less so in justice, mercy, and his other attributes? In short, is the Deity a PERFECT BEING, and infinite in all his attributes? Could he then produce things in direct opposition to his own nature, and in actual hostility to his own views? For perfection thus to produce imperfection (except in the sense of unfinishedness,) the correct reasoner will declare impossible. "Good and evil, each being positive and exclusive, can not stand related to each other as parent and offspring." An assertion to that effect would be self-contradictory. Was the Deity, in the morning of time as he is now, infinite in goodness and purity? From a necessity arising out of his own nature, he wished a creation free from blemish.—None other could be acceptable to him, or worthy of him. An intention to produce one marked with imperfection, would have testified to his own imperfection conclusively. I mean his imperfection in morals. Was he, as he is now, infinite in knowledge and wisdom? He comprehended of course, every requisite to accomplish his desire. Was he, as he is now, infinite in power? He was perfectly competent to the execution of his design. Creation, then, must have been originally perfect, and in complete accordance with the wishes of its Author.—This none will venture to dispute. Each part was in harmony with every other part, and adapted to the whole; and the whole was obedient to the God who made it. There was in it, no defect any more than in himself; nor could any power but his own produce one. But to allege that he of his own accord, and in opposition to his own moral nature, which consists in perfect goodness, holiness, truth and unchangeableness of purpose, would capriciously and carelessly mar his own work, would be a charge against him, marked alike with presumption and absurdity. It would be to assert the production of an effect, not only without a cause, but in opposition to every existing cause. Between every effect and its cause, there prevails, of necessity a native affinity. In other words every thing

produces in its own likeness. Good directly produces good—when associated with and aided by competent power, it is impossible for it to produce evil. From what source, then, can evil proceed. From evil alone; or from some sort of imperfection, which is itself virtually an evil. In the commencement of duration, when the Deity dwelt in immensity alone, no evil existed either in act or intention. The Deity himself was all in all; and he was all perfection. How then could evil gain an existence? It could not gain it at all, except through the paradox of an effect without a cause; or what is still worse, an effect in opposition to all existing causes. Shall I be told that the Deity permitted evil, but did not produce it? I reply, that permitting the existence of evil, he, being the author of all things, created that which did produce it, and hence indirectly produced it himself, having the power to prevent it. In the strictest sense, therefore, by permitting it, he was accessory to it. By acting in such a way, man not only incurs blame, but subjects himself to punishment. One individual sees another about to commit murder, or any other act of felony, and having the power to prevent it, declines to do so. He always shares the guilt, and if strictly dealt with, the penalty also. Such, if I mistake not, is both the law and the practice. Let no mortal then, charge on the Deity that, which would stamp himself as a felon. If, then, positive evil does exist, the Creator of all things is as certainly the author of it, as he is of positive good.—The case is not in the slightest degree altered by alleging that he made men and angels free agents, and they perpetrated evil of their own accord.—When he gave them their freedom, he gave them also their propensities: for they could no more create their propensities, than they could themselves. His perfect fore-knowledge therefore, apprised him of the result. Yet he created and permitted them to proceed to the accomplishment of the deeds for which they are doomed to suffer endless misery. And this fate existed as perfectly in the divine mind in the morning of time, as at the present moment. What less can this amount to, than a desire that they should endure endless misery, and that the Author of their existence is the cause of this misery, this ultimate evil, having the power to prevent it? We are informed by an apocryphal writer, that "He never would have created any thing to have hated it." But what being could inflict an evil on another except he did hate it? All existences proceeded from the one eternal existence, and are subject to certain constitutional laws which are natural to, and co-evil with those existences in obedience to the decrees of Heaven. Those parts of man's actions which we call evil, are not absolutely so, for they are the natural and legitimate effects of certain causes which owe their existence to the great original and moving cause of all causes. The perfection of this original cause will not allow the existence of an absolute ultimate evil.

"Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,  
May, must be right, as relates to all—"  
And his final destiny.

But I may be asked, if "whatever is, is right," and if every thing exists in obedience to the will of Heaven, why we are held guilty and punished for certain acts? I have to regret that my limits will not allow me to do justice to this objection. But in illustration, permit me to ask the necessity of experiencing the sensation of thirst, for instance, in order that we may enjoy the pleasure of a draught of cold water? The sensation of thirst is disagreeable; call it an evil, if you please; but the pleasure of slaking that thirst far exceeds that evil; and yet without this thirst, we could not enjoy the greater pleasure of quenching it. Therefore the sensation of thirst is not an absolute evil; but, when connected with the end, a good, a blessing. And so with all just punishment, which is of course amendatory, and ever "yields the peaceable fruits of righteousness." But subject an individual to perpetual, endless thirsting, with no ability to quench it, and you at once create an absolute evil. And this evil, being absolute and exclusive, "can proceed from evil alone;" and this, as we have seen, is in opposition to all existing causes, and therefore



can not be. Yet it has entered into the heads, (I hope not the hearts) of some persons, that millions on millions of our race are doomed to thirst in this world, *not* that they may enjoy the greater pleasure of quenching it by drinking at the life-giving stream flowing from the exhaustless fountain of the goodness and benevolence of the immaculate Parent of their existence, but that they may also be doomed to *perpetual* thirsting throughout the long and ceaseless ages of eternity, in obedience to the eternal decrees of an angry God, and the fiendish desires of a malignant devil. This belief charges the Deity with having created man, and bestowed on him propensities which he knew would bring him into vice. He then forbade him, under the most grievous penalty, to commit crime, which it was confidently known to him he *would* commit, in obedience to a principle of his nature which he had himself implanted in him, as a part of his constitution. Nor did this prohibitory command communicate to him any countervailing inclination. It was arbitrary, and in opposition to a principle of his nature. "The act of disobedience being committed, the Deity, offended at the issue of his own arrangements, inflicts" endless misery. "Such, is the representation given of the Ruler of the universe, whose nature is perfect," and whose dealing is just.

But I am already too prolix for Br. Grosh's convenience, and must therefore close this article, notwithstanding I have many more arguments in my possession to corroborate those already adduced.

Central Square, December, 1842.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### DEVOTION.

How repugnant to the reason of the moralist, it is to see the immaculate character of the Creator of the universe, insulted by the profanity of a certain class of persons, properly styled *anthropomorphites*, who infinitely detract from the attributes of the omnipresent God, by representing him in the capacity of a local Deity, subject to human passions, and emotions, and passing rapidly from place to place; before whom they prostrate themselves, like indignant beggars by the way side, with saddened hearts and tearful eyes, and feign to move his affections and excite his pity by mournful entreaties, and to inform him at the height of their voices, of things that he was before unacquainted with. Such insufferable conduct as this, can not fail to excite the disgust and arouse the indignation of every sensible man who regards the Deity as infinite and immutable in all his attributes, and not capable of being moved by entreaty—to change the purpose in the plan of his divine government. For since immutability is an essential attribute of God, our devotions can alone work their effects upon ourselves, and not upon the Moral Governor of the universe, who has so constituted man, and adapted him to the material world, that right prayer necessarily works a moral change upon him. By honestly offering up our devotions to the Supreme Being, we are made more perfectly sensible of our dependance upon him, and by humbly acknowledging this dependance in the attitude of prayer, we satisfy the demands of a magisterial conscience, which by giving its approval, sends a flow of soothing feeling through the system, that calms the ebullitions of discordant passion, and affords much happiness to the devotees. Prayer enlightens and quickens our moral feelings, and enables us to see more distinctly the excellencies of God, and the beauty and perfections of his works in the strongest light, and turns the eye of our minds, intently upon them. By pouring out our pious sentiments and desires before him, a change of temper is effected in our minds, and a right disposition is produced in us to receive his grace, and hence, since the legitimate object of the sacred institution of prayer can not be intended to work a change upon the immutable Deity, but upon ourselves, those who profanely approach him in the attitude of devotion, and address him as a being possessed like themselves, of passions and subject to emotions, must necessarily be the most mistaken of mankind. Says Lord Kaimes, "the Being that made the world, governs it by laws that are inflex-

ible; because they are the best—and to imagine that he can be moved by prayer, obligation or sacrifice, to vary his plan of government, is an impious thought, degrading the Deity to a level with ourselves." And again says John Heylen, D. D., Prebendary of Westminster, "the proper end of prayer is not to inform God of our wants, or to persuade him to relieve them; omniscient as he is, he can not be informed; merciful as he is, he can not be persuaded."

Hear this, ye anthropomorphites, who are daily insulting the Majesty of heaven, and disgracing the name of humanity, and hearken to the voice of kind entreaty, reform the errors of your ways, and worship the omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent God, in a manner suitable to his celestial dignity.

Clinton Liberal Institute.

JUVENIS.

For the Magazine and Advocate

#### LETTER FROM BR. J. GAGE.

Br. A. B. Grosh—Dear Sir, Since I last wrote you, I have commenced preaching at Paw-Paw, (the county town of Van Buren Co.) one fourth of my time, on a small salary, for the ensuing year. I have assisted in forming a society there, since I commenced preaching with them, of about twenty members, (if my recollection serves me,) with encouraging prospects of future success and usefulness. The remaining portion of my time I preach where duty or inclination leads, and have many more calls on my attention than I can supply—so that, for the present, at least, I might be in fellowship with the Genesee Association, without incurring the danger of being disciplined for non-performance of ministerial labor.

Br. Queal has lately arrived in the "Far west," as you "Way-down-easters" term it, and has commenced preaching at South Bend, Indiana, every Sunday. South Bend is about twenty six miles from my residence. I have written to Br. Queal, and have sent several verbal communications to him, but I have not yet seen him, or heard personally from him.

I hope Br. J. S. Kibbe will not forget his former instructor and friend, and fail to call on me during his western tour.

What amount of pecuniary support a ministerial laborer might find here, were one to settle among us, I can not say with any degree of certainty, I feel confident, however, that a fair compensation would be extended for talent and services rendered in the cause of divine truth. A strong desire to learn "the truth, the way, and the life," is beginning to be manifested among the people. Public attention is awake and awakening. The field is large, in this section of the state, and laborers few.

As for myself, my time is very much taken up, and my attention distracted by so great a variety of secular employments, as leaves me but few moments for ministerial preparation. What little of zeal or influence I possess, therefore, shall be exerted in behalf of any worthy, devoted ministerial brother who will settle near me.

We celebrated Christmas eve, at Paw-Paw, in a manner becoming the occasion. The court house was filled to excess with anxious and attentive hearers of all denominations, and of no denomination; and as I looked upon the crowded mass of human and intelligent beings, assembled for the purpose of doing honor and reverence to the name and birth of Christ, I felt an impulse of spirit, like that, I imagine, which pervaded the soul of the Psalmist when he said,

"I was glad when they said unto me,

Let us go into the house of the Lord,

Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem!"

I rejoiced that I was born in a Christian land, and that I had been taught to bow at the name of Christ. This impulse triumphed over a deep felt conviction of my own inability of mind, to impart suitable instruction and edification to the mass of mind assembled around me, on an occasion so interesting, and sustained me in the performance of the important duties assigned me. I am no judge of music. But the services of the choir were, to me, interesting and cheering; and the whole congrega-

tion appeared to join, in making melody in their hearts, to God, in the song of praise and thanksgiving for the gift of his Son. Such seasons are bright spots amid the pathway of human existence. May they be more generally witnessed and felt among us. As ever your friend,

JUSTUS GAGE, 2D.

Wayne, Mich., January 1st, 1843.

#### MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry.

UTICA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 27, 1843.

#### "HINTS ON PROPHECY."

BY M. STUART, PROFESSOR IN ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The little work, whose title-page heads this article, is a valuable addition to the cause of genuine Biblical Interpretation. With one or two exceptions, its rules for explaining the prophecies, are clear and unanswerable. Its exposition of the fallacious mode of giving two senses to Bible-language; the one obvious, and the other hidden or mystical, is able and worthy of all acceptance. Its plan for defining and applying the periods of time, spoken of in the writings of the prophets, is accurate, and thoroughly destructive of that enthusiastic fanaticism, which, to answer its own ends has fancifully applied those periods of time to various years in almost every century from the days of the apostles as the season of the destruction of the earth. I have derived so much information from Professor Stuart's book, that I hope every preacher in our order will obtain a copy of it.—For most of the "Hints" therein given, if carried out to careful study, will result in a more accurate understanding of the Holy Scripture.

My principal object in noticing the work, is to call attention to a fact of a very gratifying character. In explaining the Book of Revelations, we have constantly told those who persist in applying its language to scenes in another world, that the expressions found in the first and last chapters, have a very important bearing in determining its meaning. For when it is said of things, that they "must shortly come to pass," "for the time is at hand"—when it is said, "these sayings are faithful and true; and the Lord God of the holy prophets sent his angel to shew unto his servants the things which must shortly be done"—we affirm, that these statements prove that John was speaking of events, which, instead of referring to a supposed, far-distant day of general judgment, were to be accomplished very near the time in which he wrote his book.

We are happy to perceive that Professor Stuart has admitted and manfully defended this argument, in interpreting the largest portion of the book of Revelations. He says, after quoting the passages above given:—"The coming of Christ is the main subject of the book; so that the declaration here is, that what the book contains will *speedily be accomplished.*" p. 106. Again he says:—"The great mass of the book respects events in reality to be accomplished speedily, or speedily to commence being completed. On these the writer dwells at length, and spreads them out from chapter vi: 1, to chapter xix: 21." Again he says:—"It would seem to follow, from the positions thus laid down, that we are at liberty or rather that we are obliged, if possible, to seek for a fulfilment of the predictions in the main body of the Apocalypse, within a time which is not far distant from the period when the book was written. If such a fulfilment can be found as coincides with the periods named in the Apocalypse, then what good reason can be offered why we should reject it? Or rather: *Why are we not exegetically obliged to admit it?*" p. 108. This instruction is clear—and is such, we think, as the language of the Revelator fully proves.

But let us see what results from it. In those chapters, beginning with the sixth and ending with the nineteenth, we find such passages as the following:—"And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every freeman, hid themselves in the dens



and in the rocks of the mountains; and said to the mountains and rocks, fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: for the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?" vi: 15, 16, 17. In chapter ix: 1, we find the phrase, "bottomless pit." In chapter xiv: 10, 11, we read thus:—"The same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation; and he shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb; and the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever." In chapter xix: 20, we are informed that the beast and the false prophet were "both cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone."

These passages, we all know, have been and are now used as descriptive of scenes in the world of immortality. They are repeated again and again as proof of the dreadful torments of an endless hell, which are said to await sinners. But Professor Stuart, of high orthodox eminency, applies them, together with all the other passages in those chapters, to events which were "to be accomplished speedily" after John wrote his book. He does not offer even a hint that they are applicable to the future world. Hence he says:—"What John declared would take place shortly, happened according to his prediction; and if so, the dispute, whether it is all to happen over again, after so many centuries, can not be a dispute of much interest or importance. One fulfilment is enough." p. 136.

This is well. We are glad to see so much light on the book of Revelation, coming, as it does, from a believer in endless misery. And yet we wonder that he and his brethren do not see that these passages are as strong as any which they adduce to prove endless misery—and if they have mistaken these, why not others? But we must wait patiently. The sun does not rise at once from midnight. The dawn must first come—the morning must appear—and then the sun. The morning has already come. The sun will soon appear, and lead all men to worship God through him who is the "Saviour of the world." G. W. M.

#### REVIVAL OF RELIGION...NO. III.

"O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years."  
HAB. iii: 2.

4. False revivals are often attended with *suicide*.—The eloquent and pious Saurin declared, that he found in the thought of endless misery, "a mortal poison, which diffused itself into every period of his life, rendering society tiresome, nourishment insipid, pleasure disgusting, and life itself a cruel bitter." If the bare thought of endless woe could produce such effects, is it any marvel that when the fear of the same has become aroused to the highest pitch, by the most terrifying and appalling descriptions, the individual should despair of mercy, and rush upon self destruction? O, how many poor victims have fallen beneath the power of false revivals! And the list of such is being increased every day. There is scarcely a wind that blows, but wafts to us the sad tale of some unfortunate being who has been driven to *insanity and suicide*, through the agency of religious excitements.

But did the preaching of Christ ever make men and women crazy, and cause them to commit suicide?—Were any made to despair of the mercy of God by the sermon he delivered on the mount? Did his labors in any form, for converting the sinful and restoring the lost, ever drive people over the brink of self-destruction? No, never! He came to preach good tidings to the poor, and bind up the broken-hearted. He came to open the eyes of the blind, and to make the sorrowing glad. And in all his efforts for the salvation of sinners, instead of *bruising*, he *bound up*—instead of killing, he *made alive*.

How was it when that great revival took place on the day of Pentecost, and five thousand were converted under the preaching of Peter? Were any made to destroy themselves in a fit of insanity? No—but there was rejoicing and praise among them all. And well there might be; for in his sermon the apostle declared

to them, that God had spoken of the restitution of all things, by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began. He uttered not a word concerning the wrath of the Almighty. He never used the word *hell* once. He threatened no soul with unending torture. But he concluded his discourse by saying, "Ye are the children of the prophets, and of the covenant which God made with our fathers, saying unto Abraham, And in thy seed shall all the kindreds of the earth be blessed. Unto you first, God having raised up his son Jesus, sent him to bless you, in turning away every one of you from his iniquities." Acts iii: 25, 26. The reader can judge whether there is any thing in such preaching, to drive men to despair and suicide.

5. False revivals are followed by *injurious consequences to society*. This has already been made to appear to a certain extent, but we refer now to their general influences. Instead of adding to the sum of benevolence and human good, they actually take from the same; for it is as evident as any fact can be, that their results are an increase of intolerance and bigotry. They check the current of a broader humanity, seal up the fountains of universal sympathy, and narrow down the kindly feelings of the heart. The observation of every one will convince him of the truth of this. And how can it be otherwise, where every sentiment put forth is cramped and contracted?—where every man is condemned who does not worship by this or that creed?—where human nature is spurned as though it were of paltry consideration?—and where threatening and denunciation take the place of sober argument, calm appeal, and affectionate persuasion?

But we will not dwell longer on this part of our subject. We have given some marks by which *false revivals of religion* may be known. And to those which bear these marks, we have been decidedly and forever opposed; and we believe it to be our solemn duty to warn our fellow men against them. But as we have previously remarked, we are not, and never have been opposed to a *genuine* revival of religion. Not for the purpose of adding members to "our church,"—but to make men *better* in all churches, and to increase the sum of human good.

The circumstances under which community is placed owing to the prevalence of incorrect and hurtful principles and habits, demand a revival of that old fashioned religion mentioned by St. James, which consisted in visiting the widow and fatherless in their affliction, and in keeping one's self unspotted from the world. That religion which is brought to view in the language of the Saviour when he said, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you;" and the very spirit of which burst forth from his lips on the cross—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

That we might see this religion brought out into living action, the Saviour has furnished a case aside from his own. See Luke x: 30-37. Now we want a revival of just such religion as this in our midst—a religion that consists in doing as this Samaritan did. And we need not be afraid of having too much of it; for the more we have, the more we shall be like Christ, who died for his enemies—the more we shall be like God, whose love has never been turned away from the sinner.

This religion of which we speak, is summed up in the language of the angels at the birth of Messiah, "Peace on earth, and goodwill toward men." It stands written in full, in the life and character of the Saviour. We read it in the declaration of his, that love to God and man comprises the whole sum and substance of the law and the prophets. And it is revealed in the interrogation of old, "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to deal justly, and love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

As we have but just remarked, we need a revival of just such religion as this in the midst of our community. Let us then, pray, "O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years." And while we thus pray, let us

act; for prayer unaccompanied with effort, will be of no avail. Let us take hold of the work in earnest, as though we were determined to carry it through. Let us make it a matter of united exertion, and each and every one endeavor to cultivate the spirit of an enlarged faith in his heart, and to live it out in his every act, and every word. In this way we may have a revival of religion—not one that sets friends at variance—that arrays the husband against the wife, and the wife against the husband—that builds up partition walls in society, and destroys long existing attachments—we have had enough of such revivals—but one that will heal all divisions, that will do away with discord and strife, banish all unkindness, and make all things new.

With the light of a New Year dawning upon us, it were well to pause, and review, and consider. As disagreeable as the task may be, it will do us no harm; for a knowledge of wherein we have failed, will lead us to guard against that failure in after years.

There is not that individual living, who from the heart can say, "I have received, during the year that is past, more evil at the hands of God than good." I care not how much he may have been afflicted, nor how much of sorrow may have entered his heart, he can not say that he has not been surrounded by blessings, which more than counterbalance the ills of grief that have been visited upon him. The same kind Being who cared for us in our infancy, has cared for us through the year that is past, and cares for us now. If we will but look back, we shall see that this is so. We shall read enough to convince us doubting as we may have been, that in God we have a Father who regards us with an eye of more than mortal tenderness.

But with the evidences of this Father's love all around us, and meeting the eye every where as we look back over the past year of our existence, how many proofs of returning gratitude do we find?—of the thankful overflowings of hearts in love with God, and at peace with the world?—Alas, but few! Blessed in ten thousand ways by the parental hand of God—cared for in our dependence—protected in our weakness—supplied in our destitution, we have been unthankful and disobedient; forgetting the blessings we have received, and the watch-care that has overshadowed us.

Through his temporal bounties and favors, and through the grace manifested in the Gospel, God speaks to us every day, and calls upon us to be up and doing. But there is a way different from these in which he speaks solemnly to the heart—it is through his providential dispensations. And in these he has spoken to us all during the year that has passed. To the mother God spake when the child she loved was snatched from her embrace by the hand of death. To the father, when his son was cut down in the morning of his manhood and usefulness. To the sister, when a brother's remains were gathered to the silence of the grave. To us all, when a friend, or neighbor, or fellow citizen has been laid in the narrow house appointed for all living. Through these providences has God been knocking at the door of our hearts, and asking for an interview with the soul. And yet the warning voice has gone up in vain. The pleadings of God's goodness have fallen upon unlistening ears. The calls of a Father's love have been unheard and unanswered. And this is but a faint and imperfect picture of man's ingratitude. Like Isaac of old, he has forsaken the fountain of living waters, and in a spiritual idolatry has forgotten God. O, how much need we have to pray, "Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years!" Call us back unto thy pleasant and easy service. Fill our hearts with gratitude for thy mercies. Place our feet in the way of life everlasting, and cause us to live to thy glory.

Let us all form the resolution *now*, that we will endeavor to profit by our past experience, to rectify whatever has been amiss in our conduct, that each succeeding year, may find us more true, more faithful, more obedient, and more blest!

A. C. B.

#### COMFORTABLE BAPTISM.

In one of the principal Baptist churches in Boston, not content with having a baptistery in the broad aisle,



they have also built an apparatus for warming the water. We approve of having things made as comfortable as possible for those who think the ceremony necessary, and have no doubt that a warm bath will add to the comfort, cleanliness and health of some of their subjects. It is a pity, however, that they do not administer the ceremony oftener, or put some of their converts and preachers to soak over night. But while we approve of this new improvement, there are some who demur at it, and even ridicule it. One talks of giving their converts a hard scald—another, of their converts coming out like biscuit, piping hot—and Br. Whittemore even proposes that the Baptists alter the passage which they so much delight to quote, ("And John, also, was baptizing in Enon, *because there was much water there.*") in their new translation of the Bible, so as to read—"And John also was baptizing in the broad aisle, because the box of heated water was there."

#### BR. GREGORY'S CASE.

Rev. John Gregory, formerly of this State, now of Quincy, Mass., was, some years ago, accused of bigamy, on account of some informality in his divorce from his first wife, and his marriage to a second. The case was fully examined by the discipline committee of the Massachusetts Convention of Universalists, who reported that he was free from any moral guilt or wrongdoing in the matter. Since then, he withdrew from our fellowship, but retained his connexion with the society in Quincy, as its pastor. Last fall he was elected to the legislature, after which he was arrested on the charge of bigamy. A meeting of all the denominations in Quincy was held, and much indignation manifested at the conduct of his accusers. We perceive that the case has passed to the grand Jury, which, after examining witnesses against Mr. Gregory, from Vermont, Massachusetts, and this State, says the charge is not sustained, and has dismissed the case. [F] Thus another of M. H. Smith's falsehoods is nailed to the counter, first by an indignation meeting of Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Unitarians and Universalists, and now by a Grand Jury.

#### UNIVERSALIST LOOKING GLASS.

This valuable chart, or Compendium of Universalism, which we noticed toward the close of our last volume, is for sale as follows:—

Rev. G. W. Montgomery, Auburn; Rev. A. Peck, Scipio; Rev. A. G. Clark, McLean; Rev. T. J. Whitcomb, Cortland; Rev. H. L. Hayward, Homer; Rev. N. Sawyer, Wolcott; Br. Simons, Fulton; Rev. W. Sias, Mansville, who is travelling agent for Oswego, Jefferson and St. Lawrence counties; Rev. S. Miles, Pittsford, for Monroe county; Rev. D. S. Morey, Knoxville, for Madison county; and Mrs. Grosh and Walker, (this office).

Persons wishing to obtain this work, will do well to apply soon—the price is moderate, (varying according to the style in which the Chart is got up,) and the work will be found very useful. Every Universalist family should have one suspended in some conspicuous place.

A. B. G.

#### RELIGIOUS NEWS.

**NEW PREACHERS.**—Rev. James Cowan, of East Liberty, Logan county, Ohio, has renounced the doctrine of endless sin and suffering, and is preaching universal salvation. He comes to us well recommended as formerly a layman, and lately a clergyman, of the Methodist church. May he continue to grow in grace and in the knowledge of the Gospel, as he has evidently done.

**NEW SOCIETIES** have lately been organized in Chicago (28 members,) Chillicothe, Mount Hawley, Moulton, Indian town, Peru, Washington, and Ottawa, Illinois. They are all supplied with preaching more or less of the time.

Just received, at this Office, a quantity of the Gospel Harmonist, compiled by Br. T. Whittemore. Now is the time for our Universalist societies to supply their choirs with singing books. Price \$9.50 per dozen, and

\$1.00 per single copy. Cash orders promptly attended to.

#### MARRIAGES.

In Ford's Bush (Minden), Montgomery county, January 10th, by Rev. W. G. Anderson, Mr. HENRY C. ZOLIER, to Miss BARBARA ANN WILSON, all of that place.

#### DEATHS.

In Butternuts, on Monday, 26th of September, 1842, Mr. NATHAN LULL, in the 85th year of his age.

Mr. Lull came to Butternuts, five years before the revolutionary war, when the country was almost an entire wilderness, and was driven off for a few years by the Indians and British. Soon after the close of the revolution, he, with his father and four brothers, returned and reared large and respectable families in Butternuts. He was the last surviving brother of the five. He was among the first settlers of the region of Butternuts Creek, and was familiar with all those peculiar scenes which so severely tried the patriotism and firmness of our early fathers. Of the confidence of the public, and the friendship of every class of community, he shared richly, for the space of a long and useful life.

His death was sudden and unexpected. He had risen and walked out in the morning, feeling refreshed and invigorated by a good night's rest, and sat down to his breakfast, but was found a few minutes afterwards, removed a few feet from the table, sitting in his chair, but the spark of life had forever fled.

The writer of this notice saw him but a few days before his death, and conversed with him freely upon his prospects of future happiness. His mind was strong, and his hopes clear and bright for another and better life. He professed himself ready and willing to depart from this earth, whenever it should please God to call him away; and which, he said to the writer in a very serious tone of voice, would be in a very few days.

Mr. Lull had for many years been a firm believer in the final restoration of all the human race. His funeral took place at the Universalist church, on the 29th day of the month, when a crowded audience of all denominations attended, and the writer addressed them upon the following words, in Rev. xiv. 13. "And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

Every thing appeared solemn and impressive, and we believe that much good was done in the name of the Lord Jesus.

D. PICKERING.

In Cazenovia, of consumption, Dec. 23d, Mr. DENNIS L. COBB, aged 23 years. May the surviving friends and mourners of the deceased, be supported by the truth of the Christian religion, and thus be reconciled to God. W. J. G.

**DEATH OF REV. NEHEMIAH DODGE.**—Our venerable Br. Dodge is no more! He departed this life at his residence in New London, Ct., on the morning of the 3d inst., in the 73d year of his age.

His health had been declining, and the infirmities of age multiplying upon him for the last six or seven years. For some months past he was conscious that his pilgrimage was nearly ended, and he seemed to be preparing for the hour of death.

Br. Dodge was born in Canterbury, Ct., on the 3d of July, 1770, and was therefore at the time of his death precisely 72 years and 6 months old, even to an hour. His parents were both members of the Baptist church, but his mother survived his birth but a few weeks. At the age of 15 he experienced religion, and wrote a hymn expressive of his feelings at the time, which he was kind enough to repeat during my last interview with him. Though it possesses no poetical merit, it has a value derived from far different considerations, and my readers will be gratified to see a verse or two of it here.

"When I was sinking into hell,  
The Saviour caught me as I fell,  
And there revealed his lovely face,  
Where I beheld his pardoning grace.

Wondering with sweet surprise I stood,  
And realized the love of God—  
A boundless sea without a shore,  
Which I had never seen before."

He entered the Gospel ministry in the Baptist connexion when at the age of 19. An elder brother was in the ministry before him, in the same denomination. After preaching in different places in the States of New York, Vermont and New Hampshire three or four years, he returned to Connecticut, and shortly after removed to the western part of

the township of New London, now called East Lyme. Here he became acquainted with Mrs. Dodge, whom he married in 1794. In 1795 he was ordained an Evangelist by the Baptist Association held at Richmond, R. I., the late Rev. Mr. Grafton, of Newton, Mass., preached his ordination sermon. After his ordination he settled at Southington, Ct., where he labored for three years, and during this period baptized and received into the fellowship of the church, between sixty and seventy members. From Southington he removed to Cheshire, and finally to Lebanon, Ct., where he preached for 10 years, and built up a flourishing society there. In 1815 he removed from Lebanon to New London, and soon commenced his labors with the Baptist church and society in that place. At that time the church and congregation were in a very wretched condition, few in number and poor to a proverb. Their meeting house was unfinished—a mere shell—and barely tenable. Mr. Dodge commenced his labors here in 1815, emphatically "without money and without price." The church prospered under his ministry, and in a single season, he added more than fifty members to it. Indeed, during his six or seven years labors there, he raised the church from a state of almost nothingness to a respectable rank for numbers and influence in the place. He was emphatically the father of it.

About 1820 or '21, however, after a thirty years ministry in the Baptist connexion, as he was preparing a sermon on the subject of *Christian hope*, and comparing scripture with scripture, the great thought was forced upon his mind, that the hope of the Gospel could not be more limited than the promises on which that hope rests. The truth of Universalism flashed across his mind, but he could not readily receive it. Still it gave him great uneasiness, and he spent almost his whole time over his Bible. Sometimes even when ready to retire for the night, a passage of Scripture or some new train of thought, would suggest itself, and demand his attention, and so earnest was he in his inquiry for the truth, that neither cold nor fatigue could prevent him from giving it immediate consideration, and nearly the whole night was frequently employed in this way. He resolved to seek the truth, and to follow the truth, let it lead him where it would, and to profess and preach it, let its profession cost him what it might. He did so, and after a year or two of patient and faithful study of the Scriptures, he was led to receive the truth as it is in Jesus, embracing the great doctrine of the final holiness and happiness of all mankind through a crucified Redeemer.

At that time Universalism was almost unknown in New London, and the region round about. There was but one person in the place who was a professor of the faith, and one other who had some books in favor of the doctrine, and was, therefore, justly suspected of being inclined to it. That avowed believer still lives and rejoices in the faith. She was one of Murray's earliest hearers in New England, and the seed sown by that man of God found good soil in her then youthful heart. Mr. Dodge was excommunicated for believing in universal salvation, and that too, by the very church which he had contributed so much to build up!

For about 20 years he had been confirmed in the faith of a world's salvation, and had preached the doctrine pretty widely during that time in the State of Connecticut and elsewhere. He was for a year or two the settled pastor of Prince st. church, in this city, and unfortunate it was for the congregation there, that he ever left. His labors, for the the most part, since he became a Universalist, have been of the itinerant character, and successful. Since his return to New London in the autumn of 1841, his labors there have been greatly blessed, and are to be regarded as one of the causes of the prosperity attending our cause in that place. Instead of one solitary person as it was in 1822, who could sympathise with him in his religious views and hopes, he lived, thank God, to see several scores of good and faithful hearts in New London, earnestly engaged in the cause that he so much loved, and for which he had so faithfully pleaded. He lived to see, thank God, a Universalist church begun in that place, and its foundation laid with every prospect of its going up and being completed, and becoming a sanctuary where God would delight to meet with his people and bless them.

It was hoped by many of our Orthodox friends in New London and its vicinity, that Br. Dodge would have renounced his faith in Universalism before he died. But the expectations of certain people seem born but to perish. He disappointed all such mistaken hopes. He knew in whom he trusted. He well knew the ground on which he stood, and a long and painful sickness, and the prospect of approaching death, had no power to shake his faith in the great doctrines of universal love, and grace, and salvation.—N. Y. Christian Messenger, T. J. S.



From the New York Knickerbocker.

### LIGHT.

"Bright effluence of bright essence increate!  
Before the sun, before the heavens, thou wert."—*Milton*.

From the quickened womb of the primal gloom  
The sun rolled black and bare,  
Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiop breast,  
Of the threads of my golden hair;  
And when the broad tent of the firmament  
Arose on his airy spars,  
I penciled the hue of its matchless blue,  
And spangled it round with stars.

I painted the flowers of the Eden bowers,  
And their leaves of living green,  
And mine were the dyes in the sinless eyes  
Of Eden's virgin queen;  
And when the Fiend's art on her trustful heart,  
Had fastened its moral spell,  
In the silvery sphere of the first born tear  
To the trembling earth I fell.

When the waves that burst o'er a world accursed  
Their work of wrath had sped,  
And the Ark's lone few, the tried and true,  
Came forth among the dead—  
With the wondrous gleams of my braided beams,  
I bade their terrors cease,  
As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll  
God's covenant of peace.

Like a pall at rest on a pulseless breast,  
Night's funeral shadow slept,  
Where shepherd swains on the Bethlehem plains  
Their lonely vigils kept;  
When I flashed on their sight the herald bright  
Of heaven's redeeming plan  
As they chanted the morn of a Saviour born—  
Joy, joy to the outcast Man!

Equal favor I show to the lofty and low,  
On the just and unjust I descend;  
E'en the blind whose vain spheres roll in darkness and  
tears,

Feel my smile the blest smile of a friend:  
Nay, the flower of the waste by my love's embrace,  
As the rose in the garden of kings;  
At the chrysalis bier of the worm I appear,  
And lo! the gay butterfly's wings!

The desolate Morn, like a mourner forlorn,  
Conceals all the pride of her charms,  
Till I bid the bright Hours chase the Night from her  
bowers,

And lead the young Day to her arms:  
And when the gay rover seeks Eve for his lover,  
And sinks to her balmy repose,  
I wrap their soft rest by the zephyr-fanned west,  
In curtains of amber and rose.

From my sentinel steep by the night-brooded deep,  
I gaze with unslumbering eye,  
When the cynosure star of the mariner  
Is blotted from the sky;  
And guided by me through the merciless sea,  
Though sped by the hurricane's wings,  
His compassless bark, lone weltering, dark,  
To the haven-home safely he brings.

I waken the flowers in their dew-spangled bowers,  
The birds in their chambers of green,  
And mountain and plain glow with beauty again,  
As they bask in my maternal sheen.  
O if such the glad worth of my presence to earth,  
Though fitful and fleeting the while,  
What glories must rest on the home of the blest,  
Ever bright with the DEITY'S smile! W. P. P.

### THE MOTHER AND THE DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JEST AND EARNEST."

"Small squibs and sentences, and these paper bullets of  
the brain, awe a man from the career of his humor!"  
SHAKESPEARE.

In a pretty little cottage at Richmond, commanding  
a delightful view of the Thames, lived Madame La Roche  
and her only child Adeline.

At an early age, the parents of Madame La Roche  
had taken her from her native country, England, to  
France, in order that her education might be completed.  
Here a certain Monsieur La Roche, a man much older,  
and also much richer than herself, had solicited her hand.

In obedience to the commands of her parents, and in  
spite of her strongly expressed aversion, the match was  
concluded, the elderly husband and the young wife  
took up their abode in Paris. Three years afterwards,  
Monsieur La Roche died, leaving one child, a daughter.  
Since that event, Madame La Roche had resided in  
Switzerland first, and subsequently in Germany. At  
length, tired of the continent, she returned to England,  
where she had now lived two years, and where she  
firmly intended to spend the remainder of her days.

As woman is placed in our present social system,  
perhaps the most independent and life-enjoying of the  
sex is a young and attractive widow. Madame La  
Roche was both young and attractive, and sensible, too,  
or she would have been envious of her sweet daughter  
Adeline. As it was, she treated her with the warmth of  
a mother, and the confidence of an elder sister.

On a certain summer day, Adeline La Roche was  
seated in a room opening on a fine lawn, which sloped  
to the river. By her side, and close by her side, was a  
man youthful and handsome. He held one of her hands  
in his, and was looking with a most impassioned air  
into her face. Her eyes were cast down, and the slight-  
est suspicion of a blush was upon her cheek. The  
blush would have been deeper—but it was a situation  
she was used to. They loved each other.

"And you fear, George, that mamma would never  
consent?" said Adeline, continuing a colloquy that had  
been proceeding, heaven knows how long; for in such  
eases, (I'm told,) hours are like minutes.

"I fear it much," said George Trevor; "what pre-  
tensions have I? A man of wealth and consideration,  
like Mr. Crofton, may hope—but I can hope for nothing."

"Ha! ha! you are jealous," said Adeline, looking up  
and smiling archly. "Do you distrust me then?"

"No, dear Adeline," replied George; "I do believe  
that your heart is mine, and mine only; but say if I have  
not cause for suspecting that Mr. Crofton is my rival,  
and that your mamma favors him?"

"Now you mention it," said Adeline, "I will con-  
fess to you that I am very miserable on this account.—  
Ever since we first met Mr. Crofton at that horrid ball,  
he has been eternally at the house. He must perceive  
how coldly I receive him."

"And how does Madame La Roche receive him?"  
said Trevor.

"Ah, too well!" replied Adeline. "I often see them  
sitting together in a corner talking in a low tone, and  
every now and then looking towards me, as if I were  
the subject of their conversation. He is trying to gain  
mamma over to his interest, I know. It will be of no  
use if he does. I would sooner die than marry him."

"So, having experienced the misery of a forced match  
herself, she would doom you to the same fate?" said  
George Trevors with vehemence.

"I hardly know what to think," said Adeline, gently.  
"When I remember how affectionately she always treats  
me, it seems impossible; but when I see her encourage  
so evidently the visits of Mr. Crofton, I am compelled  
to dread everything."

"We may be mistaken, after all, Adeline," said Tre-  
vor. "These visits are probably intended for Madame  
La Roche. Remember, Mademoiselle, you are not the  
only young and pretty inhabitant of Vine Cottage."

"Oh, I am sure that is not the case," said Adeline.  
"Mamma has told me, often and often, that no con-  
sideration on earth should induce her to marry again,  
and that all her care now was to see me happily settled.  
Mr. Crofton and mamma are now viewing the conser-  
vatory together. George, I feel a strange presentiment  
that he will propose formally for me during that oppor-  
tunity, and that I shall be called upon to give him his  
answer at once."

"You will reject him, then, dear Adeline?" said Tre-  
vor, anxiously.

"Can you ask me?" exclaimed Adeline. "I will  
never bestow my hand where I can not bestow my heart.  
That, George, is yours,—past praying for!"

"Ten thousand thanks for this one more proof of con-  
stancy," said Trevor. "To doubt your truth now,  
would indeed be to think you unworthy of love. But

I hear footsteps approaching; they are returning from  
the conservatory. Adieu, dear Adeline, for a time. I  
will not meet Mr. Crofton—but I am not jealous,  
mind!"

Scarcely had George Trevor left the apartment when  
Madame La Roche, and Mr. Crofton entered from the  
lawn. Mr. Crofton rather precipitately took his leave,  
and Madame La Roche and Adeline were alone.

"Sit down, Adeline," said her mother; "I have some-  
thing very particular to say to you."

Adeline obeyed with the air of a martyr. Her pre-  
sentiments had evidently been but too true.

"My dear child," continued Madame La Roche, "you  
are now of an age when you should begin to think of  
being settled in life. Nature has given you beauty and  
talents; I have, to the utmost of my ability, given you a  
good education; and I may say without flattery, that  
you are capable of making any man happy. Why,  
then, remain single if you meet with one for whom you  
can feel an affection?"

Adeline offered an observation, and Madame La  
Roche continued.

"There is a gentleman, who, I am certain, loves you;  
I have seen enough of him to be as certain that he de-  
serves your love in return, and it will give me pleasure  
if you tell me that he possesses it."

"My dear mamma," said Adeline, with firmness, "it  
is better to be candid at once; I know whom you mean  
and all you are going to say; but it is in vain. I do not  
love him, I never shall love him, and I can not marry  
him."

"Adeline, Adeline!" cried her mother, laughing,  
"you are too quick by far for me. Do you not love,  
will you never love, and can not you marry—George  
Trevor?"

"George Trevor?" exclaimed Adeline, her breath  
nearly taken away by astonishment.

"Ay, George Trevor," said her mother. "So you  
blush now, and I was not mistaken, I find, in supposing  
that you loved each other. I am glad of it, dear child,  
and give my most willing consent to your union."

"I feared you would not listen to him, or I would  
have confided in you," said Adeline, half laughing and  
half crying at this sudden and unexpected realization of  
hopes she had scarcely dared to entertain.

"And that merely because at present he happens to  
be poor?" said Madame La Roche. "Ah, my Adeline!  
it is love, not wealth, that should be considered; and if  
George Trevor be poor, are we not rich enough?—  
But," continued she, holding down her head and speak-  
ing falteringly, "now that I have wished all happiness,  
and consented to your marriage, will you, dear little  
friend, wish me the same, and consent to my marriage?"

"You! you marry again!" exclaimed Adeline.  
"And have you been so blind as to suspect nothing?"  
said Madame La Roche, raising her head and smiling;  
"I will conceal it from you no longer. You know that I  
was married in France at a very early age, but you do  
not know that before I had given my heart in England to a  
youth whose only fault was poverty. My parents had  
forbidden him the house, and on hearing of my engage-  
ment on the Continent, he went out in despair to India.  
Some two months ago, you may remember, we were  
at a large ball. How can I describe to you my sensa-  
tions when I saw there the man whom I had loved in  
my early youth—whom I still loved! I recognized him  
even before I heard his name."

"And that name was—Crofton," said Adeline, much  
affected.

"It was," replied Madame La Roche; "he had re-  
mained single, though he had grown rich enough to buy,  
if he had willed it, some poor girl, as I myself had been  
bought. Adeline, he has prevailed on me to change my  
resolution of never marrying again. Do you wish me  
joy?"

The mother and the daughter fell into each other's  
arms, and mingled their tears; but assuredly they were  
not tears of sorrow.

On the same morning the two weddings were cele-  
brated, and opinions were divided whether the mat-  
ronly or the youthful bride looked more charming.



# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."....."PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

-UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1843.

NO. 5.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## CHARITY. A SERMON.

BY REV. S. J. GIBSON; MONROETON, PA.

"Put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness."  
Col. iii: 4.

Charity is the main principle of the Christian religion. With this a man's professions stand out and proclaim to the world, that he has imbibed the spirit of the great Master; but without it, those professions pass, as they should, for little worth, and he becomes as "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." Still, notwithstanding this obvious truth—notwithstanding it is a subject of frequent record throughout the course of revelation, yet too often is it neglected, and not a few would atone for that neglect, by being over-much zealous in "the faith;" but in doing so, they seem to have forgotten the language of the apostle—"now abideth faith, hope, charity; these three, but the greatest of these is charity." Nay; so far as the practical qualities of the Christian religion are concerned, faith and hope become but minor principles, and all depends upon charity, heaven-born and beautiful. The evidences of this truth will be beheld by consulting the history of the founder of Christianity—that bountiful benefactor of man, and guide of the humble disciple. Follow him from the moment in which Bethlehem's star beamed upon the trembling shepherds, until darkness covered the land and the veil was rent in twain—until he cried out upon the cross and gave up the ghost, and you will find that this lovely virtue was his constant attendant. And this has been left as a guide to the disciple of after years—to him who professes to be a partaker of his spirit, this is the star to guide his footsteps, and to open up his pathway in the surrounding darkness; and if he suffer it to become bedimmed or beclouded, he is sure to stray from the habitations of peace and repose! In urging you, then, to make this virtue your constant attendant—that your fight may be worthy and your course commendable through the world; I shall divide the subject into three particulars, and in each endeavor to set forth the necessity of putting on charity, which is the bond of perfectness.

I. We should condemn no man, for the honest opinions which he may have imbibed, relative to the doctrines of the Christian religion, but ever have in remembrance the words of Paul—"let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

True, we may have an anxiety to liberate our neighbor, from errors which throng around his understanding; and it is even commendable that we should have this desire, yet uncharitable measures are not to be adopted in order to accomplish the purpose. The human mind was constituted for liberty. It will rest not as long as beclouded with error, unless it is bound by the strong hand of superstition or bows beneath the sceptre of bigotry. It wants but little aid in addition to its own powers, in order to be freed from bondage engendered by erroneous opinions, yet that aid must bear the impress of charity, to insure its success. Yet alas! there are by far too many, who pay no attention to this self-evident truth, but condemnation and reproach are heaped upon every individual, whose faith or belief bears a complexion different from their own. And not unfrequently, the class that has been treated in this uncharitable manner, when the members of the same ascend the scale until they become in the majority; they remember, not the things of old, but in turn are zealous in heaping reproach upon those who are yet in the minority. If you would have this fully verified, go back to a period of time from whence but a little more than two hundred

years have fled away; and you will discover the Puritan fathers, as they were called, pleading before the monarch, for the privilege of making the solitary wilds of America their home! And what was it for? Because they had imbibed a faith different from that of the established church of their own country, and hence could not, unmolested, worship their Creator, as dictated by their own consciences. Liberty of opinion, or liberty of conscience beckoned and urged them onward! Within their frail barque they smiled upon the dangers of the ocean and traversed its heaving tide—moored their vessel hard by the rocks of Plymouth—stepped upon the coast, and saw before them the darkness of an unbroken wilderness. There roamed the wild beast in search of his prey, and the Indian bent his death-telling bow. There the melancholy night bird uttered her hideous note, and the panther sent aloft his thrilling cry. There the brawny forest tree bowed 'neath winter's howling blast, and such, such was the dwelling place of those who had left homes of affluence upon the other side of the broad waters! And again do you ask why they left their habitations of plenty, and made their abode in such a dreary, solitary place? Again I say, it was that they might worship the Almighty in agreement with the dictates of their own minds—that they might freely express their religious opinions, and enjoy the pleasures of open and social worship; unmolested by those uncharitable hands, that long had heaped upon them the weight of oppression. Their object was soon accomplished. The wilderness gave way before them, and they could assemble in their rudely constructed tabernacles, and enjoy that unspeakable blessing—liberty of conscience, or the right to worship as they thought proper.

But men live not for themselves alone, but for others; and especially for those who are to come up after them and tread the stage of life; and in consequence those who enjoyed this pleasing and happy privilege of worshipping the Creator as dictated by their own minds, were desirous that the blessed boon should be sent down to ages unborn, and how did they labor to accomplish this purpose? If we are to judge by their deeds, we can form none other conclusion, than that they declared, the privilege to be that of every one who should seek a home in their province, to think precisely as he thought proper respecting religious faith; providing that he thought right! Yes; and how was right? Precisely as they thought. And those who did not think right, were followed up and hunted by these men, as zealously as ever Protestant was followed by Catholic, as many a poor Baptist and Quaker can testify. Those same people who had plead for charity at the hands of their persecutors upon the other side of the broad waters—who had declared it the heaven-born right of man, to worship his Creator in agreement with his own conscientiousness—who had so loudly spoken against the uncharitable treatment which had been heaped upon them by others; defined liberty of religious faith to be, that every man might think as to him should seem proper, providing he thought right, or as they thought; and those who dared to have a different faith, were subjects of the most cruel and bitter persecution! There was that heaven-born charity which came down from the regions of immortality, to weave around the children of men the bond of perfection! There was that glorious principle shedding its gracious influences around the human heart; making the Christian perfect upon earth! There were the religion and spirit of the Master pouring their life-giving waters upon the famishing soul!—There? No! They were not. The bright

beauteous orb of charity had been blotted from the heavens with the blackness of bigotry—the chief principle of religion lost, as it were, in the darkness which surrounded the world. Those who had by their professions set themselves forward as specimens of godliness, spared no pains in heaping reproach and contumely upon those who differed from them in matters of belief. Under such circumstances, how flimsy indeed were their professions? How far did they fall short of that example which had been set before them for a guide? Yet alas! there are many men of the present age, who will look back to those by-gone days—strongly condemn the proceeding, and still are acting upon the same principle.

Go back but a few years, and you will discover the humble Methodist, the subject of scorn and reproach on account of the peculiarities of his faith, and these heaped upon him too, by men who declared that the privilege was the natural inheritance of mankind; to believe as they should think proper. And now even, in many places and among many men, let the name of Universalism be mentioned, and surprise, horror, and condemnation are manifested in a moment; by those, too, who are loud in that praise of the institutions of our country—that our loved land furnishes a home for every sect! And those who bestowed such uncharitable treatment upon their fellow beings, would have us believe that they are looking heaven-ward for precepts by which to be guided—they have declared themselves followers of that meek and lowly Benefactor of man, who when reviled, reviled not again—and they have separated themselves from the world as examples of righteousness and piety! But methinks they are lacking at least in one thing. Though they may be clothed in many beautiful garments, yet there is one more beautiful than all which they have neglected to put on, and that is "Charity which is the bond of perfectness."

Permit me then, to urge upon every one who hears me this day, to profit by the things which are thus set before him. Throw the mantle of charity around your fellow-Christian. Condemn him not with unsparing hand because his religious faith differs from your own, and especially if his strife be to do the will of his Saviour above. Never make the boundary of your belief the line of condemnation between yourself and your brother man. And above all things, never think of delivering him from his erroneous opinions by the use of uncharitable means; for rest assured if such is your course, instead of accomplishing your object, you will sink him still more deep in his error—render him more confirmed in the false faith which he has received. See then, we beseech of you—see that ye walk circumspectly respecting this matter. While you declare yourself a believer in the doctrines of Christianity—while you stand out and worship the great Creator of the universe, and are sending up the grateful emotions of a thankful heart for the salvation of a lost and sinful world; then, if you would be a Christian indeed, "put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness."

II. We should be charitable when judging of the faults of others.

Mankind appear in the world in the possession of such constitutions, that no one can with truth declare that perfection is his inheritance. None are in possession of infallibility, or exempt from the blighting breath of imperfection. No man can say that he has no fault. Yet we all can more readily discover the faults of others than our own—the mote in a brother's eye, is sooner beheld than a beam in our own—and this often leads us to be uncharitable while judging of the misdemeanors of our fel-



low beings. Many an unfortunate man has been held in contempt—been regarded as a being almost if not quite unworthy of the blessing of Heaven, or the confidence of men; and all this for a fault, which if committed by those who are so zealous in condemning him, they would have witnessed it not, or at least remained blind to the deleterious influence now ascribed to it. But this is not as it should be. Every individual should turn his attention within—examine his own mind, and see if that is free from misdeeds, before he goes out to examine his neighbor and condemn him for his faults.

Moreover, when the conduct and actions of another are dwelt upon, we must bring many things into consideration and form a judgment, not upon mere outward appearances or by a contemplation of the act alone, but we should look to the motive and circumstances which prompted the deed. The heart is veiled from our sight, and we can not enter there and behold the emotions thereof, which if possible, in many instances where one is followed up with persevering hand, and condemnation laid upon his head, he would be commended even, for what he resisted—for going no farther astray from the pathway of rectitude, and then instead of plunging him deep in that gulf where he would be left to perish or drag out a miserable existence for life, Charity would approach and point out before him, with friendly hand, the way of wisdom, of peace and of life.

Again:—In judging of another's misdeeds, before coming to a final decision, we should invariably suppose a change of cases. How often do we behold the man of wealth—he to whom the ills of poverty are strangers—who has at his command the good things of this world, which serve to render human life a season of enjoyment:—how often, I say, do we behold that man looking down upon the man, who knoweth not the smiles of fortune, and following him with an unsparing hand on the account of his actions? But let there be a change of cases. Let the one become in possession of the affluence of the other—let the rich man step from his palace of wealth into the rude shed of poverty, and while a few helpless beings are sending up their longing, anxious looks for protection and support; there will be as great, if not greater difference in the actions of those individuals, than there was prior to that period; and he who had been so uncharitable in his condemnation of the other, will see the injustice of such a proceeding, and call aloud for charity. We urge upon you, then, before you condemn others for their faults, look well; search deep for that temptation which beset their minds—consider how powerful it was—with what force it operated upon their hearts and that it might have led you astray under like situations:—*no* is this all; but you can not look into the chambers of that mind and see the work of retribution which may be going on there—the anguish which is harrowing up the soul. All, all is veiled from your sight, and you know not how deeply the actor may regret his misdeed—how solemnly he may resolve within his own mind to pursue a different course in future; and say then, how should you look upon him and his deeds? With the piercing eye of condemnation? Declaring that he is unworthy of the confidence, or respect of others because he has violated a social law? No! never, *never* should this be done, for it is beneath the character of him who has declared himself a follower of the Son of God, and who looks to the Home of unbounded benevolence as the birthplace of his image. Ever should the conduct of others be scanned with a gentle eye.—The great truth should be had in remembrance, “to err is human, but to forgive is divine;” and directed by this noble sentiment, we should at all times “put on charity which is the bond of perfectness.”

III. We should be charitable to the wants of others, or it should be the great aim of the Christian, to labor for the purpose of alleviating the woes and distresses of mankind.

The Christian religion is an institution founded in such a manner—based upon such principles, that selfishness must be entirely excluded. Those who would have harmony exist between their professions

and walk, must not only keep themselves unspotted from the world, but also visit the widow and fatherless in their afflictions, and bestow upon them that which will render their suffering less, and enable them to look upon human life, not as an evil, but as a blessing of unspeakable value. Yet this truth is often lost sight of—this, the most beautiful of all the Christian virtues, is often neglected, and there are by far too many, who would atone for that neglect, by promptness and zeal relative to the things of the sanctuary. Many will pass heedlessly by the suffering—turn a deaf ear to the solicitation of the child of wo, and yet, with a death-like grasp, cling to the forms of religious worship, and be the most deep and fervent of any in their addresses to the throne of grace.

An instance in support of this is furnished us by the melancholy death of the beggar boy in the city of New York, the present winter—but a few weeks past. It may be that he left home early in the morning, and in streets wandered afar; and was many times driven from the door of affluence, until at last his limbs, weary and benumbed with the cold, refused to perform their office, and while the wintry blast sighed a mournful requiem, he sank down upon his bed of ice! Oh! what thoughts think ye filled that soul? Perhaps they were of the widowed mother, as she sat over a few dying embers in her open habitation, waiting his return. And now, peradventure, he thought of those who clung to him with the affection of brothers and sisters—that with impatience and anxiety they were awaiting his arrival, supposing that he would bear them a morsel to allay the cravings of hunger. But alas! how are they to be disappointed. The mother oft stood by the broken windows, and gazed out into the darkness, in hope of catching a glimpse of her approaching child. But ah! sad is the tale. Away in the distant street, upon the cold ground, the night-frost curdled his blood, and his spirit winged its flight to the eternal world! But where—oh! where was the Christian—the follower of him who wept o’er others’ woes? Where those sympathetic chords that vibrate to the touch of affliction, and open the heart with benevolence? Where? Would that it were not thus. That in a city with her two hundred churches—with prayers and anthems of praise going up daily before the throne of God—that there was not charity sufficient to shield a beggar boy from an icy death: There were Christian fires within a few steps of his frosty death-bed, and Christian boards filled with plenty, and yet he must be left to perish with hunger and with cold! His death wail shall linger on the night winds, end echo in the gloom, a warning, a dread-telling seer to those who neglect to “put on charity which is the bond of perfectness!”

And you that are before me to-day—let the time be many long years in the future, ere you endeavor to make a compromise with your Father above—ere you shall attempt to send up your professions as a substitute for deeds of love, which you are required to perform towards your fellow-men.—Charity! Let this be your guide—make it to you like the polar star to the mariner benighted upon the mighty deep—suffer it not to become shaded with the darkness of selfishness, and rest assured, that its golden light will dawn upon, and open up a beautiful way before you. Follow this, and though it may guide you amid habitations where have wandered the grim spectres of want and of wo, yet soon will the solitary place rejoice, and the barren desert spring forth and blossom like the rose. A song will be awakened, that shall pour its deep-toned and life-giving music into the rejoicing soul—it will echo afar, and sink deep into other minds, and soon will many rise up and praise the beauties of that religion, pure and undefiled, which bears the impress of charity. Labor for the accomplishment of this, and then, when at last you backward cast one lingering look,—as you behold the many blessings which your charitable deeds have conferred upon the world, you will lie down with your mind undisturbed with the pangs of remorse, and silently the spirit wing its flight to a home of peace and repose, of endless happiness and lasting joy.—Amen,

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## REGENERATION.

BY REV. E. R. CROCKER.

I find that in this section of country, our Limitarian friends are willing to admit that Universalists, as a body, are good moral people. They grant, likewise, that we preach good morality. So far very good. Would that we might conscientiously return the compliment. But until they cease to teach that God will save the repentant and believing from the punishment of past sins, we can not by any means admit they teach morality. For such doctrine can never make men moral. And my word for it, they never will cease teaching this, until they drop the doctrine, that sin in its nature is infinite.

Agreeable to this hypothesis, all men are infinite sinners; and hence if any person is ever saved, that person must be saved from what he deserves. For measuring the desert of sin by the magnitude of sin, the smallest being an infinite sin (and the greatest can be no more than infinite) the smallest sinner can never be saved, except his punishment be remitted. Hence to be consistent, when they adopt the sentiment that every man must receive according to his deeds—which is the plain doctrine of the Bible—they must also drop the doctrine of infinite sin. But when they thus knock out the underpinning from under their doctrinal edifice, the whole building will come tumbling to the ground. And I pray God I may soon hear the crash. I would be almost willing to have one beam of the time-worn timbers fall upon my own head, if such a thing might be. But to our subject—the subject of regeneration.

It is denied by some that we teach this doctrine. And it is true that we do deny, that there is any thing supernatural in regeneration. It is true, moreover, that we deny that a change of human nature is included in the scriptural doctrine of regeneration. We have, and can have no idea what sort of being man could be, if his nature were changed. And, furthermore, we deny that a belief in the pernicious doctrine of endless torments, is necessary to produce regeneration. What then?—do we deny the necessity of regeneration? By no means! It would be well for us, if we always knew the definition of the words we use. Especially would it be well for those of a contrary faith.

In order to the sinner's entering the kingdom of God—a kingdom of righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit—it is necessary that he be regenerated—born from above. This all admit; though some will have it, that this kingdom appertains to another mode of being. Be it so; still it was preached on earth; and our Saviour said that in his day; “men pressed into it.” Again; “the kingdom of heaven is come unto you;” and, again; “the kingdom of heaven is at hand,” i. e. close by, about to be introduced.

But how shall men enter into this kingdom? by changing their natures? by becoming something else than human beings? So say the opinions of men. But we care nothing for the opinions of men; that is, any farther than they correspond with the truths of Heaven.

Truth is, man, morally speaking, has departed from the innocency and moral purity of his nature; he has become contaminated by sin, and hence is impure and unholy. Dross—the dross of sin, has become mixed with the pure gold of his nature.—The pure gold has thus become dim. A separation is required. And when this has taken place, then men are regenerated—purified. What ever is good in man—and all are more or less good—that should not be changed. If you should change it—change that which is good, I do not know what you could make of it, unless it be evil; which would be a poor change indeed!

Hence as every man has some good in his nature, as well as evil in his practice, to change him wholly would be to change all the good of his nature into evil. And my conviction is, that if you were to make a permanent and total change of man's nature, he never could do another good act. In man's nature, there is nothing evil. And as God



is the *Author* of his nature, it would be a reflection upon his character, to argue that such *nature* is evil. It would be admitting that he is the *Author* of evil in the worst possible sense of the word. "I am persuaded (says St. Paul) there is *nothing* unclean of itself." Man's nature—every *faculty*—is good. It is the *abuse* of our faculties that constitutes evil. Every thing of itself is good. To illustrate; the axe, the gun, the sword, they are all good of themselves; but still they may be perverted to *bad uses*; we may *take life*, or *save life* with them all. And so with man's *faculties*; we may do good, or evil, with them all. They are all good; and they may all be perverted to bad uses.

The regenerated man is not one whose nature has been changed. No new faculties have been added, nor any old ones taken away. He is the same person he ever was. And the only difference between him and an unregenerate person is, the former gives his moral, religious and intellectual faculties the rule, thus keeping his animal propensities in due subjection and thus using every faculty as not abusing it; while the latter person permits the *animal* propensities to rule over the moral, religious, and intellectual—thus perverting his whole nature. I hope the day is not far distant, when men will understand this subject more perfectly. For they must know themselves, and what the Scriptures require of them, before they can come up to the stature of perfect men and women in Christ Jesus. God hasten the day. Then will men be wise and good. Then will they rejoice in salvation.

South Weymouth, Mass., January 24th, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## INDIVIDUAL FALLACIES.

BY E. L. DAVIS.

When will superstition wing her flight to the regions of annihilation, and reality beam forth in refulgent brightness; or when will error resign her tyrannical sceptre, and truth triumphantly assume her legitimate sway? I unhesitatingly answer for myself and the whole world, not so long as man shall love to be deceived, and continue in his present fallacies.

It is heart-rending to the honest inquirer after truth, to observe the numerous sources of error, and the voluntary delusions, that exist in the present state of human society. *Idols* of the den, market, and theatre, are set up in nearly every domicile, and worshipped with an enthusiastic zeal, bordering on frenzy. Passion is put in the place of reason, and doctrines the most horrible, deriving their existence from no better origin than heathen mythology, have grown up to the dignity of principles in religion and morality—narrow and false interpretations of obscure and difficult passages of Scripture, are promulgated to the world, and sulphurous denunciations declared against all those who do not implicitly receive them—parents in opposition to the wise injunctions of Heaven, are tyrannizing over the minds of their children, and arrogantly commanding them to embrace their peculiar opinions, or to depart from their presence—local societies muffled up in the zeal and infallibility of their tenets, are maintaining a dictatorial authority over each and all of their members, and with the uplifted sword of persecution threaten to sever asunder the first apostate—doctrines are embraced for their antiquity, and new discoveries of truth are preposterously declared heresies, and unholy innovations—favorite and familiar notions are husbanded with a fanatical enthusiasm, and the character of Divinity is stamped with absurdity and error—ancestral opinions are handed down from generation to generation, and revered by the rising children, not for their truth, but because they were fostered by their parents; and are made the foundation on which they reason and judge of truth and falsehood—opinions are at first espoused, and finally believed to be true, not in consequence of their approval by the sober understanding, but because they were recommended to the thoughts by interest and passion—religious tenets are not judged of by the reality of things, but *vice versa*, and the harmonious order and wise arrangement of Heaven, are converted into jargon

and inconsistency—those who are least instructed, and have least examined their doctrines, are holding them with the greatest tenacity, and are most forward to impose them upon others. Some with an answering self-conceit, are assuming to themselves an infallibility of judgment, and resolve to adhere unswervingly to preconceived opinions, and will neither reason themselves nor listen to reason; whilst others, on the other hand, like the weather-vane that veers to every wind, are perched upon the pivot of irresolution, and inconsiderately disposed to resign their judgment to the last speaker they hear, or the last author they read, and camelion like take the color of the last thing that is laid before them. Another class of persons, who are justly styled ignorant and arrogant bigots, resolve to read but one class of books, to come within the hearing of but one set of notions, and to treat with utter disrespect and haughty contempt, the person that dares to bring into question their tenets; and, like the ignoble mill horse that treads daily in the same beaten track, they make no advancement in knowledge, but remain the detestable dupes of their own folly—whilst some, on the contrary, are quitting their tenets, with a blind resignation to authority, which even their own understanding does not acknowledge, and assign as the only reason, because some great and eminent man has maintained so and so—others do not, as they should, examine with an unbiassed mind, all opinions, doctrines, and tenets, until truth is found; but set out in their intellectual career, with prepossessions in favor of certain opinions, and foolishly consume their time in calling out argument in their support, whilst they voluntarily shut out light and truth from their understanding,—some through laziness to examine for themselves, are receiving every thing upon trust, and are blindly embracing the opinions of others, without investigation, and are menially passing through life, as if they had no minds of their own, or, at least, have no right to use them. And lastly, a much to be pitied class of individuals, is a certain deluded set of men, who are thinking that they have formed right judgments, for no other reason than they have never thought otherwise, and are imagining themselves to have judged correctly, because they have never questioned or examined their own opinions, and are thus passing off this state of human action, the implicit believers—beings the most unworthy the name of man.

Clinton Liberal Institute.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## TO BR. G. W. MONTGOMERY.

Dear Sir—You may judge my surprise upon the reading of your note, published in last week's Advocate, informing me that a story is in circulation, in your place, that I have renounced the doctrine of God's impartial grace, and become a Baptist. Now I would say, in reply, that this story is *not true*. I am yet a believer in "the doctrine of God's impartial grace;" and trust I shall be while blessed with life and reason. And, more than this, I have had no *thoughts* of renouncing my faith. The longer I live, the more fully I am convinced of its truth—and while God blesses me with *sight*, and *hearing*, and *reflection*, I do not believe I shall embrace the cheerless sentiment of *endless woe*—or become a Baptist. At any rate, I hope those who have circulated the above story, will, after this, wait till they hear from me, before circulating another of the kind—for I pledge them my honor, that when I do renounce, they shall know it as soon as I can possibly get the information to them. But yet, thank God, I am a Universalist.

Yours affectionately, H. BOUGHTON.

Watertown, January, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## DONATION VISIT—A CARD.

On Monday afternoon and evening, January 2d, about one hundred of our friends in this place made us a donation visit, and probably as many more would have attended, had not the day been so very stormy and unpleasant.

For a long time have I regarded the society here a

one of the most wholesome and zealous in the denomination—there are more spirited young disciples in this vicinity, than in any other I am acquainted with. The fact that so many did turn out on one of the most unpleasant days we have had this winter, to make their Minister a *donation* visit, is, I think, tangible evidence of the statement. Myself and family will ever remember with gratitude, warm and sincere, this renewed expression of their friendship and good will. May the blessing of the Lord—the joys of unity and peace, attend them forever.

It is believed that occasions like the above are productive of much good. The cares and perplexities of life, its sorrows and pains—allanimosity and contentions, calculated to interrupt the cause of human progress, are for a while forgotten, and we feel mutually interested in the social happiness and general welfare of each other. They lead to the cultivation and exercise of the principles of philanthropy and benevolence, and encourage the preacher in the performance of his duty to his congregation, for stimulated by such expressions of kindness and esteem, he goes forward with renewed energy and zeal.

So thinks and feels the writer, while he prays for the salvation of a common world. W. H. WAGGONER.

REQUEST.—Will those Editors who have favored me with their papers, and to whom I may be indebted, please send me their accounts with their next paper, and discontinue sending after that date? W. H. WAGGONER.

Canton, January 20th, 1843

P. S. Brs. Grosh and Price are not included in the above request.

## SECULAR NEWS.

The dwelling of Miss Henrietta Israel, near Reisterstown, Md., was totally consumed on the morning of the 17th inst., and she with a little boy, the only inmates of the house, perished in the flames. Suspicion has been awakened, and it is now supposed that the fire and its awful results are the work of an incendiary and murderer.

*The Case of the Rev. Mr. Van Zandt*.—The Rochester Democrat learns that the Supreme Court at its recent session, decided against granting a new trial in this case. The amount of the verdict (\$3,125) will have to be paid unless the case is carried to the Court of Errors.

Mr. Peter G. Obert announces through a New York paper, and his statement is corroborated by a number of respectable persons, that he has invented a new principle in the mechanic arts, by which mills, factories and boats of any kind can be driven without water, wind or steam, to as great advantage and less expense than either, and the works will run till worn out if they have regular attendance, without the least variation in the motion.

*Rev. Caleb Bush*, a Baptist clergyman, is charged on oath with the crime of seduction at Weedsport, Cayuga county.

*Illinois*.—A law has just been passed by the Legislature of Illinois, which must interfere greatly with the collection of debts due in that State. It provides that all property offered for sale under execution, shall sell for two-thirds of its appraised value, and that value is to be regulated by what property was worth in "ordinary times." It extends to all sales under decrees in Chancery, Deeds of Trust, Mortgages, &c., and obliges the plaintiff to buy the property in one year from the date of his execution, at two-thirds of its appraised value, or lose his lien, as to other judgment creditors.

We learn that the Sackets Harbor Bank, and the Tompkins County Bank, at Ithaca, intend making application to the legislature, at its present session, for permission to remove their respective banking establishments to Buffalo for permanent occupancy. Each institution will come in with a capital of \$100,000.

The town of Westbrook, in Maine, has recently been obliged, in due course of law, to pay \$1500 damages for injuries done to George W. Smith, in being thrown from a gig by a heap of gravel left on the wheel-way of the road, in the evening, for the repair of the road.



From the Boston Galaxy.

### THE BIBLE.

How painfully pleasing the fond recollection

Of youthful connection and innocent joy,  
When blessed with parental advice and affection,  
Surrounded with mercies and peace from on high;  
I still view the chair of my father and mother,  
The seats of their offspring as ranged on each hand,  
And that richest of books which expelled every other,  
The family Bible which lay on the stand.

The Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,  
At morning and evening could yield us delight,  
The prayers of our sires was a sweet invocation,  
For mercy by day and safety by night.  
Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,  
And warm from the breast of a family band,  
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling  
Descended in the Bible that lay on the stand.

Bless'd Bible, the light and the guide of the stranger,  
With it I seemed circled by parents and friends,  
Thy kind admonition shall guide me from danger,  
On thee shall my last lingering hopes then depend.  
Hope ripens to vigor and rises to glory;  
I'll hasten and flee to the bright promised land;  
And for refuge lay hold of the hope set before me,  
Revealed in the Bible that lay on the stand.

Hail, raising the brightest and best of the morning,  
The star which has guided my parents safe home,  
The beams of thy glory my pathway adorning,  
Shall scatter the darkness and brighten my gloom;  
As the wise eastern sages, to worship this stranger,  
Did hasten with ecstasy to Canaan's fair land,  
I too will adore him, but not in the manger,  
He's seen in the Bible that lay on the stand.

Though age and misfortune press hard on my feelings,  
I'll flee to the Bible and trust in the Lord,  
Though darkness should cover his merciful dealings,  
My soul is still cheered by His heavenly word,  
And now from things earthly my soul is removing,  
I'll soon shout glory in Heaven's bright band,  
And with rapture of joy be forever adorning,  
The God of the Bible that lay on the stand.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### "ORIGIN OF ENDLESS MISERY."

Br. Grosh—In the Magazine and Advocate of January 13th, I find an article in reply to one from my pen, published in that of December 16th, over the signature "S." I supposed, and do still, that I had done all that was required of me, I gave you my name, which I inferred, from what was said on a former occasion, was sufficient. But in compliance with your wishes, and the wishes of others, as expressed in the Magazine and Advocate of January 20th, I will give my name to the public. In this discussion, truth is my object; and should any thing of a contrary spirit appear in the following article, I hope it may be attributed to the head, and not to the heart. But to the reply.

Before proceeding to his reply, Br. M. corrects a mistake which he says I have made. I am glad he has done so; for, certainly, nothing was farther from my intention than to misrepresent him. But whether or not he saw the force of the correction when he made it, I am at a loss to determine. He says, "He makes me say, that the Pharisees and Sadducees believed the doctrine of endless misery. I have no where stated that the Sadducees so believed. They had no faith in a resurrection, and certainly, *they could have none in endless misery.*" Let this correction be borne in mind by the reader, as we proceed.

The text containing the warning which Jesus gave to his disciples, to "beware of the leaven," etc., occurs in Matt. xvi: 6, and reads as follows. "Then Jesus said unto them, take heed, and beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees."

The synopsis which I gave of his (Br. M.'s) reasoning, in the form of a syllogism, and to which he has not objected, only to the inclusion of the Sadducees, whom I will now leave out, was this, (viz.,)

"The Pharisees believed the doctrine of endless misery;

Jesus warned his disciples to beware of the doctrine of the Pharisees;

Therefore, he warned them to beware of the doctrine of endless misery."

Now, Jesus warned his disciples to beware of the doctrine of the Sadducees, just as much as he did of the doctrine of the Pharisees. His language conveys the same idea concerning one sect, that it does concerning the other. The same is said of one, that is said of the other. But Br. M. says that the Sadducees could have no "faith in endless misery;" therefore, so far as they are concerned, according to the correction, the warning of Jesus to his disciples, did not include the doctrine of endless misery. Then, where is his argument drawn from that warning, against the doctrine of endless misery?

I will grant him that the Pharisees believed that doctrine, if he wishes, in its worst, and most malignant form. Then, in return, I wish to inquire by what rule of interpretation, since the same warning is given in reference to both, Pharisees and Sadducees, he makes it have reference to the Pharisees, and not to the Sadducees; and if he succeeds in that, I wish to inquire what particular doctrine of the Sadducees, our Saviour meant in his warning, or what object he had in introducing them into it? If none of these inquiries can be answered, satisfactorily, I must be permitted still to retain my views on this subject, however incorrect they may appear to be to others.

I marvel, that so soon after correcting one of my mistakes, Br. M. should fall into one himself. In the next paragraph, he has fallen into one, from which I took particular pains to save him and your readers. If he examines my article, as you have already remarked, he will see that all of my conclusions were based on his premises. I did not come to the conclusion that the warning amounts to nothing, only according to his exposition of the text. He says in the same paragraph, that "if it does not militate against that dogma," (endless misery,) "then we may with the same propriety, affirm that it does not militate against any point in their doctrine." But he must be aware, however, that this is what logicians call *petitio principii*, a supposition of what is not granted, or more commonly, "begging the question." He has assumed the point in dispute, and then concludes, that if the warning had not reference to that, the text means nothing. This may satisfy him, but it fails to satisfy me. But farther. I think him very wrong in his reasoning, when he says that "if one important point be excepted, another important point may also be excepted—until all of them are excluded from the warning," for the text either means something, or it does not. If it means something, (and I verily believe that it does—I believe it to be one of the most full, and comprehensive sentences in the Bible,) what is that meaning? Br. M. says, that it refers to the doctrine of endless misery; but he has not yet furnished the proof.

Br. M. says he has examined the chapter containing our Lord's warning, and can not find a reservation made of any of the distinctive doctrines of the Pharisees. He seems to proceed as though his exposition of the passage was admitted by me. This is wrong. I do not think that he has given the true interpretation. If I did, I should be the last one to call in question his reasoning. I do not believe that there was any reservation, and all the force of my reasoning, as well as his own, depends on that. I say now, as I said before, "if his view of the passage be correct, it embraces the doctrine of the Pharisees as much as any part of it." Then we see no way in which he can avoid the conclusion, that if the argument disproves endless misery, "it disproves all religion—dethrones God, and blots out creation."

The way in which he attempts to avoid it, is, in my opinion, a failure. The fact that they entertained some wrong views, does not reach the case. Did they believe in the God, recognized in the Old Testament Scriptures? But they entertained some wrong views of him. Admitted—but does that disprove the fact, that they recognized the God of the Bible, as their God? By no means. Just as well

might we say, that because our Presbyterian brethren entertain some wrong views concerning God, they do not believe in the God of the Bible.

The same reasoning will apply to what he says concerning the resurrection,\* and the truth of the Old Testament Scriptures. Because they held some wrong views in relation to them, it does not disprove their belief of the fact itself. So far as the Scriptures of the Old Testament are concerned, it is admitted in the article before me, that "they," (the Pharisees,) "professed to adhere to the Old Testament." Grant me that they "professed to adhere to it," and so far as this argument is concerned, I ask no more.

Then, in the conclusion of the argument, I must be permitted to say, that the fact, that no reservation is made in the warning, shews that those syllogisms were not unfounded. They rest on a foundation which, as yet, has not been shaken, and all the conclusions following from them, stand equally firm. But let me repeat once more, that I may not be misunderstood, that those syllogisms were not founded on my own view of the meaning of the text, but on the view which Br. M. has taken of it, and were introduced to shew that that view is incorrect, by shewing that the arguments prove too much, therefore, nothing.

His questions in the closing paragraph, are out of place. I have no notion of taking the laboring oar at present. He has taken the ground, that in that warning, our Saviour had reference to the doctrine of endless misery. It belongs to him to sustain his position—not to me to overthrow it, by shewing that the text means something different from what he says it does. He has the affirmative, and I the negative. It is my business to follow. I will say, however, to him, and to the readers of the Magazine and Advocate, that at some future time, with the permission of the Editor, I may publish my views on the meaning of the text, but I do not feel myself called upon to do so now.

But this article is extended beyond what I intended in the beginning. Perhaps I have made it too long, but I could not well say less. I now submit it to your disposal, hoping that if it finds a place in your paper, it may be received in the same spirit in which I have endeavored to write it—a desire for the truth, and universal good will.

Clinton Liberal Institute.

SAMUEL JENKINS.

\* I had no reference, as Br. M. supposes, to the resurrection; but rather to the fact, that man is possessed of a spiritual part, distinct from his corporeal system. Acts xxiii: 8, was referred to, to shew that that was the belief of the Pharisees. I have re-examined that article, and can not find any thing, that can be construed into a reference to the resurrection. The reason may be, however, that I had no such idea in my mind in the first place. S. J.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### LITERARY CURIOSITY.

Br. Grosh—The following letter I met with in Hallam's History of Literature, and have thought that as it may not have fallen in the way of many of the readers of your paper, it might be a novelty worthy the space it will occupy there. Hallam says, "until something else shall prefer a better claim, it may pass for the oldest private letter in the English language. It was written by the lady of Sir John Pelham, to her husband, in 1399, and is probably one of the earliest instances of female penmanship." The orthography is not preserved—but here is the letter, and if others think with myself, it is, on more than one account, a literary curiosity."

H. B. SOULÉ.

"My Dear Lord,

"I recommend me to your high lordship with heart and body and all my poor might, and with all this I thank you as my dear lord dearest and best beloved of all earthly lords I say for me, and thank you my dear lord with all this that I say before of your comfortable letter that ye sent me from Pontefract that come to me on Mary Magdalene day; for by my troth I was never so glad as when I heard by your letter that ye were strong enough with the grace of God for to keep you from the malice of your enemies. And dear lord if it like to your high lordship that as soon as ye might that I



might bear of your gracious speed; which as God Almighty continue and increase. And my dear lord if it like you for to know of my fare, I am here by laid in manner of a seige with the county of Sussex, Surry, and a great parcel of Kent, so that I may nought out no none victuals get me but with much hard. Wherefore my dear if it like you by the advice of your wise counsel for to get remedy of the salvation of your castle and withstand the malice of the shires aforesaid. And also that ye be fully informed of their great malice workers in these shires which that haves so despitely wrought to you, and to your castle, to your men, and to your tenants for this country have yai (sic) wasted for you a great while. Farewell my dear lord, the Holy Trinity you keep from your enemies, and ever send me good tidings of you. Written at Pevensey in the castle on St. Jacob day last past,

By your own poor J. PELHAM.  
"To my true Lord."

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### THE TABLE AND ITS FOOD.

Friend Aaron—Observing in No 48, current Vol. a loud call for short articles, I fancied I might venture one for publication. But stop—let us examine again. Ah! I now discover what stamps a veto on mine at once: They are "well written articles" for which thou dost call. Those two words, "well written," have given my pen a paralytic shock, and I am obliged to make a desperate effort to give it sufficient energy to proceed. While I compare thy paper to a well furnished table, permit me to say that I think thee a little too grasping, in that thou dost covet, not only all the very best food, of the most rare quality; but thou must have all the little embellishments, with which to set it off and make it appear grandly in the eyes of the great ones of the earth. This would all be well, wert thou a Partialist and didst not allow any to partake at thy board, but the great, gay and pharisaic. But thou professest to be a Universalist, which name declares thee an impartialist.

Remember, friend A., thou dost admit at thy table all ranks, the poor, maimed, halt, blind, simple, and in short, some of every grade make up the goodly number of thy guests. Methinks thou shouldst supply food fitted to the stomachs of all. These humble guests have not been accustomed to such rich food as thy most able correspondents furnish thee. Their digestive powers are not sufficiently powerful to partake, constantly, of thy rare dainties. If thy poor, weak brother have a mite to contribute to the support of thy table; could there be any harm in, occasionally, placing it on thy board, even should it come in the shape of a large brown, or rye and indian loaf? What with thy moulding and trimming a loaf, it might serve to make a tolerable, if not a comely appearance. We think if it did not grace, it would not disgrace it. It might be very palatable to a majority of thy guests, as a rarity. Thou hast acknowledged that thou art bounteously supplied with this homely fare. Come, friend A., be kind enough to tumble out, occasionally, one of those monstrous loaves, which thou hast laid aside in thy storehouse. For ourself, as we design to eat a full meal, when we sit down at thy table, it does not matter materially, if thy loaves be not cut into very small bits, we can eat with as good an appetite, from a large loaf, as from small slices. It would do our longing eyes good to behold one of those old fashioned, true, brown articles on thy table, and were it accompanied by a brimming goblet of pure water from the spring of truth, we could sit down to it, with a hearty good will, and not arise until we had eaten the whole loaf, and drained the goblet dry.

Thou shouldst not forget the eulogy pronounced upon the poor widow, who cast into the treasury two mites. Thy able correspondents may be compared to the rich, who "cast in of their abundance," and thy less able to that same poor widow. These, in which I include myself, doubtless contribute the best "the scanty store affords," which should not be thrown to the winds; if it be worth one farthing it should be admitted into the treasury, (alias pa-

per). Wouldst thou throw away our all? even all our living? If these articles be dressed in plain common sense and unvarnished truth, we think thy plain, common-sense readers would not pass them contemptuously by. If thy pampered guests can not partake of such coarse fare, why let them fast occasionally, (would be our motto,) which would be more for their health than to be constantly feeding on the most rich food, until their appetites are cloyed, and they can taste nothing, but a little bit of this very choice cake and a small slice of the most refined bread, with a little sweatmeats to make a meal. Or like the humming bird constantly fitting from one flower to another, sipping only honey, and leaving the coarser material as not worth their while to taste.

Coarse bread is the better food for the dyspeptic. Friend A., we think thou art levying too heavy a tax on thy able correspondents, in as much as thou not only desirdest them to contribute *all* for the support of thy table, but thou seemest strongly inclined, to compel them to cut their rich loaves, into *very small slices*, merely to pamper the appetites of thy dainty guests. And we somewhat fear, that *thy fears*, for the credit of thy table, are so great as to exclude some of those thy friends who occasionally send thee a plain, brown loaf, though few and far between. For ourself, we relish a plain lengthy article occasionally, and if it be not filtered through the sieve editorial until it comes out perfection itself, it suits our appetite as well as the most refined. As thou seemest desirous to gratify the tastes of all thy guests, we thought it not robbery to put in for a share; as we are the daughter of farmer Timothy, who invariably pays for his paper in advance.

Now friend A., as thou art a little inclined to mirthfulness thyself, and lovest a timely joke, though this railery has been somewhat at thy expense; and as thou sometimes openest thy columns for various trivial articles, such as recipes for *chowder* and the like, we trust thou wilt not spurn this humble pittance of a friend to thee, thy paper, and the cause of truth. Respectfully thy sister in the bonds of the gospel.

DOROTHY FAIRPLAY.

Watertown, Dec. 28th, 1842.

### REPLY.

To Sister Dorothy Fairplay.

Dear Sister—Your letter has puzzled me exceedingly, because it is evidently written in an assumed character, which, owing to your natural frankness and ingenuousness, is not very well sustained. You use, part of the time, the plain language of the Friends, and yet "ourself" yourself like any enpress or editor—one while you utter the very plainest of rebukes, and the next flatter with all the ease and grace of a fashionable lady—you depreciate your article as poorly written, yet write as plain as a clerk, and ring the changes on words and phrases like a very pedant. In short, so completely do you change and vary, that I know not how else to reply to you, but in my own blunt, plain, unceremonious manner, which I learned years ago from the German farmers in Pennsylvania, and afterward added an *extra touch* to it by long intercourse with the lumbermen of the Susquehanna. Truth to say, I fear that if I were to try any other mode, I should find early education and long habit betraying themselves through any more polished style I could assume. So, here goes for the natural mode.

By "well written" articles, I meant precisely what I yet think those words mean—not grandly written, not polished, not embellished, not rare nor yet overdone articles—but plain, solid common-sense ideas, clothed in few words, fitly chosen, so that the plainest common readers can understand and be instructed by them—and written in penmanship that may be read by the printers. As to the size of the articles, we think convenience requires that they be not too large; for who would be able to stretch the jaws over a great monstrous loaf? And if it must be cut, why not allow generous slices to be large enough? If Dorothy is afraid of starving, she will always find three or four of such slices on the board for her use. And if it be true that some of our guests

are weak in the digestive powers, probably one, or at most two such slices will be enough for one time.

From complaining that we do not give monstrous large loaves, Dorothy proceeds to scold us for rejecting the widow's mite! The very thing we did not do.—Fearful that some of our brethren would so fill our table with their great monstrous loaves—many of them made up of ground straw, chaff, bran, &c.—we urged them to send only well written articles—the real, pure, solid stuff itself—so that there would be more room in our Magazine for the nice little loaf of the poor; for we well know that they who pretend to but little, always send that little good. No, no, Dorothy—there is no need of filling the whole table, every week, with a great mountain loaf of coarse stuff, that, after all, does not contain more nourishment in it than a moderately sized loaf. We want as many as possible to aid in furnishing the board—and we want it furnished as neatly and cleanly as possible—and we want the provisions as good and nourishing as possible. If there is any bran bread, or slops, or coarse articles, wanted, the Editor always puts on a good sprinkling of them—for he has about spun out all the ideas he ever had, or could steal or borrow, and has very little else than "odds and ends" left to furnish.

Dorothy, however, takes another tack, and complains that we would compel our rich correspondents to cut their rich unhealthy loaves, so bad for the pampered and dyspeptic, into small slices. Bless her, she would not only have us put mammoth loaves on our table, (two or three of which would entirely fill it,) but she would have those loaves to be left whole—great big fruit, or pound, or sponge cake!—just as they came from the Confectioner's oven!!! Ah, Dorothy! Dorothy! I greatly fear you would pamper my guests worse than I do! If you keep house at this rate, your household will all have the gout in a twelvemonth, or die off with the dyspepsia. No, no; give folks plenty of good meat and bread, in reasonably large slices; and when well filled with that, give them the cake (if you give them any) in small slices only. If your neighbors send in their great rich loaves for your table, cut them up into bits, and keep them back for the dessert—especially if you have weak stomachs to feed.

Dorothy speaks of our sieve Editorial. I do wish she could see it—that's all! Were it not that we have pretty careful hands to set up what we send them, I fear she would think, sometimes, that we had made a mistake, and thrown the flour away, and made up a batch of bran, husks, straw, and a little oven-wood! Our rich neighbors send us occasionally a whole load of all the materials necessary for our table, all jumbled together, and we have used our sieve so long that it is getting rather full of holes by sifting them, so that the straw, bran, and all find their way through it occasionally, in spite of our care. It was only a few weeks ago that we received a great load from a learned brother, written in such a crabbed scrawl, that it well nigh demolished our poor sieve to pass what was good in the load through it. But Dorothy's article came already sifted—a proof of what we said before; that those who send but few articles, or short articles only, generally send that which is good. And we would wager the stump of our old goosequill against her worn-out thimble, that if she were to pick out the articles in our Magazine that are most to the taste of herself and her excellent father, she would select the very articles that have needed the least care, or trimming, or sifting, at our hands—the substantial, wholesome, cleanly portion—the very "well written articles" we called for, and that we pride ourselves most upon!

Ah, Dorothy, Dorothy, just look back, and see what a race you have led my old pen in replying to your letter! It was ever thus with me. A rosy cheek, a pouting lip, and a sparkling eye were ever powerful in setting my tongue or my pen to talking nonsense; and so, years ago, I quit corresponding with the girls—almost—that is, with one or two exceptions (for I could not break off altogether, you know!)—because they led me astray from the serious and grave subjects befitting my years and my spectacles! I hope you will



not deem yourself slighted, however, but write again and again, even if I do not *always* reply to what you offer. I have no fear but that we will be very good friends, you as correspondent and I as Editor—though I might fear for myself were we to exchange places!—Give my best respects to your venerable father, Br. Timothy, and believe me to be your obliged, and affectionate brother.

AARON.

P. S.—A lot of neat, well prepared, digestible substantial are wanted *now* for our Magazine. Send on.

A. B. G.

## MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry.

UTICA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1843.

### TAKE HEED "UNTO THE DOCTRINE." *Paul.*

It is the imperious duty of the minister to ascertain the doctrine taught in the Scriptures, by using every means in his power to discriminate between truth and error—between the Gospel and creeds. He is not to be satisfied with examining merely one faith, and to adopt that as the divine word, while he condemns all others, without knowing what they teach—he is to "*prove all things*," by the light of Scripture; and whatever he ascertains to be the truth, that he is to adopt, regardless of preconceived views or the traditions of men.

There is one *test of doctrine*, which is sure and decisive. Our Saviour said:—"Ye shall know the truth; and the truth shall make you free." John viii: 32. The test is not, if you believe, that belief will create the truth; and the truth, thus created by faith, will make you free—but ye shall believe what always has been and is truth; and that truth will give you Christian freedom. Now, whatever doctrine enslaves the soul with *bigotry and fear*, is not truth—whatever liberates and frees the soul from bigotry and fear, is truth. That there are doctrines which have an injurious effect on man, there can be no doubt. If an individual believes that God loves him and hates others—that he is destined to heaven, and they to endless wo—the tendency of his faith is to make him look with contempt on reprobates, and to treat them as harshly as he thinks God will—its tendency will harden his soul; for persons who trust in ceaseless wo, when dwelling on the doom of the wicked, affirm that parents in heaven will rejoice over the woes of their children—it will fill him with fear, if it fails to harden his feelings; for when he contemplates its horrors, he will affirm with Saurin, that it is a mortal poison, entering into every period of life. Here is intolerance, frozen souls, and dreadful fear. And, of course, the doctrine which produces these results, is not the true system which makes free, and fills the mind rejoicing.

The preacher must ascertain the doctrine which actually liberates people from the evils which beset them in life. Where shall he find it? In the very epistles where he is warned to take heed "*unto the doctrine*."—There it is clearly manifested. Let us give good attention to it. Paul says:—"Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus, before the world began; but is now made manifest by the appearing of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel; whereunto I am appointed a preacher, and an apostle, and a teacher of the Gentiles." 2 Tim. i: 9, 10, 11. By the death and resurrection of our Saviour, it was beyond question established, that all men will ultimately partake of immortality, when death is swallowed up in victory—this fact is made known unto us in this life; and the testimony which proves it true, excites our faith in it. The final immortality, then, of the whole human race, is one of the principles of doctrine to which Timothy was to take heed, and of which, the apostle was a constant preacher.

Look again:—"I exhort therefore, that, first of all,

supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men; for kings, and for all that are in authority; that we may lead a quiet and peaceful life, in all godliness and honesty; for this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour; who will have all men saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth. For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time. Whereunto I am ordained a preacher, and an apostle, (I speak the truth in Christ, and lie not,) a teacher of the Gentiles in faith and verity." 1 Tim. ii: 1-7. The principles of doctrine here developed, are, 1. There is one God. 2. It is his will to have all men saved and receive the truth. 3. There is one Mediator, the Son of God. 4. Who gave himself a ransom for all. 5. To be testified in due time. As in the other quotation, so in this, the apostle declares that he was appointed a preacher of this noble truth. By uniting the two passages, it is evident, that the doctrine to which preachers are to give heed, embraces the existence of God, the divine origin of the Saviour, the resurrection and the salvation of all men.

When the preacher has thus obtained the doctrine of the Scriptures, he is to be careful and *preach it*. He is to preach it, that he may give an example to those persons who believe it, and yet who are ashamed to avow it. There are those, who, actuated by worldly motives, hide their faith, and with great inconsistency sustain what they think is rank error. Such persons are like the individuals of our Lord's time, who loved the praise of men more than the praise of God. He must preach it, even though there are some who do not like to hear doctrine proclaimed. If to preach Christianity consists in denouncing people of a different faith, in traducing their characters, and in tearing down opinions, people might well dislike it. But it is far different—it consists in setting forth the high and holy principles of Christian truth, which concern man's condition in the present and future life; which enter into all his enjoyments and prospects—it consists in so holding up the character of God, as to show the falsity of those dishonorable sentiments which creeds attribute to him—it consists in preaching what the apostles preached, plainly, openly, and zealously. Those who are determined to retain their error, and to condemn all other views without examination, will of course dislike the proclamation of the truth—but those who are searching for truth, will approve its open development.

Suppose, for instance, that a mother loses her child in the woods. While in dreadful distress, lest wild beasts have destroyed it, an individual who has seen the child and knows that it is safe, visits the mother, and notwithstanding her distress, determines not to acquaint her with the salvation of the child—would he not display cruelty? and would he not deserve severe reprehension? His duty would undoubtedly dictate to him, the immediate and satisfactory avowal to the mother, of the deliverance of the lost one.

The apostles were commanded to *preach the truth*; not to hide it. And accordingly throughout their epistles, we find the most frank development of Christian truth, without the least attempt to keep back any principle of the whole counsel of God. And when it is evident that the Saviour endured the untold horrors of the crucifixion, to establish that truth; and that it will fill people with joy and gladness; how can it be dreamed that we are not required to preach it? For my own part, I feel it to be my duty to preach whatever the Bible commands, freely and fearlessly, whether people will hear, or whether they will forbear. And when I hear so much error promulgated from thousands of pulpits, with zeal—when I see the distress which it causes—when I examine the terrible sentiments which are ascribed to the God of love, clothing him with the attributes of endless wrath and anger—I can not hold still; but must obey the injunction of Paul, to take heed, not only to myself, but to the doctrine—and also, to be instant in season and out of season to preach it.

G. W. M.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We have to thank the authors for three pamphlets lately received, but which we have not yet found time to peruse. 1st. "The Salvation of Christ, or a brief exposition and defence of Universalism, for the candid and prayerful consideration of all such as are opposed to a universal Saviour. By Rev. G. W. Quimby." (Query—We see this name spelled differently, in general—which is right, Quimby or Quimby?) The pamphlet is neatly done up in a strong paper cover, contains 80 pages, 16mo, and is retailed at one shilling. It is favorably noticed by Br. Drew, of the Banner.

2d. "A Christmas Sermon, delivered on the evening of December 25th, 1842, by Rev. John Moore, Pastor of the Universalist Society in Hartford, Conn." It is a neatly printed pamphlet of 16 pp., 8vo.

3d. "An Appeal to the Board of Controllers of the Public schools of the city and county of Philadelphia; and an Appendix containing documents referred to in said Appeal. By Timothy Clowes, LL. D., Principal of one of the Grammar schools of the city of Philadelphia." This is a pamphlet of 30 pages, 12mo., detailing a list of grievous wrongs and insults inflicted on our learned, venerable, and amiable friend, because he was a Universalist. It demands and will receive full notice in a separate article. We blush at the dishonor and shame which bigots are heaping thick and fast on our native State, the land of Penn, by their most disgraceful persecutions, and rejections of men from office, for mere opinions' sake! If it is allowed, to proceed much longer, Pennsylvania will be ranked as "the Inquisitorial State of the Union," for the commission of injustice as far transcending *repudiation* as the robbery of character exceeds in turpitude the picking of pockets!

A. B. G.

### A CARD.

Since our last on this subject, given but a few weeks since, myself and family have been blessed with tokens of friendship and goodwill from others. We would particularly notice, and publicly thank the Lee Sewing Society, connected with the Universalist Society of Anns-ville and Lee, for the present of a beautiful and excellent bed-quilt—a very grateful and acceptable token of their remembrance of my humble labors with them before and since the organization of the Universalist society in those towns, a few years ago. The gift is the more gladly received because we feel assured that it will not lessen their liberality to our beloved bachelor Brother, their present faithful pastor, under whose ministration they are prospering finely—and, perhaps—who knows?—it may lead Br. Quaal into a state of "double blessedness," when, doubtless similar tokens of goodwill will be his also!

A. B. GROSH.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN GREAT BRITAIN.—Br. Sadler—I have since learned that my information. (that Great Britain had abolished capital punishment *in toto*.) was not correct. Some modifications were undoubtedly made in the law, but what, precisely, it is very difficult to learn from the debates in parliament as reported in the London papers. Either I am not well enough acquainted with the meaning of English words and sentences, or the Reporter of those debates, or the noble lords, have made sad English of it—for even Englishmen here understood it as I did; and do not pretend *now*, to know precisely what it does mean.

A. B. G.

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.—Universalists, and liberal Christians generally, must expect attempts to be made by our bigotted and exclusive brethren, to drive them entirely from the ground. This will be done, if possible, by absorbing the Washingtonian movement, so perfectly free from sectarianism either in politics or religion, into the Old Temperance organization. Every effort will be made to induce Washingtonian societies to send delegates, and lend aid, and pay tribute money, and acknowledge fealty to the American Temperance Union, or to some of its State or County auxiliaries—



or, at least, to mingle in its County Conventions. If thus absorbed into those old sectarian concerns, then liberal Christians must submit to their religious dogmas, and sectarian and political measures of course. But if they can not succeed in swallowing up the Washingtonians, they will try to "divide, and conquer" by that division. To divide the Washingtonians, they will endeavor to seduce them from their principles—one at a time—to allow a little sectarian talk in their meetings; or to get their female societies to distribute tracts or mix up moral reform or Sunday schools with temperance; or to get a denunciatory resolution, or a resolution on voting at the polls passed in our male societies—any thing so as to violate the Washingtonian principles, and get the power into the hands of the old sectarian American Temperance Union again, and drive out those whom the old societies deem heretics and infidels. Look out!!!

A. B. G.

N. B. Is it not the duty of all liberal men to unite with the Washingtonians, and defend their cause from danger?

G.

IRON ENTERING THE SOUL.—So long as non-professors of religion are driven to insanity by modern revivals, the orthodox churches will employ such men as Knapp, Littlejohn and Fishpool to create excitements. But let the poisoned chalice be commended to their own lips, and the game will not be so amusing to them. We perceive that an aged and respectable member of the Baptist church in Salem, Mass., was driven to insanity by Knapp's preaching there, and has committed suicide. His pastor (Rev. Mr. Banvard) in preaching the funeral sermon, assured the mourners that the deceased (Mr. Wm. Nutting) was in heaven. Had it been a non-professor, probably the home-made text, "no self-murderer shall enter the kingdom of God" would have been impressively quoted.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.—We can not consistently devote any space to essays on this subject, either pro or con. We have not room for all we wish to publish that is in accordance with the already sufficiently varied subjects promised in our prospectus. Besides, the number of believers is so few, and the disbelief so strong as to require almost *ocular demonstration*, so that we feel it would be gratifying to but few of our readers, and useful to a still smaller number.

A. B. G.

Will such of our friends as do not wish to preserve the Magazine for binding, return No. 2, current (14th) volume, to us. Also, Post Masters who have the 1st and 2d Nos. of our paper lying in their offices which have been sent to subscribers who have since discontinued, please return the same to this office. Will our agents and patrons also have the kindness to inquire at their several Post Offices, and if any of the above Nos. are to be found, have them returned. We are getting short of No 2, especially.

Br. Tompkins—Can you send us six dozen of Br. A. C. Thomas' refutation of Miller's Theory? If so forward them immediately. Send bill.

Just received, at this Office, a quantity of the Gospel Harmonist, compiled by Br. T. Whittemore. Now is the time for our Universalist societies to supply their choirs with singing books. Price \$9.50 per dozen, and \$1.00 per single copy. Cash orders promptly attended to.

Mr. Ezekiel Spencer is our agent at Mohawk, Herkimer county, N. Y.

## RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. D. SKINNER will preach at Syracuse on the second Sunday inst., and Br. P. HATHAWAY will supply his place at German Flats on that day.

There will be preaching on the second Sunday inst., by Br. J. D. HICKS at Little Falls.

There will be preaching on the first Sunday in March, by Br. H. GREEN in the new school house, near Br. Snow's in Willet.

A Conference of the Allegany Association will be held at Cold Creek, on the second Saturday and Sunday (11th and 12th) of February—present month. Ministering brethren and others will please attend.

I. B. SHARP,  
G. S. GOWDY.

Conference.—The Madison County Quarterly Conference of Universalists will meet in Knoxville, (Stockbridge,) on the second Wednesday (8th) of February, and continue two days. Ministering brethren and friends are respectfully invited to attend. May we have a full and interesting meeting.

W. J. GOSS, Stand. Clerk.

The third quarterly Conference of the St. Lawrence Association will be held at Malone on the 2d Wednesday and Thursday in February. Let the friends all be there.

W. H. WAGGONER, Standing Clerk.

Canton, January 20th, 1843.

## MARRIAGES.

In Cicero, January 12th, by Rev. N. Brown, Mr. WM. SHUTES, of Bridgeport, to Miss NANCY FOSTER, daughter of Rev. James Foster, of the former place.

In Wayne, October 27th, 1842, by Rev. J. Gage, 2d, JOSEPH WARREN PERKY, of Volinia, to Miss MAHALA BALL, of Wayne, both of Cass county, Michigan.

In Minden, June 20th, 1842, by Rev. A. C. Barry, Mr. ISAAC ZOLLER, to Miss MARY ANN HALL.—In Fort Plain, July, Mr.—GIBSON, of Oxford, to Miss SARAH ELDRIDGE, of Sharon.—August 25th, Mr. EDWARD DEIFENDORF, to Miss LAVINA MOYER.—September 1st, Mr. WM. ADAMS, to Miss JANE FOX.—In Fort Plain, October 13th, Mr. ABRAHAM Y. QUACKENBOSH, to Miss MARIA QUACKENBOSH.—Oct. 27th, Mr. FRANCIS CLUTE, to Miss MARY CATHARINE NILES.—Nov. 10th, in Cherry Valley, Mr. PETER A. NELLS, to Miss NANCY KELLER. Dec. 21st, in Fort Plain, Mr. EDMUND BUEL, to Miss RACHEL SLATER.—Jan. 5th, 1843, Mr. ELIJAH PEELER, to Miss HELEN WASHBURN.—Jan. 12th, in Canajoharie, Mr. ROBERT WELCH, to Miss CELIA S. PEAKE.

In Watertown, October 20th, by Rev. H. Boughton, Mr. LORENZO E. FINNEY, to Miss HANNAH HILDRETH.

Same place, Oct. 27th, by the same, Mr. JOHN H. AUSTIN, to Miss SUSAN O. DODGE.

Nov. 7th, by the same, Mr. CYRENUS H. WRIGHT, to Miss ELIZA L. MASSEY—and Mr. ALBERT B. ADAMS, to Miss LUCY S. MASSEY, all of Watertown.

In Rutland, November 14th, by the same, Mr. EDWIN C. WHITE, to Miss LAURA JANE WILSON.

In the Universalist church in Watertown, on the evening of December 24th, by the same, Mr. LORENZO D. TABLE, of Adams, to Miss ELIZABETH L. BENT, of the former place.

In Watertown, December 28th, by the same, Mr. LYMAN D. DOOLITTLE, to Miss MARY SAWTELL.

Same place, Jan. 1st, by the same, Mr. JOHN ROUNDS, of De Kalb, St. Lawrence county, to Miss JANE M. SNOW, of Watertown.

In the Universalist church, Watertown, on the evening of January 1st, by the same, Rev. G. S. ABBOTT, Pastor of the Universalist society in Dexter, to Miss ELOISE A. MILES, of the former place. Prayer by Br. P. Morse.

In Rodman, January 4th, by the same, Mr. EDWARD WATTS, of Watertown, to Miss SABRA R. WAIT, of Rodman. Prayer by Br. O. Wilcox.

In Leray, January 12th, by the same, Mr. FREDERICK L. JABAS, to Miss LOVINA ROSSE, both of Leray.

In Springfield, Bradford county, Pa., Oct. 9th, 1842, by Rev. T. L. Clark, JAMES BULLOCK, Esq., of Columbia, to Miss MARTHA BRACE, of Springfield.

## DEATHS.

In Wilna, January 1st, Mrs. MALVINA SARVRY,\* consort of Mr. Levi Sarvry, aged 26 years. Her corpse was kept till the next Saturday, six days, when her funeral was attended in the Methodist church, at the Natural Bridge, and a discourse delivered by the writer. H. BOUGHTON.

\*The name is doubtfully and yet differently written each time—we give that reading which appears to be most probably right. ED.

In Virgil, January 18th, of fever, Mrs. RACHEL GREEN, wife of Rev. Archelaus Green, aged 54 years and 9 months. Her illness endured seventeen days, during which she suffered much distress. Sermon by Rev. Mr. Hadley, Presbyterian.

In Willet, December 24th, an infant child of Br. J. Wil-

cox, aged 3 months and 15 days. Sermon by Br. H. Green.

In Litchfield, Herkimer county, January 18th, DAVID S. HULL, of this city, in the 34th year of his age. The deceased, for the last six months, was a student of medicine and surgery in the office of Dr. Hurlburt, in this city. His death was caused by malignant poison, communicated to the system by a slight prick of a needle, received while assisting in making a *post mortem* examination—so slight, indeed, that he was unconscious at the time, of having received any injury. He died the ninth day after the accident.—Com.

In Cuba, Dec. 30th, JOSEPH ADDISON SMITH, aged 22 years—son of Mr. Stephen Smith. He was beloved by all who knew him, and the attendance at his funeral showed that his circle of acquaintance was very large. He died calm and resigned to the will of God. His father has met with a great loss in his son's departure, as he had given up the greater part of his business to his son's charge; but he mourns not as those who have no hope; he believes that God reigns, and reigns in goodness and mercy. Sermon on January 1st, by I. B. SHARP.

In Canadea, January 18th, Capt. HENRY HERRICK, aged 76 years and 6 months. Br. Herrick was one of the oldest settlers in his town, and was, for many years, known as a consistent believer in the resuscitation of all things—for he lived the godlike sentiments he professed. Sermon on the 19th, by the writer. May God sustain the mourners.

I. B. SHARP.

## FIVE NEW WORKS

For Twelve and a half cents Monthly, or, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance.

The Publisher of the New World, having determined to exclude all continued stories in the regular weekly issue, announces his intention of giving the *whole series* of the new works—by their popular authors. Dickens, Lever, Ainsworth and Lover—in one Extra Number, immediately on the arrival of the English steamer, and continue to do the same each month hereafter—thus furnishing the latest productions of these authors in advance of every other establishment in this country, and at a price which will not fail to meet the public approval. The following are the Titles of the Novels, the first numbers of which appeared in London on the 1st of January, 1843, and will be re-issued in the Extra New World, in 24 hours after their receipt by the Steamer:—

*The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit. A Tale of English Life and Manners. By Charles Dickens, Author of 'American Notes,' 'Barnaby Rudge,' 'Nicholas Nickleby,' &c.*

*Tom Burke of 'Ours'; forming the second volume of 'Our Mess.' By Charles Lever, Esq. Author of 'Charles O'Malley,' 'Jack Hinton,' &c.*

*Mr. Lover's New Work, "L. S. D." or, Accounts of Irish Heirs. Furnished to the public, Monthly, by Sam'l Lover, Accountant for Irish Inheritance.*

*Windsor Castle, An Historical Romance. By W. H. Ainsworth. Author of the 'Miser's Daughter,' 'Guy Fawkes,' &c.*

*The Adventures of Arthur O'Leary, By Charles Lever, Esq. Author of 'Our Mess,' &c.*

As this edition will be issued in a beautiful octavo form, at one-fourth the cost of any other, we justly anticipate a very large sale. J. WINCHESTER, 30 Ann-st, N. Y.

## LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P M, Wolf Creek, [Mich] for J M B—P M, Yorkshire, for R T, A C jr, and M J D—P M, Columbus, [O] for H H K—P M, Towanda, [Pa] for B P—P M, Saginaw, [Mich] for H W P, Z R W and G D W—B B B, Alexander, for J H F, E K, N D and A H—P M, Clayton, for C K D and D J. The above should have been noticed two weeks ago. P M, Waddington, for W D B and A T M—T P A, Haverhill, [Mass] for self, D F, D P and J McC—P M, Oxford, for S H P, S B, A T, J H F, H W, J W, L E, and D B—P M, Bridgewater, [Vt] for J H M—P M, Lake Ridge, for I M, P F and E B—P M, Stamford, for A S and W C—P M, Burr Oak, [Mich] for J K—P M, Montroseville, [Pa] for G W—P M, Stockbridge, [Mich]—O A, Geneva, for H W D, J R, N R and T B—H G, Virgil—P M, Ashland, [O] for C & N P—P M, Mukwonago, [W T] for S P—P M, Sterlingville, for G P and S V R G—P M, Hanover, for L J—P M, Northville, [Mich] for S H—P M, Sheshequin, [Pa] for J O and B B—P M, Schenectady, for J F C—P M, Fowler, for S H jr—P M, Marshall, [Mich] for H J P, J B W, and A S—P M, Tuscarora, for C H—I B S, Hume, for P W—J R, Marietta—P M, Middleport, for D W and L S—P M, Cortland Village, for C P—P M, Stockholm,



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## A FAREWELL.

BY MISS CELIA M. TIBBITS.

Farewell!—ye are changed, the loved ones of yore,  
I meet your glance in my path no more—  
A cloud hangs darkly o'er each fair brow,  
And the loveliest eye beams coldly now.

We meet no more in the haunts of old,  
Where love's rich tones in the ear were told,  
By the rushing stream, where the forests lay,  
The voice of friendship has passed away.

We meet no more where the matin bell  
Sent forth its notes with a breeze-like swell,  
Where glad hearts echoed to each low tone  
By summer's breath to our casement blown.

Farewell!—I go to the greenwood shades,  
Where fountains glance in the forest glades,  
Where young leaves whisper a gentle breath  
Of love that knoweth no change but death.

I go where the summer breezes sigh,  
And whispered words in the wind sweep by,  
To hear the music of harp string flung  
From waving branches, their shades among.

I go—I go where the cataract's foam,  
Sends up its voice through the heaven's blue dome,  
Where dew-drops gleam in the lily's bell,  
Where dark leaves quiver, I go—farewell!

I go—they will breathe me a welcome there,  
In the balmy tones of the morning air;  
There's a look of welcome in each bright eye,  
That glanceth forth where the violets lie.

Cawasalone, December, 1842.

From the Quickerbocker for January.

## THE MAD FAMILY.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

"Surmises, guesses, misgivings, half-intuitions, semi-consciousness, partial illuminations, dim instincts, embryo conceptions."

CHARLES LAMB.

There are certain places, with which I used to be familiar in my younger days, whose appearance by sundry associations has become so fixed in my memory, that very often when I am in a thoughtful mood, they seem to rise up before me with all the vivid hues of reality. Some of these, such as the winding lanes through the green pastures, and the foot paths in the woods, are hallowed by reminiscences of silent, solitary walks, and those castle-building reveries in which youth so fondly loves to indulge; others, the noisy streams and game-abounding meadows, by recollections of many a victim, bird or fish, and many an hour of lonely transport which I enjoyed with my gun or rod, as inclination prompted; and there are others which are yet more endeared to me by the remembrance of the friends and friend-shared pleasures of by gone days. Of the latter description is the spot of which I am about to give a sketch, in connexion with a brief tale.

Mountain Pond is a quiet little sheet of water, snugly situated up among the woody hills which diversify the southwestern county of Connecticut; and so exceedingly retiring is its disposition, that although it is placed at least a quarter of a mile above the level of the sea, it is impossible to get a peep at it till you are on its very margin. It was originally surrounded by a thick forest of oak and hemlock trees; but these have been cut away on the north-eastern side; so that standing on a rock which reaches to the water's edge, nearly opposite this opening, you have a fine bird's-eye view of the neat white dwelling houses and rival churches of one of the neighboring villages. The pond is not more than two furlongs across, but its waters are very deep, clear, and cool, and in former days abounded in fish; but these have latterly become so scarce that old Isaac Walton himself would fail to get a nibble there. It was rare sport, some five or six years ago, to stray out to this place on the summer holidays, and fish and swim, and and pluck the richly-scented pond-lilies which grew along the margin, or to go over alone, on some moonlit August night, and sit upon the rock, and think there could be no spot in the wide world so lovely.

Why is it that the sight of beautiful scenery, especially when viewed in solitude, always makes us melancholy? I have stood on a lofty cliff and looked down upon the green fields with pleasant streams winding through them, upon the busy city sending its continual murmur up to heaven, and upon the glittering sunbeams; and I have walked along the sea beach at the still hour of midnight, and gazed out upon the waters as the bright rays of the moon glanced upon them, and listened to the autumn wind whistling through the dry branches of the trees, and the leaves rustling gloomily along the ground; and although all was glorious and beautiful, I have turned away with a saddened heart. And is it not so with all? Whence then comes this feeling? Do our thoughts at such moments recur to the past; to the friends that stood around us in childhood and youth, and who are now scattered abroad over the wide earth, or perchance mouldering in the grave? Do we sadden at the reflection that nature's landmarks are unchangeable; that years hence, when our own forms, these hands, these limbs, shall be but dust, other men will have filled our places—will be gazing on these self-same scenes, while we shall have passed away and been forgotten? Or when we behold the Almighty's handiwork, do our souls rise up within us, and long for wings to flee away to that place to which there is no admittance save through the gates of death? But I am wandering.

Mountain Pond, like a great many less worthy places, has its legend; a tale known only to a few, who are foolish enough to love to hear the wild stories which village gossips are so fond of relating. Some fifty-years ago, there dwelt in a neighboring village a family which from time immemorial had been subject to hereditary insanity. Few of that family had been known to die a natural death; the poison, the cord, the knife, or the pistol, had hastened the end of nearly all of them. No matter though the fatal malady delayed its approach till their brows were deeply furrowed by the hand of time, and their locks were turned to gray; it was almost sure to come at last. There was one of them who had been told, when young, that if he applied himself habitually to hard bodily labor, he would be secure; and he tried the scheme. Day after day, and year after year did he toil on, until his steps became feeble, and his hair white, and people began to think the sentence had been removed from him.

On his sixty-ninth birthday he rose from his couch a madman. They confined him to a small room, but he contrived to escape unseen by any one; and when his friends, having discovered his absence, made search for him, they found him in one of the out-buildings, with a mallet in his right hand, driving a chisel into his own throat, while the hot blood spouted out upon the floor! They sprang upon him and wrested the weapon from his hands; but it was too late; the old man died the next day. It is to another member of this family, however, that my story relates. The man who ended his days in the manner I have just related, left two sons heirs to his estate, and—to his madness. At the time of his father's death, one was in his twenty-third year, the other some four years younger. The former, like most people, was mainly intent upon amassing wealth for the future support of himself and his young bride. He was strong, active, and apparently reckless of the fearful curse which was hanging over him and his.

His brother was cast in a far different mould. Pale and thin, he pursued no fixed occupation, but spent the greater portion of his time in the perusal of such books as the village afforded, and in rambling about the woods and fields. The neighbors treated him kindly, for there was something in the wild glare of his keen, black eyes which told that the disease of his fathers was fast creeping upon him; and it was thought that he hastened its progress by continually brooding over his impending fate. It is a terrible thing for the young and gifted to know that ere long the light of reason must be extinguished within him; to feel that for him genius and learning can be of no avail; to go forth when the spring flowers are scenting the earth, and the songs of the merry birds are filling the air; when the sky is cloudless, and

all nature is bright with joy, to look abroad upon the face of nature, and while a feeling of gladness springs up in the breast, that God hath made his earth so beautiful, to remember that the blight is upon him, turning every blessing into a curse; to sit amid the howlings of the autumnal tempest, and reflect that life has no gay prospect in store for him; that to him the valley of the shadow of death is rendered yet more dark by the gloomy cloud of insanity; to think, till the hot blood runs madly through the veins, and to fancy that the doom is already begun! And such were the feelings of the younger brother. From his earliest boyhood, Mountain Pond had been one of his most favorite places of resort.—Thither he would repair, and seating himself upon the rock during the long summer days, pore over the pages of some favorite author, or gaze upon the quiet waters, and watch the fleeting images of the bright world which seemed to lie far down in their calm depths.

It was a warm day in August, that some boys who had been over to the pond to fish, returned home, and told some of the villagers that they had that forenoon seen young William B— standing on the rock, and acting in a strange, wild manner, such as they had never observed in him before; and that they had left off their sport earlier than usual, because they were afraid of him. It was not long of course before the story came to his brother, who immediately started in search of him. With an anxious heart he hastened across the fields and over the hills, for there was no direct road to the pond; and his pulse almost stood still, as he drew near the opening which would afford him a glimpse of the rock. An involuntary exclamation of joy burst from his lips as he beheld his brother sitting in his usual place; but it was a long circuitous path through the woods, and it was some time before he stood on the little elevation immediately behind him. The young man was sitting quietly on the rock close to the water's edge, his elbows upon his knees, and his chin resting upon both hands. His brother looked at him silently for a moment, but when he saw that he stirred not, and indeed seemed scarcely to breathe, he sprang down by his side and called him by name. In an instant the youth was on his feet glaring savagely at the intruder. At length, in a low voice, he spoke:

"Yes, you are one of us, and you'll be mad, even as I am?" His voice gradually arose to a perfect yell: "Do you remember the old man? the chisel? the blood?—And why shouldn't we die too?—here? now?"

He sprang at his brother's throat, and notwithstanding his superior strength, dragged him to the edge of the rock. And now came a fearful struggle for life and for death. The elder was a powerful man, but the might of madness was in the muscles of his adversary; and every moment the contest grew more doubtful, till at length the foot of the former slipped, and with an agonizing "O! God!" from the one, and a yell of triumph from the other, they fell headlong from the rock. There was another vain struggle, a few bubbling cries, and the waves closed over them forever! Some of the children who had given notice of the young man's strange conduct in the morning, had followed the elder brother, though at some distance behind, and arrived at the opening in time to see the whole of the sad affair. By them the story was quickly communicated to the villagers; but all efforts to recover the bodies proved fruitless.

The "Mad Family" is now extinct. Strangers have filled their places in the village, and on the ruins of their old mansion a new dwelling has arisen. Their lands have passed into the possession of others, and their story is almost forgotten. But Mountain Pond remains the same; and its calm waters sparkle in the rays of the sun, or reflect back the image of the pale, cold moon—they tell no tale of grief, of madness, or of death.

New Haven, Conn.

P.

THE MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE is published every Friday, at 41 Genesee street, by GROSCH & WALKER, at \$1.50 per annum, in advance, or within four months; \$2.00 if not paid within four months; and \$2.50 if not paid within the year.



# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."....."PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1843.

NO. 6.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### LETTER FROM DR. CLOWES.

Philadelphia, January 12th, 1843.

Br. Grosh—I have designed for several months to write to you, and so far as you please, to your readers, detailing my wanderings and disappointments since I left Clinton; but I have been hindered hitherto, not so much by the want of incidents, as by the want of agreeable incidents to communicate.

#### DISAPPOINTMENT I.

When I left Clinton last August, it was under the confident belief, communicated to many of my friends there, that I should enter forthwith upon the discharge of an agency informally offered to me in April last by an influential member (as I supposed,) of the Massachusetts Temperance Society. The offer was a "thousand dollars a year fixed salary, and the payment of my personal expenses, while travelling as a lecturer." To avoid disappointment, I wrote, about the beginning of July to the influential member aforesaid, inquiring if I might still consider the place as open to my acceptance, and stating further that unless I heard from him that the place was not open, I should present myself by the 12th of August to enter upon my agency. Not receiving an answer to this communication, and therefore confirmed in my too credulous belief of an immediate and profitable engagement, I hastened to Boston, and presented myself to my correspondent about the time appointed, and was asked by him, if I had not some days before received a letter in answer to mine? And when I answered no, he presented me with a circular of the Massachusetts Temperance Society, announcing in substance, their inability any longer to employ agents.

#### DISAPPOINTMENT II.

Grievously thwarted in my expectations which I had cherished for months, and under the influence of which I had given up my place in Clinton Liberal Institute, and determined to attend the great Temperance Convention which was to assemble at the close of August, at Portsmouth, N. H., of the Washingtonians of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Maine. I did attend that Convention, was much delighted with the proceedings, but in reply to my proposition to devote myself to the cause of Temperance as a Lecturer, I was answered, that I might if I were so disposed, go forth as a Lecturer, as many others had done: but it must be without any prospect of remuneration other than the voluntary contributions of the people wherever I might go; and it was discouragingly added, that in the present depressed state of the times, the contributions must be very small, and hardly sufficient to support the Lecturer himself, much less his family. To these two sufficiently disheartening objections to my plans, a third was appended by some of the Washingtonian Lecturers against my qualifications for the service; for it was significantly declared as a truth fully established, that none but a reformed drunkard—and the deeper in the ditch the candidate had been so much the better—was fit to be employed as an Apostle of Total Abstinence from intoxicating drinks. As I did not know how to answer the first objection, except by working a change in the pecuniary circumstances of the times which I could not hope to do; nor the second, except by infusing a spirit of generous, open handed liberality into the hearts of my audiences; which was equally out of my power; nor the third, without entering upon a drunken debauch of five or six months and then reforming, which to tell the plain

truth, was just as far beyond my wish, if not my physical ability, I confess I yielded up, though with considerable reluctance, a great portion of my Washingtonian spirit. And here I must say, that although I have lectured now, for above a year on my own hook, as it is classically termed, and have as a Lecturer travelled many hundred miles, and have proclaimed freedom from Alcohol in the states of New York, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey and Pennsylvania—in the places of worship of the Universalists, Unitarians, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists and Unionists, and in Court Rooms, Lyceums, Lecture Rooms, Schoolhouses, and in the open air, yet with two honorable exceptions, I have never received a cent of remuneration. Possibly it never occurred to those audiences, that Temperance lecturers need money to pay for stage fares, and for meals and necessary clothing. The two exceptions alluded to, (it would be ungrateful not to particularize) were in your neighborhood, at a lecture in the Schoolhouse near Br. Peck's in Westmoreland; and at the Presbyterian meetinghouse in Manchester. I ought also to acknowledge the kindness and hospitality of the Temperance friends in Portsmouth, N. H., and at Haverhill and Newburyport, Mass., at which three places, I was not permitted to incur expense at a public house. I should not fail to mention also that in some places, I have received a vote of thanks of the audiences assembled; and in two or three instances I have been kindly conveyed from my home and brought back in the private carriages of the friends of Temperance. In all other cases, I have paid my own stage fare, or wore my own shoe leather.

#### DISAPPOINTMENT III.

About the first of September, being then at Newburyport, I read an advertisement in a Philadelphia paper, stating that applications would be received until the 7th of September, for the place of Principal of the Philadelphia High School, and a salary of 1800 or 2000 dollars a year. In order to become a candidate for this place, I obtained a release from an engagement which brought me ten or twelve dollars a week, and hastened to Philadelphia in order to present my application to the controllers, on the last limited day; never dreaming that I should be too late. I presented my application to the Secretary of the Board of Controllers on the morning of September 7, just before the convening of the Board; and I then heard—I confess with surprise—that a committee of the Board had already named two candidates, one of which the Board would elect. Perhaps I am mistaken, but there does appear to me something exceedingly wrong in this business. A place of great responsibility is advertised—a high salary is held out—applications, it is stated, will be received until a certain day—a candidate at a distance depending on this advertisement, gives up existing and profitable engagements—comes at great expense several hundred miles—presents himself with his paper before the electors—and is then coolly told, that it is a pity he had not presented his application some weeks before; that a committee has already recommended two candidates to the Board, out of which the Board will select one! Who after this would depend upon an advertisement in a Philadelphia paper, for a Teacher of a School? I am obliged to confess that I have depended on such advertisements not once only, but twice, thrice and four times; and just so often have been deceived.

#### DISAPPOINTMENT IV.

On my arrival at Philadelphia, I saw an advertisement for a teacher to take charge of the Public School at Frankford, six miles North of Philadel-

phia, at a salary of \$750. Discouraged with my want of success in my former application, I forgot the day appointed for the examination of candidates, until I was kindly reminded of it by a friend. It was too late in the day to avail myself of the usual conveyance by stage; so I proceeded on foot to Frankford. Losing my road, by which my journey was lengthened two or three miles, I did not arrive at the place of examination, until some time after the meeting of the examiners and the commencement of the examination. Then, dispirited as I was, and almost wearied out, it was some time before I took courage to present myself to the examiners. On doing so however, the written questions proposed by Professor Baché were given to me, and with a considerable number of candidates—more than thirty I believe—I employed myself on that day and the next in writing out the solutions. At the conclusion of the examination, I presented such certificates as I had then in my possession in regard both to my qualifications and character. Several days after I was gratified with the information, that I and two others had received a certificate from the examiners, of "high qualifications in all the branches which were the subjects of examination." The following is a statement of the balloting subsequently held.

1st.	2d.	3d.
Clowes 5	Clowes 7	
Hoag 7	Hoag 7	Gunn 12
Gunn 3	Gunn 1	Hoag 3
—	—	—
15	15	15

#### DISAPPOINTMENT V.

At the same time that I saw the advertisement for Principal of the High School, I saw an advertisement for a Principal of the Public School at West Philadelphia. So the following week I proceeded to that place, and was again examined for three successive days in company with more than twenty candidates, for the office of Principal, at a salary of 700 dollars. The result was as before, that I, and I believe one other candidate, received a recommendation of high qualifications. From various causes, the election was postponed from about the 12th of September till about the 5th of October. During this period I was required to attend frequently upon the Directors. These delays were exceedingly harassing to me. I ventured on one occasion to hint that my duty required me to be in Rhode Island, but it was intimated that absence would be considered as abandoning my candidature. With an almost certainty of eventual appointment, I was put off from day to day, till at last on the first Wednesday of October, I was told that the election had been held, and I was not chosen. I was soothingly informed that after much serious consideration the Directors had concluded, that I had been accustomed to teach branches of Education so far superior to those required to be taught in their school, that it was doubted whether I would bring myself down to the level of the studies required in West Philadelphia—that I deserved a better place and higher salary than they had to give me—that such place and salary would soon present themselves for my acceptance in Philadelphia—and that had I been elected, they could not hope to retain my services for many months—under all these considerations they had elected another man.

#### DISAPPOINTMENT VI.

When I came to Philadelphia, I had an intention, if I did not succeed in obtaining the place of Principal of the High School, that I would visit Bristol, and make enquiry as to the practicability of resuscitating the college at that place. You will recollect, Br. Grosh, a conversation that I had with



you some months ago, in which I stated, that the only practicable method I saw of obtaining a college for our denomination, was to obtain some one of the institutions of the country which had failed in the hands of other denominations, because they have more seminaries of learning than they want or can sustain. It is in this way that the Methodists have acquired two or three colleges in this state, one in Connecticut, and probably others elsewhere; and they are thus building up the literary interests of their denomination. But this plan, long entertained by me and prominent in my mind when I came to Philadelphia, was completely defeated on the present occasion, for on the very next day (I believe) after my arrival in this city, I read a notice that the Bristol College would be opened by Captain Partridge as a Military School; and the military and the citizens of Philadelphia were invited a few days after to attend the opening of the School!

#### DISAPPOINTMENT VII.

I said above that my stay in Philadelphia during all the middle and latter part of September was necessary. I was thus prevented from attending to my duties as a delegate from the last New York State Convention of Universalists, to the General Convention of that denomination which was held at Providence, (R. I.) I was exceedingly anxious to attend that Convention, not only to fulfil an important trust, which had been confided to me, but that I might bring forward, and carry through, if practicable, some plan for the establishment of a College for our denomination. Brother Balch has several times conversed with me about a building at Providence, which cost originally eighty thousand dollars, which might, he thinks, be obtained at comparatively a small sum. I did hope that some means might be devised at the Convention for obtaining that building, or some other equally eligible, so that our denomination might at length have, what it exceedingly needs, one literary institution, capable of conferring a thorough education. But I was tied up in Philadelphia, during the session of the Convention, and all my schemes for a college proved abortive.

#### DISAPPOINTMENT VIII.

Finding myself no longer detained in Philadelphia—all the objects which had brought me there having proved abortive, I returned to the home of my father-in-law on Long Island, where I spent one or two weeks. About the end of October I went to New York to look for some means of employment in that city. And here also a favorable offer seemed to be made to me by the Directors of the Winchester School. As one room of the building occupied by that school was still vacant, the Directors very kindly granted me the use of it, upon the express condition however, that I should relinquish it, whenever they pleased. Depending on this offer, I published my advertisement of the commencement of my school, and had notice given in all our congregations in the city and in Brooklyn—hired a house for the residence of my family—purchased wood and had it sawed and piled away near the door of my recitation room—had a fire built on the morning of opening my school, November 1, I believe—took my place at my desk, and waited for my pupils:—when, the first person who entered, 10 minutes past 9, was the Chairman of the Committee who had granted me the use of that room as above mentioned. After some hesitation he told me that the pupils in the female department of the Winchester School were increasing so rapidly that the committee felt compelled to withdraw their consent to my longer occupation of their room. Of course, I had nothing to say but to leave the room, and proceed at once to get the house which I had hired for my family, off my hands as well as I could, and to remove my books and stationery from the school room to a friend's in the neighborhood. I left the load of wood which I had bought for my school, to pay the rent for one hour which I had occupied the room.

#### DISAPPOINTMENT IX.

Just about this time, I read in the Philadelphia United States Gazette, the following advertisement. "MALE TEACHER WANTED to take charge of one

of the Grammar Schools of the 1st Section, 1st School District, City of Philadelphia, at a salary of one thousand dollars per annum. Written applications addressed to James C. Donnell, Chairman of School Committee, No. 14 South Front Street, will be received until Thursday the 10th of November." I read this advertisement over, and over again; studied it for several hours to ascertain whether it was possible there could be any thing deceptive in it; and at length came to the conclusion that I would be once more a candidate for a school in Philadelphia. From the wording of this advertisement I concluded that there were several vacancies to be filled; and I thought that if by any legerdemain I should miss of one of these Grammar Schools I might be successful with another. So I forwarded as directed a letter to Mr. Donnell, containing testimonials of character and qualifications. Honestly supposing, whether correctly or incorrectly I can not say, that I had failed in my former attempts to obtain a school in Philadelphia, by exhibiting testimonials signed by Universalists, I carefully withheld them on this occasion, and did not intend even to officiate in Universalist pulpits. But Br. Cook with whom I was domiciled was taken sick, and I would not refuse to preach for him, and requests were made from other quarters, which it would not be proper to refuse; so I continued preaching until I thought it my duty to promise one of the Directors of the Public School that I would not preach if elected a Teacher, he assuring me that it was intended to be a rule of universal application, that none of the Teachers should be preachers.—As the whole history of my being a candidate, of my examination, of my election "to take charge of one of the Grammar schools in this city, at a salary of \$1000 per annum" on the 3d December, and of the attempt on the 8th day of that month to remove me from that office of Teacher thus conferred, without giving me notice of any charge made against me, or giving me an opportunity to make a defence; of my forcible ejection from the school room on the 6th inst.—as all these circumstances are narrated in "an appeal" which I have published, a copy of which I have transmitted to you, I shall pass on with a reference to the said publication for further particulars. As the city Directors elected me on the 3d of December to one of the Grammar Schools of Philadelphia, over which they have jurisdiction, as I have been forcibly ejected from that one to which I was first assigned, which act as it is publicly stated, the Directors afterwards sanctioned, though they have given me no notice of the same; I have given them notice that I will wait for them to assign me to another school. These events seem to have rendered it necessary that I should remain in Philadelphia. An attempt has been made to injure my reputation as a Christian Minister, as a Teacher and as a man, and I am not disposed to overlook the injury, until it is either repented of, or atoned for. The school authorities who appointed me a Teacher must either show legal cause for removing me, or they must pay me my salary; or those who have caused me this injury must pay me damages.

#### DISAPPOINTMENT X.

On Tuesday the 10th of December, I went to Holmesburg and submitted myself for examination as a candidate for the office of Principal of the Public School established in or near that place, at a salary of \$400 per annum. I believe I obtained a recommendation from Professor Bache of full qualifications, but in conversation with the Directors of that school, I told them that if elected I would only accept the office of Principal of their school until the City Directors should direct me to one of their schools. Whether my non-election there, is to be attributed to the slanders of some persons in Philadelphia, or to my being a Universalist, or to my saying I would not bind myself to stay with them a year, I can not say, although it may be necessary to ascertain the facts. I have not much expectation however of an election to any public school as long as it is maintained by some persons, that the Directors of any school may hold out any offers they please, and yet incur no responsibility; that they may appoint a Teacher to a school in one hour, at

a salary of 1000 dollars a year, and remove him the next hour, assigning a reason or not assigning a reason, just as they please; that acting as public officers they can incur no private risk, by ruining the reputation of an individual and destroying his ability to gain a livelihood by his honest exertions.

I trust Br. Grosh, that my disappointments are over. I have resolved until I find a place in one of the Public Schools (for which I will yet be a candidate,) to open a school on my own private responsibility. I have been however triumphantly and tauntingly told by some of the Directors who have done me so much injury, that no private Teacher can support himself against their monopoly. Trusting in God and good friends, I will see what can be done. I will, I think, represent the matter to the Legislature, and see whether in this land of civil and religious liberty, a citizen is to be trampled under foot, who honestly endeavors to serve the public interests and to gain an honest living.

I can not close this communication, long as it is, without expressing my heartfelt acknowledgements for the kind hospitalities of my friends Mrs. Henk who received me as a member of her family in August and September last; Brother Cook with whom I resided from November 10th to the 25th, and Brother Moore with whom I have since resided. Their liberality I can never forget. I do entertain a hope that I shall yet be enabled in part to repay their kindness. I am very truly your friend and brother,

T. CLOWES.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### ALMOST GONE.

BY REV. W. N. BARBER.

"As for me, I was almost gone; my steps had well nigh slipped!" So said the ancient king and bard of Israel, and I presume there are many in our world who can say the same. "As for me I was almost gone; I began to wander in the field of vice; I was young and inexperienced; I supposed there was the most enjoyment where there was the loudest laugh, where the flowing bowl went round, where the loudest oath was uttered, where the dissipated rabble held its midnight orgies and the reeking sons of Bacchus lolled in revelry. But thanks to heaven's king! When I had listened to these inducements till I travelled to the verge of ruin, my eyes were opened, and I saw myself standing on the edge of the precipice, and made my escape."

It is the delusive teaching of an unsound judgment, reader, that tells us that prosperity and enjoyment attend the wicked; yet how many are deceived in this way! How many there are who think the pathway of sin is one of flowers—that sunny vales, murmuring streams, refreshing shades and sparkling fountains are found in the fields of transgression; and that those who wander in these fields are infinitely more happy, as far as this life is concerned, than those who plod the stormy and cross-bearing path of righteousness and virtue.—Alas! how many have rendered existence a curse to themselves and all connected with them, by listening to the sophistry by which such a doctrine is supported.

This was the very error, reader, that once deluded the Psalmist. In the 73d Psalm he tells how he once reasoned relative to the wicked: "For there are no bands in their death: but their strength is firm. They are not in trouble as other men: neither are they plagued like other men. Therefore pride compasseth them about as a chain; violence covereth them as a garment. Their eyes stand out with fatness: they have more than heart could wish. They are corrupt and speak wickedly concerning oppression: they speak loftily. They set their mouth against the heavens and their tongue walketh through the earth....Behold these are the ungodly who prosper in the world; they increase in riches, verily I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands [in vain] in innocency." Thus the king of Israel reasoned and squared his course in life accordingly. Thinking, as he did, that the wicked are prosperous in this world more than the virtuous, he went on in the way of sin till



he was "almost gone and his feet had well nigh slipped;" and I opine he would have pursued his unwise course till he was gone *entirely* and lost to this world forever, had he not happened to have gone into the sanctuary of God. But he went into the sanctuary, and heard a preacher there proclaim the truth. His eyes were opened; he discovered his mistake. There he learned the "end" of the wicked. "Surely," says he, "thou (Jehovah) didst set them in slippery places; thou castedst them down to destruction. How are they brought in desolation in a moment! they are utterly consumed with terrors. As a dream when one awaketh, so, O, Lord, when thou awakest, thou shalt despise their image."

Let me warn thee, reader, not to get entrapped in the delusive doctrine that wickedness is happiness; it is as false as perjury! Once entrapped, you may not open your eyes to your fearful situation till you are gone *entirely*.

Guilford Centre, Vt.

### ELDER KNAPP'S PRETENSIONS PROVED FALSE.

For a long time Elder Knapp has at least hinted and insinuated, if not openly bragged, and his friends and admirers have publicly proclaimed, that he was the *originator* of the celebrated and glorious Washingtonian temperance Reform which commenced in Baltimore, in April, 1840. Satisfied by various circumstances, and especially by a knowledge of this braggadocio's character, that this boast was a falsehood, we publicly contradicted the statement about a year ago. We felt indignant then, as we frequently have since, at the attempts made by the old temperance societies and Elder Knapp, and their friends, to rob the "immortal six" of their well deserved honors. But the false brags still went the rounds, until lately, Br. James Shrigley, Pastor of the Calvert street Universalist Society in Baltimore, addressed a note of inquiry to him who was "Bill Mitchell, the taylor," before the Reform was commenced—"William K. Mitchell, President of the Washington Society," when the first six names were signed to its Constitution and pledge—but is now "William K. Mitchell, Esquire, President of the Baltimore Washington Society." (May God forever bless this glorious reform, for its *leading-up* principles and tendencies!) He promptly answered as follows, sending a certificate, (which is also given below,) signed by the five earthly survivors of the "immortal six"—George Steers, one of their number, having departed from earthly labors for his heavenly rest. Thus is the depreciating, unjust and false *brag* of Elder Knapp and his friends, nailed to the counter. Will they now hold their peace; or will they continue shamelessly to circulate it? Time will show.—Will the old Temperance Society, also rebuked by this Certificate, now have honor and honesty enough to cease their declarations, that one of their lecturers caused the Washingtonian movement?—that it was the result of their labors?—"We will see what we shall see." A. B. G.

Baltimore, January 11th, 1843.

DEAR SIR:—I have received yours of the 9th inst., and take great pleasure in communicating to you the information you desire, of which the accompanying certificate and book will I hope be conclusive and satisfactory.

I have received several communications on the subject from individuals with whom I had no personal acquaintance, and of whose responsibility I had no knowledge. But the request, coming from a gentleman so well known and so highly esteemed, is one which affords us much pleasure to satisfy.

Very respectfully your ob't. servant,

W. K. MITCHELL.

To Rev. J. Shrigley, Baltimore.

#### CERTIFICATE.

"Baltimore, January 11, 1843.

"We, the undersigned, survivors of the original six founders of the Washington Temperance Society, certify, that Elder Jacob Knapp had no agency in the formation of the Washington Temperance Society, and that its formation can not with truth

or justice be attributed in any manner to his influence or exertions, directly or indirectly. The act was spontaneous among ourselves, without the agency of any known human influence, and we can ascribe it only to the manifestation of the beneficence of the Divine Author of all good.

"The origin, history and characteristics of the Society are truly and fully explained in a book published by John Zoy, a member of the Society, and entitled, 'The Foundation, Progress, and Principles of the Washington Temperance Society of Baltimore, and the influence it has had on the Temperance movements in the United States.'

Signed,

W. K. MITCHELL,  
JAMES MACCURELY,  
DAVID ANDERSON,  
ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL,  
JOHN F. HOF'S."

### SECULAR NEWS.

THE MILLER TABERNACLE.—The work on this building has been resumed. We understand that it is to be insured against loss by fire.—Boston Times.

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.—The National Intelligencer expresses the hope that there is no just ground for the new complaint on the part of the Government of Mexico against the United States, alluded to in the following paragraph from the New Orleans Tropic of January 17:

"We learn from letters which appear in late Mexican papers, that the recent proceedings of Commodore Jones at Monterey are not the only grounds of complaint the Mexican Government have against this country. *El Siglo Diez y Nueve* publishes three letters from the new Governor of California, stating the particulars of what he terms an outrage on his Government at the port of San Diego. From the statement given, it appears that during the month of November a party of men entered that port and spiked eight cannon belonging to the fortification. The officers of the brig Alert, bearing the U. S. flag, are charged with the perpetration of this offence, as she was seen off the port some days before, and several boats filled with men were seen passing between the vessel and the shore about the time of the alleged offence." In his own peculiar style, the Governor invokes the action of the Supreme Government in the business.

REVOLUTIONARY RELIC.—A couple of boys on Monday afternoon picked up in Black Cove a bomb shell, which was undoubtedly thrown from one of the British ships in the bombardment of Falmouth, in October, 1775. It is about twelve inches in diameter, and now weighs something like one hundred and fifty pounds.—Portland Adv.

IMMIGRATION.—The number of emigrants who arrived in Canada from foreign countries, during the year 1842, was 44,474, viz: steerage passengers from Ireland 25,470, from England 11,892, from Scotland 5,874, lower ports 524, cabin passengers 614. The number at New York, during the same period, was 74,949.—Total, in Canada and New York, in one year, 119,323. During fourteen years, ending with 1842 inclusive, there arrived in Canada:

From England,	85,965	emigrants
" Ireland,	228,335	"
" Scotland,	47,300	"
" Other countries,	4,761	"
Cabin passengers 1842,	614	"
Total,	366,675	

During the same period, at New York, 566,932, and at other American ports enough to swell the aggregate number of emigrants to the United States and Canada, in fourteen years, to at least a million; being at the average rate of over 70,000 per annum, of which, to the United States, about 50,000 per annum.

A preacher of the Millerite doctrine in Sherbrook, N. B., named Swazy, has been fined £5.10s. for committing an assault and battery upon one of his congregation. It appears that "Swazy" was in the practice, during the meeting time, of "struggling" and pretending to have visions while kicking about upon the floor.

One of his congregation happened to catch hold of the Reverend gentleman's leg as he was gyrating upon the floor, received for his pains a kick, which knocked him up against a bench in such a fair position for the repetition of the attack, that before he was rescued, he was nearly kicked to death, the preacher pegging away at him with most determined perseverance. The preacher said that he could not help it, but the beaten man chose to consider it as an assault, and so brought suit, and recovered damages.

The New York Tribune states, that the Judge Advocate, on the trial of Commander Mackenzie will be assisted by Mr. Benjamin F. Butler, and Charles O'Connor, Esqs., who have been retained for this purpose by the Hon. John C. Spencer, Secretary of War.

Neatly engraved three dollar bills, purporting to be issued by the "Rochester Canal Bank," have been set afloat at Rochester, N. Y. There never was such an institution.

There arrived at St. Louis, on the 8th and 9th inst., 1417 passengers, principally English and German.

Philip B. Winstone, Jr., a citizen of Louisa county Va., was recently killed by a fall from an unruly horse.

### NEW WORLD PUBLICATIONS.

*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.* The Publisher of the New World announces that he has commenced the Republication of this most celebrated of the Magazines, at a price which will insure it a very large circulation. "Blackwood" has long stood at the head of the Periodical Literature of the world, and it continues to maintain that distinction without a rival. Professor Wilson, its editor, ("Old Christopher North") is unrivalled as a prose writer and a poet, and his contributors are among the first living authors of Great Britain. It will be published in a Double Extra New World.

*Terms.*—This reprint commences with the January number, and will be sent to single subscribers for Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance. Three copies for Five Dollars—five copies for Eight Dollars—Ten copies for Fifteen Dollars. Single copies 18 3/4 cents.

Any Postmaster, or other person, who will obtain 10 subscribers, and remit \$15 therefor, shall have an extra copy gratis. Subject to newspaper postage only.

Just Published, *Bianca Capello*; an Historical Tale, by Lady Lytton Bulwer, author of "Chevely," &c. The above work has been issued in a Treble Extra Octavo Number of the New World, at 18 cents a copy, six copies for \$1.00, \$12 per hundred.

The Life and Exploits of His Grace, the Duke of Wellington, embracing, at one view, the whole military career of this illustrious warrior, including a complete history of the Peninsular War, with all the spirit-stirring incidents and anecdotes of that memorable contest. With over forty hand, some Engravings. Price 25 cents single copies; Five copies for \$1; Eleven copies for \$2; &c.

In Press, *Lights and Shadows of Factory Life*, by a Factory Girl. This is an original production, of great beauty and merit, written by a girl employed in one of the New England Manufactories for five years, and evinces a talent which would not dishonor the most eminent authoress of this country. The stories are beautifully told, and give a picture of life in the Manufactories which will be new to many, and at the same time full of stirring incidents, wrought out with great effect. Price 12 cents single copy—10 for \$1—or \$8 per hundred.

*Francis of Valois, or the Curse of St. Villian*, a Tale of the Middle Ages. By Edmund Flagg, Esq., author of "Mary Tudor," "The Brigand," &c. Of the above work, written for the New World, we need only say that it is one of the best productions of its well-known and popular author. The time is the 16th century, and the scenes and incidents of the Tale are of thrilling interest. Single copies 13 cents—Ten copies for \$1, or \$8 a hundred.

*Meteorology*; comprising a description of the atmosphere and its phenomena, the laws of climate in general, and especially the climatic features peculiar to the region of the United States—with some remarks upon the climate of the Ancient World, as based on fossil Geology. By Samuel Forry, M. D., author of "The Climate of the United States and its Endemic Influences." Written expressly for the New World, and will be published in a double octavo No. early in March, at 25 cents a single copy—5 copies for \$1 or \$16 per hundred.

For either, or all of the above works, address "J. Winchester, Publisher of the New World, 30 Ann street, N. Y.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

BY MISS CELIA M. TIBBITS.

I come to thee, O sleep, with all my woes,  
With the deep sorrows of a troubled breast,  
From the loud tumult of the busy world,  
I come for rest.

Take me, O take me from this life's dull cares,  
And from the darkness of its storm-clad sky;  
From the corroding of the spirit's grief,  
The untold anguish of its wo-fraught sigh.

Take my o'er wearied spirit from its load,  
Once more to revel in thy dreamy land,  
Where the bright waters of oblivion's wave  
Break with low music on the coral strand:

Thou that canst lock affliction's hidden spring;  
That lies concealed within the heart's deep cell,  
Bring back old melodies, the loved of yore,  
My youth's bright fancies in my dreams to dwell.

Bring back to me the dear old cottage home,  
That lay embosomed in the orchard shade,  
With the low music of the silvery stream,  
That slowly wandered through the flowery glade.

Bring the glad bird-notes, which the joyous spring  
Sent warbling forth from that old poplar's height,  
The rose tinged blossoms, which the apple boughs  
Shed scattering o'er me, like a shower of light—

The moss grown rock beneath the quivering shade,  
With some loved volume of the tales of yore,  
The bright clouds sailing o'er the twilight sky,  
O let me live in dreams those bright hours o'er.

And yet not such—for oh the waking hour,  
Would bring a sadness more profoundly deep;  
Call them not back, bright memories of the past,  
Rather above them let oblivion sleep,

Nor yet the loved ones of my happier days,  
With the deep meaning of their soul-lit eyes,  
Those upon whom my first, last love was poured—  
Oh, in my dreamings, let not them arise.

But bring to me my home—that better land  
Where the worn pilgrim rests his wearied soul;  
Bid the full chorus of the heavenly choir,  
O'er the wild tumult of my being roll.

O let me gaze upon its cloudless sky!  
And lave my spirit in the stream of life,  
That I may gather from its brightness, strength  
To bear me onward through the varying strife.

Cowsalonne, January, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## WHY IS IT?

BY REV. S. GOFF.

Why is it that Universalists are so backward about coming forward and engaging in the exercises of social conference meetings? Why are they so unwilling to speak in *public* of the great goodness of God in the gift of his Son for our redemption; of the joys of faith in the "exceeding great and precious promises" of the Gospel; of the preciousness of the "hope which is as an anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast;" and of our duty to "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour by well ordered lives?" And why is it that so few are willing to unite in prayer to the throne of grace for the outpouring of his spirit; for the upbuilding of the Redeemer's kingdom in the earth; and in praise and thanksgiving to God for the abundance of his mercies; and "for the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness toward us through Christ Jesus?" Why, I ask, are these things so? It is a fact that there are many persons among us, who are well instructed in the doctrinal truths of our faith; who acknowledge the claims it has upon us, to "live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world;" and who, when they meet a neighbor, or in the social circle, can talk *understandingly*, and *feelingly* too, upon the subject of religion; and yet, who, when they go to the social meeting, where the object is to instruct, exhort, and encourage each other, are as *silent as the grave*. Not a word escapes their lips. They come, and go away, and no one knows whether they have any interest, or any feel-

ing upon the subject or not. This is truth, solemn truth, and we can not deny it. But why is it so? Have we no *real* interest, no *real* feeling? Is our religion mere *theory*? and are all our professions of love and regard for the truth mere *pretension*? If this is not so—and I hope it is not—why, we repeat, are so many so unwilling to engage in the exercises of social worship? Will some of our *silent* worshippers *speak out*, if it be but for *once*, and answer? We can not dismiss this subject without reminding our brethren of what the Saviour said to his disciples. "Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and trodden under foot of men;" and also, asking them to meditate upon the sentiment of the poet:

"Am I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb,  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name?"

Bristol, November, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## DEATH.

BY MRS. S. ELIZA GIBSON.

*Death!* What chilling associations, what gloomy thoughts, what undefinable emotions, are awakened at the mention of this one word! Who that has stood by the bedside of the suffering, and seen the last dying gasp of one who was once active and buoyant, now cold and lifeless in death—has never felt that Death was indeed the king of terrors? Who that has wandered in the silent enclosure which marks the congregation of the dead—has never felt how stern was the mandate which will admit of no reprieve to neither high nor low, rich or poor? Who that has stood by the open grave and seen the coffin of a loved one slowly lowered into its last narrow resting place—has never had the questions rise unvoluntarily in the mind—O God! and *must* I, too, die? Must this heart which now thrills with emotions I can not express, ere long throbb its last pulsation? Must this frame, through which the life-blood now flows so quickly; ere many years at most, be consigned to that breathless house as food for gnawing worms? *Must* such, then, be my certain doom?

Who, we ask, that has seen these things—that has learned what death is—has never had the soul swell with these chilling emotions? There is none—not one! In every heart

"There is a sacred dread of death  
Inwoven with the strings of life;"

and talk as much, and as cheerfully as we may of that time, when we shall be freed from our toils and sorrows—when pains and vexations shall no more oppress, and even of our willingness to lay down life as a heavy burden—it does and ever will

"chill our very souls to think  
On that dread hour when life shall end."

But is this all! Is this then the mournful doom of humanity—to sink into the grave and live no more forever? Beams there not even one gladdening ray from beyond, to light our pathway to the tomb? O ye who believe in the testimony of "men who slept"—sad, sad indeed must be your musings, and dreary beyond compare, your thoughts of that "last bitter hour!" We who were placed upon this earth, with every thing that is calculated to render life pleasing, must merely taste the pleasures of existence for a few short fleeting years, and be again hurried back into eternal nonentity! These souls, formed with such longings after immortality, must have their ardent aspirations thrust back upon them, and sleep in annihilation! These minds, so widely capacitated for improvement, must have their founts of knowledge stayed forever! These harpstrings of affection, attuned by God's own perfect hand, must be sundered to be never again reunited! O say not, think not thus! Contend no longer against convictions which must inevitably dawn upon your minds if you but "search the Scriptures" and read understandingly in the volume of Nature which is open before you! There is a

God of *infinite* goodness, and such *can not* be our doom!

But is there not something to do that we may meet, with courage, this last enemy—are there not preparations to be made for death? We know that it has been said of those who have no fears of an endless world of unmitigated woe beyond the tomb—that they think it unnecessary to prepare for death. But is this so? We know, too, that there are those who say that they believe in no world of deeper woe than this—who live as though they thought, that dread moment when they should lay down life would never come—as though man were not their brother-man, and who leave the widow and orphan in their afflictions—but they are those who look upon heaven as an escapement from that dread abode, rather than as a happy home, where all shall meet in purity and equality—they are those who have never caught but a glimmering from the light of our glorious faith.

Yes, there is a preparation to be made; but will this consist in binding closely to our hearts a faith, which when we lie us down on that last bed will fill our hearts with dark suspicions of the character of the great Invisible, and with gloomy doubts and foreboding fears of our own sure calling—which will teach us that the parting with friends, kindred, and loved ones, may be an eternal one, and that the ties of sympathy and affection will never again be reunited? O say! will a faith which can but awaken such reflections, be calculated to inspire a calm resignation or a heavenly peace? Ah, no—and such is not a preparation for *death*. For this, rather seek for evidences which are so abundantly found both in Nature and Revelation, that shall establish perfection in the attributes of Him whose name is *love*—build thy faith on this immovable basis—strive, as he has required of thee "to deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before God"—then when called by the pale Messenger, thou canst look back without remorse, and in confidence yield thy spirit into the hands of Him who gave it! Yes,

"So live, that when thy summons come to join  
The innumerable caravan, that moves  
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Monroeton, Pa.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## DEDICATION AND CONFERENCE AT SMITHVILLE.

On Wednesday and Thursday, 25th and 26th ult., a Conference of the Chenango Association of Universalists was holden at Smithville Flats, and the new Universalist Meetinghouse, erected in that village during the past season, was solemnly dedicated to the worship of Almighty God. The dedicatory services were performed on Wednesday in the following order:

1. Voluntary by the Choir. 2. Reading of select Scriptures by Br. A. O. Warren. 3. Hymn. 4. Introductory prayer by Br. J. T. Goodrich. 5. Dedicatory hymn. 6. Sermon by Br. D. Skinner from Prov. ix: 1, 2. 7. Dedicatory prayer by the same. 8. Anthem. 9. Benediction.

In addition to the dedicatory services, those of the Conference were held during the two days.—Sermons were preached on Wednesday by Brs. J. T. Goodrich and A. O. Warren, and on Thursday by Brs. D. Skinner and W. M. DeLong. Notwithstanding the extreme inclemency of the weather and badness of the travelling, the congregation was large and very respectable. The house, especially on Wednesday, was much crowded, and a commendable zeal manifested by our brethren and friends in this place and the surrounding neighborhoods. The house is built of wood, 36 by 46 feet, with a vestibule and orchestra or small gallery in front, surmounted by a modest and well proportioned steeple, the whole finished in a plain but very neat and good style, and painted throughout.



It reflects credit on our denomination and much honor on the zeal and perseverance of the few choice spirits who went forward in the work, in despite of difficulties and obstacles arising from the pressure of the times and other causes, to the completion of this commodious house of worship. The society is neither large nor wealthy, and in these times were not able to complete their house without exceeding in their outlay the amount of available subscriptions; and are consequently in debt for the house about \$500. An effort was made the day after the dedication to raise this amount by subscription, and nearly half the sum was subscribed in a short time. And we can not but hope they will persevere in the effort, and that our friends, one and all, in the region, some of whom have as yet done little or nothing, will put to a helping hand, pay off the church debt at once, (which is always a deadly incubus to the prosperity of any society while it exists,) thus free the society from embarrassment, and enable them to take hold with renewed courage and zeal, employ a preacher, which they will then be enabled to do for one half the time, and thus go on prospering and to prosper. Our cause is onward in all this region; moderately prosperous in most places where the preached word is enjoyed, and highly so at Oxford where our worthy Br. Goodrich ministers constantly in word and doctrine. Its aspect through the country is altogether more encouraging than it has ever been before. May the great Head of the church continue to bless and prosper it now and evermore.

D. S.

## MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Rens. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barray.

UTICA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1843.

We hail Br. Bartlett again to our Editorial columns; and having given his hand a hearty shake, pass it over to the numerous readers who are waiting to grasp and shake it also.

A. B. G.

## THE PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY.

There can be no doubt that Christianity has been most powerfully influential in elevating nations and establishing peace and prosperity on the earth. Take the condition of the nations wherein Christianity now prevails, and compare it with the condition of the same nations or their ancestors before the Gospel was known to them; compare the refinement now with the barbarity then, and the institutions now with the lawlessness then, and say what but Christianity has placed enlightened nations where they are in the scale of true greatness.—From the rude barbarians of the North; the Franks, the Gauls, the Saxons, (or as Tacitus says they were all called, the *Getherman*, or German tribes,) to the establishment of these people in separate political powers, and thence to the speculative, inquiring, learning German, the refined and polite Frenchman, the aspiring ambitious Englishman, and the enterprising, venturesome, indefatigable American descendant, there is but the upward and onward progress of nations under the legitimate workings of Christianity. If this were to be struck out of existence, its disappearance from the knowledge of men, would be the signal for the rapid retrogression and decay of the best institutions which now characterize the enlightened nations of the earth.

But it is not alone externally that Christianity works. It operates upon individual mind and heart, giving light and increasing the thirst for knowledge, and imparting purer thoughts and holier motives. Where are the clannish robberies which used to so delight the minds of our ancestors? Where are the thousands of self-constituted and voluntary bandits, who once infested the hills and valleys of Europe? Not where Christianity now prevails; they have all retired before the advance of the doctrine of Christ. The mind can not tolerate them, where this doctrine is felt. The wholesale slaughter, the cruel barbarity of ancient times are not known in Christendom. And having dismissed—1

should say expelled—these, the mind is now bringing the light of truth to bear upon evils still existing, but which were formerly unseen, in the denser cloud of enormities. It is this increasing consciousness of right and wrong, which confirms me in the belief that Christianity is constantly making man better. In all our advances of mind and morals, the Gospel standard is still above us, and leading us on to victory over sin and death.—Refer me not to the hanging of heretics, and the drowning of witches, as though these were worse than former times amid anti-Christian people. They were a decided advance upon the morals of former times. For every heretic that was hung by pretending Christians, hundreds of wives were burned at the funeral pile. For every witch that was drowned, in modern days, twenty thousand victims fell a sacrifice to the inhuman sports of the gladiators of old.

Say not, then, that Christianity has not improved the minds and morals of man. Even now, the drowning of one witch, is more deeply execrated by those who feel Christianity's power, than the sacrifice of whole multitudes was, where the Gospel had not reached. By the power of divine truth, the old deluge of iniquity has been made to disappear; the human mind has been so elevated, and enlightened, that, in its deliverance from the excessive immorality of the past, it is now scanning and condemning acts and principles which then were not thought of as criminal. And so will the truth continue its triumphs, until the evils which it now exposes so glaringly, will be destroyed, and the practices which are now overlooked, or hid by the more serious evils, will then be dragged out to the condemning, conquering, purifying light of Christianity. This is the work of the Gospel of Christ, and the promise of the ultimate triumph over all sin. Its principles and power will be wafted in a thousand ways, to nations and people who have not learned of Jesus, and they too shall yield to the peaceful influences of Christianity, learn to know the Lord, and adore Him for His wonderful works.—Bless the Lord, O, my soul, for the evidences which thou seest that the kingdoms of this world are fast becoming the kingdom of our Lord and His Christ.

A. R. B.

## UNIVERSALIST PERIODICALS.

"*The Nazarene*, and Universalist Family Companion," is published every Saturday, by Gihon, Fairchild & Co., S. E. corner of Market and Seventh streets, Philadelphia, on a sheet of medium size, fine white paper, fair type, quarto form, at \$2.00 per annum, payable in advance. Revs. Asher Moore and J. H. Gihon, Editors. The second volume, (reduced size), of this excellent co-worker, commenced with the year, and thus far sustains well its reputation for usefulness.

"*The Gospel Messenger*," a folio paper, super-royal size, is published every Saturday, in Providence, R. I., at \$1.50 per annum in advance. Br. A. A. Davis, whose health prevents him from preaching, is the Proprietor, and is aided in editing it by Br. H. Bacon, Editor of the Ladies Repository, and Br. D. B. Harris, also a good writer. This paper is well conducted and well printed. The third volume, which commenced January 18th, is thus far an improvement on its predecessors. It is moderately anti-slavery in many of its articles. Br. A. A. Davis is much beloved by those who know him, and sympathy for his misfortune in being compelled to suspend preaching, has procured him the aid of many excellent correspondents, so that not only sympathy for the man, but the merits of the paper, should secure for it a good support.

"*The Better Covenant*" has also entered on a new volume—its second—with some improvements in its appearance, and some changes in its owners and editors. It is now wholly owned and edited by Br. S. Barnes, who will be aided by Br. Rounseville and others, as correspondents. It is published on a royal sheet, quarto form, every Thursday, at two dollars per annum, in advance. Address, St. Charles, Ill. It appears to be doing much good in that western region, if we may judge from the new societies, &c.; that are there springing up,

and the fact that it is *sustained* by the friends in that region.

"*The Primitive Expounder*" is the title of a new periodical which has just reached us. It is what we would call a Baptist-Universalist or Campbellite-Universalist paper—that is, it is devoted to inculcating, "faith in the Messiah—repentance toward God, and baptism (by immersion) for the remission of sins . . . as things necessary in order to enter the kingdom of Christ—which is righteousness and peace." In other doctrinal matters, it will be the same, we presume, as other Universalist papers. We regret to perceive this exclusive and narrow feature in it—the virtual disfellowship of all our brethren who have not been baptized by immersion into water—the denial of their possessing righteousness, peace and joy in a holy spirit, simply because they have not submitted to an ordinance which Paul was not sent to perform when he was made an apostle to the Gentiles, and in *ad mode*, too, which few deem of binding force at the present day, in order to enter the kingdom of God, which Paul preached to us Gentiles without it! How long this exclusion from the possession of "righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost" is to continue, this number does not inform us—whether the "necessary" condition is to be dispensed with in another world, or whether we must there, as here, be immersed in water before we can be saved, our brethren of the Primitive Expounder do not state. However, as they teach that *all will be saved*, finally, we presume they see a way clearly in which this "necessary" ceremony can be dispensed with, or performed on us, after we become or are raised immortalized spirits! With this exception, we can commend the Primitive Expounder to the patronage of our brethren of the Abrahamic faith. It is to be published every Thursday, in Ann Arbor, Mich., on a small sheet, octavo form, at one dollar per annum, invariably in advance. Brs. J. Billings and Wm. Chase, Editors and Proprietors—Brs. A. H. Curtis and C. P. West, Corresponding Editors—all good brethren, we believe, and some of them able workmen in the good cause, if they do not allow their zeal for what they call "the Primitive and Apostolic order of things in the Church" to run them into Campbellism with its non-essential ceremonies, to the injury of Universalism. As they make it a *cash* business, they will soon know whether they will be sustained, or not—or what the experiment will cost them.

"*Messenger of Glad Tidings*"—another new Universalist paper, but to take the place of the Southern Universalist, lately gone down in Georgia. The Messenger hails from Wetumpka, Alabama. It is a weekly, super-royal folio, published and edited by Br. S. J. McMorris, at three dollars per annum in advance. Br. P. Brownson, the Editor of the late So. Universalist, still remains in Columbus, Ga., and preaches in that vicinity.

A. B. G.

From the Gospel Banner of January 28th.

## PARTIALISM.

Br. Grosh—do you think that word "Partialist" a good one as a cognomen for those who are opposed to Universalism? If they are *Partialists*, are not we *Impartialists*? Let us have both words to correspond; adopt for either that which is the most correct, and apply its opposite to those of an opposite side. Partial is not the opposite of Universal; consequently Partialism is not the proper opposite of Universalism. At least so we think—are we right?

REPLY.—So says and inquires Br. Drew, who appears to have assumed, of late, the office of Corrector General of all the philosophical and philological errors of our periodicals; and to have engaged with such zeal in weeding out the gardens of his neighbors, that he not only suffers his own to go without weeding, but even pulls up some plants in others' gardens, which his neighbors deem a little *better* than weeds! He and Br. Cobb came near getting at loggerheads the other day, on this account—and Br. Whittemore complains that he has been misrepresented in the Banner—and one of Br. Drew's



correspondents is out on him in the Amulet for misrepresenting him, and refusing to correct it—and we notice in the very paper from which we copy the foregoing, several blunders, some of which we will correct, for fun's sake, in another place. And now, to answer the inquiries.

It is not always in the power of any denomination to choose its own name. The self-styled Christian denomination are called Christians (Christians)—the Disciples or Reformers, are called Campbellites—and even after centuries, the Friends are best known by the name of Quakers. Thus it is in many other instances, familiar to us all. Universalists are known by the name they seem to have quietly received and adopted as their own, and are, generally, so well satisfied with it, that I very much doubt whether Br. Drew and myself, even if we were to unite and concentrate all our splendid talents, profound learning and glowing zeal on the subject, could induce them to change it for that of Impartialist. Did not Br. Balch, the great Philologist, and bold Reformer of Orthography, make trial of it years ago, in his paper called "The Impartialist!"—and did he not fail?—how then can we succeed? I marvel, though, to behold Br. Drew take up with Br. Balch's "leavings!" Is he not opposed in toto to all Br. Balch's improvements?

Turn we then to the term, "Partialist." It is not used to denote that our opposers believe in a God who is partial; but to denote that, whereas we believe in the salvation of *all*, or a *universal* salvation, they believe that a *part only* will be saved, or in a *partial* salvation. In this sense, or thus explained, the term seems to us sufficiently appropriate and expressive. And as any other term we could select, might be as much misunderstood, and need therefore as much defining as this one, I do not feel inclined to take up any new term in its place. For by the time the new word had been used until it was familiar to our readers, Br. Drew might discover that it was not just what it ought to be, and would probably propose to us to adopt Br. Cobb's "leavings"—the very improvement Br. Drew now opposes—"endless miseries!" I go, therefore, for retaining the old terms, "Unitarian" and "Partialist;" and as the latter comes handiest to my German tongue and pen, I shall use it until a better one comes along. Having thus deliberately, seriously, and solemnly decided, I will now proceed to defend my chosen term against Br. Drew's charges, logic, and philological zeal.

1. The terms "Partialism" and "Partialist," have not reference, as Br. Drew's argument seems to suppose, to the temper or disposition of the believers, or of the God believed in—to the favor which the Deity, or any other being, regards mankind—but wholly to the proportion or number which shall be saved finally.—"Universalist" and "Universalism" have reference, not to the disposition of God, but to the extent of ultimate salvation; and the contrasted terms applied to our opposers must be construed in reference to the same object—the subject on which is made the contrast in our respective beliefs. "Impartialist" with its contrast, "Partialist," (the same word, I admit, but contrasted thus, bearing a widely different meaning,) might well denote that we were impartial in our affections and our opposers partial in theirs—or, that our views of God represented him as impartial in his disposition, while the views of our opposers represent him as partial—but they would not, of themselves, directly express our or their views in regard to the number, (whether none, some, or all,) that would finally be saved. But the words in question being contrasted with "universal salvation," do, at once, and directly, express this desired information.

2. Though I admit that the terms "general" and "partial" are the dissynonyms, or contrasted words—"opposites" as Br. Drew very unlearnedly terms them, instead of pursuing his usual course of coining words, (*vide* his coinages *autodox*, *conspite*, *trialogue*, etc.)—yet, as a universal salvation is not the opposite of a partial salvation, but of a universal damnation, we do not need a fully and decidedly opposite term to express the two parties in question. The terms "Partialist" and

"Universalist" express as wide a difference as actually exists in our several and respective views on that subject.

3. The present terms are now well understood by the intelligent portion of our opposers, and are therefore no longer offensive, as they were when they were misunderstood as Br. Drew, now appears to misunderstand them. (We tried to word this so as to avoid charging Br. Drew with *seeming* ignorance greater than that of some of our opposers—but these Dutch quills have such blunt points and stiff springs, that they will not travel around a plain truth at all—at all!) The only objection of our opposers to the old and now common terms, arose from conceiving them to be reproachful and disparaging nicknames. By "Unitarian" they supposed we charged them with limiting God's attributes, when they expressly asserted them to be infinite and unlimited. But having learned that we mean by it, merely, that they believe in the salvation of but a *limited* portion of mankind, in contrast to our belief in *universal* salvation, they are satisfied. So with the word "Partialist"—it only gave needless and injurious offence, by being misunderstood—construed to refer to their dispositions, or to the disposition they ascribed to God—both of which they declared to be as *impartial* as our own. But applied to the number to be saved, and their objections vanish. Now Br. Drew's proposition would renew and give all this needless offence again—bring on us the injurious reproach of calling our opposers nicknames, etc.—and thus would block up the way in which our cause must advance, with prejudices well founded, and therefore hard to remove. Some may say that the names proposed by Br. Drew would, nevertheless, be correctly applied. Candor demands that we never charge people with holding tenets which they disavow—and hard names, however deserved, seldom convince an opposer.

4. But Br. Drew may throw himself on this very misapprehension, once entertained by our opposers, as proof of the correctness of his philology. He must remember, however, that a jealous opposer is more apt at once to put a wrong meaning on a term applied to him than he is coolly to investigate the intent with which it was applied, and to ascertain its *true* meaning by calm reference to the word with which it is intended to form a contrast. And a jealous opposer, is, for this reason, a bad example for a learned Corrector General to follow. Besides, the very fact that the calm, reflective and candid portion of our opposers now acquiesce in the correctness of the term "Partialist" as a contrast with the term "Universalist" having reference to universal salvation, is still stronger proof in favor of the definition we have given to the words, and the propriety of their application—and is, besides, a good example, which, if Br. Drew will but follow it, will lead him out of his present philological error on this subject.

My Dutchship here rests the plea for the present—what says Br. Drew's Yankeeism in reply thereto?

A. B. G.

#### REV. T. CLOWES, LL. D.

I have long desired to express a few thoughts in relation to this brother, to the Universalist public, as I have often done privately to a number of individuals as I had opportunity; but have been prevented by delicacy and other circumstances. He is now distant from here, and out of employment under circumstances which may justify public remarks, and various calls made for his labors as an expositor and commentator seem to demand what I have to utter.

The call of Br. H. J. (Henry Jewel, it is presumed) in the Trumpet, of Br. Montgomery in our columns; a desire of many of our preachers and laymen, and undoubtedly of the readers of the Gospel Banner, to see a continuation of his "Doctrinal and Critical Essays" on the state of the dead, the duration of punishment, &c., &c.; and a desire expressed by several of our periodicals that he should examine Br. Balfour's views on the immortality of the soul, all show the estimation in which his learning and candor are held by us, and the

necessity we feel for being benefitted by getting their results into a tangible form before our denomination. Dr. Clowes has a large and valuable library, which he has studied for many years with the engrossing devotion of a zealous student. He has marked with innumerable references the ancient Greek authors in his possession, so as to be able to quote the passages they contain which will illustrate and prove the common use of the words and phrases on which turn the controversies between us and our opposers; and has carefully noted down in the originals of the Scriptures, every passage where such words and phrases also occur. In short, by long study and much labor he has collected and is collecting stores of materials for critical and doctrinal essays, which will be of very great value to the biblical student, but which may be lost to us, if not soon embodied into some regular form, as tables or essays, accessible to those who desire to avail themselves of the results of his labors. Though in the enjoyment of good health in general, and a constitution capable of enduring great labor, and not yet far advanced in years; yet Br. Clowes is not exempt from sudden and violent attacks of illness, and can not be expected to live a very great number of years. But it will require years for him to arrange and publish even what he has already marked out—years of considerable leisure to devote to that work alone. What, then, can be done, to secure to him a support, which will enable him to devote a considerable portion of time to this much needed labor?

I wish to impress this question on the minds of Universalists, so as to engage their feelings, and secure their efforts to answer it *practically*. What can we do, which shall secure to Dr. Clowes a reasonable support, and yet allow him sufficient leisure to apply himself to his books, free from embarrassments and other cares, so that he may, as early as possible, give us the results of his past and present labors?

Had I the means to spare, I could answer this question without proposing it thus publicly. However well qualified the Doctor may be to take charge of an Academy or College, or however much he may desire such a station, I believe it is not the best one to place him in for the interests of our denomination. He needs a station of less care, and affording more leisure—one whose duties will conflict less with the work in which we wish him to labor for the cause. Now he is separated from his library—his mind agitated by the unjust usage received from public men in Philadelphia, and exercised in contending thoughts on the best means of obtaining a situation in which he can earn a subsistence for himself and family. Consequently, all this time, as far as the interests of our denomination are concerned, is utterly thrown away. What can be done to terminate it, and engage him in pursuits more congenial to his mind and habits?

We once thought of a monthly publication, to be edited by him, devoted to his service for the great object in view. But, really, at the present time, we fear that sufficient support could not be obtained to pay the expense and yield him a good support beside—and without the latter, the whole plan would fail. Perhaps a small select school—or his services as a preacher, might not interfere too much with his main pursuits, and add a sufficiency to make out the desired support. We have preachers, and intelligent laymen enough, able to pay for such a periodical—but, we remember the Expositor, and ask, Will they do it?—Is the prospect sufficiently encouraging to warrant making a trial? Could a plan be devised for such a publication, to make it sufficiently attractive and popular, so as to secure a sufficient support—cash support—and yet leave room enough in it for the weighty, solid matter the Doctor should furnish?

Or, if this plan will not do—what can be done—what situation be procured, the support of which will be sufficient to secure the wished-for labors? We pass these considerations and questions to our editorial and ministering brethren generally, in the hope that they will agitate the subject, until an answer to our inquiries is obtained.

A. B. G.



## WEEDING GARDEN.

In reading our exchange papers we frequently meet with errors of statements, names, syntax and orthography, which for a moment give an unpleasant sensation, and induce a desire to correct them at once in our columns. But we remember, generally at least in time, that our own education has not qualified us so thoroughly as to enable us to escape the commission of similar errors in our sheet—and so, instead of weeding a neighbor's garden, we go to pulling up what we can recognize as weeds in our own. But the other day, reading that excellent sheet the Gospel Banner, and noticing how zealously its worthy Editor, Br. Drew, was engaged in correcting the faults of others, we thought to mark a few blemishes in his own sheet. The following are all we have found in that number of his paper. We have not noticed mere typographical errors, and have confined our examinations to the editorial items on the inside pages of the paper.

1. "Newspaporia!"—as the final syllable of newspaper is spelt with an e, we conclude that this new coinage of Br. Drew's means news-pap-oria, i. e. something relating to *pap* called "*news pap*"—probably the *paste* made by the Imp!

N. B.—The "new coined word" in this article *may* pass—but it *should* be "newly coined word."

2. "If he would find a girl whom he would magnetize to see lost money," &c. Undoubtedly the magnetizer did will (would) to find a girl whom he did will (would) to magnetize, &c.—and yet Br. Drew would (did will) not believe in it! He *meant*, "if he could find a girl, whom he could magnetize," &c.

3. "There might be two efficient societies established in that place." What place? He was writing of two villages called "Camden Harbor," and "Goose River!"

4. "He would be just the man no doubt; but if he would not go, we would nominate another." Having reference to future time in the *if*, it should be *will*, which "will" being granted, Br. D. then "would nominate another."

5. The article headed "Sad," is full of wrong statements. Rev. Caleb Bush is a Baptist, not a Presbyterian—"when he left," (says Br. Drew) "as many pious ladies followed him to the cars and sung farewell songs, as usually escort Knapp out of a place." Whew! what an imagination that Br. D. has got! No cars leave Monroeton, for there is no rail road there. The original account said not a word of ladies following Mr. Bush, or of singing farewell songs! Has Br. Drew been correcting the Nazarene's statement by *clairvoyance*? No account is given of Mr. Bush's daily and nightly foul crimes in Monroeton, in the Nazarene. The seduced female lived, not in Monroeton, Pa., but in Weedsport, N. Y. The officers of the law followed Mr. Bush, not to Danville (Dansville), N. Y.; but to Danville, Pa. If newspapers are the stuff out of which history is made, of what use would be a history made out of such exceedingly incorrect paragraphs as this, here noticed?

6. "The house was so much more than full," [has Br. Drew any Dutch or Irish blood in him?] "that the sexton had to fill the aisles with portable benches" [a smart man, that sexton, to put benches into a house after it was more than full!—probably his great grandfather was the inventor of the trick of putting a quart into a pint bottle!] "for the accommodation of the people," [poor accommodation, methinks, to put benches into a house more than full already!] "all of whom, after all," [that's right, Br. Drew; while your hand is in at Irishisms, keep it up!] "could not get in"—and no wonder!

7. "Three numbers more will complete the series"—meaning, of Dr. Clowes' Essays, which Br. Drew is copying from our paper into his. Statement not correct. The series is not completed in this paper yet.—Dr. C. has repeatedly announced his intention of continuing the Essays—lately, in the Nazarene, he has again stated so; and in a private letter to myself, says he will soon send us another number.

There, Br. Drew, we have criticised only three columns and a half of your paper—weeded three and a half beds of your garden—and I am sure you will con-

fess that you never *Drew* larger, ranker, rarer or droller weeds out of any body's garden you ever generously undertook to weed for them, whether they were willing or not. In view of this sample, would it not be well to attend a *little more* to your own, and a *little less* to other folks?—especially as those other folks appear so ungrateful for your kindness? "I ask only for information!"

A. B. G.

## FACTS.

It is a fact that "hard times" are felt *harder* by printers than almost any other class of people—because too many think a newspaper not so necessary to their families, as some article of *ornament* or *luxury* for themselves!

It is a fact that many people deem it greater dishonesty to neglect paying for useless or even injurious articles of luxury, than it is to neglect paying for a paper which has rendered more real and lasting benefit to their families than five times the amount of its cost.

It is a fact that we want more of our subscribers to pay promptly for our paper; and that we want more subscribers, also!—because labor goes easy when pay is sure—and easier still, when we know it is doing a great deal of good beside.

A. B. G.

Br. E. H. Chapin, of Charlestown, has been chosen by the Legislature of Mass. to deliver the next election sermon. Last year he was one of the chaplains to the Legislature of that State.

Br. J. F. Witherell, of Concord, N. H., proposes to publish a semi-monthly "Anti-Millerite Expositor," in pamphlet form, at \$1.00 for eight copies, for six months. It is put low, for cash, that it may be distributed where needed.

MORE NEW PREACHERS.—Hon. John Burnham, of Orland, Me., formerly a Baptist clergyman, has embraced Universalism, and commenced preaching it. He is a gentleman of great respectability and fine talents. C. F. R. Shehane, of Griffin, Georgia, a popular preacher among the Campbellites, and lately an Editor of a Campbellite paper in that section, has come out and embraced the doctrine of Universalism. He is a man of considerable learning and spotless reputation, says the "Messenger of Glad Tidings."

"THE MIDNIGHT CRY."—We acknowledge the reception of a double number of this Millerite paper, and think it well named. It is the cry of some poor mortals out of the deep, midnight darkness of old Orthodoxy, as the nightmare presses upon them its fear of the end of the world, and causes them to believe that all is light around them. They will awake one of these days, if they live long enough, and will find the hag that rode them, and the light that shone around them, and the fear that made them cry out in their deep darkness, to be altogether imaginary. We pray God that the discovery may tend to lead them into the clear, living light of God's own truth.

A. B. G.

Will such of our friends as do not wish to preserve the Magazine for binding, return No. 2, current (14th) volume, to us. Also, Post Masters who have the 1st and 2d Nos. of our paper lying in their offices which have been sent to subscribers who have since discontinued, please return the same to this office. Will our agents and patrons also have the kindness to inquire at their several Post Offices, and if any of the above Nos. are to be found, have them returned. We are getting short of No 2, especially.

Charles T. Curtis is an agent for the Magazine and Advocate at Stockbridge, Madison county, N. Y. Also Thomas White, at Northville, Wayne county, Mich., in place of S. Hungerford, resigned.

Just received, at this Office, a quantity of the Gospel Harmonist, compiled by Br. T. Whittemore. Now is the time for our Universalist societies to supply their choirs with singing books. Price \$9.50 per dozen, and

\$1.00 per single copy. Cash orders promptly attended to.

We refer our readers to the notices under the head of "New World Publications," in to-days paper—specially that of "Blackwood's Magazine."

## RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching on the fourth Sunday inst., by Br. SKINNER at Little Falls; and Br. GROSH in Frankfort.

Br. O. WILCOX will preach in Hammond, on Tuesday evening, 14th inst.; and at the Narrows on Black Lake, on Wednesday evening, 15th inst.—if there is sleighing.

There will be preaching on the first Sunday in March, by Br. H. GREEN in the new school house, near Br. Snow's in Willet.

Conferences.—A Universalist Conference will be held in Lockport, on the third Wednesday and Thursday (15th and 16th) of February—and another in Fairport, on the fourth Wednesday and Thursday (22d and 23d) of February inst.

\* \* \* The Luminary came to hand too late to copy the notice of the Conference held in Pavilion. A. B. G.

Conference.—The Second Quarterly Conference of the Cayuga Association of Universalists, will be held at Cortland village, on the third Wednesday and Thursday (15th and 16th) of February inst. All who are friendly to the cause of liberal Christianity, or desirous of gaining a knowledge of its principles, are earnestly solicited to attend, and may rest assured of a hearty welcome. Our ministering brethren in particular, we trust, will not fail of being present.

H. L. HAYWARD, } Com. on  
A. G. CLARK, } Conferences.

Homer, February 2d, 1843.

N. B. The Committee would also request, that if Conferences are wanted any where within the bounds of the Association during the year, seasonable notice should be sent to one of the members of the above committee, that it may be forwarded for publication in the Magazine and Advocate.

## MARRIAGES.

In Binghamton, January 6th, by Ev. W. M. Delong, Mr. CHARLES BUTTON, to Miss MARGARET FORSYTH, both of Chenango.

January 25th, by the same, Mr. LEVERETT JEFFERS, to Miss SOPHRONIA S. SCOTFIELD, both of Chenango.

In Pike, January 5th, by Rev. I. B. Sharp, Mr. ELIAS CANNADY, of Hume, to Miss CALISTA HOWARD, of Pike.

In Virgil, Cortland county, August 14th, 1842, by Rev. H. Green, Mr. JAMES McVEIN, to Miss LUCRETIA A. TROBRIDGE, all of Virgil.

Also, in same place, by the same, January 15th, 1843, Mr. JOSEPH RONABACHER, to Miss PAULINA PARKER.

In Livonia, October 23d, 1842, by Rev. O. Roberts, Mr. DANIEL BRIGGS, of Honeoye Falls, to Miss SARAH FELLOWS, of Livonia. Also, by the same, January 18th, 1843, Mr. ROBERT M. BRIGGS, to Miss MARY FELLOWS, of Livonia.

Also, by the same, in Lakeville, Nov. 30th, 1842, Mr. DELOS HEDGES, of Steuben county, to Miss SARAH NORTHROP, of Lima.

Also, by the same, in Livonia, Dec. 12th, Mr. GEORGE BROWN, of Genesee, to Miss SUSAN STONE, of Livonia.

Also, by the same, in Avon, Dec. 28th, Mr. HIRSH STANLEY, of Lima, to Miss LORINDA MARKHAM, of Avon.

In Frankfort, Sunday, Jan. 29th, by Rev. D. Skinner, Mr. LEONARD DEAN, to Miss MARY E. LEE, both of that village.

At Stone Castle, in Denmark, by Rev. O. Wilcox, on Sunday, Jan. 29th, at 12 o'clock, A. M., WM. H. BROWN, Attorney at Law, of Trenton, and P. AUGUSTA, daughter of J. Blodgett, of the former place.—Com.

## LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

J W B, Hartwick, for self, C S and J S P—P M, South Bainbridge, for J H V, G C and S G—P M, Albrights [N C] for D A—P M, Concord Centre, for O R—P M, Troy, [Mich] for L C—P M, Buel, for S C and B G—P M, Ellsworth, [O] for G F W and A F—P M, New Haven, [Vt] for T H—P M, St. Josephs, [Mich] for E M—P M, Louisville, [Ky] for R J S—L W, Springfield, [Vt] for self and F W—P M, Rouse Point, for J F, E D and E B W—P M, Watertown, for N W S—R B, Alden, for self and E P—P M, Phoenix, for A B S, J N and J W—P M, Ellsburg, for C C—P M, Richfield Springs, for self and J D—P P, Camillus, for V N—P M, Butternuts, for N S.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## EPITAPH.

*Written for a Mother and her Child.*

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

Pause, Stranger, by this grave, and drop a tear;  
A mother and her babe lies buried here;  
They faded in their early hours,  
As fades at morn two lovely flowers,—  
Passed in their brightness to the realm of shade,  
And side by side beneath this sod are laid.

## AN IRISH SERVANT.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

Mrs. L. was a lady in London, who, when she advertised for a housemaid, added the very unamiable, but by no means unfrequent, "P. S. No Irish need apply." Notwithstanding, a very decent, pretty, respectable-looking young Irish woman did present herself in the lady's drawing room as an applicant for the situation.

"I told you," said Mrs. L., "that no Irish need apply."

"It was on the paper, I know, ma'am," answered the girl; "but I thought if I had a good character, and could do my work well, that no lady would refuse me bread because of my country."

Mrs. L. was a young housekeeper, and she worded her advertisement by the advice of friends; persons who cherished a prejudice as if it were a perfection, and, forgetting altogether how frequently they have had idle, dirty, careless, and dishonest English servants, pour out the vial of their wrath upon the Irish, from whom they withhold the power of exhibiting their advantages by contrast. Fortunately for Kitty Gallagher, however, Mrs. L. was considerate as well as just. She looked into the poor girl's open and honest countenance as she stood with the flush of humble indignation on her cheek, inquired carefully into her character, and examined her three or four written discharges, which of course "went for nothing," but subsequently called on two persons who had known her; and the result was her engagement.

Mrs. L. was the wife of a highly respectable mercantile man; one of a class who, of all others, entertain great mistrust of the Irish people; their methodical, and business-like habits preventing them from making allowances for the volatility and heedlessness of their mercurial neighbors. Mrs. L. had consequently to encounter the "astonishment" of her acquaintances, and the warnings of her husband.

With every desire to do right, and habits that were tolerably clean and very active, Kitty found she had so much to learn that she frequently cried herself to sleep; as she told us herself, it was not the hard work that overcame her—she could do ten times as much, and think nothing of it—but "the particularity"—the necessity for spotless stairs and carpets, for stoves polished like mirrors, for a total absence of dust everywhere; for a manner staid, silent, smileless, and of distant respect; for a noiseless step, and a voice never heard except in the most soft and brief reply; then the getting up of fine things: she could have washed to make like snow, table-cloths, sheets, and dresses, but the difficulties of small plaiting and clear starching, the very clock-like regularity of the house, "broke her heart"—there was a place for every thing, and every thing must be in its place. Then her fellow-servants would set her wrong instead of right, and sneer at her afterwards; they ridiculed her country, and wondered she could eat any thing but potatoes, like all her people. Though loving to laugh, she did not relish being laughed at; and between her desire to do well in all things, and her national sensitiveness, poor Kitty had enough to encounter during the first twelve months of her servitude. On the other hand, Mrs. L. more than fancied she had acted imprudently. Kitty was not only blamed by the other servants for what she did *not*: her eagerness to please frequently occasioned blunders and mistakes; her phraseology was perplexing; and her foot was not as light, nor her "manner" as fully formed, as that of a London servant. But then her habits were very inoffensive. She was ever cheerful—willing to assist in every one's work;

no matter how late or how early her services were needed, she was always ready. By degrees she blundered less, and absolutely dusted both corners and skirtings without "following." Then she was so humble when reproved, so happy when praised!

At first a sort of womanly spirit prevented Mrs. L. from confessing she was wrong in her judgment, and by degrees—slow, but sure degrees—Catharine established herself in her mistress's good opinion. We have observed a great number of the Irish in England, of all grades and classes. No instance has ever occurred within our knowledge where they failed in attaining their object, except by being drawn off from it to run after something else; when they really persevere, when they add to their native energy a singleness of purpose, *we never knew them fail*. Kitty, in her humble way, was evidence of this; she felt deeply grateful to her mistress for having made an exception in her favor; she had good sense enough to understand that she had bettered her condition, and to feel that in England, girls "with two or three hundred a-piece" were not ashamed to go to service. She resolved to master the difficulties with which she was surrounded, and to keep her place; gradually her good humor and good nature became appreciated.—Mrs. L.'s two little ones caught the scarlet fever, and when the nurse declared she was afraid to remain with her charge, Kitty volunteered to take her place. "I am not afraid," said she, "and sure God can keep the sickness from me by their bedside as well as by my own; and if I was to go, His will be done! but I am not afraid." Night and day this girl watched with their mother over the children; at her request no stranger smoothed their pillows or aided her exertions; what she lacked in skill she made up in actual tenderness, and her quickness and attention never wearied; in time, the children recovered, but they had become so attached to their Irish nurse that they entreated their mamma to let her remain with them, and the former nurse took Kitty's place. When Kitty was a girl, there were no national schools, and at that time she was so ignorant of "book learning" that she did not know her letters; but she managed to learn them from the children, and concealed her deficiency so well, that Mrs. L. told us it was not until Catharine *could* read, that she confessed how entirely uninstructed she had been.

During a period of five years she continued in her place, unspoiled by much kindness; and frequently did her mistress boast to her acquaintances of the treasure she possessed in an Irish nurse; it was quite true that Catharine's accent was any thing but correct, still her mistress declared it to be "her only fault," and one for which her fidelity and good conduct amply atoned.—Love now somewhat interfered with her duties; a master carpenter paid his addresses to the kind Hibernian; her mistress was too just to prevent her settling respectably, and as her intended husband had formed an engagement to go to New York the following spring, Kitty decided on remaining with her "darlings" until within a week of their departure, when she was to exchange the guttural of "Gallagher" for the more euphonious name of Miller.

Hitherto Mr. and Mrs. L. had enjoyed in life uninterrupted sunshine—every thing prospered which the merchant undertook; but a few eventful months made a terrible change in their circumstances; loss followed loss with fearful rapidity, until at last their house was advertised to be sold, and Mrs. L., firm and patient in adversity as she had been cheerful and considerate in prosperity, placed Kitty's quarter's wages in her hand, and told her that, for the future, she must herself attend to her children; her voice faltered as she thanked the poor Irish girl for the care and tenderness she had bestowed upon them; and she added a wish, that as the time had arrived when Kitty was to be married, she would inform her of her prospects after she and her husband had been some time in New York, and rely upon Mr. L. to remember her faithfully, if ever he had the power to serve them. We quote Mrs. L.'s own words.

"Catherine," she said, "stood without replying until I had done speaking. I was more agitated at parting

with her than with all my other servants: she had evinced more affection towards me and mine in an hour, than the others had shown in a year." "It is to leave you, ma'am, you want me, and to leave the young master and miss! Ah, then, what have I done to make you think I've no heart in my bosom? I'll be no burden to you, but I'll never leave you. Leave you in your trouble? Sure, it's neither peace nor rest I'd have by day or night to think it's my two hands you'd be wanting, and they not in it. And as for Robert Miller, it will be better for him to be by himself for the first two or three years; and so I told him *this morning when we parted*. 'I'll never leave the mistress in her trouble, Robert,' I said; 'and if it's any bar, why, I'll give you back your promise;' and he would not hear of that, but took on a good deal at first; only it's all over—time and distance are nothing to true hearts, and if he does forget me, I'm doing my duty still. I'll never leave you in your trouble."

"Her devotion, so simple, so perfectly unaffected," added Mrs. L., "drew more tears from my eyes than my own sorrows. I had nerved myself for them, but this overpowered me; the children became wild with joy when they found Kitty was to remain with them; and she certainly was the good spirit of comfort in our humble cottage. But this was not all; she had saved in my service about fifteen pounds, and every farthing of this money she spent in buying in, at the auction which finished the desolation of our once happy home, such small things as she believed me most attached to; these she had conveyed to our dwelling secretly, and then, with a delicacy which must be innate, she entreated me to forgive the liberty she had taken, and endeavored to persuade us she had but returned us our own. I often think that my husband's proud spirit would have been bowed even to breaking, but for the true nobility of Catharine's heart; toiling as she was in all capacities for our sakes, I never saw a shadow on her brow. She was an existing proof (amid much that led us to believe to the contrary) of the disinterested generosity of human nature; she taught us the value of usefulness—she made us ashamed of our prejudices, and never did she once make us feel that she had sacrificed a pin's worth to our interests."

This is no romance—it is simple and unvarnished truth; both the mistress and the servant are intimately known to us; we have not added an iota to the story as the former told it to us. Kitty's generosity of character did not effervesce—during a period of three years she remained firm to her purpose, because Mrs. L. needed her services. At length a distant relative of Mr. L.'s died, and as next of kin, Mr. L. inherited a very comfortable property; then, indeed, Mrs. L. found Kitty more than once weeping over the letters she could hardly read, but which, nevertheless, she knew by heart. It was not, however, until she had succeeded in training "a cousin of her own," whom her mistress not only consented, but was happy to receive, that Kitty performed her promise, and rewarded her lover for his constancy.

How many other examples of devoted and disinterested attachment of Irish servants to their employers, we might add to this, and yet record only cases entirely within our own knowledge!

May we not hope that the prejudice against them in this country, so rapidly diminishing, will be, ere long, altogether gone; and that when their advantages of faithfulness, industry, and willingness to labor, in all ways and on all occasions—have been considered and appreciated, they will acquire those, perhaps, equally essential, habits of neatness and order, into which they have hitherto not been properly disciplined, because kept far too much away from opportunities of improvement?

Where learning is confined to the few, liberty can be neither equal nor universal.

THE MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE is published every Friday, at 41 Genesee street, by GROSCH & WALKER, at \$1.50 per annum, in advance, or within four months; \$2.00 if not paid within four months; and \$2.50 if not paid within the year.



# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."....."PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1843.

NO. 7.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

### For the Magazine and Advocate. POPULARITY.

BY REV. S. J. GIBSON.

There are many men in the world who consider the good opinion of others, their alimant, their life, their all. And certainly it is an object worthy of labor, to secure the good will and esteem of our fellow beings; but in the pursuit of the same, one should be influenced and guided, not by designing, but by honest and upright motives. By this method alone, will the effort be successful and the wished-for esteem secured. Let a way be marked out leading straight forward toward the abode of justice, and let that path be pursued with untiring zeal, and the traveller will most assuredly secure the prize. And though one would suppose this truth of sufficient plainness to secure the attention of every individual endowed with a respectable share of common sense, yet there are those who have suffered the desire of popularity to become the ruling passion of their bosoms, and the very anxiety thereby engendered, defeats the main purpose, seemingly, for which they live. Then the principles of justice are lost sight of—a cringing servility manifested by every act, look, and word, and a universal acquiescence with the opinions of others, though many of those opinions may be highly offensive to reason and contradictory in their nature.

In support of this, permit me to introduce to your notice, friendly reader, Mr. A. one of your bowing, polite popularity-loving men, and behold how admirably he secures the object of his labor. He has started from town, and on his way he meets with Mr. B.; and now let us draw near that we may listen to their conversation.

A. Good morning Mr. B.—; your humble servant, sir. Any thing new this morning, or have the dull times put to flight every object of interest?

B. Why, no;—the times are indeed dull, very dull, yet the people are living; laboring to get a living honestly; but now and then one, I am sorry to say, makes a mistake, and lays hold upon dishonesty instead of the most noble principle planted in the breast of man.

A. How so? Please explain; for there seems to be some definite and particular meaning in your language.

B. Well, there is Mr. C. the pink of perfection as most of people suppose: being in want of some money a few months since in order to meet a few payments, I applied to him for the loan of it. He very readily accommodated me, but reserved the right of "double percentage," because as he said he lived upon his interest money, which he could not do unless such a method was adopted; and upon that condition, he left it to my option, to take it or otherwise. Not knowing where I could obtain the sum under a more reasonable rate, I concluded to receive it; thinking that when due, by remonstrance I could induce him to abate somewhat of the interest. But I found out that I made wrong calculations; for last week he called upon me for the amount and positively refused to yield a solitary cent of the specified percentage. And because I refused to pay it, he strongly declared that he would expose my dishonesty in a court of justice, for not doing as I agreed, even if he thereby lost the whole sum.

A. Indeed, Mr. B. I have long been firmly persuaded that the world would become in possession of a knowledge of that man's true character.—Though many believe him to be swayed by the principles of integrity, yet I have long looked upon

him as a villain at heart, and this proves my opinion correct. Yes; a man of wealth, take the advantage of the misfortunes of his neighbor—because he is involved and must have money, to tax him double interest. Out upon him! Mr. B., I should not suffer such treatment without a murmur; but now you have an opportunity hold him up in his true light.

With a few more observations upon each side, the parties separated, and Mr. A. went on his way rejoicing—priding himself upon the favorable impression he had made upon the mind of Mr. B. Henceforth undoubtedly he might rely upon the advantages of friendship from that source, and should he ever come up for an office in opposition to Mr. C. (as there was some prospect of the event,) he might safely rely upon his vote. Thus he mused with himself as he passed on, until in entering town, who should he encounter but Mr. C., when the following conversation passed between them.

A. Good morning, friend C. Your most obedient. Anything new transpired of late to serve as a subject of converse these dull days?

C. Nothing of importance, Sir. I was just thinking how some people would have us believe them the most upright of any, when but put them to the test once, and their word, upon which they pride themselves, possesses no more stability than the fleeting, transitory wind.

A. Please explain, Mr. C.; for I perceive you refer to some particular individuals; who are they?

C. Why there is Mr. B. who, you are aware, is looked upon as an honorable man. He came to me a few months since, soliciting a loan of a few dollars, I gave him to understand, that letting of money being my chief employment, and subject to occasional losses, I could accommodate him, providing he paid me an amount of interest double the established rate. He seemed perfectly satisfied—signified his assent by taking it under such a condition, and now refuses to cancel the debt unless I will deduct the surplus interest.

A. Indeed! Is it possible? I have long suspected that man's honesty, and this proves my suspicions true. I deplore your misfortune, but it may be productive of much good, if you promptly expose his dishonesty and thus put others upon their guard.

With a few more remarks the conversation ended, and Mr. A. prided himself upon his superior powers in gaining the good will and esteem of others. Now the friendship of both is granted to him; when if he had been so unwise as to have expressed his honest opinion to both men, one of them would surely have been offended. "Pity," thought he to himself, "that men do not possess the like discernment in ingratiating themselves into the favor of others, and thus become in possession of popularity!"

Thus did this individual commend with himself, until a few days after the above conversation, the two contending parties met in order to settle their difficulty. Their meeting was of quite a friendly nature, and when Mr. A. came in sight, on his way to town again, they agreed that he should sit as judge between them, and lay his decision aside.—According when he came up, the matter was stated over to him; and while a blush stole over his countenance, he declared he should be highly pleased—consider himself highly complimented to be selected as a judge between two such honorable men. At the same time bestowing a look upon the one, and then upon the other, accompanying such with a significant wink—as much as to say, you have had my opinion before;—when, drawing up the reins of his bridle, he rode off. But the two

men adjusted their difficulty in an admirable manner—to the satisfaction of both parties; and afterwards, as the conversation turned upon the propriety of receiving an amount of interest above the legal rate, each one cited the opinion of Mr. A. when lo! his popularity in that quarter was forever at an end, notwithstanding the ingenuity which he displayed in procuring it. Rumour is rife, that a neighbor politely intimated to him the complexion of his standing relative to the matter, and surely he manifests of late no little uneasiness in company, where one of the parties is present, especially if the subject of discussion is—the loaning of money.

There, kind reader, is an example before you; and it is left to your option to determine whether or not you will travel the same direction. If you have suffered your love of popularity to become in possession of under strength—if it operates upon your mind with a force beyond that of justice and honesty, then go on;—bow to every one you meet—fall in with every opinion put forth—condemn every one condemned—courtesy, scrape and bow, and ere long you will reach the wished-for goal, and have the satisfaction of beholding yourself universally despised!

Now we will turn our attention in a different direction and observe Mr. D.—, a man of no little importance in the place where he lives, especially if we prefix that qualifying word, "self;" to the term. He is a member of no religious society, for report says that ere long he is to come up as a candidate for office, and it would be the height of folly for him to come out and unite with a church; for he would surely lose some friends of the opposite faith. I suppose he would be a Universalist "were it popular enough;" but as it is, he is non-committal, and hence we will observe a movement or two.—Sabbath forenoon he attended at the Presbyterian church, and the preacher discoursed upon the absurdities and licentious tendency of Universalism. On his way home he fell in with Deacon E., when the twain held forth on this wise:—

Dea. Well, Mr. D., how did you like the discourse this forenoon?

D. Admirably well, sir—sound man, that—such strong and incontrovertible arguments—such clear and forcible reasoning, and eloquent too, withal. I do wish the Universalists had been there, for I am sure those of them endowed with common-sense, (though by the way, there are but few such,) would have been convinced of their error, and made an effort to atone for their sin, by renouncing that soul-losing doctrine.

There, reader; that time our friend D. gained a feather for his cap—a waving plume that shall ever lead the Deacon's favor. At evening he muffled himself up in his cloak, though the weather was not at all tedious, and sallied forth, taking a turn around upon a back street, that none might suppose him on his way to the Universalist church. He comes out upon the main street opposite the church,—draws up his cloak a little more closely; stoops a little, and crosses over, and steps into the hall, and immediately feels relieved—breathes easy again—lays off his cloak; opens the door and stalks down the aisle with an air of importance; as much as to say,—“this is a land of liberty; no man shall put shackles upon my conscience, or stand between me and my God!”

The services soon commenced, and the speaker discoursed upon the origin of the doctrine of endless misery—its opposition to the will and purposes of God, and closed by showing its unhappy influence upon the mind when firmly believed. Mr. D. listened with profound attention, and at the conclusion of the meeting, being interrogated relative to the



sermon, replied,—"that's just what I've been wanting to hear this long time—powerful and convincing testimony brought forward in that production—the effort would be a credit even to older heads; and by the way, I wish it could be hung up by the side of a discourse which I heard at the Presbyterian church this forenoon—the most flimsy thing to which I ever listened,—and they might profit by contemplation of the picture. You're aware that some people are so dull of perception, they can only distinguish error by beholding it contrasted with truth!"

O, weak and inconsistent man! Short-sighted and erring mortal! Consider the words which were pronounced of you by one in ancient days—"While the hypocrite works in the dark like a mole, and fancies he is safe, he blunders into light, and is exposed with the dirt on his head." Nay;—though you may gather around you, deceitful shining garments, and pour your flattering studied sayings into the ears of others, yet it is in vain; for well do they know the heart which throbs within your breast to be blackened with deceit—well do they know you to be a being unworthy of confidence; and well do they know your principles to be beneath respectability and a disgrace upon the name of man! Go forth, then, in your wanderings among mankind, a despised and degraded being, until peradventure three score and ten years shall have scattered their moments around you; and at last lie down in sorrow—sleep the sleep of death, and the finger of Scorn shall guide the pencil that writes your epitaph!

Reader—the love of praise was bestowed upon us for a wise and beneficent purpose. It is one of the strong bands, that have been woven around the family of man, and it is, as we said before, commendable to labor for the purpose of securing the esteem of others. But when we suffer this desire to transcend or sway the principles of integrity—when for designing purposes we avail ourselves of this principle, it is then that we have crossed a fearful line and are fast approaching a dangerous precipice, where irretrievable ruin will surely end our ignoble career! Then if you would escape this dreaded doom of the hypocrite, dwell off with the discourses of wisdom. Be swayed by nothing, and follow nought, save the golden light of truth; for this will lead you onward—triumph over every obstacle, and ere many years shall have flown afar, the boon of true popularity will be yours, and you will be crowned—the man of integrity!

Monroeton, Pa.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## MILLER ON HOSEA.

BY REV. W. H. RYDER.

Br. Grosh—To-day, I have been reading "Miller on the two days in Hosea," and if it please you, I will lay before your readers a few thoughts, connected with this excitable subject. Nor to be lengthy, I will write what I have to communicate as briefly as possible.

The supposed millennial prophecy which Mr. Miller uses as a text, reads;—"Come, and let us return unto the Lord: for he hath come and he will heal us; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up. After two days will he revive us: in the third day he will raise us up, and we shall live in his sight." Hosea vi: 1, 2. After a few remarks on the importance of the prophecy—the difficulty of comprehending it, etc., he says,—"But you will find if you examine, that in it is contained—I. Our duty to God. II. We have a promise, and the time specified when it will be fulfilled." To his remarks on the first division I have nothing particularly in objection to say. The second division is founded on the declaration that, "After two days he will revive us," and the remainder of the sentence,—"in the third day he will raise us up." He proceeds as follows, viz., "After two days," etc. In this sentence we have the time specified when the work will be finished, and these promises verified; when he will revive his children, or all who have returned unto the Lord. *Revive*, signifies to bring to life, to quicken. In this place it must mean to raise to life. It can not mean to quicken in a spiritual

sense; for it would be in plain contradiction to other Scriptures. This must mean, therefore, their resurrection from the dead," p. 50. This reasoning when in the form of a syllogism stands thus.

"Revive, signifies to bring to life—to quicken."

"Revive, can not mean to quicken in a spiritual sense."

"Therefore," Revive "means their resurrection from the dead."

The palpable inconsistency of such reasoning may be seen by the following, viz., "Will they revive the stones out of the heaps of the rubbish which are burnt?" Nehemiah iv: 2.\* Mr. Miller says—"Revive, signifies to bring to life—to quicken." "Revive, can not mean to quicken in a spiritual sense." Therefore, "Revive means their" (the stones) "resurrection from the dead." The latter syllogism proves as much as the former. If one proves the resurrection of the dead, the other does. The reader will readily perceive that this ridiculous conclusion follows from the imperfection of the argument. The relation between the premises and conclusion in either case, is destroyed. That revive sometimes means to "bring to life" is evident,—and that this life is not always to be understood in a "spiritual sense," is also evident;—but that in consequence of this, "life," (or revive) means "resurrection from the dead," is not evident;—a child can see it—and it seems quite strange that a man of Mr. M.'s abilities can not see it.

Again. The expression, "it would be in plain contradiction to other Scriptures," is calculated to mislead, and is grossly false. The verb revive occurs eight times in the Bible, (according to Cruden,) and in several cases evidently means to quicken in a spiritual sense. Vide, Isaiah lvii: 15. Ps. lxxxv: 6, cxxxviii: 7. Hab. iii: 2, etc. If Mr. M. contends for a "plain contradiction" simply because the word is differently translated, or is used in a different sense, I apprehend he will involve himself in difficulty; because he can never make a day, the usual duration of which is 24 hours, mean 1000 years. He can take either horn of the dilemma he pleases. We have seen that a *thus saith Mr. Miller*, and a "thus saith the Lord," do not agree.

Having finished his argument in proof of the resurrection, he proceeds to show when that resurrection will take place; by defining the time specified by the "two days," and "third day." His argument is,—"These days can not mean indefinite time; for the words "two" and "third," "to-day" and "to-morrow," are too clearly defined to admit of such a construction. They will not admit of years, for the predictions are not fulfilled. \* \* \* Therefore the days spoken of in our text must mean so many thousand years." I object to this reasoning. First,—Because the premises are assumed, whereas they require strong proof. Second,—Because the conclusion does not follow from the premises, even allowing them to be true. With the same propriety he might have said, "Therefore the days spoken of in our text mean so many 500 years, or 5000 years." He quotes 2 Pet. iii: 8; "But beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day;" and adds "which can not, with any propriety, mean anything more nor less than what we count a thousand years God calls a day. Therefore the days spoken of in our text must mean so many thousand years." Does Mr. Miller wish to convey the idea here that God always calls a thousand years a day? If so, what does he mean on the previous page (p. 19) when he says "Days may be used as figures of different portions of time. Sometimes a day means twenty four hours; sometimes we mean only twelve hours; and at others indefinite time." How long did Nebuchadnezzar eat grass?—How long was Jonah in

\* This passage when used syllogistically after Mr. M.'s patent, may be made to prove the resurrection of those burnt stones, and with as much propriety as his reasoning proves the resurrection of those persons referred to by the prophet. But does Mr. M. believe that those stones were to be immortalized,—"caught up in a flame?" I hope not. Let us see to what conclusions his reasoning drives us.

W. H. R.

the whale's belly? Christ in the wilderness, and tomb? Did Satan tempt Christ 40,000 years?—How then can he be "bound" during the millennium if that commence this year? If Mr. M. does not mean thus; why does he define "the day" to mean a "thousand years?" He must show that day always means a thousand years, or that in this instance, independent of its general use, it means a thousand years. He has not attempted to do either.

But the most ludicrous part of the whole affair, is his attempt to fix a data from which to reckon. We give the matter in the form of a dialogue for brevity and plainness. I quote from pages 72 and 73. "Do you ask, when did those three thousand years begin?" Yes. "I answer they must have begun somewhere before Christ's first coming, for that is included in the two days." But, how do you know that Christ's coming is included in the two days, and consequently that the three thousand years, (or three days) must have commenced before? Have you any proof? You have given none. Does not the prophet speak of the first coming of Christ? Would he predict the second, before he did the first coming? "There is no rule but conjecture that they commenced reckoning at his birth." Is there any rule but conjecture that they commenced previous to his birth? If they did commence before, at what time did they commence? Well, "If this is correct" they must have commenced "when the Romans became connected with the Jews by league," which was "158 years before the birth of Jesus Christ, and 2000 years before the second advent of Christ: for by adding 158 to 1842 makes 2000 years, or two days." But why do you begin to reckon 158 years before Christ, or at the time of the league of the Jews and Romans? The text makes no mention of this period, and the context is equally silent. The language of the prophecy is, "After two days" etc., as if the time had commenced. Why not "begin" the "data" previous to 780 B. C. when the prophecy was uttered, instead of waiting 622 years? If you begin to reckon when the text was uttered, and certainly candor can ask no more, you prove the second coming of Christ to have been in 1220; for 2000 subtract 780 leaves 1220. I insist upon this conclusion. I again ask, why do you begin to reckon 158 B. C? Evidently, dear reader, we answer, because no number, save 158, subtracted from 2000 will leave 1842.

We are now through with this discourse. We have seen that Mr. Miller assumes that *revive* means a literal resurrection,—assumes that *two days* signify two thousand years,—assumes that we should begin to reckon 158 B. C. and from this mass of assumption draws the legitimately assumed conclusion that the world will come to an end in 1843. The reader will make his own comments.

Clinton, N. Y.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## MARYLAND DISCUSSION.

The discussion between Elder Daniels and Br. Guild has just closed. I will proceed to give the readers of the Magazine and Advocate a brief account of it.

The debate was got up by the friends of the parties, and the question was afterwards agreed upon by the two speakers. The question as agreed on, was—"Does the Bible teach the endless misery of a portion of the human race? or, does it teach the final holiness and happiness of all mankind?"

When Mr. Daniels came to the discussion, however, he came prepared with another question, and denied having agreed to the question as stated above and as published in the papers. Br. Guild proved that he *did* agree to that question; and when Mr. Daniels declined have any discussion on that, Br. Guild consented to the following. "Does the Bible teach the endless punishment of those who do not comply with the conditions of the Gospel in this life? or, does it teach the final holiness and happiness of all mankind?"

Eight days were occupied in the discussion of the first question, and although it embraced but one single point of doctrine, yet the discussion was so conducted on the part of Mr. Daniels (he having



the affirmative,) as to involve a discussion of the following points. Calvinism, Arminianism, sovereignty of God, original state of man, fall of man, free agency, total depravity, vicarious atonement, remission of punishment, forgiveness of sin, nature of God's law, nature of rewards and punishments under the moral government of God, fall of angels, personality of the Devil, future general judgment, etc., etc.

These points, be it remembered, were introduced by Mr. Daniels, and as they had no particular bearing on the question in debate, Br. Guild had nothing to do for several days, but to get up before a large audience and expose the absurdity of the Orthodox views on these several points, and completely refute them. Their views were shown up in no very enviable light, I assure you. If Mr. Daniels was not ashamed of his devil before he got through with him, then I have only to say I sincerely pity the man. On the subject of Arminianism, Br. Guild showed that although it was by some thought to be an improvement of the old orthodox system of Calvinism, yet in point of fact it was no better, but resulted in precisely the same thing;—that, indeed, it was not as philosophical a system as Calvinism; and he gave it as his opinion, that "Calvinism will be preached in the world when Arminianism will be lost in the vortex of eternal oblivion."

When at last Mr. Daniels brought forward his evidence on the affirmative of the real question under discussion, that evidence was closely, critically and carefully examined by Br. Guild and shown to be absolutely inconclusive. The strong pillars of the doctrine of endless misery were "searched, shaken, removed" and laid prostrate on the ground.

Five days were occupied in the discussion of the last question. The arguments on the affirmative were presented with great clearness, force and power by Br. Guild, and every objection urged by Mr. Daniels was fairly met and triumphantly refuted. Br. Guild was perfectly cool, calm and collected throughout the debate. His physical strength held out remarkably; his voice was full and clear, and grew stronger and stronger. In not a single instance did his presence of mind forsake him.

Mr. Daniels is the great champion of Methodism in this section, and evidently has great confidence in his controversial prowess. He has been heard to say repeatedly, in public and in private, that he could put down any Universalist preacher in ten minutes; and on the morning of the first day of the discussion he was heard to say that if there was not more than twelve Universalist preachers present, he could "whip out the whole of them." Mr. Daniels is undoubtedly as competent and as well qualified to defend the doctrine of endless hell torments, as any one in this region. We do not attribute his failure to any lack of talent on his part, but to the untenable nature of the doctrine which he advocates. It is due to Mr. Daniels, to state, that his treatment of his opponent, and conduct throughout the debate, was generally gentlemanly, candid and fair. He found no fault whatever with the treatment he received from Br. Guild, but, on the contrary complimented him very highly for his candor, fairness and gentlemanly deportment.

An important advantage was gained by Br. Guild at the commencement of the debate. He was firm and decided, but at the same time frank, candid, fair, mild and forbearing. It was evident from the beginning that he had the good will of a majority of the audience.

The audience was large, and remarkably attentive throughout the discussion. It was estimated that, some days, there were at least a thousand people in attendance. Seventeen preachers were present in all: Eleven Methodists, two Presbyterians, two Baptists and two Universalists. Br. Guild in allusion to the improper interference of some of these Partialist clergymen, remarked as follows:—"What means this array of Unitarian preachers before me? Does Br. Daniels think to daunt me, or to frown me down by their presence? I tell him he may array all the Methodist priests from Maine to Georgia, and with the Bible in one hand and the

fair deductions of reason in the other, I will meet them single handed and alone."

This discussion was probably the longest ever held on the same question in America; and it is doubted whether the relative merits of Partialism and Universalism were ever more fairly presented before the people. On the subject of the relative moral influence of Partialism and Universalism, Br. Guild showed that although Universalists were no better than they should be, and never any better than their doctrine, yet it was by no means true that all the sin and wickedness in the world is, or has been committed by Universalists. He showed that the spirit of Partialism is justly chargeable with the following enormities and abominations:—"The murder of the ancient prophets, the crucifixion of the Son of God, the persecution and martyrdom of Christ's disciples, and the death of millions of innocent Christians. That it instigated the wars of the crusades, and led millions to the holy land to war against the infidel Turk, where they left their bones to bleach on the plains of Palestine and their blood to fatten the soil of that country. That it established the inquisition, the rack, the wheel, the gibbet, the dungeon, the faggot, the flame and the torture. That it had hung numbers charged with witchcraft, put harmless and peaceable Quakers to death, tied Baptists to the whipping post, and inflicted upon them cruel stripes without cause.—That it had kindled the fires of Smithfield and plunged the dagger into the hearts of sixty thousand innocent persons on St. Bartholomew's day." Finally he showed that "Partialism had its origin in hatred, malice, malignity and revenge; that it had always been a curse to the world and ought to be banished from among men, totally, immediately, and forever."

The discussion passed off without producing any feelings of ill will either on the part of the disputants or their friends. The speakers at the close shook hands and parted in friendship, and the people imitated their example.

The following are the good results of the discussion. 1st. It has undoubtedly cured Mr. Daniels of his propensity to engage in controversy, especially with Universalists. It is generally thought it would be quite difficult to induce him to enter the lists again. 2d. It has afforded a fine opportunity to present Universalism before the people as it is, and to answer the most popular and plausible objections against it. 3d. It has produced an astonishing change in public sentiment in the region where it was held; much greater than could reasonably be expected, or was anticipated by the most sanguine Universalists. It is the opinion of all Universalists with whom I have conversed on the subject, that the discussion did more towards affecting a revolution in public sentiment in this region, than twenty years constant preaching could have done. Some Partialists who attended, acknowledge that they had been so prejudiced against Universalism, that they would not hear it preached nor suffer their families to do so; but now their prejudices are entirely removed, and they are anxious to hear more on the subject. 4th. It is known that a number who went to the discussion firm believers in the doctrine of endless misery, have abandoned that sentiment and expressed their conviction that the Bible, when fairly interpreted and correctly understood, gives not the least countenance or support to that sentiment, and that it can not be maintained from the Bible. One individual, a member of a Partialist church, said that "so strong was her conviction of the utter falsity of the doctrine, that she was almost persuaded to believe that it was blasphemy for any one to preach it." 5th. Some converts were made from Partialism to Universalism, and a number avowed themselves Universalists who were not known as such before.

Milford, January 21st, 1843.

C. H. B.

## SECULAR NEWS.

CONFIRMATION OF THE CAPTURE OF THE TEXIAN ARMY.—By the arrival of the schooner Doric, we have advice from Metamoras confirmatory of the intelligence received by the last steamer from Texas, that the civi-

sion of the Texian army under Colonels Fisher and Green had been captured at Mier.

On the 15th of December, Gen. Ampudia received a despatch from Gen. Woll, informing him that the Texans, 800 or 1000 strong, had taken Laredo, and that he, Gen. Woll, had been compelled to fall back; that the Texian forces were taking the northern route towards Metamoras. On the receipt of this intelligence, Gen. Ampudia left Metamoras with two battalions of sappers and miners, in quest of the enemy, and reached Mier, 50 leagues distant, on the 22d Dec. A body of Texans, under the command of Colonels Fisher and Green, had, in the meantime, crossed the river and attacked the town in the night. The Mexican troops stationed in that neighborhood immediately went to the assistance of the city, when an engagement took place, which lasted seventeen hours.

Every house and street was desperately defended.—After the battle had been maintained on both sides with determination and obstinacy for such a great length of time, the Texans, finding themselves surrounded on all sides, resolved to surrender, and finally capitulated on honorable terms. It is feared, however, that the articles of surrender will not be faithfully complied with on the part of Mexico.

The Mexicans report their loss during this engagement at 420 killed and 130 wounded. The loss on the part of the Texans was 11 killed and 10 wounded. This great disparity evinces the superior skill of the Texans in the use of fire arms, and the surrender of the invading army after so slight a loss would lead us to suppose that they only surrendered after having exhausted their ammunition. The success of the Mexicans, after suffering so severely, speaks favorably of their courage and perseverance.

Gen. Ampudia returned to Metamoras on the 7th Jan. and was received by the citizens with great rejoicings and applause. He brought with him 212 Texan prisoners, including Cols. Fisher and Green. The Texans were to leave Metamoras on the 15th inst. for the city of Mexico, there to await their destiny from the hands of Santa Ana. Cols. Fisher and Green, and the prisoners generally, acknowledged the treatment they received from Gen. Ampudia, since the capitulation, to have been humane and gentlemanly.—N. O. Bee, Jan. 26.

A Mr. Gay, and a young man in his employ, at Cincinnati were severely—the latter dangerously—burned a few days since by the explosion of a camphine lamp.

A new Jewish Synagogue was consecrated in New York, a few weeks ago. It is the sixth house of worship which the Jews have in that city, and is intended principally for emigrants from Germany.

A dangerous epidemic, thought to be a species of erysipelas, was prevailing at Montpelier, Vt., and vicinity, at last advices.

A fine drove of cattle, amounting to about thirty head, was lost in the St. Lawrence, while attempting to cross to Montreuil on the ice. The drovers escaped with some difficulty.

On the 4th inst., a female, a convert to Millerism, was taken out of one of the Harlem railroad cars in such a state of raving insanity, that it required the strength of four men to hold her. Her religious feeling was the cause of it.

On the night of the 18th ult., the house of Mr. Post, in Nunda, Allegany county, N. Y., was burnt to the ground, and three children perished in the flames. The fourth was so dreadfully burned about the neck and head, that it is feared he will not survive. The parents, after putting four of the children in bed in the room where the fire originated, went to visit a neighbor about a mile distant, leaving the house in charge of the children; the oldest of whom was but six years old, and the sequel may easily be imagined.

Messrs. B. F. Butler and Charles O'Connor applied to the Court Martial, now sitting on the trial of Col. Mackenzie, for leave to act as attorneys on the part of Mr. Spencer. The application was denied.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

The following lines were written by our deceased Brother, Rev. Joseph Eaton, of Chautauque county, in this State. Br. G. S. Gowdy has forwarded them to us for publication in this paper. A. B. G.

### FRIENDSHIP.

O blush, ye poets, blush for shame,  
Who sing that friendship's but a name;  
Profess thou not to be my friend,  
Who would this base untruth defend.

But what is friendship? not a name—  
'Tis not a casual, fitful flame,  
Which burns in brilliance for an hour,  
Then dies, when adverse fortunes lower.

'Tis a bright, a glorious ray,  
Which turns misfortune's night to day;  
It is a flame that never dies,  
Though clouds may lower, and storms arise.

'Tis not a plant of sunny clime,  
Which blooms in beauty for a time,  
Then sickens, fades, and drooping dies,  
Whene'er exposed to low'ring skies.

It is a plant, that blooms as fair,  
'Mid stern misfortune's gloom, as where  
The sun of fortune shines serene,  
And throws its glory o'er the scene.

'Tis not a flower, that only blooms,  
Where fortune's sun the scene illumines—  
No, no, its hues are e'en more bright,  
Where most is felt misfortune's blight.

Is friendship—no, 'tis not the thing,  
Which erring poets sometimes sing,  
A babble, which is fair at first,  
But which a trifling breath will burst.

Hail, social friendship, child of Heaven,  
Thou priceless boon, to mortals given;  
O dwell forever in my heart,  
And all thy choicest good impart!

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### CONTRASTS.

BY REV. J. H. SANFORD.

**Contrast 4th.**—Deism further says the works of God are sufficient to "show forth his handy work" and declare his unity and goodness; and therefore there is no necessity of any further revelation from him.

But, unaided by reason and revelation, Atheists say the heavens and earth have existed from all eternity, and therefore "his handy work" is not seen, and the heathen are unable to discover the unity of God, and therefore they worship a plurality of gods; and no one is able to safely and at all times confide in his goodness; for when tempests sweep over the land, and all the face of nature is clothed with gloom; there is no voice to whisper, "peace, be still!" And when "the pestilence wasteth at noon-day;" there is no power to be heard, saying, "My grace is sufficient for thee." And when "earthquakes rock the world;" there is no friend at hand to calm the troubled spirit, and point beyond those convulsions which spread devastation and horror all around. And again the heathen, being destitute of revealed religion, worship and invoke their deities for the purpose of placating their wrath and escaping their vengeance: whereas in those countries where revelation is properly received, one God is believed, beloved, adored and worshipped, and praised "for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

**Contrast 5th.**—Deism further tells us, It is unreasonable to suppose that God, being infinite in wisdom, would have made a revelation of his will and purposes to mankind in such a manner that they can publish, or alter, or suppress, or perpetuate it at their will, for if he designed to reveal himself to man, he might have done it to each, individually, so that all would have understood it alike.

But reason teaches that God being the Creator of all, is consequently the parent of all; and it is always necessary for a child to know the will and purposes of his parent, and therefore our necessity on one hand, and the wisdom and goodness of God on the

other, required and prompted him to make a revelation to us. And our varied wants and different situations and conditions in life, require a variety of instruction; and that is best secured by one general revelation which is susceptible of publication and perpetuation, although some designing men may be disposed to interpolate or suppress it, for any alteration in these respects are also susceptible of detection. And further, any thought or communication made in any way to the mind of man, is liable to the same alterations; and, therefore, if we reject all revelations which are thus liable, we shall be led to reject every thing, and in spite of the wisdom of the universal Parent the world would be orphanized at last.

**Contrast 6th.**—Wherever Divine revelation is rejected; religion's shrine is prostrated and there is profanity, intemperance, gambling, and every evil work, and man is degraded and woman is a slave! But where Divine revelation is acknowledged and Christianity in its purity prevails, there religion "pure and undefiled" is practiced; temperance prevails, and morality characterizes man and exalts him in the scale of being and happiness; and woman, his helpmate, is honored, and in the scale of intellect is acknowledged his equal.

**Contrast 7th.**—Millerism says, "the world is to be moved, reel to and fro, and come to an end in the year of our Lord, 1843!"

But the Bible says, "The world is established, that it can not be moved." Ps. xciii: 1. "The world also is established that it shall not be moved." Ps. xcvi: 10; and again, "Ye [Israel] shall not be ashamed nor confounded world without end." Isa. xli: 10. "Thy testimonies are very sure." Ps. xciii: 5.

**Contrast 8th.**—Where Millerism prevails, doubt and anxiety, hope and fear, and mental misery and wretchedness abound. But where the people are well informed upon the subject, confidence and hope, and mental peace and happiness prevail.—More anon.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### NEW NAMES FOR OLD THINGS.

Br. Grosh—It seems to be a characteristic of mankind, to give new names to old things, that an interest may be kept up in them; or, sometimes perhaps, through a desire to appear unlike others. If we should take a view of the systems and practices that have existed among men, I think we should find sufficient evidence to confirm the statement. But I have hit upon a method by which you can satisfy yourself, if you have any doubts, and which will save me the labor of writing a long article. It is this. Substitute new names in some of the *old stories*, which you have been in the habit of telling to your children, and see if it does not awaken a new interest.

Now, Br. G., men and women are nothing but grown up children. The same means must be employed to please them, that were necessary for that purpose in their first years. True, the *things* must be different, but the principles of operation are the same. A man would despise the idea of being pleased—or deriving any satisfaction from those little toys that once delighted him. But with all his boasted advancement, he is moved on the same principle now as then. The same feelings exist, but deeper—the same desires, but more grasping—the same hopes, but higher—the same wants, but more pressing—the same identical person, but increased in size. Hence, Br. G., you will see the propriety of the method.

I wish now, to make an application of this principle to a particular case, and shew you, and your readers, how well a new name can make an old thing pass. I would say, however, in the first place, that there are *only four*, (I will venture to call them so,) protracted meetings in this village. Three of these are called by that name—they have a new name for one of them.

About one year ago the Methodists held a protracted meeting here. The partisans of a certain sect, at that time, sneered at it. "A protracted

meeting! too little business for any one to be engaged in!"

Now, Br. G., about one month since, notice was given by the pastor of this very sect, that there would be commenced in their church, that week, a "pastor's meeting," to be continued for an indefinite length of time. He said that it would not be a *protracted meeting*, it will be a *pastor's meeting*. "True," said he, "it will be carried on just the same as a protracted meeting, but then, we wish to have it understood that it will be a pastor's meeting."

The meeting is going on yet, and so far as I know, they are all pleased with it. It is my opinion, that one cause of the satisfaction, is the new name. It must be, if they esteem a protracted meeting as lightly as they did last winter.

Clinton Liberal Institute.

S. JENKINS.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### THE END OF THE WORLD.

The recent bustle in the religious world, and indeed in the irreligious also, occasioned by the preaching and predictions of Rev. Mr. Miller, who confidently predicts the burning up of this earth next year at the farthest, founded on interpretations of the book of Daniel, and the Revelations of St. John, has caused the believers in his theory of interpretation to become rather numerous: and has been the cause of much thought and speculation to others, who think for themselves, as to the probability of such a catastrophe, as the cessation of the present events, political, and religious, as well as annihilating existing philosophical and mechanical inventions and processes, which are now so rapidly advancing, as to amount to almost a new creation.

The mind of the inquirer is naturally led back to examine what the earth he inhabits has been, and to inquire if marks of *old age*, or *decay*, are visible in any department, to indicate such a change, as must be at least, the destruction of all property, all vegetation, the whole of the animal kingdom, including all libraries, philosophical and mechanical institutions, &c., &c.

That the earth has changed, the science of Geology clearly evinces. The evidence is irresistible; the records of past ages to which they refer, are written in language more durable, and more lucid, than the events of any historian of human transactions. The relics of beings entombed in the strata which myriads of centuries have heaped on their graves, give an evidence of their past existence, with which no human evidence can compete. By studying these memorials of past ages, we are forced to admit, that this earth has been, all through that inconceivably long period, on the scale of improvement; gradual, yet perceptible, and sure.—The first race of animals discovered in the lowest strata of rocks which have contained vitality, are those of the most simple species, and are all of the marine kind, or inhabitants of the ocean, but nicely adapted to the stations they occupied. And when a rich vegetation covered the globe, animals adapted to that clothing, derived nourishment from that luxuriance, and gladdened nature's face. They made way for others of a more perfect organization, while they remains yet tell of their history: and the vegetables they fed on, are the present coal beds, so valuable to the animal man; who, the great Designer knew would need supplies of fuel, when all the groves which could be spared from building or mechanical purposes, would be exhausted. Decay and death has been their lot, and the production of others, subject to the same laws, which yet exist. It is found that each additional step in the facts of geology confirms the view, that the changes continued to rise in the multiplication of animals of yet higher orders; until at length the earth became a paradise, a fit habitation for a rational animal; and then *Man* was formed. The changes since it became the abode of man, are but as a *page* in the massive volumes of its history; but they are written in the same characters, and stamped indelibly with the notices of a yet higher condition, to be seen in the most minute variations, as being yet only the dawn of perfection.



For about six thousand years man has claimed the earth as his heritage; yet during that period, how comparatively small has been his mental improvement! Until the invention of printing, the mass were almost the creatures of instinct, and civilization advanced by slow and languid steps. It is only during the last three or four centuries, that man, as a species, has commenced the development of his faculties: and the diffusion of thought by the press, has enabled one class of reasoners to unite with another, and their observations to become the starting point of the next generation. It seems as if intellect was yet but just bursting from the bud, in which the future leaf and flower is yet in embryo. Nor has the earth itself yet attained to any thing like an ultimatum in its products. Its capability of increase has never been tested: the felling of yet boundless forests; the reclaiming of prodigious tracts of excellent, yet now useless lands; aided by the advance of improvements in agriculture, (now almost in its infancy,) give some idea of the fertility it is yet capable of, in nourishing myriads of animals, and intellectual beings, to the acme of all the happiness their natures are capable of enduring. These are facts, not resting on testimony, but on the evidence of our senses, and our highest reasoning powers.

But if the interpretations of the prophetic books are true, the pleasing vista of a boundless amelioration, vanishes before our eyes. And in the very dawn of beauty, the aurora of a rising splendor of intellect, we are to be instantly shrouded in the gloom of night, in the blackness of darkness forever. It is worthy of a calm inquiry to ascertain the amount of *probability*, and the *basis* on which rests the evidences of such fatal events: for looking soberly at the facts, there is indicated a yet higher estate for man as a rational being, and to the face of nature, as improvable under his government.

It has long been the opinion of the learned, and of many pious Christians, that the Apocalypse was not written by John, the Apostle, but by some other person bearing his name. For the following reasons,

1st. The language of the Gospel and Epistles, is, if not pure, yet tolerably correct: whereas the Revelation is full of solecisms, and corruptions of the Greek language, as is to be found in any writer of modern date. It has been observed, and perhaps very justly, that if any ancient manuscripts were to be discovered, bearing the names of Demosthenes, or Cicero, yet containing such discrepancies and barbarisms, as the book of Revelation confessedly does; fair and candid criticisms would at once decide them to be spurious, the production of imposture.

2d. The Revelation is in substance taken from the Old Testament; as the sublime picture of the ruin of Tyre, given by Ezekiel and Isaiah, and the language of Daniel, almost without variation. The substance of the *Gospel and Epistles* is different from any book of the Old Testament, and appear to contain the quintessence of Christian philosophy, dressed in the Apostle's own comely language.

3d. But the prophecies have never been applied to corresponding events with sufficient certainty to warrant any connection between them. But every striking feature of the Christian church has been sought, and found, by those who always find what they seek for. But the interpretations of one sect, have been contradicted by another; and mystic Babylon, the serpent, the prophet, the trumpets and vials, have been driven from one side of the theological tennis-court to the other, in proportion to their dexterity.

4th. Its whole appearance does not accord with the simplicity of Scripture, and its being long bound up in the same volume, is no test of its authority; it must stand or fall by its own intrinsic merits.

5th. Add to which the nonexistence of the church of Thyatira in the apostolic age, which is recorded by Epiphanius, as an objection started by him to its authenticity, ought to be weighed. He lived A. D. 397, and thus nearer the time of its insertion into the canon of Scripture, and consequently better able to judge of its authenticity.

It may cause a sensation of horror at any seem-

ing doubts cast on any part of a book, we have been taught, from infancy, to esteem every word therein as dictated by the Spirit of eternal truth. But let such recollect that neither the credibility, or the power of Christianity, depend at all, on the genuineness of this book. Our heavenly Father has given us two books to read, to make us wise; the book of nature and of revelation: if the Deity is the author of both, they exactly correspond with each other, in the minutest points, as well as in generals. The records of one are written in the "everlasting hills," the other by men, who though honest, may have been miscopied by the numerous transcribers who lived between the existence of the author, and the era of printing, as some writings may have been inserted by mistake, and afterwards retained by their antiquity.

Let us, be thankful for the evidence we have of the vast duration of the improvements in the earth we inhabit; and for the complacency we have in reflecting on the security of our situation, in confidence that the Deity will not in a freak of caprice, break, as with a rod of iron, this production of his skill, brought to its present perfect state through such lengthened processes and periods; as a potter may in a moment dash his fragile productions to atoms.

NEMO.

REMARK.—We consider the argument drawn by our venerable and esteemed correspondent, from the progressive improvement of our race by the operations of Christianity, as conclusive against Mr. Miller's scheme. Nor do we deem it necessary to set aside the Apocalypse, to evade Mr. Miller's interpretations. That book itself, in its beginning and its close—in the very *object* which itself gives as the cause of its revelation—disproves Mr. Miller's hypothesis. It was given *purposely* and *only*, to show the Christians "things which must shortly come to pass," (i. e. at *that time*,) to declare that the Lord Jesus would "*come quickly*," the second time, as he had declared he would do. Taking the Book itself, as its own interpreter, and Mr. Miller's interpretations are blown to the winds. Jesus came in that generation, and is *now* in his kingdom on earth, ruling with truth and grace, gradually converting the nations into footstools of triumph that elevate him to other triumphs; so that the end will not be, until in the present "dispensation of the fullness of times," all things in the universe are subdued unto him, and reconciled to God. Then—and then only—cometh the end, when he will deliver up the kingdom to God the Father, and God be all in all. Such is the teaching of the whole Bible—the teaching is not contradicted, but confirmed by the Apocalypse itself, which declared the coming of Jesus to judgment to be "*at hand*" when the book was written—and thus Millerism is refuted by the very work to which it appeals for support, as it is denied by nature itself, and will be refuted by the events of this very year of A. D. 1843.

A. B. G.

## MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barray.

UTICA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1843.

### POPULAR ADMISSIONS.... NO. I.

THE LAST CHANGE.

There is, perhaps, no assertion more frequently repeated, no sentiment more obstinately clung to, than that "there is no change after death." When or where this sentiment originated, it is hard to tell.—But, fatherless though it may be, the nineteenth century blushes not to fondle the illegitimate, and Christians have rocked it in the cradle of sectarianism, until they have become drowsy with the songs which they have sung over it. It has fairly become the pet of Arminian dotage; and old, blind, staggering Athanasius, is groping about in the dark, vainly trying to find it in some unswept, nonwhitewashed corner of Calvinism.

We look upon the sentiment that there is no change after death, as a popular admission; though it is much

more than this with those who embrace it. It lies at the very foundation of the doctrine of separate and conflicting human destinies. To undertake to contend, without its aid, that this mortal is a state of probation, which will give its own character of good or bad to the immortal, would be a fruitless work. For once admit that there may be mortal change, contiguous with or after death, and analogy would prove from the progress of probation here, the continued triumphs of probation under increased light and knowledge, hereafter. The popular admission, therefore, is necessary to, and at the foundation of so called orthodoxy. And yet this American orthodoxy cuts its own throat in the use of such an assertion.

We shall use this sentiment as a popular admission, and in so doing we shall show how little Limitarians are advantaged by it. We are justified in using an enemy's admissions in this way, when they are made to sustain themselves and doctrine against us. In this matter, no Universalist is a stranger to the refutation of the doctrine "there is no change after death." And he knows the circumstances which most frequently call it out. The veriest knave in Christendom pours it out upon the heads of Universalists, and smiles with the majority, at the havoc which they fancy it will make. The hypocrite utters it as the doom of all who dare to trust in the unchanging goodness of God. The pious sectarian for endless wo, meets the Universalist, and winds up a long and earnest attempt to show that some particular neighbor of his must be damned, with the very learned assertion—"there is no change after death." At all events, all Limitarians unite in supposing that it gives them safety at the expence of the believers in the Restitution; forgetting that a comparison with themselves would be far from showing the necessity of such a change on the part of Universalists.

We suppose we are to understand our opposers in a moral sense, when they put forth the doctrine in question. Let us hold them to its application. Where is the opposer to Universalism, who believes himself so much safer than we are, who can say at the hour of dissolution, "I am morally fitted for the presence of the holy One?" Who does not know, on that occasion, that he is sinful? Even American orthodoxy says that the purest will tremble before the eye of Jehovah! If they were left to describe their own moral condition, they would put their mouths in the dust and cry, unclean, unclean! And yet the doctrine of endless wrath says, that there is no change after death. Of course this doctrine will unalterably damn every one of its adherents!

But the objector says, (and objectors there are, for Partialists do not like to have their doctrine applied to themselves,) we escape your dilemma by adopting the vicarious atonement—the substituted merits of Christ—and this change must take place in this life, or never. Well, hand in hand with this no-change doctrine, is the doctrine that all men die a natural death on account of sin. Another doctrine is, that all men die a moral death here, on account of transgression. Of these two doctrines, the latter is strictly true; the former is untrue, though it is good against the advocate thereof.—Here then, the believer in no change after death, knows and admits that he is morally so constituted and bearing such moral accountabilities, and subject to such moral laws, and guilty of such immoral acts, that all the boasted merits of vicarious atonement do not, up to the very hour of his departure, prevent him from suffering present moral death. If, therefore, there be no moral change after death, then the vicarious atonement, though adopted here, will not save him from endless moral death.

Nor is this all. Lest he should borrow some comfort in the consideration of the universality of this sad consequence, we will endeavour to bring it nearer home to himself. The advocate of endless wo is confessedly miserable, unless he can cheat that portion of his creed out of its natural influence, by putting the evil day as far off as possible. The thoughts of no change after death, makes him often agonize and weep in view of



the apprehended consequences. Will not the full accomplishment of that doctrine make him as miserable hereafter, as does the anticipation of it here? I am aware that a doughty antagonist of friend Abel C., would say that after death he will have none of his present sympathies for the suffering and the exposed. But this will not do, for he has them now, and an indispensable of his creed is that there is no change after death—those sympathies make him a miserable mortal, and there is no change after, or in laying off, the mortal.

Extend this idea. When a man is fully imbued with the results of this popular doctrine, what would he not sacrifice in order to save the poor wretched sinner!—Imprisonment, stripes, persecutions, are nothing. They are laboring, and pleading, and groaning, much of the time, to throw up some barrier against the fulfilment of their doctrine. They would be mangled upon the rack, or burned at the stake, for the sake of the poor sinner! So powerfully is their moral nature affected by their doctrine. Well, there is no change after death. Of course they will be so subjected to this doctrine after death, as to be ever putting forth their efforts in behalf of the suffering, and ready to be burned or tortured, for the sake of the sinner. It will not evade the conclusion by saying that the saints will *know*, in the immortal world, that the fate of the sinner can not be changed; because such knowledge is excluded from the possibility of working any change in the mind of the saint. He is willing to do and undergo as specified above, as long as he lives, and there can be no change for him (his doctrine says) after death.

We see, then, the consequence of the doctrine of no change after death. If it can involve the final misery of any one of the human family, it will involve its believer and advocate in endless damnation. There is as much certainty in the case of the believer, as there is possibility in the case of any other person. The only thing which can save them will effectually destroy the whole ground work of American orthodoxy. If the believer in no change after death, be consistent with truth, nothing can save him from endless suffering and sin. As long as he clings to this doctrine, let him abide its consequences. His only chance of safety lies in the Scripture doctrine of change after death—such a change as will save all, if it saves one; because it is the gift of God to all—such a change as Christ and Paul describe; a change from the mortal to the immortal, from the corrupt to the incorrupt, from the dishonorable to the glorious, from the earthly to the heavenly, so that all who are children of the resurrection, will be as the angels of God in heaven. Universalists believe in this change, and therefore “do enter into rest.” After this the old fling—“if your doctrine be true,” etc.—must be amended. It belongs to the Universalist to say to the Partialist, “if my doctrine be true, I am saved now, as I know we both shall be hereafter; but if your doctrine of no change after death be true, what will become of you?”

A. R. B.

#### OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

However difficult it is for the human mind to conceive of the omnipresence of God—or to conceive of Him as being every where present, and, of course, capable of encompassing the boundless universe, and at the same moment of reading all thoughts and workings in the human mind;—yet this is one of the unfoldings of truth contained in the Scriptures. A few examples will prove this.

As was the custom in those days, Sarah, the wife of Abraham, gave him her maid Hagar, to be one of his wives. After a time, however, Sarah “dealt hardly” with Hagar, inasmuch that she fled to a fountain of water in the wilderness. While there, an “angel of the Lord” appeared unto her, and made known certain facts concerning her then unborn son, whose name was to be called Ishmael. Hagar called the name of the Lord, who had spoken to her, “*Thou God seest me!*” The simple facts of the case, show the propriety of this sublime name. Hagar had fled from the face of her mistress, and from the face of her kindred, and was alone in the wilderness—yet there did God behold her. Be-

sides this, the angel told her, that her son Ishmael should, in his descendants, become a multitude of people.—“And he will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man’s hand against him; and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren.” Gen. xvi: 12. This verse is a perfect history of the Arabs or Ishmaelites—they have always been against every other people, and all other people have been against them; and having never been conquered, they have dwelt by themselves as a nation in the presence of their brethren. No attempt of generals and armies to subjugate them, has been fully successful—they are as free at this very day, as was Ishmael, when, with his mother, he went forth from Abraham’s tent, and dwelt an archer in the wilderness. Under such circumstances, could not Hagar well say of Him who could look through four thousand years and behold the condition of the multitudes of her son’s descendants; “*Thou God seest me!*”

There is another instance very much to the point.—When Saul was chosen king of Israel, one of the distinctive marks by which he was selected, was, his being from the shoulders upwards, taller than any man in Israel. But when Saul forfeited his throne by his misconduct, and Samuel the prophet was sent to anoint one of the sons of Jesse for the future king, “the Lord said unto Samuel, Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature;” (that is, of Eliab, one of the sons of Jesse, whom Samuel was inclined to anoint,) “because I have refused him; for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.” 1 Sam. xvi: 7. So David was elected for the king of the chosen people. The fact here elicited, is, that God reads the heart or mind; that its capacities, thoughts, and operations, are ever open before the “Judge of all the earth;” who readeth them more distinctly than man can read the printed words on the pages of a book.

One of the most sublime exhibitions of the omnipresence of God, is found in the language of that very David whose capacities fitted him for the throne of Jacob. “O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me. Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising; thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou compassed my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways; for there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo! O Lord, thou knowest it altogether. Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thy hand upon me. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I can not attain unto it. Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, (Sheol—the state of the dead,) behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, ‘surely the darkness shall cover me;’ even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.” Psalms cxxxix: 1-12. In this sublime passage, we are taught that God is everywhere present—that there is no spot, where God is not manifested—that from his vision there is no fleeing—that in heaven, on earth, in the regions of the dead, among the celestial orbs of the boundless universe, by night and by day, in the most secret recesses of the soul, God is omnipresent. Hence, from his real presence, his spiritual presence, there is no place which can hide man. Does not this fact prove, that when Paul said of the Jews who were the violent persecutors of Christ’s church previous to the overthrow of their nation, “who shall be punished with everlasting destruction, from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of his power,” 2 Thess. i: 9, and the interpretation given of it, is, that sinners will, in another world, be cast from the spiritual presence of God into endless anguish—does not this fact prove that such an interpretation is incorrect?—for if, according to the Psalmist, there is no place which can hide us from the presence of God, how can multitudes be driven from that presence?

What then is the meaning of the passage? A mo-

ment’s thought will show it. Although God is every where present, yet no human eye can behold him.—Hence, in ancient times, and at certain spots, visible symbols were exhibited as tangible proof of the presence of the Lord. The burning bush before Moses—the wonders at Mount Sinai while the Jews were before it—the still small voice which Elijah heard after the wind, the earthquake and the fire—were visible manifestations of the presence of Deity. The Lord’s presence was visibly manifested, in some way, to Adam, Eve, and their children. Hence, after Cain had murdered his brother Abel, it is said, “and Cain went out from the presence of the Lord, and dwelt in the land of Nod, on the East of Eden.” Gen. iv: 16. That is, he went out from the place where the presence of the Lord was manifested by a visible object. The Jews believed that the presence of the Lord was manifested in the temple at Jerusalem—and also, that his glory was there. At the dedication of that temple, it is said, “for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of the Lord.” 1 Kings viii: 11. Jehosaphat once said in a prayer—“if when evil cometh upon us, as the sword, judgment, or pestilence, or famine, we stand before this house, and in thy presence, (for thy name is in this house,) and cry unto thee in our affliction, then thou wilt hear and help.” 2 Chron. xx: 9.

It was from this presence of the Lord visibly exhibited in the holy temple, that the Jews were to be driven.—They had crucified the Saviour—had persecuted the disciples—had given continued trouble to the churches. For this they were to be scattered to the four winds of heaven—were no longer to enjoy the presence of the Lord in their sanctuary—but as a nation, were to endure everlasting destruction—everlasting, because they have already endured it over four hundred years longer than they enjoyed the everlasting possession of Canaan or the priesthood of Aaron. And whosoever has studied their history, needs no words to convince him, that since the Jews were erased from the political world as a nation, no visible symbol of the divine presence has been vouchsafed them.

These remarks serve to show, that Paul did not declare that any individual would be cast into ceaseless anguish from the spiritual presence of God; however positively *creeds* may insist upon it. And here I can not forbear introducing an address to creed-makers from Dr. A. Clarke’s note on Ps. cxxxix: 12—an address very singular for him to make, since he was a believer in ceaseless anguish. “Jehovah, the Fountain of eternal perfection and love, is as unlike your *creeds*, as He is unlike *yourselves*, forgers of doctrines to prove that the source of infinite benevolence is a streamlet of capricious love to thousands, while He is an overflowing, eternal and irresistible tide of hatred to millions and millions both of angels and men! The antiproof of such doctrines is this;—he bears with such blasphemies and does not consume their abettors. ‘But nobody holds these doctrines.’ Then I have written against *nobody*; and have only to add the prayer, May no such doctrines ever disgrace the page of history, as they have done, the annals of the church.” We can only say to this severe reproof, Amen!

From all the proof which has been adduced from Scripture, it appears that God is omnipresent; and that at no moment of our lives, are we out of his presence. In life, in death—roaming air, ocean or earth—in the solitude of the desert, or the busy multitudes of the city—we can always say, “*Thou God seest me.*” We can not see God—very true!—there are many other things we can not see; but whose existence is demonstrated by their manifestations. For instance; the compass-needle may be swerved by the finger from its direction, but it will instantly return and point to the North.—Wherever the sailor or the traveller may wander, it always points North. This is caused by magnetism, which is everywhere so diffused, that there is no spot of earth where the needle is not subject to its influence. But whoever saw magnetism? To human eye, it is perfectly invisible. It is the same with mind. An individual may address an audience—his thoughts may flow forth in the majesty of perfect know-



ledge and in the strength of the most exact science.—But can we see the power which planned and formed that address? We see the outward man—yet that outward man might be the form of an idiot or the temple of insanity. It is obvious that the principle which thinks, and directs the organ of speech what to say, can not be seen—it is inward—it is mind—and its existence is proved by its outward effects.

Neither can we see God. We are convinced of his existence by the visible works of his providence. The solemn stars, the glorious sun, the rolling earth, the changing seasons, the ocean, life in all its forms, and mind nobler than all other created things, with all the countless objects of the universe, are so many sensible manifestations of Deity, of whom we have assurance, that though we can not see him, yet He holds us within the cicing gaze of his government, and that we can never flee from his presence.

With the sublime fact, then, that God is every where present, how should the solemn truth excite our thoughts and engage our attention. "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good;" doubtless to reward the one and to punish the other. For sinners can not flee from God. How strong is the assurance—"Though they dig into hell, thence shall my hand take them; though they climb up to heaven, thence will I bring them down: and though they hide themselves in the top of Carmel, I will search and take them out thence; and though they be hid from my sight in the bottom of the sea, thence will I command the serpent, and he shall bite them: and though they go into captivity before their enemies, thence will I command the sword, and it shall slay them; and I will set my eyes upon them for evil, and not for good." Amos ix: 2, 3, 4. On the contrary, the good receive their reward from Him who sees all actions, even though outward things are against them. Hence our Saviour advises his disciples to lay up treasures in heaven, where moth can not corrupt nor thieves break through and steal—not, in this instance, treasures in another world; but the treasures of truth and virtue, expressed by the word heaven, and which ever give inward peace and happiness to their possessor. And so certain are we, that the eyes of the Lord are upon the evil and the good, that the declaration of Solomon can not be too often repeated, that God "recompenseth the righteous in the earth; much more the wicked and the sinner." G. W. M.

Br. S. MILES, of Pittsford, Monroe county, informs us in a private letter, that he has been unable to preach but once, since early in November last, in consequence of severe indisposition in his family. Sister Miles has been, and is yet, confined to her bed, with an affection of the left side, producing great irritability of the heart and nerves. We sympathise sincerely with our afflicted brother and his family, and hope that he may soon be able to resume his valuable and acceptable labors in the ministry of reconciliation. The ministers of the restitution find it hard enough to get along with the numerous calls made on their scanty means, without having sickness to divide and distract their minds, and stop their labors. We hope our lay brethren in the vicinity of Br. Miles, are of the right kind, and remember his labors of many years in the good cause, and his many afflictions in time past. A. B. G.

We copy the following from the Connecticut Universalist, as a just guess at the merits of a sound and faithful preacher, and a worthy man. A. B. G.

"THE RIGHT WAY.—From McLean, Tompkins county, N. Y., Br. A. G. Clark writes to the Editors of the 'Better Covenant' as follows:—

"Our church has 40 slips on the ground. We have sold 34 of them for money enough to pay for the ground, house, stoves and lamps, and have \$170 left that we shall turn towards an organ. We have a good bell, weight 640 pounds, a good choir of singers, and a good congregation."

"And we may add, a good minister, good financiers, good faith, and probably good practice. This is the right way in which to do up the business of a society in order to its prosperity. May all of our societies copy the example."

Will Br. Gurley, of the Star, inform us on which volume the \$1.50 received of S. Hathaway, of Rising Sun, was intended to apply? We have credited on the present, 14th, volume. Our books show that vol. 13, for 1842, is not paid for.

#### JUST RECEIVED,

At this Office, an Exposition of Miller's Phantasy, concerning the destruction of the world in 1843. Price twelve and a half cents.

#### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. GROSS will preach at Syracuse next Sunday.

There will be preaching on the fourth Sunday inst., by Br. SKINNER at Little Falls, and Br. GROSS in Frankfort—Br. E. M. WOOLLEY in Marshall.

There will be preaching on the first Sunday in March, by Br. H. GREEN in the new school house, near Br. Snow's in Willet.

Br. O. WILCOX will preach in Little York, (Fowler,) on the evening of the 27th inst.; and in Summerville on the evening of Wednesday, March 1st.

Conferences.—The second Conference of the Chenango Association will be held in Triangle, (Upper Lisle) Broome county, on the third Tuesday and following Wednesday (21st and 22d) of February inst.

The third Conference of the Chenango Association will be held in the Baptist meeting house in Pitcher village, on the fourth Thursday and Friday (23d and 24th) of present month.

Ministering and lay brethren are respectfully invited to attend both these Conferences. J. T. GOODRICH, Standing Clerk.

#### MARRIAGES.

On Tuesday evening, Jan. 7th, by Rev. Mr. Haynes, Mr. JAMES H. FREAR, to Miss SARAH QUEAL, all of this city.

In Auburn, Nov. 13th, 1842, by Rev. G. W. Montgomery, Mr. HARRISON MASTIN, to Mrs. JANE SHURMAN, of Menz. In Auburn, Dec. 22d, by the same, Mr. CHESTER COOK, of Menz, to Miss MARGARET CHADWICK, of Auburn.—In Auburn, Dec. 24th, by the same, Mr. TRUMAN POWERS, to Miss MERCY LEE, both of Mohville.—In Auburn, Dec. 28th, by the same, Mr. EDWARD S. WAY, to Miss ELIZA HORTON. In Skeneateles, January 1st, 1843, by the same, Mr. LEVI NEWEL, to Miss LUCY SWEET.—In Auburn, Jan. 5th, by the same, Mr. JOHN B. KINNE, of Weedsport, to Miss CATHERINE SHELTERS, of Sennett.—In Port Byron, Jan. 9th, by the same, Mr. CLARK HOLISTER, of Rochester, to Miss ANN MARIA BARD, of Port Byron.—In Fleming, Jan. 10th, by the same, Mr. JAMES R. LANGHAM, to Miss CORNELIA A. BECKER. In Auburn, Jan. 14th, by the same, Mr. S. D. ROCKWELL, to Miss LETTY GREY; and Mr. J. H. OSBORNE, to Miss ELMIRA PRASE.—In Auburn, January 16th, by the same, Mr. DAN STRONG, to Miss SARAH BROWN.—In Auburn, January 25th, by the same, Mr. MONROE HANLIN, of Owasco, to Miss MAHALA COOK, of Auburn.—In Sennett, Jan. 25th, by the same, Mr. JOAB L. CLIFT, to Miss MARY LEONARD.—In Auburn, January 30th, by the same, Mr. S. DEMPSEY, of Auburn, to Miss MERCY J. TYTE, of Sennett.

#### DEATHS.

In Bourbon county, Ky., Jan. 14th, of whooping cough, NANNIE, youngest daughter of James and Eliza Hutchcraft, aged 10 months and 11 days. Thus has one of the loveliest children that ever felt the fond paternal embrace, been removed from earth to the realms of immortal bliss. May the bereaved parents find all needed peace and consolation in the knowledge that all have the same inheritance beyond the grave, where parting shall be known no more.

W. S. B.

In Webster, Monroe county, N. Y., on Saturday, January 21st, Mr. ANDREW ROBB, aged 83 years. Mr. Robb came into this place when the country was almost an entire wilderness. His cold remains now slumber in the silent tomb, upon the very farm which he selected and occupied some thirty years ago. He has been a firm believer in a world's salvation for several years. The weight of time, and the infirmities of age had much impaired his tottering limbs and intellectual powers; inasmuch that he had scarcely known his children or neighbors for some time past. He came to his end by a fall, which caused a broken thigh, about eight days before his death. From the time of the fall at the door of his son, with whom he resided, until he expired,

he could not be made to realize his condition, nor his approaching end. He supposed himself among strangers in a strange land. He struggled much to make his escape from those who had the care of him, which seemed to hasten his dissolution. How frail is man; how transitory, how uncertain is human life! A breeze of wind too strong, a shower of rain too heavy, often produces some fatal disease or disaster that hurries us to that world from whence none but Christ and a few others have been known to return. Truly, human life is blended with death: it is short and transient as the humble flower that falls before the mower's scythe. Passing away is written upon all our friends as well as our foes: "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth forever." Eccl. i: 4.—Peace be to all the surviving children and friends of the deceased, and to all our fellow men. S. MILES.

In Preston, Jan. 9th, Mrs. MARIETTE, wife of Mr. Samuel E. Lewis, and daughter of Mr. Simon Turner, aged 18 years.

In the death of Mrs. L., her bereaved husband has lost one with whom he had been united but ten months, and to whom he was most ardently attached. As a wife, none were more affectionate and devoted; as a daughter, more tender and dutiful; as a sister, more kind and amiable; or as a neighbor, more obliging and useful. In every respect she acted well her part in the drama of life, and none knew her but to love her. She invariably manifested a high regard for the Christian religion, by practicing its most important obligations, and possessing a spirit too benevolent and a mind too enlarged to bow before the narrow creeds of men; she uniformly assembled with those who worship God as the Friend and Father, adore Christ as the Redeemer and Purifier, and view heaven as the final happy home "of the spirits of all flesh."

"Believing in Jesus and trusting in God, She feared not to walk where her Saviour had trod;" and she willingly bowed before the stroke of the fell destroyer, and in her dying moments exclaimed, "God is just and good, just so sure as I breathe the breath of life."

The beautiful flower was too fair for earth, and has been transplanted to a more friendly clime, to bloom and flourish to all eternity.

The overflowing congregation which attended her funeral, Jan. 11th, irrespective of religious tenets, showed the high respect in which she was held by the surrounding community.—Oxford Times. J. T. G.

At Page Brook, in the town of Greene, Jan. 18th, Miss JULIA PAGE, daughter of Mr. Jared Page, aged 17 years.

Possessing a kind disposition, a cheerful temper, amiable and accomplished manners, and a well cultivated mind, she could but be sought after in the circle in which she moved, and esteemed for her many conspicuous virtues and attractions. Her death has prematurely blasted the fond anticipations of tender and obliging parents, and other near and dear relatives and friends; but while they mourn their loss of one whom they delighted to love, some of them sorrow not without hope.

Her youthful heart was deeply imbued with the sentiment of universal grace, which the writer presented in both its practical and doctrinal bearings, to a very large concourse of people, mostly of an opposite faith, at her funeral, January 20th. Elder Guy, pastor of the Baptist church in that place, kindly and appropriately aided in the services.

"Her race was fair but short on earth,

Her duty was well done.

Beloved by all who knew her worth,

And all who knew her, mourn.

Like a bright cloud of summer's day,

That sweetly fades at even,

Julia's spirit passed away

From earth to shine in heaven."

J. T. G.

#### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P M, Preble for A C [all right]—P M, East Rodman, for D M W and L R—W F G, Auburn, for S B O H, J T and C E also same time since, for T M and M N—P M, East Bloomfield, [Pa.] for F W—P M, Stafford, for J A—O W, Ellsburg, for self and A H—P M, Ridgeway, [Mich.] for C C D and G W K—P M, Erie, [Pa.] for A R—P M, Versailles, [Ills.] for S C, J R and J S—H A, Washington, [Mich.] for H J—P M, Akron, [O.] for W A—P M, Pekin, for C P N and J G—P M, Pillar Point, for J S—A F, Motville, for W B, H C, A S and J W—P M, Madison, [O.] for M T—P M, Greenfield, [W T.] for J S and T S—P M, Sing Sing, for E P A and J A—P M, Depauville, for S G and L B F—P M, Woodsboro, [Ind.] for J B, G L, M A and S G—P M, Petersburg, for W W R, L J, A S H, O D T, A F W, E S jr, A E R and E R R.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## OUR HEAVENLY HOME.

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

*"To die is to go home."*—*W. C. Hanscom.*

Ye may not mourn, though every flower  
Which blossoms 'round thy way,  
Drinks in pale sorrow's withering dew  
And hastens to decay—  
Though clouds which azure seemed at morn  
Grow black and yield the thunder-storm.

Ye may not faint, though pain and care  
Are linked with every breath,  
Though all thy life a burden proves,  
E'en to thy day of death—  
Swift is our passage o'er Time's wave,  
And "home" gleams bright beyond the grave.

Home! e'en the word sends magic thrill  
Through all the veins of life;  
But we are lonely strangers here,  
Our home is high above,  
Where kindred links are ever strong,  
And angels pour the endless song;

'And floods of light forever beam,  
On all the heavenly rings,  
So bright that seraphs veil their brows,  
Beneath their snowy wings;  
And harps like gold, glance brightly there,  
And pour out music on the air.

Thus sung a youth of heavenly mein,  
As earth's rough paths he trod;  
Then paler grew his youthful brow,  
And he passed home to God—  
Passed like some summer flower away,  
Or golden beam at close of day.

Heath, Mass.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## DOMESTIC INFLUENCE.

"What are you reading, Louise?—Bulwer's last, or one of Maryatt's amusing tales? for you seem very much engaged."

"Neither; but something which I consider quite as interesting, and much more useful; a treatise on 'Domestic Economy.'"

"Domestic Economy! Really! when are you to be married?"

"Whether I am to be married sooner, or later, or not at all, it is necessary for me, as well as for every one else, to understand this important science."

"Necessary or not, I don't understand it, nor do I wish to, for it is not my intention to be a household drudge for any man."

"Nor is it mine; for there is too much responsibility, and can be too much dignity attached to the management of domestic affairs for it to be called drudgery."

"Well, if I can not maintain my dignity without troubling myself about the dirty kitchen, I will go without it; besides, Mr. Butler loves me too much to ask it of me; he will employ servants to see to those things."

"But who is to direct your servants?"

"Why, I intend to have servants who know how to direct themselves."

"Well, Mary, perhaps you may be fortunate enough to obtain such, but I do not expect to be, and even if I were, I would prefer to manage the affairs myself, both for the beneficial exercise it affords, and because the respectability and happiness of a family depend so much upon a well arranged house."

Such was the conversation that passed between two young ladies who had associated together from childhood, and whose friendship had increased with each succeeding year, until it had arrived to that degree of intimacy, so frank, artless and confiding, that sisterly affection itself could not surpass it. But never, perhaps, were girls who loved each other more different. And here I would remark, that almost invariably the strongest intimacies of the same sex, having their origin in childhood, exist between the greatest diversities of character.

The girl of gentle, modest, reserved and retiring disposition, selects for her friend and confident one who is frank, fearless and talkative; and *vice versa*. This

seems to be in nonaccordance with the principles of nature, for there two contraries repel each other, in this they attract.

But to our story. Louise was by nature a very sensitive and a very sensible girl. She possessed a superior habit of observation;—had read and laid up for use many a lesson from the sayings and doings of others.—She had learned that earth does not present one unclouded scene of enjoyment, but that it has its winds, its storms, its hours of darkness and peril, and fortunate is he who knows how to encounter them with safety.—She had learned, too, that all is not gold that shines. She felt that she was created and destined for a higher, nobler sphere than that of a butterfly chase for fashions and pleasure, and that in proportion as she fed the hungry, clothed the naked, or helped the helpless, she labored for Him who loved active goodness more than sacrifice, and who unfailingly rewards the doer of good with a corresponding degree of happiness.

With such habits and feelings, it is not a little surprising that Louise should form an intimacy with one so light, gay and unreflecting as her friend Mary. It could not be said that education made the difference, for they were taught at the same school, and both had equally kind and good parents; but Mary did not love to read a useful lesson from every thing she saw, or lend a helping hand to others' necessities. True, she pitied the poor, and whenever she could spare a few shillings, willingly gave it them, innocently thinking that was all they needed. Pleasure was her happiness, and at every social gathering she found admirers gay as herself, and often wondered how it happened that so good a girl as Louise could attract so little attention; forgetting that an object worthy of pure, unadulterated love, is ever repulsive to flatterers.

Mary had selected from her many admirers, one to whom she gave her hand, and who loved her for her personal charms, and from his short acquaintance, vainly imagined she possessed all those amiable qualities which are necessary to render domestic life agreeable and happy. It need hardly be said, that Mr. and Mrs. Butler entered their new home full of joy for the present, and of bright, unclouded anticipations for the future.

Time passed on and brought, as it ever does, increasing happiness to some, transient pleasures and disappointed hopes to others, and change to all. But never did night's silvery queen look out upon a more happy family than that of Louise—who was now Mrs. Thompson. Three lovely children were seated around their parents, receiving, like dew from on high, instruction from Holy Writ. Their eager eyes were often filled with tears, as their father read and explained to them how, and why, the Son of God left his Father's bright realms, to dwell with sin and sorrow—how he kindly bade the erring sin no more—soothed the sorrowing—cheered the humble and contrite, and taught us all the light that leads to pure, perennial joys. They could not be blamed if their youthful hearts beat with indignation, as they sometimes did, on hearing how the envious lords played the thorns upon his meek and lowly head—how they spit upon, mocked, and derided him, and then in the last agonies of death, when the most soothing cordial should have been given, they offered to his trembling lip the bitter gall and vinegar; and as in imagination these lovely children heard his thrilling exclamation, "Father, forgive them," they could only exclaim, O my father, tell us, was ever love like his!

The sun gave a purer ray, the west a milder breeze, and the waters a gentler sound, as Mrs. T., with her usual companions, wended their accustomed way to church, where she saw her friend Mary present, for the first in a long, long time. She congratulated her, and among her inquiries asked the cause of her absence.—Mary's conscience-stricken countenance betrayed more than her tongue dared utter, which only was that she could not come. Now the truth was, she was never ready. She had always trusted to her various servants, who were often incompetent or negligent, to keep their clothes in order, dress the children, etc.—the consequence was, they could not be ready, or if ready at all, too late, and omissions had increased in number, until

absence from church had become a habit with the family.

"We could not come," said Mrs. B., "but do, dear friend, communicate to me your secret of being always at church yourself, with your husband and children, all looking so neat and orderly. And Lucy, your servant, too, is here, dressed and appearing so well that if I did not know the contrary, I should take her to be your sister or cousin. For my part, my girls never looked decent to go to church, even if I could keep one long enough, which I very rarely can."

"Lucy has been with us so long, that she seems like a sister or cousin, and she takes quite as much interest in our family as either of those could; as to my secret, I have none. I only do, or see that every thing is done in its proper time, and teach my children to help themselves as much as possible."

Mary returned home with a saddened heart, but a secret hope that she might yet retrieve her husband's falling fortunes; not so much by retrenching her expences as by a proper care that nothing be lost or imprudently used.

The usual evening occupations at Mrs. T.'s were interrupted by the arrival of the following letter, which deeply affected Louise, and gave joy to all to know that a once sad family were now drinking the pleasant waters of domestic felicity.

"Dearest friend—Permit me to express my unfeigned gratitude for your kind instructions;—instructions which, if I had followed them long ago, would have saved me many a remorseful pang, and my family many a painful feeling of regret and shame that their wife and mother was not dutiful—did not love to administer to their wants and wishes; and it was not until my husband communicated to me the startling fact, that his once competent fortune was fast ebbing beyond his retentive power, that I could bring my proud heart to yield assent to imperative duty. My stricken conscience had spoken in a voice too strong to be unheard, that my negligence had caused his ill success, and long before we left your pleasant villa, hallowed to me by a thousand dear remembrances, did I resolve again and again to commence the work of reform, and as often failed; until the bleak winds of adversity actually came to nerve my arm and raise me from despair to hope. Heaven only knows my struggle; and thank the same kind Heaven that helped and sustained me, and your kind instructions and example, I have enabled my ever kind and forbearing husband to renew his smile of love, which is now doubly dear, and my children to feel that they have now a mother who cares for them.

"Dearest Louise, forget me not in your daily petitions to the Throne of grace; but pray that I may go on with the good work begun, and that I may in future make ample amends for time worse, yes, worse than lost. May I hope to be remembered as your truly penitent and affectionate friend,

January 16th, 1843.

LETITIA.

EXCELLENT REPARTER.—The Rev. Dr. M'C—, minister of Douglass in Clydesdale, was one day dining in a large party where the Hon. Henry Erskine, and some other lawyers were present. A great dish of cresses being presented after dinner, Dr. M'C—, who was extravagantly fond of vegetables, helped himself much more largely than any other person, and as he ate with his fingers, with a peculiar voracity of manner, Mr. Erskine was struck with the idea that he resembled Nebuchadnezzar in his state of condemnation. Resolved to give him a bit for the apparent grossness of his taste and manner of eating, the wit addressed him with "Dr. M'C—, ye bring me in mind of the great king Nebuchadnezzar!" and the company were beginning to titter at the ludicrous allusion, when the reverend vegetable devourer replied—"Ay! do I mind ye o' Nebuchadnezzar? That'll be because I'm eating among the brutes!"

Christ was a preacher and pattern of humility; he did so admire it, that he set them in the highest form, that had the lowest hearts.



# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

'I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL.'....."PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1843.

NO. 8.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### PATERNAL AFFECTION.

BY MRS. S. ELIZA GIBSON.

Paternal affection! Ah what deep and thrilling interest is connected with this one short sentence—what strong and undying love—what devoted and disinterested attachment, does it embody! Who that has seen the parent bend fondly o'er the infant child as he watched its peaceful slumber, or who that has noticed the light of joy which beamed in his countenance, as he gazed on the tiny features that reflected back his own—has never felt, that surely in the parent's heart, was a deep fount of one of the holiest of emotions? Who that has seen the parent open wide his arms to receive an erring and sinful child, though long years of estrangement, on the part of that child, have passed since his infancy—has not felt that there is a tie which unites the parent to his child, that nought on earth can sever? Or who that has heard the reproachful word, or bitter taunt of a child, returned for the devotedness and affection which have been lavished upon him, and has noticed that notwithstanding these, the parent wipes the gathering tear, and bestows his blessings and benedictions as ever upon the ungrateful one—who, we say, that has heard and seen this, has not thought that neither undutifulness or ingratitude can unstring that chord in the parent's heart which vibrates with a melody, such as nought else than the most unchanging love can awaken?

Surely that affection, so strong and unchanging, so deep and enduring, which binds the parent to the child, must be one of the highest and holiest of emotions; and though many may unite in saying that paternal affection is not a virtue; because, say they, it lives in the hearts of the vicious as well as virtuous, yet we do, and ever must believe, that it is not less than an emanation from the fount of love—"our Father who is in heaven." Nay, it is the "good seed" which, though planted in the heart from whence cometh vice, springs forth in beauty and fragrance, and to an extent, covers the "tares" which have taken root in the same soil.

Where is that one, who has left the light of a parent's smile, to wander abroad in a world which is by far too unfeeling, that has not turned, when his eye seemed benighted by cares and sorrows, to a parent's love, as to a star that would still beam on his darkened pathway, and give light to his feet, though all others should set to rise no more forever? But who, ah who, like the orphan can feel the need, and appreciate the value of this—one of Heaven's richest boons! Who like the orphan, can rightly prize the advice and admonitions, the smiles and commendations of a parent? And when neglect and inhumanity have aimed their piercing darts at the fatherless one, say, who then wishes as ardently for a parent's love, or feels as sincerely that could it be had it would, as a soothing balm, heal the cruel wounds? Oh then, "deal gently with the orphan's heart!" for as would be this earth were the brightest of the sun's rays struck from existence, even thus is the earthly sojourn of that one, who on earth feels not the kindly influence of a parent's love. And ye, ye who have still the "blessed boon allotted you," cherish it well, and prize it highly—prize it as you do the rays of light, for though all unworthy, like the noonday sun, it withholds not its blessed beams.

This subject was suggested by reading an inscription on a rugged, moss-fringed stone, erected in a burial ground but a short distance from the village

of M——. It was traced when the surrounding country for some distance, was all a wilderness, save here and there an opening made by some enterprising yeoman or hardy lumberman. It reads as follows:—

"Heare lies the body  
Of Hannah Stichind  
Hanah Stichind was  
born July 22 day 1789  
Died 24 day of January 1791  
Aged 18 Monthes and two  
days old when shee died"

Here was no marble urn or sculptured monument to tell the resting place of one whom that parent held near and dear! Here was no display of art or of science, but a rough inscription traced by one unlettered and unlearned! But does not that shapeless stone tell of an affection as deep and devoted as would a monument which wealth, art, and science had conspired to erect? Yes: and it speaks too of a grief as deeply felt, as any which ever rent the bosoms of those upon whom had been showered the gifts of science and literature! And when the loved one was laid in its last narrow bed, fain would the doting parent expend much for some testimonial of affection to mark its resting place. But when circumstances forbade his obtaining a tombstone carved by one studied in sculpture, he, after an anxious search, selected a stone which though rude and shapeless, could be made to speak to the memory of the lost. And then did his pleasing task commence. After long days of wearisome labor had passed, then, as we learn by a contemporary of his, would he return to the home now made sad, from the recollection that a sweet voice which was wont to greet him, was hushed in silence, and with a pamphlet before him from which to select the needed letters, and an instrument of iron which was intended for a far different purpose, would he pursue the task he had allotted himself. Thus did he employ many hours which but for this labor of love, would have been devoted to the repose of his weary and toilworn limbs. But at length it was completed, and what think ye, were his emotions when he saw it placed at the head of his infant's grave? Did he not feel doubly rewarded for all the labor which he had there bestowed, and did not his heart swell in gratitude when he saw a memorial raised to mark a resting place which though he could never forget, he wished should be held sacred by others? Yes, and long, long may that stone stand, not only to hallow the mound beneath which rest the ashes of one, that was once so fondly loved, but to tell also of the undying affection which lives in the parent's breast!

Kind reader; you have followed us thus far through our subject, but we ask your attention still farther. When we see the strength and devotedness of paternal affection—continuing as it does, though ingratitude, sin, and even death itself, conspire to sunder its ties—when we dwell upon its beauties and excellencies in our earthly parents, as liable to frailties and imperfections as they are, do not our thoughts involuntarily rise to our *Father in heaven*? And then we ask, can that fatherly love which dwells with Him from whom "cometh down every good and perfect gift"—who is of himself Love and Perfection—can it be less than that which lives in the breast of imperfect and erring man? Can it be that He who has ever been so mindful of our wants—who has taught us to love and revere him by placing around us so many testimonials of His wisdom, power and goodness—can it be that His love will be less enduring than that of our earthly parents, or that he will let us lie down in our graves to remember us no more forever?

No: the thought is derogatory to the character of Heaven, and unworthy the name of love! Has not the declaration gone forth, that with him is unchangeableness—that though a mother forget her young child, yet will the offspring of his care never be forgotten! How pleasing and salutary is the confidence which such a belief inspires! In the day of prosperity it enables us to raise our hearts in thankfulness to him who has blessed our exertions, and smiled on our efforts—and in the darkened hour of adversity we can rest assured, that though all else leave and forsake us, yet will he never forget or withhold from us, the many manifestations of his goodness and tokens of his loving kindness. And when we lay us down in that last hour, O how consoling will be the thought, that though we are to part with all on earth we hold dear, we are going to the arms of a Parent, who in due season, will gather all his children into that blissful court, where, purified from sin, they will enjoy his smiles and sing his praise forever!

O then let us cherish this belief through all seasons, and then come weal or come wo, we can look up to that Throne, as the dwelling place of a benefactor, a friend—a FATHER!

Monroeton, Pa.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## DOCTRINAL ARTICLES.....No. I.

BY REV. J. H. SANFORD.

Br. Grosh—In number 2, current volume of the Magazine and Advocate, I noticed a call for a few "brief, pithy articles of a doctrinal character" for your columns; and flattering myself that I can furnish them in as "brief" and "pithy" a manner as any one, I have concluded to suspend the pursuit of "contrasts," and offer the following for the purpose of variety.

ARTICLE 1ST. "Hear, O Israel; The Lord our God is one Lord." "O Lord God of Israel, which dwellest between the cherubims, thou art the God, even thou *alone*, of all the kingdoms of the earth." Hence God is not two or three, but "to us there is but one God, even the *Father*." Deut. vi: 4. 2 Kings xix: 15.

ARTICLE 2D. "The kingdom is the Lord's, and he is the governor among the nations." "The Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men and giveth it to whosoever he will." "Alleluia; for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof. Clouds and darkness are round about him: righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne." Ps. xxii: 28. xcvi: 1, 2. Dan. iv: 25. Rev. xix: 6. Therefore we under the ruling power of the king eternal, and amenable to his laws, and his alone."

ARTICLE 3D. His law "is perfect converting the soul." Ps. xix: 7, and consequently all souls being his, (Ezek. xviii: 4,) they will be converted and be healed.

ARTICLE 4TH. The Lord says by the prophet, "I will put my law in their hearts and write it in their inward parts." Jer. xxxi: 33. Therefore his law is not infinite, for if so, the heart of man could not contain it. The capacity of man to understand is finite; and it necessarily follows that the law of God is finite, and consequently the penalty annexed thereto is finite, and the punishment of course limited. Therefore endless suffering can not be.

ARTICLE 5TH. "They shall all know me from the least of them unto the greatest of them saith the Lord." And him to know is life eternal. Jer. xxxi: 34. John xvii: 3.

ARTICLE 6TH. "The law was our school master to bring us unto Christ that we might be justi-



fied by faith." Gal. iii: 24; Therefore the King eternal, the one God has instituted a perfect future law and put it into the hearts of the "chief of sinners," to give them a knowledge of himself and bring them unto Christ, and convert their souls.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

BY REV. H. BELDING.

There is something very interesting in the history of our Saviour and his disciples, considered merely as historical matter. That a private individual, without friends, without worldly means, seemingly destitute of every thing requisite for carrying on great enterprises, should, notwithstanding, effect such a revolution, as facts clearly establish, must ever remain an anomaly in the history of our race. Look at the Saviour, surrounded by his little band; and, apparently, a weaker company were never assembled. Follow them, as they go from place to place; and, on every suitable occasion, hear the leader lift his voice, and proclaim to the people that he is the true Messiah. The benevolent pity him for his weakness; while the haughty Scribe, and self-righteous Pharisee scoff, yea, deride him, as a mere pretender. What, he talk of his labors *influencing the world!* the son of a carpenter—a Nazarene, attended by a few ignorant fishermen; he talk of *revolutionizing the world!* What folly, yea, madness!

But, mark you their progress. Three years of toil and privation had effected seemingly, but little. Few were his adherents; and that few, anything but influential. Dark indeed was that time, when the leader was apprehended; and the little band scattered! How then stood the cause; and where was the evidence that he, or his doctrines would be even known, a century thence? Human judgment would say, all is lost: but far otherwise was the result. A few centuries, and the world (as it then was) had undergone an entire change. The heralds of the cross had traversed the earth by sea and land; and the doctrines of Christ had triumphed over all opposition.

Let us now inquire for the means used. What were the mighty producing causes that led to such unlooked for results? Probably it will be said, that miracles were the all-producing means. It is true, miracles did much; they enabled Christ and his disciples to silence opposition, so far as his authority, and the truth of his Messiahship were concerned; but this was not all that was requisite; nor was it the principal. Miracles could convince the understanding; but to control the passions and sway the will, something *more* was necessary. Independently of all miracles, there is in the Gospel a moral power, having its source in the purity of its doctrines, and the high and lofty hopes it inspires for futurity. And in the practice of the one, and under the influence of both, the disciples went through the world; and, in the event, revolutionized it.

And what may not such men do? They can *outdo* all the deeds of heroism and valor that have ever found a place upon the historian's page! What was an Alexander, a Cæsar, or a Napoleon? They subjugated nations, overturned governments, and in their times, became the terror of the world.—They had power over the outward man—they controlled the bodies of men; but over the better faculties of the mind, they bore no sway: hence, then, when the first acting causes were removed, things returned back much as they were before, or were diverted into other channels.

Not so with the apostles. Their labors cast an influence over the whole man—an influence that stopped not at the outward surface, but penetrated even the heart; and, by so-doing, corrected the fountain, that the stream might be pure. The spirit that Christianity breathed, was the spirit of heaven. It had in its composition, the elements of justice, mercy, truth, benevolence, humanity and love. Hence it was suited to all classes, to all conditions, and to all times. No human being existed to whom the provisions of the Gospel would not apply. Was a man ignorant? in the Gospel were

sources of information, from which he might draw, and become wise. Was he already wise? let him study to become wiser. Was a man great, in every worldly sense? let him learn of Christ, and thus become acquainted with true greatness. Was a man good? then he might learn to become better. Was he young? let him spend the morning of life in search of truth. Was he old? then let the evening of life be employed in contemplations upon that same truth.

And what may we not yet expect from this truth? Divest it of those dark habiliments which Partialism has cast around it, and it will be what it was in the days of a Paul, and a Peter. Nor will it be found to have lost its ancient power. And are not the signs of the times propitious; and may we not expect that Christianity "pure and undefiled," will yet appear in all its native beauty? Then, and not till then, shall we see Christianity every where triumphing over infidelity. Then, indeed, may "the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Amen.

Cherry Valley, Jan. 28, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## THE CERTAINTY OF PUNISHMENT.

BY REV. W. M. DELONG.

All Christians will admit that the safety of our national character and government, the security of man's life and property, as well as the obedience of children to their parents, and the formation of their characters for after life, depend, in a great degree, upon the certainty of punishment for an infringement upon, or their violation of laws.

It matters not what law is transgressed—whether it be of a national, social or civil character, or whether it pertains to the parental government, all unite in saying that the penalty, annexed to the violated law, should be immediately inflicted upon the transgressor, in order to perpetuate the peace of our national and private character, and reform the disobedient. Hence, we see men of every religious sentiment, exerting themselves to execute the penalties, or cause them to be executed, upon him who has transgressed our civil laws.

And these same men, too, believing that the peace of their families, the welfare of community, and the good of the disobedient depend upon the certainty of chastisement, will inflict punishment upon their disobedient children. All of this goes to show, that in matters relating to man's present interest, all men, of whatever sect or sentiments, are agreed; so far, at least, as the certainty of punishment is concerned.

We could wish that this agreement extended still farther. But notwithstanding all men agree as to the certainty of human punishment, yet when we broach the subject of divine punishments, we are doomed to differ. "This is the rock on which we split." If our difference was on matters of a metaphysical or speculative nature, it might be accounted for, owing to a difference in our perceptive and reflective organs. But as it is on a matter of daily experience and observation, and on which there is the most clear and pointed evidence, it appears to me, to say the least, that the difference is strange and almost unaccountable.

No man can fail to see, that a slackness or uncertainty in the parental government, would soon prove the destruction of social harmony, and the ruin of the offender. Or, that an uncertain execution of civil laws, would tend to the destruction and ruin of our government. And notwithstanding men can see thus clearly and judge thus correctly on these points, they can not see the evil that would grow out of an uncertain execution of penalties annexed to divine laws!

Now, I as fully believe, that vice and crime will attend uncertainty, and non-infliction of divine penalties, as that they will be fostered and encouraged by such a course, under human institutions. And why should they not? As mankind are constituted, they will indulge in vicious habits unless checked by the chastening rod. And the institutions of men, "the powers that be, are ordained of God," to effect this object—to stop man in his career

of wickedness. Hence, those who are using their exertions to bring the fugitive to justice, under our civil institutions, are using their endeavors to carry out and effect what their theology opposes, the certainty of divine punishments. That the certainty of such punishment, is indispensably necessary for the safety of community and for the good of man, is proven from the oracles of divine truth.

Solomon says, "Because sentence against an evil work is *not* executed *speedily*, therefore the heart of the sons of men, is fully set in them to do evil." How inconsistent then, with this testimony, and how pernicious is that sentiment, which contends that it is not the *immediate certainty* of punishment, but the *dread* of endless wretchedness and torment, that will deter the sinner from crime!

Let the parent practice upon this principle—let him place his time of "reckoning" twenty years hence, and threaten his children, for a violation of his laws, with scourging, imprisonment, or death, to be put in execution at the expiration of the time—and, in order to make the illustration correspond with the common doctrine of the day—let him say to them that, if they will be *sorry*, or repent of their crimes, before the time of reckoning comes, their punishment shall be remitted, and their crimes forgiven—and what, kind reader, will be the effect? Think you that the children will be obedient and dutiful, chaste and virtuous?—the society in which they move, blessed by their example? and the time of reckoning find them never having deviated from the strict path of virtue and honor? Let those instances which do occur, where the parent is always threatening and never performs, or where there is a looseness in the parental government to chastise the refractory child, answer this question.

I do not say, but that the time of reckoning would find the children penitent and sorrowful. But would the *intervening* time tend to produce virtue and chastity in the children? and to prove the usefulness and propriety of such a course?

And here I would suggest to those who hold that future-world and endless sufferings, will deter the sinner from crime, the propriety of their acting in their official or private character, as much like their Deity as they possibly can. If they will pursue this course, they will be consistent with their theology; and probably be convinced of its perniciousness and immoral tendency.

There is no point of doctrine clearer taught in the Scriptures, than the certainty and unavoidable-ness of the punishment that awaits the transgressor. "Though hand join in hand the wicked shall not be unpunished." "God will by *no means* clear the guilty." "He that doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong which he hath done." And again: "God will render unto every man according to his deeds."

I regard punishment, as one of the *blessings* conferred by our Creator on mankind—as a means which he uses to effect their holiness and happiness. That all men become sinful and disobedient, will not be denied. Now, I ask, Is it not a blessing to them, to be brought back to obedience and virtue? "Yes," all will answer. Well, this is the object and design of punishment. It is to bring the sinner to reflect upon his course of conduct, and when he is thus brought to a serious consideration upon the wickedness of his past life, he will reflect upon the mercies and favors of God, of which he has been and still is the recipient. He is thus brought to repent of his follies and sins, and resolve to pursue, in future, a more honorable and virtuous course. And I ask, Was not that a blessing to him, which *first* aroused his moral sentiments to such a train of reflections, and such praise-worthy decision? All will answer in the affirmative—it was. Even he who has been made to feel the rod of severe chastisement will acknowledge, in the language of one of old, "Before I was afflicted, I went astray; but *now* have I learned to keep thy statutes."

If, then, divine governments are so necessary to effect man's present good, how absurd is the idea, that God will withhold from man here, that which



will result to his best interest and virtue, and reserve it to man's endless wretchedness and woe! Forbid that a thought so revolting, so dishonoring to our Creator, should ever enter our minds.

While we believe in the certainty of punishment, may we never forget that mercy and justice should determine its amount. And while "no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous," yet let us remember, that "it afterwards yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness, unto them who are exercised thereby," and "will make him a partaker of God's holiness."

Binghamton, Jan. 21, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### THEOLOGICAL DISCUSSION.

BR. GROSH—An oral debate came off in this place, on the third day of this month, at 6 o'clock in the evening, and continued five evenings, between our Br. G. T. Flanders, and Br. Lewis Barnes, (Methodist,) on the question, "Do reason and the Scriptures teach the final salvation of all men?" The rules of debate were as follows: 1st. Each chose a moderator to keep the disputants to the question in debate, and preserve order. 2d. Each spoke thirty minutes in succession. 3d. No more than six passages of Scripture were to have been quoted in one speech to prove a point, each of which the opponent was bound separately to examine. The above rule in regard to Scripture was not strictly adhered to, but we feel in duty bound to say, that the question was discussed in a spirit of Christian candor which we have never seen equalled in debate. The house was crowded to overflowing during the whole of the debate, and the most scrupulous attention was observed. The truth as it is in Jesus was brought forward by Br. Flanders stripped of its priestly decorations, illustrated and defended in a clear and impressive manner, such as is seldom equalled. On the contrary, the negative was defended by Br. Barnes in a manner which did honor to a sinking cause. The closing speech by Br. Flanders, (in which a review of all the arguments was made,) was such as I can not well describe, and those who were not favored with the opportunity of hearing, can but ill judge of its weight. It has left impressions that can not be easily removed, a spirit of inquiry after the truth appears to have gone forth, and is fast wearing off the tinsel with which error has vainly attempted to disguise it, and is beginning to shine in its native brilliancy, and darkness is fast receding before the glorious light of Gospel truth and salvation—

Our souls anticipate the day,  
When error shall be slain;  
And Gospel truth in triumph ride,  
O'er falsehood's beaten plain.  
When the loud thunders of the law,  
Shall cease their dreadful roar;  
And heaven-born truth spread far and wide,  
And hell be preached no more.

It is a fact, evident to the impartial observer, that the truth as it is in the Scriptures has been strangely and extensively perverted; error has her shrine attended by a numerous host of worshippers—yes, even in this day of religious inquiry, many still shrink from the light of truth, and are bound down in the fetters of human tradition; and like the woman mentioned by our Saviour, who had a spirit of infirmity eighteen years, they can in no wise lift up themselves. Yes, by tradition and slavish fears they are kept as the Psalmist strongly expresses it, fast bound in misery and iron.

Friend, whoever thou art, lift up thy head, assert your liberty, and your fetters shall give way—the prison doors shall be opened—the captive shall go free; in the language of Solomon, I would say, "Buy the truth and sell it not." Give in exchange for it all your prejudices and sectarian bigotry; it is an inestimable treasure, seek for it as a hidden treasure, then thou shalt find the knowledge of God, which is more to be desired than fine gold; yea, than much fine gold.

But pardon me for this digression from our subject; and we will proceed. Three years ago and the truth was seldom heard among us, save when a wandering disciple of truth chanced to favor us with a call. Then we were but few in number,

but now we march strong—our march is onward and upward.

The above mentioned discussion has given an impulse to the cause of truth, which can not be stayed; we have carried our victory into the enemy's camp. One more conflict and the day is ours; for truth is mighty and must prevail. Of late we have been forcibly struck with the truth of the orthodox saying, that "Universalism is running down" in the West. Down! yes, deeprooted, and firm shall it stand, and bid a proud defiance to the blighting storms of cheerless orthodoxy!

Newark, Ohio, Jan. 11, 1843.

S. P. H.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### UNIVERSALISM!

BY REV. U. CLARK.

Here are balm and cordial for every wound and fear. The tempted may here find weapons strong to resist; the afflicted may rejoice in triumph, and dispel care; the mourner may dry up the tear of sorrow, and behold the brightness of the future; the dying may close their eyes on earth, and smile to welcome the whispering angel that bears the immortalized spirit to the Father's heaven and home. Here lift up the drooping heart, and be joyful in loud anthems even amidst the heaviest lowering clouds of human adversity—in life and in death; for here faith and hope lift a beacon light high above the darkest storm, and dart a ray on and on, till lost in the noon-day gleamings of immortality. O what swelling thoughts, what lofty aspirations are here inspired! Here let mind expatiate for ever, and holy ambition grasp eternal youth. Death is despoiled, and earth dwindles into nonentity, while heaven welcomes a race of regenerated intelligences. No sickness, sorrow, death, pain, night, sin, stormy wind or chilling breath, or separation there—there all is bliss extatic and unconfined. The soul, the mind soars untrammelled, and gathers strength and rides in new and undiscovered fields that open forever and ever in the immensity of space. Harps and voices of sweetest music are there, and there love and union warm every heart. The Father smiles to see the radiant beamings of joy in the faces of re-united friends, whose affection now refines into fadeless bloom; and heaven echoes with symphonious anthems as Jesus extends his arms to receive home the last earthly wanderer.

Canandaigua, January, 1843.

### SECULAR NEWS.

DEATH OF COM. HULL.—Com. Isaac Hull, a veteran and distinguished officer of the United States Navy, whose name will ever be connected with the history of her proudest exploits, died at Philadelphia, on the 13th inst. The U. S. Gazette contains, from a correspondent, an extended biographical sketch of the deceased, from which we derive the facts for the following:—

He was born in Connecticut in 1776, and made two voyages to England, one to Ireland, one to Rotterdam, two to Lisbon, two to Cadiz, and ten to the West Indies; he commenced his nautical career at the age of 12, when he went on board a prize ship taken by his father from the British during the Revolution. He entered the Navy as a Lieutenant on the 9th of March, 1798. In 1800, while first Lieutenant of the frigate Constitution, he cut out a French letter of marque from Port Platte, in St. Domingo, at noon day, without the loss of a man. In 1804, while in command of the brig Argus, he rendered essential service in the Tripolitan war. In 1812 he was in command of the frigate Constitution, and was chased by a British squadron under Com. Broke. The seamanship manifested in the escape which he accomplished, conferred upon him almost as much renown as a victory could have done. The English, confidently relying upon their superior force, were extremely anxious to get along side their enemy. But by his admirable order, the coolness, discretion and skill, maintained in every portion of his ship, and the rapidity with which he was kedged, carried her safely out of the reach of her pursuers, without the loss of a single boat, anchor or gun.

But his most important exploit was the capture of

the Guerriere, a British frigate of 38 guns, one of the squadron which had so recently chased the Constitution. Of this affair, Mr. Cooper in his Naval History has given a very spirited account. The Guerriere was discovered at about two in the afternoon, and was immediately chased and her character and quality ascertained at about half past three. Preparations for an action were immediately made, and some shot were fired. At six a disposition was manifested to engage in a yard-arm and yard-arm fight. A heavy fire on both sides was at once opened, and in about ten minutes the Englishman's mizen-mast was carried away, the American passed slowly ahead, keeping up a tremendous fire, and luffed short round on her bows to prevent being raked.

"As the vessel touched," says Mr. Cooper, "both parties prepared to board. The English turned all hands up from below, and mustered forward, with that object, while Mr. Morris, the first lieutenant, with his own hands, endeavored to lash the ships together. Mr. Alwyn, the master, and Mr. Bush, the lieutenant of marines, were upon the taffrail of the Constitution, to be ready to spring. Both sides now suffered by the closeness of the musketry; the English much the most, however. Mr. Morris was shot through the body, the bullet fortunately missing his vitals. Mr. Alwyn was wounded in the shoulder, and Mr. Bush fell dead by a bullet through the head. It being found impossible for either party to board, in the face of such a fire, and with the heavy sea that was on, the sails were filled, and just as the Constitution shot ahead, the foremast of the enemy fell, carrying down with it his mainmast, leaving him wallowing in the trough of the sea, a helpless wreck."

Since that time Com. Hull has commanded in the Pacific and Mediterranean, and at shore stations in the United States. He has been Captain thirty-seven years, having received his commission April 23, 1806, only one day after Com. Stewart.

AWFUL CALAMITY!—The Albany papers bring us the account of an awful calamity which occurred in Troy on Friday last. We take from the Argus, the following copy of a slip from the Troy Budget of Feb. 19th, which gives all the particulars which we have received:—

About 4 o'clock this afternoon, another land-slide occurred from the hill, (Mt. Ida,) where the awful catastrophe of January 1, 1837, transpired, exceeding in extent and consequences that memorable disaster.

Some eight or ten dwellings, occupied by poor families, were crushed and buried beneath the mass of earth. In these, it is supposed, there were not less than thirty or forty persons, only ten or twelve of whom escaped.

Within an hour, nine bodies had been dug from the ruins five of whom were without life, one partially injured, and three not beyond recovery.

Had this avalanche occurred in the night, the destruction of life would have been still greater, as many occupants of the houses were absent at their labor or elsewhere.

A man from the country, passing at the time with his team, leaped from his sleigh, and escaped. The horses and load of wood were buried beneath the earth.

We just left the scene of disaster. It is one of horrid desolation. Thousands were congregated on the spot, and a corps of efficient men engaged in penetrating the earth and clearing away the fragments of buildings.

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.—On Wednesday week, two ladies belonging to the family of Mr. Creighton, who reside near the Clifton House, at Niagara Falls, had a narrow escape from an awful death. They were in a sleigh, driving a horse belonging to Mr. Creighton, and when near the well known Table Rock, by some mismanagement on the part of the ladies, the horse backed toward the precipice, and fell over into the dreadful gulf below. Fortunately the ladies sprang out, before the horse made the leap. Of course the horse and sleigh were dashed to pieces, the height from which they fell being more than one hundred and sixty feet.

The bill to abolish imprisonment for debt has been passed by both houses of the Missouri Legislature, and signed by the Governor.



For the Magazine and Advocate.  
A PARODY.

"The Rose that all are praising."

Sung at a Donation Party given to Br. O. Wilcox, and now published by request.

The creed that all are praising,  
Is not the creed for me,  
Too many doubts it's raising  
Of God's paternity.  
But there's a creed in his own book,  
That men so often overlook,  
For ALL its blessings raising;  
Oh that's the creed for me.  
The faith that many covet,  
Is not the faith for me—  
Oh, how partial! who could love it!  
Save that 'twas destiny.  
But I've a faith of lovely hue,  
The Bible's self affirms it true,  
And nature does approve it—  
Oh, that's the faith for me.  
A God in vengeance frowning,  
Is not the God for me;  
His offspring he's disowning  
Throughout eternity.  
But I've a God that is all love,  
And he'll bless all in realms above,  
Their final destiny—  
Oh that's the God for me.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

THE UNIVERSAL REIGN OF CHRIST...NO. I.

BY REV. ALSON SCOTT.

The Scriptures of truth are full of evidence upon the doctrine of the universal reign of our Saviour. The prophets of old sang the glory of his kingdom, and all agreed in regard to the office he should fill. Not a single writer of the Scriptures ever spake of him but as a prince and a ruler, whose kingdom should bear sway over the universe of mind, and ultimately bring all into obedience to his righteous government. Daniel, speaking of his government, says, "there shall be given him dominion and glory, and a kingdom; that all people, nations, and languages shall serve him." Isaiah speaking of him declares that "he shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David....from henceforth, even forever." The angel gave the same cheering intelligence to his mother, saying, "He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the highest: and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David; and he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end." Paul saw the same cheering prospect before him, for he declares that "he must reign till he hath put down all rule, and authority, and power; for he must reign till he has put all enemies under his feet....when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God even the Father;....and God be all in all." It was for this very purpose that he yielded to death and rose again from the tomb, "that he might be Lord both of the dead and the living."

By remarks and quotations made, it will be seen that the sacred writers saw, as with an eagle's eye, the final triumph of the principles of the Gospel over all themes, sentiments, or practices of men; and also the conquests Christ would make in his warfare against "the prince of darkness, the powers of the world, and spiritual wickedness in high places." Nor are the Scriptures the only teachers upon this point. Our reason has ever been busy upon this theme, and has brought out evidence that can not be resisted although we might deny the Scriptures of truth.

But, I may be asked, what evidence, other than that contained in the Scriptures, have we of the consummation of all things in one glorious kingdom, in which shall dwell righteousness and peace, and which shall have no end? I answer, First, the progress Christianity has made since the days of its founder—that is, if the present and the past may be considered, any evidence of what will be in the

future, which none I presume will pretend to deny. Go back to the time of the advent of the Son of Man; then we beheld the people gone astray; sunk deep in sin and misery; paying more regard to the traditions of the elders, than to the law of the living God; practicing upon the old law of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. They were looking for him to come who should rule Israel, expecting that he would descend from some royal family, inherit the throne of their government, and bear sway in an earthly kingdom. Instead of this however, his birth was announced to the wondering shepherds of Judea as taking place in Bethlehem in a stable. He commenced his ministry by preaching the doctrine of repentance, a doctrine preached by his forerunner, which was disbelieved by the popular sects of the day; for none but the common people heard him gladly, or believed the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth.

His disciples were despised, as a body, by the Jews, on account of their low stations in life. In short his doctrines were every where spoken against, and the most bitter persecution raised against him, until, for the paltry sum of thirty pieces of silver, one of his own disciples betrayed him into the hands of his enemies. He is brought before a tribunal, accused of blasphemy, condemned and crucified; and not only so, but his disciples all forsook him and fled, while one of them, when accused of being with them, declared with an oath, "I know not the man." Notwithstanding all this, Christianity was destined to flourish. Its branches were yet to spread until they should form a cool retreat for the whole family of man. To have seen Christianity at this time, one would have supposed that it was dead, never more to rise. Its founder is dead, and deserted by his most zealous followers. This, however, was but a time of sleep from which it awoke with renewed power and might. From this time it gradually increased until near the time of the dark ages, when it again sank into oblivion, and its name became almost lost. Soon again it is seen bursting forth with splendor from its state of sleep, and with rapid strides marches from hamlet to hamlet, from city to city until we see it pervading a respectable portion of our globe.

Its votaries may now be found in almost every nation. It has out-stripped the most bitter persecution; subdued the most ferocious dispositions; converted them to its ranks, and inspired them with feelings of charity, and benevolence. Nor has its progress ceased; even now we see it gaining ground as fast as time can carry it: and should it continue to increase for a few centuries to come, as it has during the one that is just past, but a short time will elapse ere it will pervade all lands and climes, ere every heart shall become an altar of praise.—The prospect is a glorious one. The east is radiant with the glow, while the western horizon begins to be lit up with its heavenly, cheering light.—Were one now to judge of the future by the present and the past, he would predict the final triumphs of the Gospel, an overthrow of all bigotry, superstition, idolatry, and false religion, and a universal reign of the Redeemer which shall know no end.

Colerain, Mass.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

"REMEMBER LOT'S WIFE."

LUKE XVII: 32.

There are thousands, and tens of thousands in this age, who are following the example of Lot's wife, that would do well to remember the cause of her being converted into a pillar of salt. We are sympathetic beings that can not but feel another's woe; and if that woe should be augmented before our eyes, our hearts and limbs would soon be petrified, and changed into blocks of salt or statues like marble. Did Lot's wife look back upon the horrible flames of fire and brimstone that were falling upon the plains of Sodom and Gomorrah? Let those who are constantly holding up a similar picture before the eyes of men, beware lest their very heart's blood should freeze in their veins, while they are relating their awful stories.

How long—oh how long shall there be so much said and done to drag the thoughts and meditations of men, women and children, from the upper and higher fields of sweet contemplation and glory, to behold the appalling, the dark side of the most gloomy picture that the distempered imaginations of men can invent? There seems to be a train of thoughts in the minds of men, that reminds me of the tail of the old Dragon spoken of Rev. xii: 4. "And his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and did cast them to the earth." It should be here remembered that this old Serpent (that "deceiveth the whole world,") was not the first that fell from heaven; the Revelator says he "saw a star fall from heaven unto the earth: and to him was given the key of the bottomless pit. And he opened the bottomless pit:" etc. Rev. ix: 1-5. Now, all this must first take place before the old Dragon could accomplish the work of prostration described in connection with the history of his fall. And this is a striking pattern which has been most faithfully imitated by men in later times. Behold how untiring their efforts to arrange their sermon so as to fix some awful fire picture before the minds of men, and then hitch on the tail of their story in such an artful manner as to "cast" their distressed victims into long and black despair! Now, if lies about the end of the world or any thing else, makes professed Christians, then the Father of lies ought to have the credit of inventing such falsehoods as those that are told to make proselytes.

"By this amusement of government, men are taught to believe in inconsistencies and utter impossibilities; whips and dungeons, fire and gibbets, and the solemn terrors of eternal torments after this life, may persuade weak minds against their senses; and in direct contradiction to all their reasoning powers."—Dr. Watts.

See Isaiah v: 30, and viii: 22; also ix: 1, 2.

S. MILES.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

TRUE RICHES.

"I will pull down my barns and build greater."

Luke xii: 18.

When the grounds of the rich man brought forth plentifully, when the flood tide of prosperity poured in upon him, he cried out in the very language of want, "what shall I do? because I have no where to bestow my fruits and my goods." Had not his heart been hard and unfeeling, the answer would have been ready,—viz., to assist the poor, the widow, and the fatherless. But no, the idea of enlargement strikes his mind, and he exclaims, "I will pull down my barns and build greater,—and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods." Ah foolish man, they are not thy fruits nor thy goods. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof"—they are only lent thee a short time, by your Maker; and as well may you bury them in the earth, as to keep them hoarded in thy barns. They will answer the purpose for which God intended them as well in one place as the other. "And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." Can thy immortal soul feast on earthly goods?—and are they laid up for many years? When thou art not sure of a single day, when in the midst of life we are in death, wilt thou calculate on many years? "Eat, drink, and be merry." How vain, indeed, is such a resolution! "for a man's life (i. e. the happiness of it) consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." While soliloquizing on the wisdom of his plans, "God said unto him, Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee." All the riches of the Indies, all the wealth thou possessest, can not rescue thee an hour from death, nor add another moment to thy life; thou art now called upon to go the way of all the earth. The father of thy earthly frame, the mother who watched over thy cradle, the brother and sister of thy youth, (if thou art in possession of such friends,) thou must leave them all—thy body must return to the earth, and thine immortal spirit, separated from it, must take its upward flight beyond the sun, moon, stars and flaming worlds to God who gave it. "Then whose shall



those things be which thou hast provided?" They are not thine now—thou hast no longer any part or lot in any thing on earth—thy projects of ambition and thy dreams of adding dollar to dollar, of enlarging thy buildings, and multiplying thy plans, are now vanished forever! Thou hast toiled for heirs, thou knowest not who.

How unspeakably vain and useless is such a life—yet, "so is every one who layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich towards God."

The great moral to be derived from the above, is—that as riches have a tendency to harden the heart, and render it impervious to the calls of suffering humanity; and as poverty is hard to be borne, we should pray with Agur, for God to "give us neither poverty nor riches." It teaches us not to calculate on "many years," when we know not what a day may bring forth. To day we may be rich, to-morrow poor; to day in health, to-morrow in sickness; to day in life and health, to-morrow gasping in the pangs of death. Oh the mutability of every thing around us! God is the only object on which we can depend—he is "the same yesterday to day and forever"—a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother—he has stood by us in six troubles, and will he forsake us in the seventh? His goodness and mercy extend around, above, and below, and even to us here, and will they forsake us hereafter? He has been our best friend on earth, and will he change and become our worst enemy beyond the grave? No, never! There is nothing in the universe be it ever so small, but what is under the intimate inspection, wise conduct, and powerful influence of Jehovah's government; hence let us learn to rest our hopes on God, believing he doeth all things well—"Who will have all men to be saved and come unto the knowledge of the truth."

How cheering to the weary soul, to the worn-out pilgrim, is such a doctrine as this. It is glorious indeed—it is the truth of the Bible—it has the prayers of every holy being for its triumph—it has for its object the reclamation of the human race—it has for its end the endless felicity of every individual—it will do to live and to die by—it has been spoken of by the mouth of all God's holy prophets since the world began—it stands on a base firmer than Etna's, established by reason and Revelation—the happiness which it brings the mind will last with eternity, and be measured only by the skies. And can you disbelieve it? O ye doubting souls, "where is your faith?" Are you afraid to believe God—are you afraid to believe the Prophets—do you distrust the Bible? If so, you are wretched in the extreme, and it is possible you will leave the world believing, or pretending to believe, that a great part of mankind, with an equal proportion of your near and dear friends, must forever endure the excruciating torments of the wicked in hell. "Why will ye die?"—for you are in reality dead while you believe in such a doctrine as this. O rather turn and live; believe in the glorious restitution, and practice its requirements, and you will live—you will live a life of happiness, and die the death of the righteous, and your last end be like his.

Palatine, January 29th, 1843.

JASPER.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### PREJUDGING.

The practice of condemning a religious doctrine before investigation, is a fault in which by far too great a portion of mankind are prone to indulge. And there is no one thing which is so readily denounced, and that too by those totally ignorant of it, as Universalism. Yet in this they are inconsistent with their uniform practice in temporalities. Should there be any who are disposed to be incredulous in relation to this statement, he need not pass many days in any of our villages, before he can assure himself of its correctness. Ask a person what he thinks of the science of Galvanism. Why, perhaps he will tell you, he is skeptical upon that subject. But tell him there is truth embodied in it, and that a series of lectures is to be given upon it, and his answer will be, "I will attend and see what foundation they have in truth." He accordingly does so.

Ask another for his views of Mesmerism. He

will perhaps be an unbeliever, but will express a wish to know and see more of its effects. Of Phrenology, the same. If there are to be lectures he will attend; if works are published relative to it, he wishes to possess and peruse them. But ask the whole orthodox world, (so called,) for their views of Universalism, and with one voice they all condemn it as a damnable heresy.

Here is a test of their consistency. They freely acknowledge their inability to judge of this or that science, or theory, for the reason that they are not familiar with it. But they are willing and ready to condemn Universalism, without giving it a hearing. One would naturally think, if it was as dangerous and erroneous a doctrine as its opponents represent it to be, that what they esteem to be truth would not suffer by a comparison with it, but would shine the brighter; and that so dangerous a doctrine as they esteem Universalism to be, ought to be well understood, that they might know best how and where to direct their forces against it.

It is an admission made by all, that to judge properly of any subject, we should first acquaint ourselves thoroughly with it; but this is a course very rarely pursued in relation to the believers in the restitution. It is a well known fact, that in proportion as people are ignorant of the doctrine, so are they opposed to it. This is well known by the Partialist clergymen of this day, and it is for this reason that we so often hear them exhorting their flock to beware of Universalist meetings, and to avoid associating with them. They know full well that their only safety is in keeping their people in ignorance; and as one means of effectually doing it, they get up their anxious meetings, create an excitement, get orthodoxy to its height, make people beside themselves, and in proportion as they get their crazy zeal excited, in the same proportion are they opposed to investigation. These preachers call Universalism a bear, which is ready to devour them; and lest this should be true, they keep aloof from it. Such is the consistency of many who oppose Universalism! A more honorable way would be to prepare themselves to meet it understandingly.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

E. G. B.

## MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry.

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### POPULAR ADMISSIONS. NO. II.

#### REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS.

It is a good thing to make the opposers of the doctrine of impartial grace abide by their own arguments. It shows them their own weakness and the madness of their man-made schemes. There is no scheme that has been concocted by man, whose several parts so completely nullify each other, as American Orthodoxy.—Take the whole system, and set a man to defending it, and before he gets through with it, he will completely sweep out every stone of his foundation. There is no such thing as making the popular theology of the day hang together. It fairly hates its own shadow. I am, therefore, frequently in the habit of making the believer in the doctrine of endless torments stand by the consequences which he would fain throw upon the shoulders of his neighbors. We have already weighed the notion of no change after death. Let us try another one.

The assertion is very frequently made, that the distribution of rewards and punishments in this life is very unequal. We are told that the very worst men in the world, prosper and enjoy most; and that the very best men suffer the most. And this is insisted upon as a proof, that the present inequality will be remedied by a future endlessness of rewards and punishments. And it is very consistent with the general principles of popular religion. It is very much indebted to the rule of contraries. But this same system also says, that there is no change after death. Now, kind reader, I am in a perfect quandary, how these two no-

tions can be made to coincide, in connexion with the doctrine of endless suffering. How a short life of impunity to the sinner, and misfortune to the Christian, (supposing the premise to be correct, which, by the way, it is not,) is so unequal as to make the endless reverse of these conditions equal, is rather a puzzler. But how the present sufferings of the saint, and the unpunished sins of this life, can prove the infliction of endless suffering upon one, or the bestowment of endless happiness of another; especially when there is to be no change after death; is more than any philosophy can comprehend. Perhaps some wise D. D. can enlighten me on this point. We will therefore follow up the notion in another light.

The sinner is not punished, the righteous are not rewarded, in this life—so say the reputedly wise ones of earth. But if such a state of things is consistent with the wisdom of God who changes not; who shall say it will not be equally consistent in the immortal world? What is the fair inference from such a proposition as this? Certainly it is far from proving the existence of any punishment hereafter. The sinner, we are told, goes on through a whole life, unpunished. And not only unpunished, but God bestows upon him less care, and more joy than upon His obedient children. If this be true; if God does thus bestow his approbation upon sin, it must be done in accordance with the laws of His government. The consequence will be, that all the Reverends who complain so much of their present sufferings, will continue to suffer; and all the sinners to whom Limitarians give so much joy, will continue to be joyful, as long as they are governed in accordance with this orthodox theology—unless they become holy, and in that case they will be sufferers too!

We have a more consistent theory. We say that holiness is always accompanied with the reward of joy; and that God punishes the vicious with a view to their amendment. And as he can not err in the choice of means, all will ultimately be restored, and enjoy the happiness of holiness. But the multitude reject this doctrine, and refuse to recognize their sufferings as the consequence of their errors. They insist upon it, that the distribution of rewards and punishments are very unequal in this life. They say that sin gives more happiness than obedience. The moral law of God, the moral nature of man, and the natural influence of sin, all combine to make the sinner happy. While on the other hand, misery, and want, and degradation, and misfortune are the natural attendants and companions of righteousness. According to this doctrine, if God was designing to make all men miserable, he would make them holy; and if he designed to make them all happy, he would only need to leave them to the natural influence of sin. Had not some of the great theological Seminaries of our land better improve their doctrines? Verily, if they do not do it soon, it will be done for them.

A. R. B.

MILLER'S CALCULATIONS.—A paragraph from the Journal of Commerce (an up-to-the-hub and bigoted Orthodox secular journal,) is going the rounds, that Miller has stated that he has made a mistake of 1000 years in his calculations respecting the end of the world. In copying it we marked it doubtful, for we knew the source whence it came. Mr. Miller has made no such statement in his lectures while in this section. He still says that the world will be burned up in 1843; but professes not to be certain when the prophetic year—the real year, 1843, commenced—perhaps it will not begin until next March, perhaps it commenced last March—so that 14 months may elapse before the conflagration begins, though he looks for it every day. We hope his opposers will be honest enough to tell the truth about him and his theory; for many of them are as absurd as he—they believe in the same event, but profess not to know whether it will take place next month, next year, or next century—and yet they ridicule Millerism!!! A pretty set of fellows these religious teachers—they have collected the kindling, piled on the fuel, got the match ready, and declare that the fire must be got up; and yet, when a man comes along and tells the people to



take care, for the blaze will soon be started, they ridicule him as a fanatic, a visionary, a madman, a fool, and a hypocrite! And when Universalists, and a few of their own most learned and able teachers, unite in showing that the whole foundation which Orthodoxy has planted for Miller to build upon, is false, unreasonable and unscriptural—that the end of the world (Jewish dispensation,) and the second coming of Christ is past, they turn round and call us infidels, and abuse Professors Bush and Stuart as vile heretics!! “Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel!”

A. B. G.

## CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

This relic of the barbaric revenge of society against the criminal—of a self-perpetuating blood thirstiness, is vigorously assailed on almost every hand. Universalists are no longer almost alone in efforts for its utter abolition—many of some of the strictest sects in our land, are up and doing, and some of our states have been successful in its removal. It is virtually abolished in the States of Vermont, New Hampshire and Connecticut, by an enactment declaring that the criminal shall not be executed for one year after being found guilty, nor then, unless expressly ordered by the Governor. Of course, one year will allow all feelings of revenge to die away, and no Governor will be found so fond of blood as to order an execution, unless powerfully urged so to do.—In Maine, efforts are being made to abolish the relic. In Massachusetts, Governor Morton has very emphatically urged its abolition as necessary to securing certain and salutary punishment, and as demanded by the spirit of our institutions and the age. Several Conventions opposed to hanging have been held, and are yet to be held in Boston, on the subject. In the city of New York we notice that a public discussion of the subject has been held in Broadway Tabernacle, in which the advocates for hanging showed their fears, by avoiding a fair and full discussion of the subject—or probably, their shame at advocating so unchristian a code of morals; for they were ministers of the Gospel! Revs. Mr. Cheever and Dr. Cox. That discussion, however, (by giving the advocates of capital punishment all the advantages they claimed, and demonstrating their cowardice in meeting the subject fully, and their inability to sustain even their best and chosen positions,) has done much good, and will hasten the downfall of capital punishment. The opponents of these clergymen, (who occupied theological ground as much as possible,) were laymen only. In fact, the managers gave humanity and reason as little chance as possible.

Besides these popular movements, showing that the people are in advance of their teachers and leaders, we notice also, that the secular press generally is out in favor of the abolition of the punishment of death. Here and there a clergyman (who has been shut up among the musty volumes of a past century until his heart has forgotten to beat in unison with the humanity of this century, but still thirsts for blood as when the law of barbarous retaliation was enforced under the name of Christianity!) has ventured into the secular press, and “made darkness visible” by his exhibitions of exploded pleadings, which were used by the advocates for the rack, the thumbscrew, and the whipping post of a former day. And occasionally some editor, deeming his clergyman to be infallible because his spirit and his pleadings accord with the genius of a few centuries bygone, takes up on that side of the question; but generally the secular press—the best portion of it, for morals and intelligence—is opposed to capital punishment. The religious press is more equally divided—being more under the influence of men who live in the near past, instead of the present and the future of Christianity. But even here, change is at work, and in a few years more we may hope to see a sheet that advocates capital punishment flung from the hand with a shudder of disgust, as now would be the gory cloth with which a murderer had wiped his reeking hands! Then will the “occupation” of these spirits of a dark age be at an end—like the believers in infant damnation, they will be silent, if not convinced of their error.

So well satisfied have I been with the rapid rolling on-

ward of the ball which we have aided so greatly to put in motion, that I have stood still, and seen it rolling onward under the work of other hands. Satisfied that its triumph was near at hand, and approaching as rapidly as could be desired, (for it is not desirable to secure the abolition of death as a punishment, until a large majority of the people are favorable,) and that Universalists needed no further urging, we have said and done but little in our columns, for a year or two past, in aid of the movement.

Among the states that have moved in this matter, Michigan stands distinguished. On the 30th of January last, her legislature passed a law abolishing death as a punishment, and substituting imprisonment for life.—The term *solitary* was stricken out; as, indeed, it should be. And what renders this act more peculiar is the fact, that no one has ever been executed in Michigan. May she ever be kept free from legal blood-guiltiness. The act passed the house of Representatives by a vote of 35 to 15—a majority of 20 out of 50 votes, or a two-fifths majority! That was surely well done, may it be as well maintained, and the example be as strongly followed by the states that have not yet moved in the matter—for we are firmly persuaded that the abolition of capital punishment will at once produce a very great decrease in the crime or crimes for which it is now inflicted.—Such, at least, has been the effect in every known case where the experiment has been tried—sometimes decreasing the number of cases one half—and as surely as human nature is the same, we may expect the same happy consequences to follow in this country. Mild punishments are not only necessary to render punishment more prompt and certain, but the promptness and certainty also render them more effectual in repressing crime, and efficient in reforming the criminal.

A. B. G.

## WILL THE FAITH OF THE UNIVERSALIST DESTROY HIM?

We propose to offer a few considerations in regard to a proposition, which those who do not believe the Restitution, affirm is applicable to those who do believe it. This proposition is, That our faith must eventuate in our destruction. My object is to show that this proposition is unfounded, and without evidence to support it—that it has its origin in the want of that divine charity which “thinketh no evil,” and leads to results which clothe the character of the most Holy One of Israel with revenge, shocks the best feelings of the soul, and establishes sentiments which are not taught in the Bible, in nature, nor in the right dictates of reason.

Let us look carefully at the statement, that if the doctrine which we believe, turns out to be error, our endless destruction is certain. If this statement is correct, then the conclusion is also true, that every person who is so unfortunate as to embrace error, no matter how sincere he may be, nor how virtuous, must ultimately be lost. If the first is true, the last also must be true—and it will apply not only to one sect, but to all sects. For, if the conclusion is followed, at what point shall the line be drawn, so that we shall decide how much error a man shall believe, in order to effect his destruction, and how little error he may believe, and still escape that destruction? If the fact, that a man is in error, is proof of his suffering endless loss, must it not also apply to the Old and New School party in one sect—to the free will and close communists in another sect—to the Orthodox and Hicksites in another sect—to the Protestant Reformed and Episcopal Methodists in another sect? One or the other of all these parties, is certainly in error—and if my believing an error will effect my destruction, why not of others, in other sects, who are also in error? What becomes of those who lived before our Saviour preached among men?—they were in error. And of the pagans since his day?—and of the Mahometans?—and of the Roman Catholics?—and of all those who belong to no Protestant sect whatever?—for all these are in deep error, according to those who declare that we must be lost for cherishing our faith. And yet, according to the conclusion flowing from the proposition adopted, all these must be ruined without remedy. Who can

admit such a horrible conclusion as this?—involving the ceaseless misery of countless millions, who were perfectly sincere in their faith, and who strove according to the light which they possessed, to perform the duty which they deemed incumbent on them to fulfil. It is shocking to suppose that the ever blessed Deity has sanctioned such a doctrine. Yet there is no method of avoiding this conclusion—for if one kind of religious error will destroy one person—another kind of religious error will destroy other persons—and there is no rule, by which a sect can determine that ceaseless woe will follow one error, and not follow another error. Now this carrying the proposition that we must be lost for believing the Restitution, to its full extent, shows its absurdity; for it involves a doctrine which no person admits.

Let us, however, attempt to discover in what consists the mighty error for which our denomination is sentenced to unceasing anguish. 1. We believe in one God, infinite in all his attributes, and just in all his ways. All religious sects believe the same—therefore, the evil does not lie here? 2. We believe in the authenticity of the Christian Scriptures. All sects believe this truth, likewise. 3. We believe that Jesus is the Son of God, “the man Christ Jesus,” as the apostle designates him. This truth is common to all denominations also. 4. We believe in the resurrection of all the dead. All sects join with us in receiving this truth. 5. We believe in the necessity of repentance, of being “born again,” of conversion, and of “good works.” As to this necessity, all professed Christians agree. 6. We believe that God will reward every man “according to his works.” This abstract fact, all sects receive, however much the doctrines of some of them entirely nullify it.

The belief, which it is said will eventuate in our destruction, is not contained in the points of faith mentioned—for though we do not agree with other sects, as it regards the nature, application and extent of many of these points, yet, there is one common admission that all of them are taught in the Bible—and with this common admission, we most heartily concur. Where then is the particular faith of which our ruin is predicated? It is easily ascertained. All sects believe that a certain portion of the human family will be saved, and made endlessly holy and happy in the glorious immortality—we do most firmly believe in this most excellent truth also. But we go farther than this—we believe that the work which God will effect in relation to a portion of the human family, he will effect in relation to all—that he will redeem, purify, exalt, and in the power of his love and grace, raise to infinite joy and knowledge, every son and daughter of Adam. This is the sum of our offence—this the belief, for which destruction is to overwhelm us. If we believed that only a certain number of the human family will be saved, and that the other portion will be lost, then it would not be affirmed that our belief will end in our ruin—we should then become orthodox, according to the common meaning of that word, and heirs of salvation. The subject then, is narrowed down to this simple point; viz., others believe that one portion of the human family will be endlessly ruined, and this belief in the ruin of others, will save those who exercise that belief—while we, who believe that this portion, like the other, will also be saved, must be lost—so that the salvation of people is made to depend on their belief of the destruction or redemption of their neighbors. The absurdity of such a notion is still farther apparent from this fact—you are to be saved; for instance, because you believe that I am to be lost; and I am to be saved, because I believe that you are to be lost—so that while we believe each is respectively, to be lost, it turns out that both parties are saved, by believing the falsehood of the destruction which neither party endures—hence, the belief of what may prove a falsehood, is, after all, made the way of salvation.

But admit the Restitution to be untrue. The admission is only for a moment; for it can not be untrue, unless the Bible is a fallible book. But suppose it untrue, and even then it does not follow, that our destruction will be the result of belief in it. For, can it be true, that individuals who humbly strive to know the truth as it is,



in Jesus—who constantly search the Bible for that purpose—and who as constantly endeavor to practice what they deem the truth—can it be true, that such individuals, even if they have fallen into error, will be cast into ceaseless wretchedness, notwithstanding their sincerity, their virtue, and their confidence in the goodness of their heavenly Father? The thought is not only without the least countenance from the Scriptures—but it ascribes a character to the divine Being, which would disgrace even frail human nature. Surrounded by so many influences which lead to error, as men are; and yet, to suspend their eternal destiny on a mistake, as it regards the truth, is the height of cruelty, and such a result as God would never permit, if the Psalmist were correct in saying, “the Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works.” We believe that *God will save the world*; and we found our faith upon his promise; his pleasure, will, and purpose; the mission of his Son; and the teachings of his inspired servants. He formed the plan of universal redemption in the beginning—he sent his Son to make it known, and to accomplish it—and when the end shall come, and all things shall be subdued unto the Saviour, then God shall be all in all. And this doctrine so perfectly agrees with those feelings which have been purified by Christian love, that all true Christians pray for it, and hope that it may prove true. If it be error, and our heavenly Father was disposed to destroy us for believing it, would he have suffered language to appear in the Bible, which irresistibly leads us to that belief, and have made it so charming to the benevolent soul, as to excite the most ardent desires that it may prove true? Most assuredly not! There is then, not the least foundation for the statement, that the belief of the Restitution will eventuate in our ruin.

The declaration grows out of a spirit, which is as lamentable in its effects, as it is contrary to the teachings of the Saviour. It has constantly been the practice of many sects, to denounce others of a contrary faith, and to give them over to endless perdition. This has been the invariable fate of every new sect, no matter how pure in faith and correct in practice. What others have received, we are now receiving. Let it be so. While such treatment has no countenance in the Bible, let it teach us the salutary lesson, not to fall into the error of abusing and misrepresenting those who differ from us in faith. But while we strive to convince them by the power of the Scriptures, let us endeavor to overcome their prejudices by the influence of that love which worketh no ill to its neighbor. In religious subjects as well as in all others, we are bound to do unto others, as we would have others do unto us. “Overcome evil with good,” is the duty of the Christian. G. W. M.

#### RELIGIOUS NEWS.

**REMOVALS.**—Br. Wm. Sias has removed from Mansville, Jefferson county, to Hannibalville, Oswego county, and desires to be addressed accordingly. Br. J. B. Dods has removed to the city of Boston; Br. C. W. Mellen, from South Orange to Foxboro, Mass.; C. H. Webster, from Clinton, N. Y., to Salem, Mass. Br. C. S. Brown from Prompton, Pa., to Marshall, Oneida county, N. Y., and desires all papers and letters addressed to “Deansville, Oneida county.”

**NEW PREACHERS.**—We find among new accessions the names of Clement Webster, one of Editors of the Portsmouth (N. H.) Washingtonian, and of the Balm of Gilead, of Concord, N. H.; Geo. H. Emerson, of Ellsworth, Mass.; Edwin T. Quinby, of North Yarmouth, Me.; Joseph B. Jackson, Racine county, Wisconsin; Hon. John Burnham, (formerly a Baptist clergyman,) of Orland, Me.; Rev. C. F. R. Shehane (Campbellite,) of Columbus, Ga.; Rev. Daniel Kelso (Methodist,) of Louisville, Ky.; J. W. Moffit, Richmondale, Ross county, Ohio; and Josiah Marvin, Paper mill village, N. H.

**NEW SOCIETIES** have been organized lately in Patten, Me.; Lowell, Mass. (the third); and three, numbering more than 20 members each, in Br. W. Y. Emmet's district (why not give the names of the places, Br. E?)

**NEW CHURCHES** have been organized in Highland,

Vermillion county; Williamsport, Warren county; and in Jefferson, Clinton county, Ind., by Brs. Manford and Foster; and in Lowell, Mass., (second society) under charge of Br. A. A. Miner, of 183 members.

A NEW MEETINGHOUSE was dedicated lately in Gardiner, Me., (house cost \$6000).

**ITEMS.**—Br. I. D. Williamson's health is again poor, so that it is feared he will again have to suspend ministerial labors, at least for a time.

By letters from Br. C. P. Mallory, of Ohio, who is now itinerating in Lower Canada, we learn that our cause is rapidly advancing in that province. Millerism and a species of erysipelas are raging there to a fearful extent; but still inquiry is going on, and of course, our cause is gaining ground in the minds of the investigators.

The cause is advancing in Norwich, Conn., under the labors of Br. R. O. Williams. The pews rent this year for \$175 more than they did last year.

The brethren in Worcester, Mass., purchased a lot last year, for \$5,500, but delayed building on account of hard times. They have resolved to wait no longer, but to proceed with their meetinghouse. It will be 50 by 75 feet, with four stores in the basement.

Arrangements have also been made for building meetinghouses in Saco, and in Hallowell, Me.; in Foxboro, Mass.; and in East Liberty, Ohio.

The third Universalist society in Lowell, Mass., will probably build also, as soon as incorporated. They have already secured a lot for \$6000.

By a statement of the average number of attendants on Sunday meetings in the Congregational, Episcopal, Unitarian and Universalist churches in Boston, it appears that the Universalists have the largest Protestant congregation in the city, and the best average attendance in proportion to their numbers. Yet it is urged that if the doctrine were to prevail, the churches would be abandoned, the Sabbath abolished, religious worship fall into disuse, and moral chaos and misrule reign in society!

The practice of holding Conference or Praise meetings during the week evenings, is increasing greatly among our societies in Boston and its vicinity. They are principally carried forward by the lay members.

#### N. Y. S. CONVENTION—BOOK OF RECORDS.

During last Summer, some person got the Book of Records of the New York State Convention of Universalists, (done up in stout brown paper, together with a number of copies of the Constitution and By-Laws in pamphlet form,) for the purpose of delivering the same to Br. G. W. Montgomery, the Standing Clerk. It is my impression that it was given to the person in Mr. Hutchinson's Bookstore, in this city. Be that as it may, Br. Montgomery has not yet received it. Will not the person who thus received it, please inform me, or Br. Montgomery, by letter, and immediately, where it is? Let there be no delay in this matter. The book itself can be sent afterwards, by the first favorable and safe opportunity. A. B. G.

#### PARTIALISM AND INSANITY.

By the official report of the Ohio Lunatic Asylum, it appears that out of 408 persons admitted as insane, 54 cases were produced by religious excitement, and 32 by intemperance; being a gain of Partialism over intemperance, of 22 cases, for heretofore they have had about an equal number of victims.

In the Maine Insane Asylum, in two years 23 of the admitted cases were caused by religious excitement, and 12 by intemperance—showing that Partialism makes two victims to where intemperance now makes one.—Of the 87 new patients admitted during the past year, 13 were driven to insanity by “revivals,”—more than one-seventh of the whole number!

Washingtonianism is rapidly drying up one great fountain of insanity, and thus destroying the equality of power to drive to insanity, that existed between intemperance and Partialism. It is high time that the poor victims of Partialism in its many forms of Mormonism, Milerism, revivals, etc., should take up arms against

the cause that has so long opposed them, and drive it also from the land. Universalism will do it; but the present professors of Universalism seem to be too indolent to labor, or selfish to spend, in the work. Where shall the Reformers spring up, that will first break their own chains, and then go forth to free others? Let them come—there is need and room for them. A. B. G.

#### A. C. A. R. D.

I acknowledge with gratitude the generosity of more than 100 friends in this town, who attended a donation party at my house, lately, and gave evidence by works as well as words of their friendship and zeal. May Heaven reward and bless them.

I wish also to mention, though at this late day, that I am under similar obligations to the friends in Rutland and South Champion, for similar evidences of their kindness, while I labored with them, one half the time, last year. O. WILCOX.

Ellisburgh, February 7th, 1843.

#### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching on the first Sunday in March, by Br. H. GREEN in the new school house, near Br. Snow's in Willet—Br. GROSH in Syracuse—Br. C. S. BROWN in Marshall and once in two weeks thereafter.

There will be preaching on the second Sunday in March, by Br. S. JENKINS in New Hartford.

Br. O. WILCOX will preach in Little York, (Fowler,) on the evening of the 27th inst.; and in Summerville on the evening of Wednesday, March 1st.

#### MARRIAGES.

In Pottsville, Pa., (on St. Valentine's day!) February 14th, Rev. ABEL CHARLES THOMAS, Pastor of the Universalist society in Brooklyn, L. I., to Miss MARIA LOUISA PALMER, of the former place. God bless them!

#### DEATHS.

In Cedarville, on the 9th of January, Mrs. MARIA DEVENDORF, wife of Lewis Devendorf, aged 21 years. Mrs. Devendorf was educated a Presbyterian, and lived and died a believer in that doctrine. But truth compels me to say, that whether right or wrong in theory, she was right in practice. From personal acquaintance with the deceased, as well as from the undivided testimony of her neighbors who knew her well, I am prepared to say, that love to God and her fellow kind, was a conspicuous trait in her character.—The friends of Br. Devendorf, her husband, whether clergymen or laymen, were cordially received and kindly entertained. In one word, her charity was of that kind, that “thinketh no evil.”

May God in mercy bless her bereaved companion, and numerous friends, with Christian faith and Christian resignation.—COM.

In West Leyden, Feb. 9th, Mrs. MEHITABLE JENKS, consort of Wm. Jenks, aged 62 years and 3 days. In the death of this amiable woman we again witness the triumphs of the Christian faith. She was educated to believe in the doctrines of Calvinism, but for about twenty years of her life, she has been convinced of the unlimited goodness and impartial grace of God. She lived a Universalist, and in the full enjoyment of her faith, she died happy—she died a Christian. Br. Jenks is left with a family of seven sons to mourn their loss. May the Lord bless, and strengthen, and support them in their affliction. Her funeral was attended on the 12th, at the Presbyterian church in that place, and the consolations of the Gospel were tendered to the mourners, and a respectable number of sympathizing friends, by the writer. G. SWAN.

#### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P M, Vermillionville, (Ills) for J M and S N—P M, Ravenna, (O) for H Y B and N D—P M, Canterbury, (Ct) for Z B—P M, Hartford, (Ct) for C L K and D W—P M, Little Meadows, (Pa) for L H—P M, Racine, (W T) for P B and A P—P M, Kelloggsville, (O) for P B and J S—P M, Windsor, for E W and W H M—W R B, Bellville, (U C) for self and W B—E H, Persia, for self, W S and D A—P M, Pembroke, for J L B—H L H, Homer, for D S—P M, Newville, for P J—P M, No. Hartford, for L H C—P M, Geneva, (O) for R H B—D S, for J B, W Y, M A F, D F K and J & B D F—P M, Bouckville, for A F.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

### A BRIGHTER HOME.

BY MISS C. M. TIBBITS.

'Tis a bleak world we live in  
But all is not lone,  
For oft we have heard,  
Of a happier home;  
But the heathen are mourning  
In sadness and grief,  
There's a voice o'er the waters  
Implo'ring relief.  
Messenger! haste o'er the ocean's foam,  
Proclaim to the heathen a brighter home.

'Tis a bleak world we live in,  
And sadness is here,  
And tones of deep anguish  
Are borne to our ear,  
The dreams of life's morning  
Are melting away,  
And friendship's bright flowers  
Are gone to decay.  
Messenger! haste o'er the ocean's foam,  
Proclaim to the heathen a brighter home.

'Tis a bleak world we live in,  
For death enters here,  
And calls from among us  
The loving and dear;  
The voices that echoed  
In gladness and mirth,  
Are silenced forever  
And hushed in the earth.  
Messenger! haste o'er the ocean's foam,  
Proclaim to the heathen a brighter home.

'Tis a bleak world we live in,  
But short is our stay,  
Soon we shall be called  
From its darkness away;  
A voice soon will echo  
O'er life's darkened sea,  
Come home—now forever  
Thy spirit is free.  
Messenger! haste o'er the ocean's foam,  
Proclaim to the heathen a brighter home.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

### YANKEE PUNISHMENT OF THEFT.

A MELTING STORY.

No other class of men in my country possess that facetious aptness at inflicting a good humored revenge, which seems to be innate with a Green Mountain boy. Impose upon or injure a Vermonter, and he will seem the drollest and best natured fellow you ever knew in your life, until suddenly he pounces upon you with some cunningly devised offset for your duplicity; and even while he makes his victim smart to the core, there is that manly open-heartedness about him which infuses balm even while the wound is opening, and renders it quite impossible that you should hate him, however severe may have been the punishment he dealt out to you. These boys of the Green Mountains seem to possess a natural faculty of extracting fun from every vicissitude and accident the changing hours can bring; even what are bitter vexations to others, these happy fellows treat in a manner so peculiar as completely to alter their former character, and make that seem to us agreeable, or at least endurable, which was before in the highest degree offensive. Another man will repay an aggravation or an insult by instantly returning injury, cutting the acquaintance and shutting his heart forever against the offender; but a Vermonter, with a smile upon his face, will amuse himself while obtaining a far keener revenge, cracking a joke in conclusion, and making his former enemy forgive him, and even love him after the chastisement.

One winter evening, a country store keeper in the Mountain State was about closing his doors for the night, and while standing in the snow out-side, putting up his window shutters, he saw through the glass a lounging, worthless fellow within, grab a pound of fresh butter from the shelf, and hastily conceal it in his hat.

The act was no sooner detected than the revenge

was hit upon; and a very few moments found the Green Mountain store-keeper, at once indulging in his appetite for fun to the fullest extent, and paying off the thief with a facetious sort of torture for which he might have gained a premium from the ancient Inquisition.

"I say, Seth?" said the store-keeper, coming in and closing the door after him, slapping his hand over his shoulders and stamping the snow off his shoes.

Seth had his hands upon the door, his hat upon his head, and the roll of new butter in his hat, anxious to make his exit as soon as possible.

"I say Seth, sit down; I reckon, now, on such an eternal night as this, a little something warm won't hurt a fellow; come and sit down."

Seth felt very uncertain; he had the butter, and was exceedingly anxious to be off, but the temptation of "something warm" sadly interfered with his resolution to go. This hesitation, however, was soon settled, by the right owner of the butter taking Seth by the shoulders and planting him in a seat close to the stove, where he was in such a manner cornered in by barrels and boxes, that while the country grocer sat before him, there was no possibility of his getting out; and right in this very place, sure enough, the store-keeper sat down.

"Seth, we'll have a little warm Santa Cruz," said the Green Mountain grocer, as he opened the stove door and stuffed in as many sticks as the space would admit. "Without it you'd freeze going home such a night as this."

Seth already felt the butter settling down closer to his hair, and jumped up declaring he must go.

"Not till you have something warm, Seth; come, I've got a story to tell you too; sit down, now," and Seth was again pushed into his seat by his cunning tormentor.

"Oh! its tu darn'd hot here," said the petty thief again attempting to rise.

"Sit down—don't be in such a plagny hurry," retorted the grocer, pushing him back into his chair.

"But I've got the cows in fodder, and some wood to split, and I must be goin'," continued the persecuted chap.

"But you mustn't tear yourself away in this manner. Sit down; let the cows take care of themselves, and keep yourself cool; you appear to be fidgetty," said the roguish grocer with a wicked leer.

The next thing was the production of two smoking glasses of hot rum toddy, the very sight of which, in Seth's present situation, would have made the hair stand erect upon his head, had not it been well oiled and kept down by the butter.

"Seth, I'll give you a toust now, and you can butter it yourself," said the grocer, yet with an air of such consummate simplicity that poor Seth still believed himself unsuspected. "Seth, here's a Christmas goose—(it was about Christmas time)—here's a Christmas goose well roasted and basted, eh? I tell you, Seth, its the greatest eating in creation. And, Seth, don't you never use hog's fat or common cooking butter to baste with; fresh pound butter, just the same as you see on that shelf yonder, is the only proper thing in nature to baste a goose with—come take your butter—I mean, Seth, take your toddy."

Poor Seth now began to smoke as well as to melt, and his mouth was as hermetically sealed up as though he had been born dumb. Streak after streak of the butter came pouring from his hat, and his handkerchief was already soaked with the greasy overflow. Talking away as if nothing was the matter, the grocer kept stuffing the wood into the stove, while poor Seth sat bolt upright, with his back against the counter, and his knees, almost touching the red hot furnace before him.

"Darnation cold night, this," said the grocer. "Why Seth, you seem to perspire as if you was warm! Why don't you take your hat off? Here, let me put your hat away!"

"No," exclaimed poor Seth at last, with a spasmodic effort to get his tongue loose, and clapping both hands upon his hat. "No! I must go, let me out; I ain't well; let me go!" A greasy cataract was now pouring down the poor fellow's face and neck, and soaking into

his clothes, and trickling down his body into his very boots, so that he was literally in a perfect bath of oil.

"Well, good night, Seth," said the humorous Vermonter, "if you will go;" adding, as Seth got out into the road, "neighbor, I reckon the fun I've had out of you is worth a nine-pence, so I shan't charge you for that pound of butter."

From the United States Gazette.

### WHO ARE THE INFANT'S ACQUAINTANCES AND FRIENDS?

"Died, in West Plains, HENRY WILLIAM, youngest son of John and Mary Henderson, aged eight months. His friends and acquaintances are invited to attend his funeral, on Sunday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, from his father's residence."

We extract the above from an exchange paper—but who will go to the infant's funeral?

The mother will be there, of course, with crushed affections, following the little coffin, with its sacred contents, to the grave, and the father will be with her, sustaining her, and sharing her grief. And the others of the flock will be there—a tapering down procession, from the largest to the smallest. These are the relatives that will go to the funeral. But who are the friends and acquaintances not of the class of relatives, that shall be of the solemn host, going forth to the silent home of the dead? Not many, it would seem. For how could an infant have acquaintances? How could the little one, unable to utter its name, or sustain its weight, have friends, except its home relatives? One would suppose then, that they alone were there—that none came to conduct the baby to its new found grave, but those who felt the brotherhood diminished, and that they alone were mourners. Not thus—friends and acquaintances were there in throngs, and but for the pall that hung before the eyes of the stricken family, they would have seen that they were not alone. Friends the little one had. The countless host that stand between us and the world above, hold acquaintance with the pure and unsmirched infant mind. Awakening, the child, unborn to active sin, feels the contact of the influence of good, and gazes around, wondering whether those that meet his eye, are the same that stand in his mental vision.—Sleeping, the whole world of spirits is his own again, and the enjoyment of that intercourse is told in the smiles that wreath his lips.

He has friends, too, with the first breath of earth there is placed beside him—the guardian friend, perhaps visible then to eyes not dimmed by sin or sorrow—the friend that travels through, nor quits him when he dies. And often the guarded one, in dreams, connects his spiritual guide with his mental protector, and clinging closely to the sympathetic fount, confounded in his simple perception, the gentle mother with the image of guardian power, whose form grew dimmer and dimmer as the things of the world pressed upon the sight, until at length the mother occupied all the heart, combining parent, friend, and guardian angel.

And these, the unseen but beautiful, were at the funeral—not joyous that the spirit had come back, but tearful, if angels have tears—sorrowful, that their task was so soon closed. The simple and the lovely are not all their thought. Their reward is for leading up to wisdom and dignity, and they mourn as we mourn, when the unfinished and immature pass upward without the trial that makes a virtue.

He that pleases himself without injuring his neighbor, is quite as likely to please half the world, as he who vainly strives to please the whole of it; he also stands a far better chance of a majority in his favor, since upon all equal divisions he will be fairly entitled to his own casting vote.—Lacon.

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# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE

## AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."....."PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

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NO. 31

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### THE END OF THE WORLD.

A SERMON,

BY REV. GEO. W. MONTGOMERY.

"And this Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." Matt. xxiv: 14.

In the name of religion, there have been men in all ages, who have originated and proclaimed the most fallacious and fanciful systems. And unfortunately, such men have found people enough, characterized by ignorance, or instability of mind, or by blind fanaticism, to adopt their systems and believe their wild dreams. No matter how absurd those theories—no matter how contrary to established truth—no matter how vile the conduct they inculcated—no matter how fruitful of folly and insanity—yet they spread like the baleful pestilence, bewildering the unthinking, unsettling the weak-minded, and breaking up good order in society. The history of superstition amply sustains these positions. And the vices and follies of those who followed Matthias the modern impostor; the absurd claims and conduct of fanatics in Perfectionism; and the wide sway of the Mormon delusion; only add strength to what has just been stated.

The supposed fact, that the earth will be destroyed by fire, has been and is now, a fruitful source of excitement and error. For century after century, men have appeared from time to time, and with systems elaborately prepared and lengthily argued, have proved to the satisfaction of thousands, that the destruction of the earth was nigh at hand. To illustrate this fact, it is only necessary to state some instances. In 1688, a sect arose in France, whose members claimed to be inspired—they were called the French prophets; and soon numbered thousands of followers. In 1706, four of these prophets visited England, and notwithstanding their absurd views and ridiculous conduct, their principles rapidly spread among the people. They stated that the day of judgment would transpire in three years, and would be preceded by famine, pestilence, earthquakes, and the fall of popery. Buck's Theo. Dict. p. 192. A sect arose in the times of Cromwell, called Muggletonians, from an individual by the name of Muggleton, who, with his companion Reeves, announced that they were the two last witnesses spoken of in Revelation, who were to precede the destruction of the world. Ibid. p. 398. Some German journalists stated that the comet of 1832 would strike, and wholly destroy the earth. This announcement excited great alarm in France—so much so, that the astronomers of Paris were requested to come out and allay the public fear. The inducement to do so, was, that when a similar prediction was made in 1773, some people died from fright; while designing persons, taking advantage of the timid and ignorant, sold places in Paradise at enormous prices. Dick's Sideral Heavens, p. 336. A German by the name of John Albert Bengel, a man of great talents and profound education, persuaded himself, by an ardent study of the book of Revelation, that the world would be destroyed in 1836. And he adopted this faith under such circumstances, as preclude all doubt of his sincerity.

But notwithstanding these instances of delusion and folly, selected from a great number of similar character—notwithstanding these dreams have been falsified, and the earth, neither smitten by a comet nor destroyed by fire, still moves in its appointed course—yet people are still eager to grasp the same error and to run headlong in the way of those who have been deceived in past time. For when some one vamps over the old story with apparent plausibility, and with vehement assurance points out the

supposed errors in former predictions, and fixes a yet future time for the destruction of the earth, there are multitudes ready to hear and rejoice in the new tune which is sounded from the same old instrument, while they run about the country, warning people of the approaching day of judgment.—And though a little examination would convince them, that while the downfall of Popery, of Mahometanism, and of the conflagration of the earth, have been predicted a thousand times, and to as little purpose; for Popery and Mahometanism still exist with apparently as little diminution of power as ever, and the earth still jogs on in despite of the dreams of its people; yet they are as ready as ever to chase the same bubble, and to be caught by the same snare, and to be led away by the same folly.

Now the error has again revived, and the same anxiety is cherished, and the same eagerness for new things is manifested. As clearly as figures can prove it, 1843 is the eventful year, in which the "New Jerusalem" is to descend from heaven—in which the kingdom of Christ is to be set up—in which the earth is to be destroyed—and the end of all earthly things is to be accomplished. Thousands, composed of clergymen and laymen, are embracing these views with zeal, and for aught we know to the contrary, with sincerity. Still, a review of the system shows that it has no better foundation than those which have preceded it—that it is a mere fiction, sustained by passages of Scripture to which a false sense has been attached. And those of us who shall be permitted to see 1844, will discover that its followers have been most egregiously duped, and that it will prove as erroneous as that prediction of its author, concerning the signs which he supposed would precede the burning of the earth. He says:—"Mankind will for a short season give loose to all the corrupt passions of the human heart. No laws, human or divine, will be regarded; all authority will be trampled under foot; anarchy will be the order of governments, and confusion fill the world with horror and despair. Murder, treason and crime will be common law, and division and disunion the only bond of fellowship. Christians will be persecuted unto death, and dens and caves of the earth will be their retreat. All things which are not eternal will be shaken to pieces, that that which cannot be shaken may remain. And this, if am right in my calculations, will begin on or before A. D. 1839." Miller's Lectures, p. 84, Ed. of 1836. Where is the fulfilment of this prediction? No where, save in the imagination of its author! His calculations here, have proved entirely fallacious—and 1844 will prove the rest of his system to be a dream, with as little foundation as the precious moon hoax.

There are three pillars which are the main support of Millerism. I. Those passages which speak of the "end of the world"—II. Those passages which speak of the burning of the earth—III. Those passages which are supposed to designate 1843 as the year in which these events are to be accomplished. If these three pillars can be taken away, the whole system will disappear like an air-castle before the eye of sober sense.

I. We will attend to those passages, which speak of the "end of the world." Let it here be carefully observed, that the end of the literal world, of the physical earth on which we stand, is no where spoken of in the Bible—for the Greek word "kosmos" is not connected with such an idea. On the contrary, the word "world" in the phrase "end of the world," is from the Greek word "aiōn," which though rendered "world," means simply duration, an age. Hence, when our Saviour in explaining the parable of the Wheat and

Tares to his disciples, said, "the field is the world," the original word is "kosmos," meaning the literal world on which the men lived, of whom he was speaking—but when, in the same parable, he said, "the harvest is the end of the world," and when, in the parable of the Fishing Net, he said, "so shall it be at the end of the world," the word is "aiōn" in both instances, and means the end of the then existing age. Hence, Dr. Campbell translates the phrase, thus; "the conclusion of this state."

The full explanation of these phrases, however, will be found in the answer to Mat. xxiv: 3, which reads thus:—"Tell us when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign of thy coming? and of the end of the world?" (aiōn). Now, even if we admit that the last question refers to the end of the physical world, yet there is proof in the 24th chapter of Matthew that no man knows the time of that destruction. Our Saviour said:—"Of that day and hour, knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only." vs. 36. \* In the parallel passage, Mark xiii: 32, he declares that he was not acquainted with the time. Now observe the facts in the case. The personages who informed Daniel of the time of those events recorded in his book, upon which Mr. Miller relies, were angels, and the Saviour affirmed that the angels did not know the time of the "end" to which he referred. The book of Revelation, upon which Mr. Miller also relies, was written by one of the disciples who did not know the time of which Jesus speaks. Our Saviour had perfect access to the book of Daniel, and yet he did not know the time—"the end"—of which he himself speaks. Still, modern, uninspired men, pretend to know more than the Saviour, the angels, and the disciples knew, and to define the precise period of time of which Jesus speaks. This fact alone, is sufficient to destroy such fallacious calculations, and to stamp them with absurdity.

But the disciples, in asking for the signs which were to precede the end of the world or age, had not the most distant allusion to the destruction of the earth. They inquired of the Saviour, when the things should be, of which he had just spoken, viz., the punishment of the wicked Jews, and the destruction of their city and temple. They inquired of him, what signs were to precede his coming? They knew that his coming was to be in the then present generation: for he had already told them:—"For the Son of Man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works. Verily I say unto you, there be some standing here, which shall not taste of death, till they see the Son of Man coming in his kingdom." Mat. xvi: 27, 28. The signs which were to precede this coming, not in person, but in power, at the final overthrow of the Jewish state, are so clearly stated in the 24th chapter of Matthew, that they can not well be misunderstood. They then inquired of him the signs which were to precede the "end of the world" or age. MacKnight informs us what the disciples meant by the "end of the world." He says:—"Wherefore, that the everlasting kingdom might be effectually established, it was necessary that Jerusalem and the Jewish state should be destroyed by the Roman armies.

\* Mr. Miller's friends object to the force of this passage, by saying that they do not pretend to know the precise day and hour, but only their near approach. But if in prophecy, a day means a year of common time, as they assert, then this means a year, and this hour 15 days of common time, and Mr. Miller does pretend to know the year, if not the very month, when the world will be burned up.



Now, since our Lord foretold this catastrophe..... seeing he told his disciples, vs. 34. 'This generation shall not pass till all these things be fulfilled,' can there be any doubt, that the apostles....' by their master's coming,' and by 'the end of all things,' which they represent as at hand, meant his coming to destroy Jerusalem, and to put an end to the institutions of Moses? It is no objection to this, that when the apostles heard Christ declare, 'There shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down,' they connected the end of the world, or age, with that event; Mat. xxiv: 3, 'Tell us, when shall these things be, and what shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the age?' For, as the Jewish doctors divided the duration of the world into three ages; the age before the law, the age under the law, and the age of the Messiah; the apostles knew that the age under the law was to end when the age under Messiah began. And therefore, by the *end of the age*, they meant, even at that time, not the end of the world, but the end of the age under the law, in which the Jews had been greatly oppressed by the heathen." Preface to 2d Thess., Sec. 4. That this is the precise thought which the apostles attached to the phrase "*end of the world*," is evident from its use in the epistles. Paul, speaking of certain things, said:—"And they are written for our admonition, upon whom the *ends of the world*" (aion) "*ARE come*." 1 Cor. x: 11. Speaking of the death of Christ, he said:—"But now, once, in the *end of the world*, (aion), HATH he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself." Heb. ix: 26. The apostles lived in the time, when the Mosaic world or age was to be concluded, and it was in the ending of the same world, that the Saviour was crucified, in order that he might save his people from their sins. Referring to the same time, Peter said:—"But the end of all things is *at hand*." 1 Peter iv: 7. Macknight and Clarke both explain this passage as applicable to the destruction of the Mosaic institutions. And to show that the end of the world or age, was shortly to close, Paul said:—"The night is far spent, the day is *at hand*." Rom. xiii: 12.

Our Saviour clearly shows that the "*end of the world*" or *age* was then nigh its fulfilment. One of the signs which were to precede that one, is this:—"And this Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." Mat. xxiv: 14. Turn to Coloss. i: 6, and Paul assured the Colossians that the Gospel had come to them, as it had to *all the world*. He also affirms in vs. 23, that it had been preached to *every creature under heaven*.—Hence, this sign, as given by our Saviour, was fulfilled in the days of the apostles—and as the *end* was to come, when that sign was accomplished, it has long since transpired.

Our Saviour has so determined it. He showed his disciples, that the end of the age, his coming in power, and the destruction of the Jewish nation, were then *nigh at hand*. Hence he said:—"Now learn a parable of the fig-tree; when his branch is yet tender, and putteth forth leaves, ye know that *summer is nigh*. So likewise ye, when ye shall see all these things, know that it is *near at the doors*. Verily I say unto you, this generation shall not pass till all these things be fulfilled." Mat. xxiv: 32, 33, 34. More positive proof that the "*end of the world*" or *age* was to be accomplished before the generation, in which he lived, had passed, could not well be given. Still, notwithstanding these express declarations of our Saviour, people yet persist in applying the phrase "*end of the world*" to a future time, and thereby produce those feverish and unprofitable excitements, which, when the fire has gone out, leave coldness and infidelity behind them as their legitimate results.

II. There is another class of passages which speak of the stars falling, of the sun failing to give its light, of the heavens passing away, of the earth being on fire, and many other similar expressions, which are relied on as proof of the destruction of the earth. But these expressions, so far from referring to the destruction of the physical heavens and earth, are used in a figurative sense. For no fact is more readily recognized by every careful reader of the

Scriptures, than that the sacred writers were constantly in the habit of representing the destruction of nations by commotions in physical nature.

Hence it is said in Isa. xxxiv: 4, 5:—"And all the host of heaven shall be dissolved, and the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll, and all their host shall fall down, as the leaf falleth from off the vine.....behold it shall come down upon Idumea." The sense of this passage is still farther explained in the same chapter, by the statement, "*a great slaughter in the land of Idumea*." The reference of the figures here used, can not well be mistaken. By similar figures, the destruction of Babylon is set forth in Isaiah 13th chapter. In the 21st chapter of Luke, in order to show the commotions which were to attend the destruction of the Jewish nation, our Saviour said:—"And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars.....for the powers of heaven shall be shaken." And to prevent all mistake as to the application of this language, he said to his disciples:—"This generation shall not pass away until all be fulfilled." vs. 32. In Mat. xxiv: 29, the language is still stronger:—"Immediately after the tribulation of those days, shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken." Now, not only does Dr. A. Clarke apply this passage to the destruction of the Jewish nation, but our Saviour, as has already been shown, expressly fixes the time of the events thus prefigured, to the then existing generation—or, as he elsewhere expresses it, when speaking of his second coming: "Verily I say unto you, there be some of them that stand here, which shall not taste of death, till they have seen the kingdom of God come with power." Mark ix: 1. These passages are sufficient to induce the greatest caution in applying such figurative expressions to the destruction of the physical heavens and earth—for they may be only expressive of commotions among and the overturn of nations. After an examination of the passages which are supposed to prove that the earth will really be burnt up, I am satisfied that they can not be legitimately so applied, but refer to entirely different subjects. Let us examine two of them.

In Mal. iv: 1, it is said:—"For behold, the day cometh that shall burn as an oven, and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble; and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of Hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch." To what period is this language applicable? Mr. Miller affirms that it refers to the time when the earth will be destroyed. Let us appeal to higher authority. In the 5th verse, the prophet said:—"Behold I will send you Elijah before the coming of the *great and dreadful day of the Lord*." Now, if we can ascertain who was Elijah, we can also ascertain the time of the day spoken of. Our Saviour said to his disciples:—"Elias (Elijah), is *come already*, and they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed. Likewise shall also the Son of Man suffer of them. Then the disciples understood that he spake to them of John the Baptist." Mat. xvii: 12, 13. John the Baptist, who, our Saviour declares, was the promised Elijah, preceded that destruction of the Jewish nation, when the murderers of our Lord were punished and the faithful believers were delivered from the evils which descended on that generation. On the authority, then, of the Saviour and of Malachi, the period of that destruction was "*the great and dreadful day of the Lord*."

The strongest passage, however, in favor of the destruction of the earth, is found in the 3d chapter of 2 Peter—where the apostle describes the elements as melting with fervent heat and the earth as being burned up by fire. After this description, he says:—"Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." vs. 13. By ascertaining what are the "*new heavens and a new earth*," we shall at once see what *old heavens and earth* were to be destroyed. Turn to Isaiah lxxv: 17, and we find the promise:—"Behold, I create *new heavens and a new earth*.....but ye shall be glad and rejoice forever in that which I create; for behold, I create *Jerusalem*, a rejoicing and her people a joy." It is evident

that the new heavens and earth, and Jerusalem, mean one and the same thing. But that it can not be a place where immortal beings are to dwell, is clear from vs. 21st:—"And they shall build houses and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards and eat the fruit of them." They must be singular immortal beings who require houses to live in, and the fruit of vineyards to eat.

In Rev. xx: 1, 2, it is said:—"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven." That the period was near when this was to take place, is manifest from his statement, "*for the time is at hand*." By the passing away of the old heaven and earth, John prefigures the destruction of the Jewish nation and covenant—by the new heaven and new earth, and the new Jerusalem, he refers to the Gospel, which came from God, and whose full glory was established on the removal of the Mosaic institutions. Now this destruction of the Jewish nation and covenant, Peter describes by the melting of the heavens and the burning of the earth—thus imitating the Saviour and the prophets who represented the same overthrow by commotions in physical nature. That this interpretation is not peculiar to Universalists, I remark, that the commentators Hammond, Lightfoot, and Cappe, clearly refer it to the abolishment of the Jewish state.

But it may be inquired, if I do not believe that the earth is to be burned up at some time or other. I answer, that the Scriptures preserve a profound silence in regard to the fate of earth—I find nothing in them which proves that it will be destroyed by fire. That the present race of beings will finally terminate, seems to be indicated by the fact, that the time is coming in the reign of the Saviour, when all men will be immortal. Of course, no human beings, as such, will then exist. What will be the fate of the earth, after that period, we have no information. God has not revealed its fate to us. He may place another race, like the present, upon it—or he may refashion it for a higher order of beings. But this is conjecture. And all theories in regard to its ultimate destiny, must, of necessity, be the result of pure speculation—they can not be proved. And to trouble ourselves with the folly of every enthusiast, who pretends to point out the time and manner of its end, no matter howsoever sincere he may be, is as useless as it would be to become excited about what will be the final doom of the sun or of the remotest heavenly body. We know nothing of it—we can not know any thing of it—and to agitate the subject, serves only to gratify a morbid taste for marvelous notions.

III. We proceed now to notice the computation of time, by which it is proved, as is pretended, the earth will be destroyed by fire, in the present year.

In Dan. vii: 13, 14, we are told that the prophet had a vision, in which he was informed that the sanctuary and the host, or the Jewish temple and priesthood, should be trodden under foot 2300 days, after which the sanctuary should be cleansed.—Mr. Miller contends that these 2300 days stand for as many years. By dating these years at the time the decree was given by Artaxerxes, king of Persia, for the Jews, after the Babylonian captivity, to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem, which was 457 years before Christ, it brings them down to 1843—for 457 from 2300, leaves 1843.

In Dan. ix: 24, the prophet was informed that 70 weeks were determined on his people and the holy city, to finish the transgression and to make an end of sin. These 70 weeks make 490 days, which, as is asserted, stand for so many years, and which, being dated at the time of the decree of king Artaxerxes, ends then in A. D. 33, or at the crucifixion of Christ. From the crucifixion of Christ to the taking away the *daily abomination*, which Mr. Miller calls the *pagan rites*, he makes 475 years. From the taking away of the pagan rites to the setting up the Papal power, he makes 30 years. He then gets 1260 years, by taking the times, time, and half a time, or three and a half years, mentioned in the 12th chapter of Daniel, and making each day stand for a year, and dating them from the setting up of the Papal power. He then obtains 45 years



from the destruction of the Papal civil rule, which destruction was accomplished, as he says, by Bonaparte. These added together, make 2300 years from the decree of Artaxerxes to 1843, in which the world is to be destroyed and the saints are to rise from the dead.

This chain is defective, and not to be relied on, for many reasons. By a calculation just as plausible as that of Mr. Miller, Dr. A. Clarke makes the years 2300 end about the 2000th year of Christ—though he thinks that the calculation is not certain. It is also deficient in historical accuracy—for while he dates the taking away of the pagan rites in the Roman empire at the year 508, historians date it at 395, and affirm that the work fully commenced with the first Christian Emperor, Constantine, who was converted from paganism in 313.—Besides, it is not true that the civil rule of the Pope is ended. For, though that rule was suspended by Bonaparte for a certain time, yet, in his own dominions, the Pope is now both a civil and an ecclesiastical ruler, and seems likely to continue such.

But his method of computing time involves errors which lead to the destruction of his calculations. It is admitted on all hands, that four years have been omitted in our Chronology; so that our reckoning, instead of dating at the 1st year of Christ, commenced at his 4th year. Hence the present year, is, in fact 1847. Of course the 2300 years would end in 1839 instead of the present year, and then, the earth ought to have been destroyed. There is another error which is fatal to the whole scheme. The prophetic year contained but 360 days—but since the time of Christ, by a better arrangement, the year contains 365 days and nearly six hours. But Mr. Miller reckons the years from the time of Christ, as prophetic years of 360 days each; thus making a mistake of 5 days and nearly 6 hours in each year; which, in 1843 years, amounts to about 26 years. Add the 4 years of omission, and we have 30 years. Subtract these from 1843, and we have 1813, as the ending of the 2300 years, when the world, if Daniel says any thing about its end, ought to have been burnt up. But it was not destroyed; and it is probable that it will not be so accommodating to the dreaming theories of men, as to cease its duties in the present year.

Mr. Miller assumes, that, in prophecy, a day is to be reckoned as a year. And he quotes three passages to prove that such is the rule to be regarded. But those passages do not sustain him in establishing such a general rule.

The first passage is Gen. xxix: 27, which reads thus:—"Fulfil her week, and I will give thee this also, for the service which thou shalt serve with me yet seven other years." Jacob had served with Laban seven years, that he might receive Rachel as his wife. But Laban deceived him, and gave him her sister Leah. On the complaint of Jacob, Laban told him to fulfil Leah's week of marriage-festivity, which was the custom of that age, and then he might commence another seven years of servitude for Rachel also. The week, then, refers to the marriage-festivity, and not to the seven years which were to follow it. Hence the passage does not appoint a day for a year.

The second passage is found in Num. xiv: 33, 34, where it is said, that for their sins, the children of Israel should wander as many years in the wilderness, as the spies spent days in searching the land of Palestine, viz., 40. But suppose that it had been said, that the Israelites should wander as long as the spies were in searching the land—would any person dream that 40 days meant 40 years? Clearly not. Hence this case, instead of forming a general rule for interpreting Scripture time, is an isolated case of departure from the ordinary mode of reckoning it, sanctioned by Jehovah.

The third passage is in Eze. iv: 5, 6, where it is said that the prophet was directed to lay upon his side a certain number of days, 390, and after that for 40 days—he was directed to make each day a year, as the time of the iniquity of the children of Israel. Now, every one must perceive, that in this instance, a day is not appointed for a year in order to form a general rule for interpreting time, but for this plain reason, viz., that the life-time of the prophet was not of sufficient length for him to lay upon

his side the requisite number of years, to set forth the iniquity of the house of Israel. Hence, a day, by divine appointment, was made significant of a year—and the reason of it was well understood.

The first passage then, has no reference to the subject. And the other two, are only isolated cases of departure from the ordinary mode of reckoning time, and therefore have no bearing on the question.

The prophet Daniel no where states that the times mentioned in his book, are to be taken a day for a year. Indeed, Mr. Miller would not dare to apply such a rule to all the periods spoken of by Daniel. For instance—it is said of Nebuchadnezzar in Dan. iv: 32, that he should be driven from among men, by reason of his insanity, and should eat grass like an ox, for seven times, or years. Seven times 360 days make 2520 days or years. According to this, the king will not cease to eat grass like an ox, until over 100 years after the earth is destroyed by fire! The antediluvians were told that at the end of 120 years, the flood should come.—Reckon 360 days to a year, and it makes 43,200 years. According to this calculation, the flood has not yet transpired. It is said, in reference to the flood, that it should rain 40 days and nights, which we must understand to mean 40 years. Rather a long rain, certainly! The prophet Elijah said that no rain should fall on Israel for three years, or 1080 years. And what renders it more ridiculous, is, that king Ahab was to live sufficiently long to see rain fall once more.

A rule could not be devised, which would more effectually turn the Bible into ridicule, and stamp it with the seal of shameless fable? If it be said, that the rule is not to be so extensively applied, the answer is decisive, that if an individual has a right to apply the rule to any passages he pleases, in order to establish a favorite theory, then the skeptic has also the right to apply the rule to all the periods of time mentioned in the Scriptures, in order to prove Revelation unworthy of credence.

That Daniel did not make a day stand for a year, and that he reckoned time in the ordinary way, is evident from this consideration, that the events to which he referred have long since transpired.

In the 9th chapter Daniel was meditating upon the 70 years of Babylonian captivity which his people were then suffering. An angel then told him of another period of time, when another important event was to transpire. In vs. 24, he says:—"Seventy weeks are determined, &c. (See the passage.)" Professor Stuart informs us, that the Hebrew, literally translated, instead of "seventy weeks," should read "seventy sevens"—"seventy sevens," not of days, but of years. It is well known, that the Jews had weeks of years, as well as of days—for, under their institutions, they were to cultivate their land six years, and then they were to suffer the land to rest one year, which was its sabbath. So Daniel speaks of weeks of years, or "seventy sevens" of years, viz., 490 years. Now these years, dated at the time king Artaxerxes gave forth the decree for the restoration of Jerusalem, viz., 457 years before Christ, end in the times of the Messiah, when, by his sacrifice, he established the power which is ultimately to finish sin, and when the Jewish nation was desolated by the Roman armies. And though there is some difficulty in accurately applying the periods into which the angel cuts up the "seventy sevens" of years, yet the current of the latter part of the chapter, shows that such is the reference.

In the 8th chapter of Daniel, the prophet had a vision of the Median and Persian Empires. He then saw a he-goat, by whom Alexander the Great is intended, who conquered the Medo-Persian Empire. He then saw four horns springing from the horn of the he-goat, which four horns represent the four kingdoms which were established by four generals, out of the empire of Alexander, after his death. Out of one of these, there sprang a little horn. This was Antiochus Epiphanes, who ascended the throne of Syria in the second century before Christ. He most cruelly oppressed the Jews. Of the continuation of this oppression, Daniel was informed, when he was told that it should be 2300 days—thus showing that his rule over the Jews was about 6 years, 4 months, and 20 days. During the latter part of these 2300 days, the "time, times, and half a time," spoken of in Dan vii: 25, of three years and a half, transpired. These three years and a half commenced in the year

168 before Christ. Antiochus, at this time, sent his general Apollonius to plunder Jerusalem—which he did with the greatest cruelty. The daily sacrifice in the temple was taken away—all worship was stopped—the Jews were made to eat the flesh of swine—and an idol was introduced into the temple, to which worship was offered. This pagan army is called by the prophet, "the abomination that maketh desolate." This same period of three and a half years, is also spoken of in Daniel 12th chapter. In 165 before Christ, Judas Maccabeus, the renowned defender of the Jews, obtained possession of the city and temple, so that the abomination that maketh desolate ceased to have power at the end of three and a half years. But as it took Judas some time to cleanse the temple and restore the worship of God, the prophet, in chapter xii: 11, states the whole time to be 1290 days, which exceeds the three and a half years by 30 days. In chapter xii: 12, it is said:—"Blessed is he that waiteth, and cometh to the thousand, three hundred, five and thirty days." Antiochus Epiphanes, having heard of the success of Judas Maccabeus over his troops, was enraged, and started for the purpose of destroying the Jews. But while on his way, he was taken sick, and died a little time after the close of the three and a half years. Then, those who had lived through the tremendous persecutions to which they had been subjected, were blessed, in the fact that the death of the tyrant who had oppressed them, exempted them from farther war and persecution.

Thus we discover that the 2300 days, instead of being so many years, ending in 1843, as Mr. Miller asserts, are so many days designating the full time of the oppression of the Jews by Antiochus, ending in the year 165 before Christ.

Another fact is well worthy of notice. Antiochus undoubtedly set up the "abomination that maketh desolate," or the army and heathen sacrifices, by which he so bitterly persecuted the Jews. And because similar events were to happen near to his own time, our Saviour applies the language of Daniel to the Roman Army, who were to destroy Jerusalem. Hence he said to disciples:—"When ye therefore shall see the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, stand in the holy place,.....then let them which be in Judea, flee into the mountains." Mat. xxiv: 15, 16. In the 21st of Luke, this desolating abomination is called the Roman Armies, and the holy place, Jerusalem. Yet, notwithstanding the express language of the Saviour, the system we are examining, makes the abomination of desolation to mean the Papal power. A more unwarranted assumption can not well be conceived.

The periods of time spoken of in Revelation, have no more reference to the destruction of the earth, than those mentioned in Daniel. Though many commentators place the writing of the book of Revelation after the destruction of Jerusalem, yet many place it before that event. And that it was so written, is evident from the fact, that the temple must have been standing when John wrote, because he frequently referred to that building. No one can read the book attentively without discovering, that the main subjects of which the Revelator treats, are, a bitter persecution of Christians and their deliverance from it, the destruction of the Jewish nation, and the full establishment of the "New Jerusalem" or the Gospel. Consequently, the periods of time he mentions, refer to those events, and not to Bonaparte, the Pope, and the burning of the earth. That these events were to be accomplished near to the time in which he wrote, is clear from his declarations in the first and last chapters, that these things were shortly to come to pass; for, says he, "the time is at hand."

Thus, as far as the limits of one discourse will permit, we have examined the system which places the destruction of the earth in 1843. And not only do we find its main proof failing in it, but we discover that its rule of making a day stand for a year, is wholly without foundation, and that, if admitted, it turns the Bible into nonsense. It is no difficult matter to make a system which will prove that the earth is to be burned up at any and at all times, if we concede to dreaming enthusiasts the right of making the Bible mean what they please, and of referring parts of it to local events, to which it has no particular allusion whatever. But such dreaming is always fraught with evil. And the result of the present excitement will be, that when its followers shall perceive the deception under which they are now laboring, many of them will throw away the Bible as unworthy of their faith.

It is in these excitements, somewhat as it is in business-speculation, All at once, from a variety of causes, by startling theories, and by terrific representations of the near approach of the burning of the earth, masses of people become thrilled with fear, and animated by animal excitement, rush with ignorant zeal into the propagation of the new creed. But when the storm is past, then the extreme follows. Many become bankrupt in reason—many lose what little religion they had, and descend into the poverty of skepticism, and live without hope and without God in the world.



From the Star and Palladium.

### CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

'Oh my loved country! First among the lands!  
First among the nations! *Red with shame!*  
A gory scapere dripping in thy hands,  
A clot of human blood upon thy name!  
My country,—Oh my country!—shall thy fame  
Go forth to unborn myriads, dyed in gore,  
And History, with pen of scorn, proclaim  
With what a deadly guilt thy cup runs o'er—  
How chains corrode thy nerves, and gibbets line thy shore?

Awful the crime of murder,—yet 'tis thine!  
Written with blood the fearful record stands—  
*Malice aforethought!* Coolly, line by line,  
The dread decree was written by thy hands.  
In vain thou throwest the crime on other lands,  
In vain wouldst lade meek Justice with thy guilt;  
Right in the face of Heaven's sublime commands,  
Thou on her altars human blood hast spilt,  
And batted the avenging sword deep to its iron hilt!

Justice abhors the gory offering laid  
With sanctimonious hand upon her shrine;  
And thou, my country, wilt be doubly paid,  
Whatever plea thy cruel laws assign.  
Crime shall rise up, and with a face supine,  
Shall mock thy power, and laugh thy threats to scorn;  
Murder will light her hellish fires by thine,  
And social Hate, of legal Vengeance born,  
Will stand, *thy household god*, with reeking dagger drawn!

Oh, wash thy hands! It ill becomes a queen,  
So mighty and so beautiful as thou,  
To sit amid her court in robes unclean,  
With Freedom's crown upon her youthful brow.  
*The mighty should be merciful*, and bow  
In angel pity to the sons of crime;  
Should chasten for their profit; for the vow  
Of "blood for blood" was writ in olden time,  
Ere, with the creed reversed, CHRIST came, in love sublime.

Blot from thine archives, regal one, the page  
Smeared with the blood of many a human heart,  
And let the spirit of this Christian age  
Its law of kindness to thy code impart.  
For, beautiful and honored as thou art,  
The eye of love turns drooping aside,  
To hide, in secret shame, the tears that start  
From the deep springs of wounded filial pride.  
To see such guilt in one for whom our fathers died.

S. C. E.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### AN EXTRACT FROM THE JOURNAL OF A SCHOOL TEACHER.

Br. Grosh—Our opposers, finding they can not put down Universalism by Scripture, scandal or perversion, have tried persecution. No one has suffered more of their sectarian bitterness than the teacher of youth, who believes in the restitution. The following dialogue, as near as I can recollect, took place between myself and two Trustees of a school, for which I had applied.

*November 5th.*—R. Good morning, Mr. M. I have called according to agreement, to see if you have concluded to hire me to teach your school this winter.

M. During your absence, we have improved every opportunity to ascertain your character, and your ability to instruct and govern a school, and we are perfectly satisfied that you possess those qualifications; but before we consent to hire you, we wish to know whether you belong to any religious society.

R. I do not.

M. I do not wish to send my children to a teacher who does not belong to some religious society. I want them to go to a school where they can learn something that will do them some good in eternity.

R. I consider it my duty to teach science and morality, and prepare the youth to become good and wise citizens. There are houses prepared for religious worship, and ministers to teach in them. A father can teach his children such religious views as he thinks proper; and on Sunday, he can take them to church, and have them instructed from the pulpit.

M. I do not want sectarian views taught in the

school, but I wish to have the principles of "vital piety" taught, viz., rewards and punishments in a future state, and the endless misery of the "finally impenitent."

R. That puts me in mind of a person, who would not send his boy to school, because the teacher did not belong to some orthodox society. He probably was too negligent to instruct his own child in religion, and wished to have others do it; for, the next Sunday after, he and his boy attended church, and while he sat in one of the front slips below, "nodding assent to every sentence the preacher uttered;" his boy was seated on the floor in the back part of the gallery, playing cards with his associate!

M. I generally take my children into the slip with myself. What is your opinion of religion?

R. "Pure and undefiled religion" is the greatest blessing ever bestowed upon man; it is a guide to youth, a solace to old age and, it

"Will throw a bright radiance round the cold tomb,  
And light up its vaults with an immortal bloom."

M. What is your belief?

R. I believe that God "will have all men to be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth."

M. I think Mr. R. is a Universalist; I do not wish to have any more conversation with him on the subject; and I shall not consent to have him teach our school. What is your opinion, Mr. D.?

D. I agree with you.

*November 6th.*—An affectionate friend of the Methodist faith called on me this morning, when the following conversation took place.

H. Did you engage the school in the village of —?

R. No, Sir.

H. Why?

R. Because I did not believe in endless misery.

H. It is just as I have told you before, and as long as you embrace Universalism, you will meet with persecution and disappointment. The doctrine is not only erroneous but unpopular; and what makes it worse is, there are many, who knowing your moral worth and excellence, will think that you are safe enough, and will copy your example; and by that means be led down to the regions of endless despair. If you wish to be respected by the Christian world, and be successful in all your endeavors to obtain employment, renounce your Universalism, and embrace some more popular doctrine.

R. Deal out the cup of poverty to me, and I will drink it to its very dregs without a murmur, before I will sell my Saviour for thirty pieces of silver.

H. If you can not give up your belief, say nothing about it, and if they ask you concerning your faith, evade the question.

R. Give up my belief in a world's redemption for the soul-withering doctrine of endless misery! I had rather "be a dog and bay the moon than such a" coward. Deny my faith in the Restitution! I can not deny myself of that solace of my remaining years, which will

"When all other comforts cease—  
Like a kind angel whisper peace,  
And smooth the bed of death"

H. I see you are so bent in your way, there is no use in saying any more about it. ROLAND.  
Sodus, Wayne county, N. Y.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### REFLECTIONS OF DEATH.

"I looked along the laughing earth,  
Up the blue heavens, and through the middle air,  
Joyfully ringing with the gay birds song,  
And wept! I thought how sad for one so young,  
To bid farewell to so much happiness."

When we are called upon to bid adieu to our near and dear friends in the morning of life, around whose hearts the spell of affection has entwined a wreath of friendship that grows brighter and brighter as life's busy scene wears away, our minds are naturally led to reflect on the various vicissitudes and changes to which human life is subject. The uncertainty of life, and the certainty of death, are then brought before us in their awful reality; and our thoughts are naturally directed to the boundless

eternity that lies beyond, where all is darkness and doubt, save to him whose mind is enlightened by the Christian religion, which alone, in such seasons of darkness and distress, is capable of giving consolation and support to the lacerated bosom. This with an eye of faith, enables us to look beyond the dim vista of this world, to that heaven where we soon shall meet our departed friends, to spend an eternity together. There are many things that bind the young to earth, especially in those seasons of the year when nature is decked in its most beautiful apparel, when bloom and fragrance are scattered profusely in all her bowers, when a thrill of joy runs through our bosoms at the sight of all things grand, and animating in creation; at such seasons it seems hard for the young to bid farewell to the fading scenes of earth; at such periods we perceive the utmost necessity of having the mind well supported by that faith which points him to the region of happiness awaiting him. How cheering the thought to behold the young when struggling on the bed of death, calmly and resignedly trusting to the allwise Disposer of human events, to whom death has no terrors, and who can look beyond the dark valley and shadow of death, to the bright resurrection morn, and can say in the language of the Poet,

"I bow my soul to the will of Heaven,  
O death! and not to thine!"

May all then see the necessity of arming themselves with such a faith, as will yield them consolation in prosperity as well as in adversity, and which will support them in all the transient scenes through which they may be called to pass in this everchanging state.

Fathers, has it been your lot to part with your sons, and follow them to the cold and silent tomb—mothers, do you cast an anxious and imploring look to yonder grave-yard, where lie the slumbering remains of a once blooming daughter—brother, have you been called to bid adieu to an amiable and gentle-hearted sister—sister, do you mourn the loss of an affectionate brother? Oh, may the Christian's faith be yours. May your minds, although tossed about on the billows of affliction, be sustained and comforted by the blissful assurance of a happy reunion, where death no more shall enter to harass our feelings, and where parting shall be no more. This will render pleasant the rough stream of life, sustain you while on the couch of sickness, and enable you to shout as the spirit leaves the body, and wends its way to the mansions above, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." We close in the language of the Poet,—

"Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,  
Where what we now deplore,  
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,  
And bloom to fade no more."

Minden, N. Y.

NEANIAS.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### HAUNTED HOUSES.

The age of imaginary witches, ghosts, hobgoblins, etc., has passed way, and the age of telling about them, too, has nearly passed. We now hear only occasionally a story of the kind, which, traced to its source proves to be nothing more than a white goose, spotted cow or some thing equally innocent and useful. But there are some few (would there were fewer!) ignorant mothers, who endeavor to frighten their children into submission, by relating some of the impossible bug-bears which answer their purpose only till the rashness of the child proves it to be false, then a new story must be invented ten times more improbable than the first.

But haunted houses are now more in vogue than witches. Poor puss in her nightly peregrinations, often acts upon the superstitious until they walk their own rooms with fear and trembling. And sometimes an object with no power of locomotion whatever has the same effect, that is on the imagination. Of this we have an instance. An old lady, who thinks herself a very good Presbyterian, once told us that her brother, a good Universalist, presented her with "Morse and Lee's Discussion;" she took it to oblige him, but had not opened the



book nor would not; that she put it in the drawer under her towels and locked it there, and added with much mincing and twisting, that "*I—I really felt as though I could not sleep night's with it in the house.*" Whether the good lady ever destroyed the apparition we know not, but should think it had made no very sensible effect on her, as she appears as hale in both body and mind as ever.

February 9th, 1843.

LETITIA.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### INCIDENT.

Cold and wintry. Was travelling a few miles. Stepped into a licensed tavern to warm because there was no other convenient place. Landlord extremely gentlemanly—asked a thousand questions concerning the uncomfortableness of travelling in the inclemency without—then stepped around behind the bar, as much as to say, "Sir, I am ready now—and do be so kind as to come up and pay me for my civility." Ah, that singular wink was in his eye. Good, my dear fellow, but don't you see the trick in the trade is discoverable? Saw a man step up to the bar—poured down one, two, three—didn't count any more. His companions were there, all jovial. A child came—poor, cold, shivering, in tattered rags. "Father, will you come here a minute to the door?" The inebriate looked, and his companions laughed. "Father, another wants—" "Hush!" said the father. "Oh father, mother—" "Away!" said the father. He went, and oh, there stood the landlord and the drunken parent. The boy was followed home, by a hand to aid. Poor thing! well might he say "mother," in appeal to that father, who knew the misery of his deserted home. "She lay there a spectacle of—what? Her vow to an intemperate man. But love was still there. Her husband came. He was sober, and was pointed to the wife and mother and the little sufferers there. She spoke kindly. The wretched man cried, and *vowed again*. His wife and children wept for joy, and he in penitence.—The landlord heard of all, and thought, and thought, till his bar was out, his custom too, and his sign came down; and that is now a bright little village of reformation. U. C.

### MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Rev. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barray.

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### CAN A UNIVERSALIST BE A CHRISTIAN?

It is said, that with our faith, *we can not be Christians*. Why? It is affirmed by an apostle—"Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God." 1 John v: 1. No person will deny, that if an individual is "born of God," *he is a Christian*. We most devoutly believe that "Jesus is the Christ." In him centre all our hopes of salvation—around him cluster all our expectations of another life; purer, holier, and better than the present life. We believe all his instructions—we believe all that the author of the passage has said of our blessed Lord. In chapter ii: 1, 2, it is written:—"If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and he is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." In chapter iv: 14, it is written:—"And we have seen, and do testify, that the Father sent the Son, the Saviour of the world." This we believe—and that our faith is right, is evident from chapter v: 10, 11:—"He that believeth on the Son of God, hath the witness in himself; he that believeth not God, hath made him a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave of his Son. And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son." God hath prepared eternal life for all—this life is in his Son, or is given to men by that Son—and that it is for all, is evident from the fact that Jesus tasted death for every man—and all that is necessary, in order that men may receive it, is to prepare men for it, by salvation and righteousness. Now, if an individual refu-

ses to believe that God has given him eternal life in his Son, he makes God a liar, by refusing to believe the record of this fact. But we firmly believe the record of this all-glorious truth—and the rest and joy which our faith imparts to us, is the witness within us, that we rightly believe on the Son of God. Now, so far as believing in Christ is concerned, there is no proof from the Scriptures, that we should be denied the Christian name. Nay, our faith is broader and more comprehensive than that which other people cherish—for we believe that the full object for which Christ died, shall be accomplished—and as he is "the ransom for all, to be testified in due time," so he will "see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied." There can be no failure of the object of his mission. So we believe—so we preach—and so we trust in God and the Saviour.

On what other grounds can we be denied the Christian name? This leads us to inquire, what besides this; composes the Christian character. On this point, the Scriptures must be our guide—for there is our light and direction. Our Saviour said to his followers:—"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." John xiii: 35. Again he said to them:—"Herein is my father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples....if ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love." John xv: 8, 10. Again he said:—"He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me." John xiv: 21. And it is a rule clearly laid down in the Scriptures, that in judging of men as the disciples of Christ, we must judge them by their *works*. Jesus said that false prophets should be known by their *fruits*. As the apostle said:—"Doth a fountain send forth at the same place, sweet water and bitter? Can a fig-tree, my brethren, bear olive-berries? either a vine, figs? so can no fountain yield salt water and fresh. Who is a wise man and endued with knowledge among you? let him show out of a good conversation, his works with meekness of wisdom." James iii: 11, 12, 13. If we pluck fruit from a tree, and find it bitter and unpleasant to the taste, we correctly decide that the tree is bad—if we pluck fruit from another tree, and find the fruit pleasant and desirable to the taste, we also judge correctly, that the tree is good. No evil tree produces good fruit—no good tree produces bad fruit. So no man, whose passions are ungoverned, whose spirit is revengeful, and whose conduct is sinful, is a disciple of Christ, or a Christian. But he, who to his faith in Christ, adds holiness, righteousness, virtue, is a disciple of the Saviour. Thus we see, that to be born of God, to be a disciple of Christ, or to be a Christian, we must love one another, and obey the commandments of God. And *actions* form the rule of judgment—for this is a certain rule—one which can not be mistaken—and one which speaks truly.

But in these days, we have a different test. Now, it is faith—belief in a *particular creed*—it is not so much an exact attention to the conduct; a perfect conformity of the life to the requirements of the Saviour; and the exercise of a piety which breathes good will and kindness; as it is zeal for a sect; the reception of certain articles of faith, which fallible men have pronounced divine. Have these requisites, and then persons are esteemed Christians. But if other persons see fit to reject creeds altogether, and to rely solely on the Bible for their faith, then they are denounced as anti-Christians, no matter how pure their conduct, how strong their benevolence, nor how admirable their example.

Not so in the days of the Saviour—virtuous lives were the test in deciding the sincerity of Christian profession. The reason of this, is obvious. An individual may profess to be a Christian, and yet be corrupt at heart, having assumed that profession, in order to carry out schemes of wickedness with greater impunity and success. But when an individual professes to be a Christian, and when his actions correspond with his profession, and in labors of love, mercy, and virtue, he shows that he has been taught in the school of his master, then there can be no doubt of the truth or reality of that person's being a Christian.

Now, if our lives correspond to this test, there can be

reason for denying us the Christian name. That there are some in the denomination, who do not live up to their profession, we readily admit—that we are all imperfect, we as readily admit. But if we are to be judged by this, as undeserving of the Christian name, what will become of other sects, if they are tried in the same way? For where is the sect that is not made up of fallible human nature, and which has not members whose conduct is any thing but that which belongs to the Christian? We claim to make the instructions of our Lord, the guide of our lives; and if we strive to obey them, though we may sometimes fail in some parts of our duty, yet we may claim to be followers of Jesus.

But still, notwithstanding all this, they will continue to deny us the Christian name. So be it. We thank God that we can appeal to higher authority than that of man. If men had power, their passions and prejudices would fill earth and heaven with gloom. They denounce others, who differ from them, with endless woe; but well is it for us, that supreme power rests in a higher and wiser source. Men can talk—but their jurisdiction extends not into the spiritual world—there they have not the prerogative of executing the woes which they pronounce on their fellow-beings in this life. And praise be to Him who, like a kind and vigilant Father, watches over us all, the spirit which gives utterance to denunciation, will be thrown off with the flesh which clogs the soul, and will never be permitted to weigh down the mind when it rises into the pure air of immortal glory—it will give place to the noble disposition of the angels, who, instead of uttering words of wrath, rejoice over even one sinner that repenteth. Most precious is this admirable truth!

I said that there is higher authority to appeal to, than that of man—it is that righteous Father who judgeth justly. Men may speak of us harshly, and deny us the Christian name—but God looks at the motives and conduct, and if they are right, that person receives his blessing, no matter what may be the name of his sect. Hence, when the prophet Samuel was sent to anoint one of the sons of Jesse, as king, in place of Saul, God said to him:—"Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature; because I have refused him; for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord *looketh on the heart*." 1 Sam. xvi: 7. Hence, it is true now, as it was, when Hagar, in the time of Abraham, said in the wilderness, "*Thou God seest me*." He can not be mistaken. And if we truly believe that Jesus is the Christ—if we trust in him for salvation—if we strive to conform our lives to the great principles of the Gospel—if we cherish that love which the Gospel inspires—he knows that we are born of him, and by faith and virtue, have entered into the kingdom of heaven. Nor can aught which men can say, deprive us of justification in his sight—for, as he has declared that he will *recompense the righteous in the earth*, so shall we find his word true.

This is the course we should pursue—and in time, it will live down all opposition, and deprive prejudice of its venomous sting; when people will judge us, not simply by our *faith*, but by our *conduct*. For in the practice of the great requirement, "*do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God*," there is a divine power which will overcome the Satan of narrow feelings, of unjust slander, and compel people to observe the pure charity which emanated from God. G. W. M.

### POPULAR ADMISSIONS... NO. III.

HOLINESS AND HAPPINESS.

A Scripture doctrine is, that without following peace and holiness, no man can see the Lord. But with that mistaken eagerness which so often accompanies zeal without knowledge, Limitarians have attached a meaning to this, which a little consideration would teach them was far from consistent with other parts of their doctrine. They insist upon it, that it teaches, that without holiness here, in this life, no man can see the Lord hereafter; that is, in the future state. And they insist upon introducing this nursing of partialist exegesis to our notice as often as occasion will allow. Well, so be it.



But let us see how long they will be willing to stand on this foundation. Without holiness in this life, no man can see the Lord in the future life. Of course, then, they must give up their doctrine of a future general judgment day, for this doctrine stands exactly, and irreconcilably opposed to the sentiment which we are considering. And yet these two doctrines, form essential parts of what, at this day, would fain exalt itself into orthodoxy! Just look at it. The Scripture says the Lord himself shall descend with a shout. And Partialism says this refers to the last day, when God comes in judgment, to revive the dead and receive the living, and when that day comes, all eyes will see him, and both small and great will stand before him—the saints to rejoice, the sinful to be abashed and confounded. Here, then, while listening to this popular feature of the popular doctrine, we are calmly assured that *all* will see the Lord. And yet in the very next breath we are assured, by the authority of the same doctrine, that there are some who will never see the Lord. If any man should advocate, or recommend to our notice, a system of political economy as glaringly contradictory as is this theology, we would think him a fool. And yet thousands swallow it, and call it truth!

"O, but you mistake us," says Mr. Orthodoxy. *Seeing* the Lord, means, *enjoying* the Lord. And we only say that those who are not holy in this life, can not *enjoy* the Lord in the future state. This is the true ground." Well, this is considerable of a change, from the sentiment with which we started. Let us see how long it will last. Come forward, ye candidates for future glory, and tell me who, among you, are now as holy as you must be, in order to enjoy the Lord in heaven. Wait a moment, till I mention two thoughts. Partialism says there is no change after death, and he who is not holy here, can not enjoy the Lord hereafter. And the Bible says no man liveth and sinneth not. Now answer my question—Who, from the youth, to the aged closing his eyes in death, is fitted for heaven? What, all silent! Yes, every mouth shall be stopped, and every tongue dumb before God. And yet, the advocate of the above doctrine, is led by his creed to expect either an election to life, or a preparation for heaven by grace. So, Mr. Orthodox, you are again at loggerheads with your own creed. It seems to me that the advocates of the Partialist creeds ought to explain this matter, unless they mean to stick to their contradictions.

At this stage of our inquiry we shall be told that we have not sufficiently regarded the *substance* of Partialism. It finds some men *very* sinful all their days, and they continue stubborn till death. Hence it is concluded that they will be always sinful. If so, they can not be happy; for no unholiness can ever enter heaven. Some opposer will tell us that this is his true position—when it is said that without holiness no man can see the Lord, the substantial doctrine is, that sinfulness can not exist in heaven. This is pretty near the truth. But let it be compared with another portion of Partialism. The devil was once a holy angel—so we are told. He was in heaven, too. And while there, he rebelled against God, and became so sinful that God was obliged to cast him and his companions out of heaven, to prevent a universal rebellion. Now, then, according to this system, sin was very extensive in heaven, and yet the same system would pretend that a man who has been a sinner here can not enter there. If sin could *once* enter heaven, without the influence of precedent, I should like to know what security we have against the occurrence of a like event again, among those who have been sinful before they left the earth. Or if sin can not enter heaven, I should like to know how the doctrine of holy angels rebelling against God in heaven, came among the creeds of men. It is high time that American Orthodoxy got rid of these contradictions.

There is one way that they may be disposed of—and I know of but one way. It is true that sin can not enter heaven; and more than this—it *never* did. It is true that the sinner, wherever he is, can not enjoy God, while he continues to be a sinner. And it is as true, that mankind will not be always sinful. The doctrine

of the Bible is, that "every tongue shall confess, surely shall say in the Lord have I righteousness and strength." In the proposition of this paragraph there is no contradiction. Would it not, then, be preferable to take the doctrine of the Bible, instead of the contradictions of men?

A. R. B.

## AMUSEMENTS.

He who will qualify himself for the task, will see that all actions—all amusements—all pursuits and all enjoyments, should be regarded in the light of utility. What good will they effect?—how much will they promote health and enjoyment without working injury? What knowledge will they promote?—how much light will they shed abroad in the world, without decreasing its pure happiness? What moral results will they produce?—how much will they enhance spiritual enjoyment?—how much promote holiness and well doing, without detracting from any pleasures, any knowledge, any affections consistent therewith? These should be the tests by which to determine the utility of every pursuit, every action, every mode of thought in which man feels a desire to engage.

And so far as each individual is concerned, their sinfulness or moral desert, must be ascertained by the *motives* from which spring the actions which will bear these tests. A useful pursuit—whether physical, mental or moral—engaged in from pure motives, can not be injurious to man—is not forbidden—nay, is even *required* by Christianity.

The "mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus," was "in all points tempted as we are, yet without sin." His example warrants us in declaring that his religion is perfectly adapted to man *as he is*, and for man *in this world*, where he exists. He wore the dress, he observed the manners, he followed the customs of his age and nation. He ate, and drank and slept—he had his social and domestic attachments; and the most tender scenes of his life were those in which he manifested his friendship for his apostles, for Mary and Martha, and Lazarus, for the beloved John—and his filial affection for his mother was evinced in the midst of his expiring agonies on the cross.

He was not insensible to the beauties of nature, nor to her vast and awful sublimities; for he almost always mounted an overlooking eminence when he chose to address a multitude, and frequently appealed to natural objects around him, as the lily of the valley, the birds of the air, the currents of wind, the waves of the sea, the bubbling spring, in words of admiring praise, in illustration and proof of his doctrines. The works of art in the temple and in the city of Jerusalem, we have reason to believe, engaged his attention, and awakened pleasurable emotions in his soul—for it is generally believed that from a gorgeous vine made of the most costly and precious jewels and metals, and fastened in the temple, he drew the beautiful lesson of the vine—the true vine and its husbandman. The gardens around Jerusalem were his favorite resorts—the awful mountain height, capped with the cerulean vault, and gemmed with the stars of heaven; was to him a favorite retreat for prayer and meditation.

May we not suppose, that these beautiful and glorious evidences of God's wisdom, goodness and power, aided in inspiring with deeper and more fervent reverence the bosoms of even our Saviour and his followers?

Perfumes were delightful to him, or he would not have received complacently the bathing of his feet with the precious spikenard, by the humble Mary Magdalene. Even *music* and *dancing*, and the hilarities of a Jewish wedding, considered by so many religionists of our day as so exceedingly sinful and irreligious, were named and witnessed by him with evident delight and approbation.

If, then, the Son of God, who by his very mission and lonely station of pre-eminent duty, was cut off, as it were, from participation in the enjoyments and social intercourse of the world around him—if, even he, delighted in the pleasures with which music, and nature's beauties, and art's graces and wonders regale the senses of man—if he admired the varied hues of nature's robe, and the splendors and sublimities of her form—if he

mingled in the social festivities and amusements of his people, with a holy participation—if he indulged in the affections of our nature with purity of feeling—surely we do not sin in reverently and gratefully imitating his pure example. Surely, also, the religion given to us through such a social, intelligent and refined mind, does not forbid any enjoyments and amusements that are beneficial to body, mind or morals, and that are rightly conducted, and engaged in with pure motives—motives in accordance with the dictates of reason, and in agreement with the moral sentiments.

That these amusements are often abused—perverted from useful objects, can not be denied; and when so abused and perverted, they should indignantly be frowned on, and be most righteously condemned. But, I maintain, we should ever carefully distinguish between them and their abuse—between the useful, and the useless or the injurious.

A. B. G.

## A DOZEN QUESTIONS.

1. If man is admitted into heaven hereafter, did God, who knew the end from the beginning, ever design endless wrath for him?
2. If the same man should disbelieve the doctrine of endless wrath, would he be damned therefor, in case that damnation was not designed for him?
3. If damnation was designed for him, could he escape it by believing in it?
4. What effect, then, can man's belief or unbelief have upon his final destiny?
5. If God built a hell for some, and a certain part of mankind go there, did God know beforehand that they would go there? Yes, or No?
6. If yes, will their belief in the doctrine of endless torments for some, save them?
7. If no, may not God learn something from their unbelief and final damnation, which He did not know before, and which will cause him to regret that he ever built a hell for any body?
8. If the devil succeeds in his stratagems against the final holiness and happiness of great numbers of the human family, will Christ see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied? Yes, or No?
9. If yes, did Christ travail (that is labor) to seek and save that which was lost, or to help the devil to subjects?
10. If no, will not the disappointment of the Father be equal to the dissatisfaction of the Son?
11. Is Christ the fulness of that mind which is filled with sin?
12. If sin lives endlessly in any one mind, can God ever be ALL IN ALL?

A. R. B.

## THE FREEDOM OF CHRIST.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, whosoever committeth sin, is the servant of sin. And the servant abideth not in the house forever; but the Son abideth ever. If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

John viii: 34-36.

The allusion here, is probably to the system of servitude, and the rights and powers of servants among the Jews. The servant did not reside perpetually, or always, in the house of the Jewish master—the year of jubilee, or term of service expired, and set him free. The servant had, therefore, no part or lot in the family inheritance, and could not finally dispose of it. As an overseer duly appointed, he could direct the labor of other servants under him, but could not entirely free them. But the son of a family is a perpetual resident in his father's house—he has a part in the inheritance, and a voice in its disposal, and can set entirely free any servant falling to his lot.

Whether Jesus contrasted himself with Moses, as the servant of God in giving the Law, or with sin personified, as the temporary and unlawful task master over the servants under its authority, the comparison is equally just, true, and honorable to the divinely appointed Redeemer. To the Son, only, do the children of men rightfully belong. All other powers and authorities into whose possession any of the human race may fall for a time, have no part or lot in their proper ownership, and therefore no right to dispose, finally, of a single



soul of the race of Adam. Under the providence and wise permission of God, they are servants in authority, but have no final disposal of those in their possession. But Jesus is the appointed and lawful heir of all things. He can make free, indeed—the liberty he bestows is according to the perfect law of the divine government, and all freed by him are perfectly free and perfectly obedient—enjoy perfect liberty to do what they please, because they please to do only what is *right*. And this freedom he confers on his disciples by making known unto them the truth respecting the right and the good.

The Jews were in bondage to the cumbersome rites and ceremonies of their Law—a bondage the more oppressive, because they rested in the letter of the Law, to the great neglect of its spirit—in the mere performance of its ceremonies, to the neglect of what those ceremonies were intended to effect in the present time, or to foreshadow in the future. And by thus resting in the externals and letter of their law, they confined their minds to a very narrow range of knowledge, and their hearts to an equally limited sphere of affection and sympathy, and were thus the servants of ignorance, including in this term prejudice and superstition.

Ignorance is the parent of sin—not total ignorance, but that partial knowledge of some subjects and partial ignorance of others, which unitedly render the sinner's mind misty, and cause all acts and consequences to appear to him inverted in size, distance and appearances. And the Jewish mind being thus effectually rendered misty by the addition of human traditions and heathen fables to their imperfectly revealing Law, they were peculiarly under the bondage of sin—of error in theory and error in practice; for the latter is often the consequence of the former. It was therefore highly necessary that the Jews should not only hear the words of Jesus, but abide and continue in them (verse 31)—grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour—and then would they know the truth so experimentally and convincingly that it *would make them free*.

A. B. G.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—J. D., of Lockport, (letter mailed at Gasport, Feb. 24th,) is informed that his strictures on the remarks of C. H. in the Luminary, on the temperance test of the U. S. Convention, can not appear in our columns for several reasons—1. He did not pay his postage. 2. He does not give us his name—a requisition which correspondents should *never* forget. (If they do not wish their names to appear, they can say so, and we will not betray their confidence.) 3. It would be more correct and fair to publish the reply in the same paper where the remarks appeared. 4. We do not think it profitable to revive the subject, as that resolution of the U. S. Convention died as soon as born, and has been duly dissected and buried, and will hardly be raised from the dead again to scare people into the temperance ranks in these Washingtonian days. Let it rest in peace, poor thing; for it was born in an earthquake, and cradled in a storm—from earth it came, and to dust it has returned!

We have several communications on hand which need considerable preparation before the compositors will be able to read them, and our old affliction of pain in the left side will not allow us to take hold of much writing. We hope the writers will have as much patience with our delay as it requires to read their manuscripts—if so, there will be no grumbling for some time yet!

There are several sermons and long articles on hand which go off but slowly, for we can not publish more than one in two weeks. We hope our preachers will spare us as few funeral sermons as possible, and we will try to publish all they send us, in that case—but really, as it now seems, we have entirely too many sent us, and our readers complain of it—they are, generally, far from being acceptable reading matter to the mass of our readers. I believe we have now, only four or five on hand—but two of which, (the short ones,) we shall publish. The rest have been laid over for want of room, so long, that we suppose they are no longer looked for—at least we hope so.

We are very thankful to our many correspondents

who keep us supplied with an excellent variety of suitable and acceptable articles. Let them not grow weary in well doing.

A. B. G.

### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching on the first Sunday in March, by Br. H. GREEN in the new school house, near Br. Snow's in Willet—Br. GROSH in Syracuse—Br. C. S. BROWN in Marshall and once in two weeks thereafter.

There will be preaching on the second Sunday in March, by Br. S. JENKINS in New Hartford—Br. HICKS at Little Falls; subject for afternoon and evening, The Rich man and Lazarus.

### MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 1st inst., by Rev. A. B. Grosh, Mr. LORENZO M. TAYLOR, to Miss SUSAN L. RUMRILL, daughter of Mr. Luther Rumrill, all of this city.

January 11th, by Rev. M. B. Smith, Mr. WM. MOOREY, of Fairfield, to Miss ELIZA CARPENTER, of Norway.

Also, Jan. 18th, by the same, Mr. HENRY JACOBS, of Columbia, to Miss ADALINE DELANY HARRIS, of Fairfield.

Also, Jan. 24th, by the same, Mr. HOPESTILL BRADFORD, to Miss REBECCA LUTHER, both of Newport.

### DEATHS.

In this city, on the 24th ult., JOHN R. LUDLOW, aged 57 years. [A special obituary notice next week.]

In Springfield, Pa., Feb. 11th, ABIGAIL MATTOCKS, wife of James Mattocks, Esq., aged 75 years, 3 months, 21 days. She was an affectionate mother, a valuable friend, a devout Christian, and a perfect example of industry, virtue and goodness, whose extensive benevolence and charity gained the love and good will of all who knew her. She had been a firm believer in God's impartial grace for many years—nor did its sustaining power forsake her in the hour of death. She has left a beloved companion and five children, who deeply lament their loss. The writer attended the funeral on the 13th, and delivered a discourse to a large and sympathizing congregation. May the Lord comfort and console the mourning friends.

T. L. CLARK.

In Columbia, Bradford county, Pa., Feb. 9th, WILLIAM F., son of Peter Furman, Esq., aged 24 years, 9 months and 16 days. He was cut off in the morning of his usefulness, leaving a large number of relatives and friends who deeply lament their loss. He was a firm believer in the doctrine of the restitution, and its influence led him to set such examples before the world as to gain the good will of all who knew him. A sermon was delivered on the occasion by the writer, to an uncommonly large congregation who deeply sympathized with the mourners.

T. L. CLARK.

### THE BIBLE IN SPAIN,

Or the Journeys, Adventures and Imprisonments of an Englishman in an attempt to circulate the Scriptures in Spain. By George Borrow, author of the Gypsies of Spain. Price only Twenty-five Cents.

This work is highly praised by all the leading Reviews and Journals of Great Britain, as well as the press of this country; and it is indeed a spirit-moving and enthralling book—written in a style of the most perfect ease and elegance, and full of recountals of thrilling adventures and picturesque descriptions.

The Bible in Spain is comprised in a quadruple extra New World, of 112 large octavo pages, stereotyped in new and beautiful brevier type, and sent by mail to all parts of the country at newspaper postage, at the following prices: Four copies for \$1—nine copies for \$2—fourteen copies for \$3—twenty five copies for \$5—or \$18 per hundred. Single copies 25 cents. Address J. Winchester, 30 Ann st. N. Y.

### SECULAR NEWS.

BARBARIETY.—The following paragraph, from a Philadelphia paper, states facts said to have been elicited on the trial of Tansill before a Court Martial. The Pierpont alluded to was a brother of Rev. John Pierpont, of Boston, a very estimable man, liberally educated, but through misfortune reduced to poverty, which caused melancholy, to cure which he enlisted in the marine corps, and went with it to Florida.

"One morning, at Cape Sable, Rogers appeared accompanied by the boatswain, with his cats and lashing

ropes, and Pierpont was brought forward. 'You are no longer Corporal—strip, sir,' said Rogers to the marine. The poor fellow laid bare his back, was 'triced' up, and received a dozen lashes, when, fainting, he fell back insensible. As soon as he recovered, Rogers made him stand up and take a dozen and a half more! Pierpont never did another day's duty. He died; and, with his last breath, attributed his death to the flogging.—Lieut. McLaughlin was his commander at the time, and never called Rogers to an account for the act."

The Mr. Pierpont who was whipped to death in Haida a short time since, was not a brother, but a cousin, of Rev. John Pierpont of Boston. He entered the Navy from a desire to see the world. He was a native of New Haven. Rev. J. Pierpont concludes a letter stating these facts, with the following sentence:

"Well—poor fellow—his term of service has expired. He is discharged. He has no powerful friend at Court, to inquire into the equity of his case, or to bring any wrong-doer to justice. He was nothing but a corporal even before he was flogged, and when flogged, he was not even that. Happily for him, he was never married. He was a lone man in the world; and has left neither wife nor child to remember or even to know that he was flogged out of it."

SINGULAR CASE.—The National Intelligencer of Thursday says that the Supreme Court of the United States was to be occupied that day with the case of Jewel vs. Jewel, from South Carolina, which involves a question of marriage between a Catholic woman and a Jew, who, after living fifteen years together, and bearing eight children, separated, and Jewell married a Jewess, and died intestate, leaving two families. The contest is, which is legitimate? The parties are highly respectable, and the event of the suit momentous. The legal requisites of valid marriage will be discussed.

A NEW MEDICINE.—Dr. Locke, of Tonawanda, near Buffalo, was lately called up at night to visit a patient, said to be dying of spasmodic convulsions. He went and found the man, named Harriott, raging about the room at a terrible rate—beating his head against the wall, and throwing himself into all possible shapes. The Dr. approached and was saluted with a violent kick. By dint of perseverance, he succeeded, however, in ascertaining that his patient was hoaxing him. He immediately ordered him to get up, and, by way of assistance gave him a few cuts with his riding whip; whereupon the man declared he "felt much better," and became quiet. The Doctor was arrested for assault and battery, and fined six cents, which the District Attorney cheerfully paid, in consideration of the new medicine he had introduced—the remedy used not being prescribed in any book of Pharmacy.

The Tallahassee Sentinel says—The little negroes were greatly astonished last Wednesday morning by a fall of snow. It is the first we have known in Florida, and we fear the cold which attended it will injure the orange and other fruit trees.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT.—CAMPHENE EXPLOSION.—The Rochester Daily Advertiser of Saturday, says—"Another explosion of this dangerous article took place in one of the stores on the bridge, on Thursday night, and burnt Mr. James Caldwell in the most dreadful manner. It appears that Mr. Caldwell had closed the store, and was about retiring to bed, when he attempted to fill a lamp which was sitting near another, when the whole of it caught fire and exploded. When the accident first occurred, it was thought he would not live through the night, but yesterday hopes were entertained of his recovery."

### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P M, Willoughby, [O] for G & S and J H—P M, Cussewago, [Pa] for R T and O H—P M, No. Boston, for A L, N M J, P C and A W—P M, Navarino, for R C and H H—P M, Erie, [Pa] for P W—P M, Jackson, [Mich] for J W, A H, L S and L S Jr—P M, Olcott, for T C W—P M, Plymouth, [Vt] for N B P—P M, Alden, for H P—O H P, Cooperstown, for self, A T, J C W, J W C, S M, E C and H C—P M, Camden, [Mich] for E T C and J & B H—P M, No. Adrian, [Mich] for J R G and T T—L A, MaJoue, for N W S, L P, S H and J S.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## THE TRAVELLING PREACHER.

## CHAPTER FIRST.

It was one Saturday evening, when we were congregated around the blazing hearth and conning over the transactions of the week, that news came to us that a stranger would discourse in the village church the next day. This was cheering information to many an honest soul; for the good matrons had looked out sadly at the window, as the sun bid adieu to this portion of terra firma, and indulged a heavy, secret sigh that "our good pastor" was absent, and many a silent prayer had been wafted aloft that the "grievous wolves" might not enter in and destroy the flock while the shepherd was away. Many a maiden, too, had now and then a thought of sadness flit athwart her mind, that she would thus be deprived of an opportunity of displaying her charms before the gay young beaux—ah, there was a bitterness in the thought! And the man of business—the hardy tiller of the soil; how wearisome with him would pass away the hours of the morrow!—cooped up in his own kitchen, perhaps, and though he could there hold silent communion with his God, yet to the most of men, time spent in this manner, "like the wounded snake, drags its slow length along!"

When such melancholy reflections reigned supreme, how cheering came the declaration that a stranger would speak to the good people from the word of God on the morrow, and doubly so was it, when told that he was sound in the heart-rejoicing faith of endless despair! This last item fell like a charm upon many an ear, and weighed heavily in the speaker's favor, for all are aware that when one's sentiments are known, it takes a burden from off the congregation; whereas if a stranger speaks, we are under the absolute necessity of keeping pace with him as he advances, taking up and weighing each sentence as it falls from his lips, in order that we may discover whether or not he is the setter forth of heresies. Nay; even now I have in my mind's eye, a pious and venerable deacon of the true church, who was always in his seat on the Sabbath, and who invariably slept during the discourse—for the good of the cause! But one day a wandering preacher called upon our pastor, and was by him introduced into the desk; and throughout the whole discourse the eye of the deacon closed not, but was ever intently upon the speaker; and when at a subsequent time his minister spoke to him of the extraordinary change in his conduct, his reply was—"when our minister is at the helm I know that all is safe, because he is sound in the faith; but when a stranger speaks, he must be watched a little." Here is the secret, and it is a wonder that one should so long remain ignorant of the fact. When the congregation know that their minister is at the helm, they have not a doubt but what their gallant ship will ride out the dangers of the storm—make headway against every adverse breeze and come at anchor in the happy haven, and this destroys all fearful anxiety; quiets the restless nerve and stills the soul with the joyful declaration of the watch—"all's well." But let a stranger step forth and put his hand to the wheel, and seemingly the touch thrills upon every nerve; every eye is upon the look out and every tongue ready to give the alarm, at the least indication of striking upon the shoals of wo or running into the maelstrom of despair.

It is quickly beheld then, that many a fearful bosom was quieted when informed that the travelling preacher was a firm adherent to the true faith, and, indeed, there were not a few in that quiet little village that longed for the appearance of the morrow. And this is not in the least surprising when we take into consideration, that they were to listen to an unknown voice, for all are aware that the word, "stranger," falls upon the ear with a sound differing from most others in language. It immediately excites an inquiry respecting his country—his home—his pursuit—his appearance, and many other things, and I doubt not that many a sleepless eye lay upon the pillow that night, while the mind wondered who the travelling disciple might be. "A good man, no doubt, who had girded on the Gospel armor and gone forth trusting in his God, to do battle with the prince of

darkness and release the captives from the prison house. Or it may be that as humanity is only made perfect through suffering, that he is now fleeing from the hand of persecution with a faith as abiding as the afflicted Paul's. We will go and listen to the man of God and invite him to our home! If he is sorrowful, we will soothe his wounded soul and cheer his drooping spirit, but if he is rejoicing in his labors of love, with him we will sing praises to the Father."

Such were the thoughts dwelling in the minds of the pious, and though the night rolled slowly away, yet it passed at last as every night eventually will, and the morning dawned in all the fulness of beauty. Not a cloud was seen floating across the fair face of the heavens above, and at the appointed hour the inhabitants sallied forth. There was the light, thoughtless laugh of childhood—the blooming countenance of youth—the self-satisfied air of life's meridian day, and wrinkled age leaning upon the helping staff, and all, all with steps bent toward the house of worship. Reader, among that throng was him who now has the honor of addressing you, and it is needless for me to speak of the silence which reigned within the sanctuary while awaiting the arrival of the speaker. Some undoubtedly holding communion with Him above—others dwelling with the things of earth; and not a few eagerly watching for the purpose of catching the first glimpse of the approaching preacher.

Expectation was not long upon the tip-toe ere the door opened and the looked for personage appeared; and surely I would give a brief description of him were I competent to the task. We will suppose, reader, that you were requested to give a description of a full grown pumpkin; I opine that you would scarcely know in what section to commence. Precisely thus am I situated respecting this travelling promulgator of the Gospel. I know not where to commence the work, and hence I will take a kind of bird's eye view of him as a whole, by saying that he was not unlike the veritable Deidrich's dutch governor—"five feet, six inches high, and six feet, five inches round." The first thought that struck me, was the recollection of the proverb about the laborer being worthy of his meat. I can not say that this man has been indeed a worthy laborer, but of this much we may be fully confident; that he has been supplied with a superabundance of meat, for surely his bulk is a standing evidence of the fact! A head of no small dimensions was placed firmly between his shoulders, yet the size of it instead of setting out largely the moral and intellectual regions, showed itself more conspicuously in his capacious chin, which shook and jostled at every step he took. His temperament, as you have already judged, was decidedly lymphatic, with a slight tinge of the sanguine intermingled, and the finger of Thought had drawn not one solitary line upon his countenance.

I confess that I was not a little disappointed in thus having all my fancies which I had indulged respecting the stranger, scattered to the four winds, and more so, by the conviction that we should not be very highly edified by aught which fell from such a source, and therefore the time might have been better employed at home; but as it is a mark of impoliteness to leave church prior to the conclusion of the services, I determined to remain and abide the issue, which I had every reason to believe would be a shocking one. The speaker soon arose, but the front of the desk being quite elevated, you could discover but little excepting his capacious head, and the organ of self-esteem being pretty well developed, which of course brought the head backward not a little, his appearance reminded me of the boy who upon attempting to take a peep into a neighbor's orchard, had the misfortune to get hung upon the cap-board by the chin!

In this interesting situation, the speaker, with all due gravity, opened the book, and with a voice which sounded as though it came from the bungalow of an empty barrel, read "for our edification," a chapter from the Acts about Peter's being at Joppa and beholding a vision which consisted as it were, of a sheet knitted at the four corners, and let down from heaven, filled with four footed beasts and creeping things, while a voice said, "arise Peter, slay and eat." By this his prejudices were

overcome, so that he went down to a Gentile village and preached the Gospel to the inhabitants thereof.—But the reason which induced our preacher to read this chapter, at once raised a query in my mind. Perhaps it was the first to which he had opened; or it might be that not long since some special attention was bestowed upon the chapter, and hence he could read it with a better grace. But these were far from being satisfactory, and I was about giving up the chase in despair of success, when the thought passed across my mind that he considered the journey of Peter to Cesarea, and his to our place somewhat of a parallel. And surely it was no mean office to take a stand beside the fearless apostle, but still on the other hand it was not a very high recommendation for the inhabitants of our peaceful community, to be compared to "all manner of four footed beasts and creeping things!" This, though, I could bear tolerably well, but a silent prayer arose spontaneously from the very bottom of my heart, that he would not tarry many days among us, if he intended to obey the injunction—"slay and eat;" for were he to do this, he would most assuredly breed a famine in the land!

By the time these reflections were indulged, the choir had performed their part, and the speaker arose to offer up his address to the throne of Grace. And here we were indeed very agreeably disappointed, for his prayer was deep and fervent, and clothed in respectful language. I went forth as from one whose heart leaned with confidence upon the arm of the Almighty for support and protection, through all the changing vicissitudes of life. It would have done honor to the head and heart of a more profound and enlightened man, for surely it was faultless, save in one particular, wherein he conveyed the idea, that had God dealt by us as we deserve, we should long since been chanting a death-wail in the regions of endless despair. Perhaps in this instance it was an idea which fell inadvertently from the lips; yet as we often hear the same sentiment set forth during the season of prayer, let us consider for a moment its import, ere we respond to its correctness and propriety.

In the first place, it contradicts the Scriptures—for they unequivocally declare that God will render to every man "according to his works," which would not be true, did he not deal with us as we deserve. And though we may read of forgiveness, yet we are not thereby to conclude that we escape any just reward for iniquity; but simply that the wayward individual is received into favor after a reformation has been brought about by the punishment which was laid upon him; for we are certified by the prophet, that Jerusalem was forgiven or pardoned after she had received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins. In the second place, it accuses God of acting upon the principles of injustice. For if it would have been just for us to have been cast into endless despair, ere this, we should most assuredly have been there, for "justice and judgment are the habitation" of God's throne—"just and right is he," which would not be true, did he not mete out to every action a due and proportionate reward.

Thus much for this oft-repeated sentiment of prayer, and now as I have spun out this chapter to no inconsiderable length, I will bid the reader adieu until another week, when we will return like "boon companions, void of every care," and contemplate the sermon; and and in the mean time, friendly reader, harbor not a solitary fear respecting the fate of our hero; for though seemingly he hangs there by the chin, yet he is in no distress, for he has got as sturdy a pair of posts under him as ever graced the person of man; and based upon such an understanding, it would be unbecoming in us to suppose that any evil can befall him. SCHOTLER.

Opinion is the guide of fools; but wise men are conducted by reason and prudence. Half truth and half falsehood is monstrous.

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# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

'I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL.'....."PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, MARCH 10, 1843.

NO. 10.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### HORRORS OF REMORSE.

BY REV. U. CLARK.

"There is no future pang  
Can deal that justice on the self-condemned,  
He deals on his own soul." BYRON.

The guilty man sits down in the hour of meditation, and thought brings up some dark deed, again and again, big with remorse that preys upon his vitals. He tries to chase it away—it is gone—but oh, there it is again in all its ugliness, haunting the hours of midnight like a frightful demon, and following him like a scourge by day. Were a dagger there, it were ease to the pangs which, like lightning, scathe his soul. Thus behold the picture of Judas.

The world may hurl its infinite anathemas, and lash the victim of guilt with the supposed terrors of ceaseless torments; but what are all these but trifles to him—dreams—when he retires within himself and there feels the venomous reptile gnawing and coiling around, and thrusting the sting deadly with poison into his bosom, eating out his life and peace, and sending cold chills over his trembling frame. Go to him within the damp confines of his prison, and tell him of the law, the human tribunal, and point him to the gallows; and what are even these to that self-remorseful rankling conscience within, which haunts with visions at which humanity shudders, and his affrighted spirit seeks in vain for retreat in forgetfulness—making his moments, months and ages—transforming himself into a fiend lashed by the torments of his own soul, the sport of that misery and despair which his own self-condemnation deals out, and from which the incarcerated victim can not shrink. Oh, "happy is he that dameth not himself in that thing which he alloweth." Paul.

Canandaigua, N. Y.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### THE UNIVERSAL REIGN OF CHRIST...NO. II.

BY REV. ALSON SCOTT.

In the first number of this series, I spoke of the universal triumphs of the Redeemer, as seen in the Scriptures, the present and the past; and in this I will refer you secondly, to the desires and aspirations of the human heart connected with their Author.

Man, the noblest work of God, is a religious being, possessed of a religious disposition, inspired with desires for peace, and aspirations that reach toward heaven. All, even the most vicious people on earth, have desires, which extend toward their Father and God. The heathen nations are inspired with those same religious feelings, those same desires, which cause them to look forward to a time when their imagined Deity shall reign triumphant over all opposition, and restore man to peace and happiness. We may go back to time immemorial, and these same desires, hopes, and aspirations had a seat in the human bosom. Even from the commencement of time, at least as far as we have any account, mankind have been buoyed above the trials and troubles of earth by those feelings, which, to all appearance, constitute a part of his nature.

The question here arises, for what purpose were these desires and aspirations implanted within the mind of man? Was it that he might be disappointed? Was it to increase his sorrow and weigh down his spirits, when he should learn that they were nought but delusive dreams implanted by the enemy, that he might destroy his peace and happi-

ness? No, they are not delusive dreams planted by the enemy, but on the contrary, they were there fixed by the Author of all light and blessedness. These aspirations of the Christian heart shall end in fruition, and be swallowed up of love. They agree perfectly with the Scriptures and the evidence drawn from the present and the past. All unite in proclaiming the great truth, that Christ's kingdom shall extend its sway until all nations, kindred, people, and tongues shall become obedient and willing subjects. How well calculated are such desires to cheer and enliven the mind of man, when he has the blest assurance that they were placed there by a being who will never suffer eternal disappointment to be consequence thereof!

That Being who is the author of these feelings is one of wisdom, power, and goodness, as established in nature and the Scriptures. This being the case, it is impossible to suppose for a moment, that he would give to his children desires and aspirations never to be realized. God being infinite in all his perfections, we may well expect that he will work all things in such a manner as to produce a glorious result for all his children; and unless it can be shown that the final triumph of the Saviour over all his enemies will be detrimental to the peace and happiness of the world, then it can not be shown that he will always suffer the adversary to trample upon his government, lead his subjects into the labyrinth of sin and misery, and continue them there despite all the efforts made to win them to obedience and consequent happiness. These desires of which I have been speaking, God has implanted within the human bosom, and he will satisfy them; for it is declared that "he openeth his hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing." The goodness of God dictates the final triumph of the kingdom of Christ, it being one of his own institution, designed and calculated to bring peace to the troubled spirit and to restore man to a state of purity and bliss. Hence it is that he has created man with these desires and aspirations which he possesses. His wisdom will direct in such a manner, that the object designed shall be effected; and his power will accomplish all that his goodness has dictated or his wisdom directed, and thus will be consummated the purpose of Him made known to us through the Scriptures and the constitution of our own minds. Here, it will be seen, are glorious assurances of the final triumph of the Redeemer over all the opposition of the world, and the complete reign of his kingdom, over all the kingdoms of the earth, in which shall reign universal righteousness and peace.

Colebrook, Mass.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### FORGIVENESS.

BY REV. S. J. GIBSON.

There is no doctrine inculcated in Revelation which the Christian is obligated to bind to his heart more zealously, than that of forgiveness. It glows upon almost every page of the inspired writings—forms a chief theme in the instruction of One who spoke as never did any before him, and is urged upon every one who lays the least claim to the Scriptures, as a foundation for his faith. And in truth, "an unforgiving Christian" is a contradiction in itself—the claims which such a one may maintain relative to the teachings of the Gospel, are "vanity and vexation of spirit," and, indeed, the most fleeting of all things of which we can have any possible conception. True, there is a time for every thing, and a season for every purpose—a time when we are called upon by every principle of justice, to condemn a fellow being for his wayward-

ness; for a violation of those moral and social institutions which bind the human family in sweet and friendly union. But even then, instead of adopting these harsh and unfeeling measures, whose end invariably is to send a death-chill to the soul and freeze the warmest affections of the heart; how heavenly, how amiable to let the mild spirit of religion dictate; for then, though condemnation must rest upon the head of the transgressor, yet the watch-fire of hope is kindled anew in the mind—sends up again a bright, beautiful flame, and leads on to the arbor of virtue and home of rest.

Would any one learn the necessity of forgiveness by being taught by a something aside from the monitor within? Then turn an eye upon the inspired page and behold it written:—"For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." With what confidence in view of this, can one look to the throne of God, for compassion and forgiveness, when the mild voice of this virtue, he has neglected to breathe into the ear of those who may have injured him? Such a proceeding, though too often beheld, is nevertheless, presumption—barefaced impiety. The Creator has placed mankind upon earth in such a manner—endowed with such faculties, that they are dependent upon each other, and all are urged and commanded to extend to others what they would wish to receive. Yet one will stand up, in the public sanctuary it may be, and send aloft a fervent appeal for compassion—for forgiveness to descend, bringing deliverance from wayward deeds which may have been watched; and yet, ere the sounds of that appeal have died away upon the distant air, with an iron hand he bears down upon some poverty-stricken soul. There is no evidence of compassion in his heart—no forgiving spirit, yielding to the entreaties and imploring, look of the offender, accompanied with a heavenly blessing, but the stern mandate of "pay me what thou owest," as recorded in the parable, is adhered to with vigorous hand and relentless mind! O vain and impious man! Whosoever thou art, knowest thou not that the spirit which urges thee onward, is one of a sensual nature, and one day will pour its gall of bitterness upon thine own desponding soul? 'Tis even so; and wouldst thou put afar off the evil day? Then suffer thyself no longer to be influenced by an unforgiving disposition, and with confidence look to Heaven for a blessing to descend, and with thee make its blissful abode.

Forgiveness! There's music in the name. A life-giving power is there, and upon man sends forth its beauties; its blessings, and its benedictions. It is the pride of the Christian; the honor of the man, and the safe-guard against many woes! How amiable indeed are one's professions, when the semblance of this virtue beams upon the countenance and smiles upon the wanderer from the home of rectitude. Then let us look well to it. Let us suffer it not to be lost to the sight in the surrounding darkness, but ever follow its heavenly direction; for then, and not till then, shall we be strangers to the many sorrows dwelling with those of a revengeful temper, who neglect no opportunity of laying oppression upon the unfortunate children of humanity. And then the peace which it inspires, will be with us in the morning while going out to our labor and toil, and when the light of day is shut out from the world and the shadows of night hang over the habitations of man, it will desert us not; but as a guardian angel will it hover around the mind, when we sink down to repose, and are dwelling with the sweet slumbers of rest.

Monroeton, Pa.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## INDIVIDUAL AND COMBINED EFFORT.

BY REV. H. BELDING.

Few people rightly view the stations they occupy, and the responsibility that rests upon them.—These remarks apply in an especial manner to the professed Universalist. How many are there who, when asked, are ever ready to avow their belief in the doctrines of impartial grace; and yet seldom attempt the exercise of the least influence in extending a knowledge of this glorious sentiment.—Such, seemingly, are satisfied with being accounted in the faith; not considering that "faith without works is dead."

And what excuse is offered for this listlessness and inaction? Among the many that might be named, I shall mention but one, viz., a want of influence. Says the individual, "I am but one—a single individual—what can my efforts avail? and what will be the force of my example?"

I admit that at first thought, when reflecting upon the consequence of a single individual, we are apt to say it matters little whether that influence be exerted or not; and, consequently, little or no responsibility rests with the individual. But trace this argument, and where will it end? Carried out, in all its bearings, it will absolve *all* from obligations; each, and all, if such an argument be valid, will find a quietus for conscience—an absolution from all moral, social and religious obligations.

This excuse contemplates man as an individual, and capable of exerting only an individual influence. But in order that we may view the subject aright, we must look at the effect of association. Combined effort is the mainspring of all the great movements among mankind. Without this, how powerless is the arm of man! How weak his voice! How unavailing his mightiest efforts!—But with it, the weak becomes strong, and the strong omnipotent! It is the grand engine that moves and controls the world! Aided by its influence, tyrants forge their chains, and by a like influence, the patriot hurls the despot from his throne! And when we look back over the past, and by the light of history trace some of the great revolutions that have taken place in the world; we wonder, and ask for the sources of that power, that could produce such mighty movements! The story is told in two words—*combined effort*. And what is combined effort? Individual efforts, all tending to one and the same point; directed to the accomplishment of one and the same object.

Let me illustrate. Take, for instance, a single drop of water. Isolate it from every thing around, and it stands out to view a particle, small, yea, insignificant, and capable of effecting, seemingly, nothing for good or for evil. Let that single drop be commingled with kindred drops, with the hastening stream, as it courses down the mountain's side; or in the more beautiful, though less sublime current, as it passes on through vale and mead; and that same drop, though attended by myriads of kindred drops, still preserves its identity.

Again, think of this same particle as found in the majestic river, as it hastens onward toward the mighty ocean! Shall it be where proud Amazon, in its world of waters, stretches far beyond the utmost bound of unaided vision; and by its broad current, submerges a region fifty leagues in width? Or shall it be where the down-rushing cataract of far-famed Niagara sends up its thundering roar amid the hasting element? In either case the crystal drop is yet a drop, having lost nothing of its original character, though found in so great an association.

Thus we see, that the gushing fountain, the purling rill, the mighty river, the foaming cataract, the bounded sea, and the boundless ocean—all are but drops; each individual drop holding its proper place, performing its due office, and bearing a comparison to the great whole.

And, I will here add, that many of the great improvements of our day are dependent upon the influence of this same drop of water. But for this, what so effectually bestirs the buzzing gin, the thun-

dering loom, the astounding forge! And the steam engine—that annihilator of time and space, but for drops of water would become motionless, yea, powerless!

If, then, such be the influence of single drops of water, when in combination, let no one, not even the weakest say, I can exert no influence. But let each, though he have but a single drop, see that that drop be cast into the current to swell the tide of liberal effort, and consequent reform.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## RELIGION.

There is not, perhaps, a word in the English language about the meaning of which there is more difference of opinion, than the word *religion*. It appears to be the opinion of every one, that religion is necessary for man in this life; that every one ought to have religion; but what this religion consists in, is the matter of dispute. One thinks he must open his mouth and scream "glory to Jesus!" at the top of his voice, with violent gestures, deep groans, and striking the desk or bench with his clenched fists, &c. And this he thinks is religion. Another thinks that after sitting a few minutes on an anxious seat, he must tell an experience; some remarkable dream or vision that he has had, and then be immersed in water, and then he thinks he has experienced religion—though I believe there is not such a phrase as "experience religion" in the Bible. Now how are we to examine what religion is? Let us go to the volume of inspiration, and see if we can not find some definition of this word *religion*.

In the first chapter of the epistle of James, we have the following, which may assist us in determining what religion is; he says, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father" (not before men) "is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." And is this religion? If it is, what sense is there in the expression "get religion," which we hear so often reiterated by those who profess to have *got* religion? Do those who have *got* religion visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction any more than their neighbors? If not, we have no warrant for saying that they have any more religion than they. Do they keep themselves any more unspotted from the world than their neighbors, whom they accuse of not having any religion? Are they less grasping for this world's goods than their neighbors? Let those answer who have dealings with these new-born souls, who pretend to have *got* religion. Are they any more scrupulous about the ways and means of gaining wealth than others? If not, we have no reason to think they possess any more of the religion spoken of by the Apostle, than those whom they are pleased to call *sinners*, while themselves they denominate *saints*.

But the Apostle says, "If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridle not his tongue, but deceive his own heart, that man's religion is vain." Now who is it among us that *seem* to be religious? Is it those who live in the daily practice of the religion of the Apostle, or those who get religion by sitting a few minutes on an anxious seat, weeping a little, telling an experience, and then conduct just as they did before, except, perhaps, going to meeting a little more? Is this seeming to be religious? If so, according to the Apostle, that man's religion is vain.

I believe there is not such an expression between the lids of the Bible, as "getting religion"; but the Bible does say "get wisdom, get understanding," and if those who pretend to have got so much religion would get a little more wisdom and understanding, there would be more pure religion and less fanaticism. There is a great deal said by our modern religionists about practical religion. And the idea is always carried, that if we have practical religion we shall be saved in another world by it, and if we have it not, we shall be damned for the want of it. Now, in what part of the Bible shall we find this doctrine? I can not find in the Bible any passage that informs us that we can be

saved in a future state, by practical religion. I can find no other way, pointed out in the Bible, of salvation in the immortal, resurrection state, than by grace, free grace. "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works lest any man should boast." But religion, pure and undefiled religion, is what every man, every child of Adam needs, and no one ever has too much of it. We need it to teach us how to live in this world. We need it to teach us how to bear the dispensations of Providence with fortitude, with meekness, and with resignation. We need it to point us to heaven our eternal resting place. We need it to teach us our duty to our heavenly Father, and to our fellow men. In fine, we need it to make us better, and consequently happier, in this life. G. Y.

Dimock, Feb 6, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## HOPE AND FANCY.

The pleasures derived from hope and fancy, as much surpass those found in the dull realities of life, as the splendor of the glorious orb of day, eclipses the paler beams of the queen of night.—Hope leads us to look forward to the future with bright anticipations; fancy transports us in imagination from the gloom of the present, to the enjoyment of all hope has promised. Hope cheers the heart of the aspirant for literary fame, whether he strives to reach the summit of poetical distinction, or aims to divert and entertain his readers with stories of chivalry and romance; whether it be his task to lay before them historical facts, or to impart instruction in morality, and unfold the truths of the Gospel. All look forward to the time when success shall crown their efforts. Hope cheers the soldier in the field of battle, inspires the hero to deeds of noble daring, gives confidence to the dejected lover, and imparts consolation to the afflicted mourner. In the hour of affliction hope is a source of consolation, without which all would be a dreary void. Go to the bedside of one laboring under the most painful disease, and you will see hope written on his brow, enlivening the dull hours of pain and suffering, and holding up to his eager view the prospect of speedy recovery.

Nor does hope desert the aged and infirm, but is ever near, and though they have ceased to be blinded by the delusive promise of happiness in this life, still will they look forward to the time when age and suffering will be no more, and they enjoy the never-ending joys of a brighter and better world.

Though the mother mourns the death of a darling child, or a child weeps for the loss of its parent; though a brother laments over the grave of a sister, or a sister for a departed brother; or be it the husband who is bereft of the wife of his bosom, or is the heart of the affectionate wife torn with anguish, as she gives a parting look to the lover of her youth and husband of her later life, whose eyes, which once gazed upon her with all the ardor of love, are now forever sealed in death; still hope is there to heal the broken heart. And even though no longer does the future promise happiness in life, yet they still hope for relief in death, and look for joy and peace beyond the grave. B. F. D.

Syracuse, N. Y.

## DISCUSSION IN BRADFORD CO., PA.

An esteemed correspondent who writes from Orwell, Pa., under date of January 24th, 1843, thus writes to us concerning an interesting and useful discussion which is in course of publication in the "Bradford Argus," a political paper published in Towanda, Pa.—and which is also being copied into the "Bradford Porter," another political paper of the opposite party, also published in Towanda. We hope that thus many of both the great political families in that region may become enlightened on the subject of God's nature and purposes, and man's duty and destiny in a higher than mere political view. We have no fears for the result. A. B. G.

Orwell, January 26th, 1843.

Rev. A. B. Grosh—

Dear Sir—Last June, in this vicinity, at a camp meeting, Elder D. Holmes, Jr., delivered a



discourse in which he gave a false view of Universalism. Dr. R. Barnes being on the ground at the time, publicly said the Elder was either ignorant of the doctrine advocated by Universalists, or dishonest; for which he was called in question by one Mr. Hodge (Methodist clergyman,) alleging that such an expression was calculated to injure the standing of the Elder, and wishing the Doctor and the Elder to have an interview and have the matter settled. Accordingly a meeting was had, and it was agreed that the Elder publish his sermon, the same as delivered on the camp ground, in some one of our secular papers, and that Rev. W. M. DeLong of Binghamton, review and publish in the same paper, and continue the discussion as long as the parties wished, or as long as the paper selected would publish. Therefore arrangements were made with the Editors of the Bradford Argus, at Towanda, to publish six letters from each. In October, I think, the Elder published his sermon, (but those who heard it on the ground, say it is not the same, only in part,) and Rev. W. M. DeLong reviewed it, and Elder Holmes has replied, and another reply has been published from Br. DeLong, and another letter now due from the Elder, will perhaps be published next week. The Editors of the Argus have now opened their paper unconditionally. The object of this short history, is, to let you know the movement here. The Editors of the Bradford Porter also copy the discussion—it excites a great interest in this section of country, and Rev. Mr. DeLong has displayed his talents in a workmanlike manner.

Respectfully yours,

H. G.

### SECULAR NEWS.

**TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKE IN THE WEST INDIES—TEN THOUSAND LIVES LOST**—The brig Frances Jane, Thompson, arrived at Baltimore on the 2d inst. from St. Johns, Porti Rico, brings to the Exchange Reading Room, advices of the effects of a severe shock of an Earthquake, on the 8th of February.

Extracts of a letter received by the owners of the Frances Jane, dated St. Johns, Feb. 14th and 15th, state:—

"We have just received advices from the windward. The effects of the earthquake of the 8th inst., have been awful, indeed. Point Petre, in Guadaloupe, is totally destroyed, and ten thousand persons are supposed to have been killed. At Antigua, also, there has been a great loss of property, but five lives lost. All the mills and sugar works have been more or less injured, and the greater part of the crop will be lost. Nevis, Montserrat, Barbadoes, &c., are said to have suffered much, but to what extent is not yet known. Here, and at St. Thomas, the shock was also severe, and lasted two minutes; but there was no material damage done at either place."

**DEATH BY POISON.**—The Aurora states that in Clermont, Columbia county, last week, Doctor Robert Clove sent to a druggist's for morphine, and on receiving what he supposed was this, but which proved to be a preparation of *nux vomica*, gave a dose to his mother, and took another himself. His mother soon died in convulsions, and the Dr. was attacked in the same manner. Not knowing what was the matter, he took another dose, and soon expired. Mrs. Elting of Red Hook, took a dose of the same, but by the application of proper remedies her life was saved.

The steamboat Sandusky, which has been laid up all winter in Buffalo Creek, was burnt to the water's edge a short time since. The loss is nearly \$20,000, without any insurance. It is presumed to be the work of incendiaries.

Immense quantities of wild pigeons have made their appearance in England, supposed to have emigrated from this country.

**LIBERALITY.**—The widow of the late Gen. Findlay, formerly of this city, has presented a large farm near Dayton, for the purpose of supporting a free school.—Such liberality towards the cause of education, was characteristic of her late venerated husband.—Cincinnati Gazette.

The disease called "Black Tongue," has broken out with great virulence in New Madrid county, Mo., within eight miles of Point Pleasant. Sixty-nine persons had sunk under it in two weeks.

We learn by the Boston Daily Advertiser, that a subscription is about to be opened in that city for the purpose of erecting a Naval Monument to the memory of Com. Hull, at Mount Auburn.

**SPECIE.**—The steamship Acadia brings out about \$1,000,000 of specie, £100,000 of which is consigned to Messrs. Brown, Brothers & Co., New York.

Rev. Dr. Bailey, a popular Episcopal clergyman in England, has been convicted of forgery, and sentenced to transportation for life.

A man named Joshua Crars, was found frozen to death near Glasco, Ulster county, a few days since.

A nest of thieves has been discovered and broken up in New Orleans. A large amount of stolen property has been recovered.

### DEATHS.

JOHN R. LUDLOW, whose death we briefly noticed last week, (because we waited until the last hour, for some one to furnish a fuller notice, but have not yet received it) was one of the oldest members of the Universalist society in this city. He came from Schenectady, bringing with him testimonials of his high standing in the Presbyterian church; but owing to some dissatisfaction with the pastor of the Presbyterian church in Utica, he did not connect himself with it. After some time he embraced Universalism, and gave his energies and means to its support. He was active in supporting the preached word, and in building our house of worship. But about the time the church was completed, Br. Ludlow met with severe reverses in business, and lost the hard and honestly earned gains of his previous life.

Br. Ludlow was eminent: for his gentlemanly courtesy and dignity, his calm and steady demeanor, his unostentatious readiness to oblige, and his undeviating integrity and correct moral principle.

For the last few months his health failed rapidly. But his faith remained strong, and his mind clear and calm to the last. He had seen sorrow enough to be willing to die; and goodness enough manifested even in this life, to be willing to trust God for his goodness in the world to come.—One of the most painful events of his last days, was the circulation of a report that he had renounced his faith—that faith which had sustained him in all his troubles and trials, that now consoled him in parting with his family, and supported him in the dying hour. The report grieved him, and he took special pains to contradict it, and to direct the preparations for his funeral, which he requested might be attended in the Universalist church, as he felt certain he would die so as to be buried on Sunday. And so it was. Having given all these directions, settled all his earthly affairs, and bade farewell to family and friends, he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus—mourned for by all who knew him; for to know, was to esteem and love him.

He has left a widow, a son and two daughters, whom may God console and bless with his truth and salvation.

A. B. G.

At his residence, in the town of Middleburg, on Friday the 17th ult., MERRIMAN PRESTON, aged 50 years.

The deceased was one of the most respectable and worthy inhabitants of the town in which he resided. His death, and the distressing circumstances of the awful malady which occasioned it, furnish a subject of bitter and enduring grief to his bereaved friends and numerous acquaintances. During the recent 'protracted meetings' in Middleburg, when 'sea and land were compassed,' as it were, to make proselytes, we are informed that the mind of the deceased became much excited. Extraordinary means were used to fan the flame thus enkindled, until the reason of the unfortunate man was deluged and his frail tenement mouldering in the dust.

We revere the Christian religion, and God forbid that we should ever utter a breath to bedim its brightness in the view of mortal man. But we beg to be excused from considering that religion, which discards reason, judgment, common sense, and applies for sustenance and growth to superstition, prejudice and fear. In this view of the subject, we very much doubt that the cause of Christ has ever been materially advanced by protracted meetings or extraordinary efforts to produce excitements. On the other hand has

it not been debased? To what extremes have fear and passion prevailed, and led their victims on such frantic occasions?

Oh, that the over zealous, the fanatic, would pause in his course of desolation, and listen to the tale of the backslider, the inmate of the Lunatic Asylum, of the widow and orphan! Communicated.—[Schoharie Republican.]

In Brookfield, Nov. 4th, Mr. H. CHESEBROUGH, aged 78 years. The arrow of the pale king never found a more shining mark or a more willing victim, than in the person of this aged brother. While in enjoyment of a green old age, exempt from care, and surrounded by a most devoted family, the summons which bade him away, though brief, was obeyed with that cheerful resignation which speaks of confidence in the Divine goodness, of happiness, of heaven.

"Thus would I live, untainted by this world,

But tasting all the comforts it can give;

Thus would I die, and with glad wings unfurled

Soar where my God and kindred all shall live."

The stricken wife and children mourn, but not without hope; and may they ever look cheerfully forward to a reunion with the companion and father, that shall be eternal.

Z. COOK.

In Hamilton, Feb. 14th, Mr. ELIJAH BRAINARD, aged 67 years. This was emphatically an instance of the triumph of Universalism over death. While slowly sinking under a most painful disease, he uttered no complaints, he felt no fears; but on the eve of his departure, when looking back upon a life well spent, said, "I have been prepared to live, and that is sufficient preparation to die." May his eternal existence, be as peaceful as his last hour. Z. COOK.

**EUGENIA GRANDET.** *A Tale of the Nineteenth Century.* Translated from the French of H. De Balzac, by Edward S. Gould, Esq.

This splendid production of the great French Author. H. de Balzac, has been most admirably rendered by E. S. Gould, Esq., whom our readers know as the talented translator of "Incidents of Travel," by Alexandre Dumas, which appeared in the last volume of the New World. It will shortly be issued in a Double Extra New World, for which it has been expressly translated.

This novel is commended to the American public by the fact of its being the only one extant, in our language, which treats of what a painter would call "still life" in the Provinces of France. Scott, James, and others have illuminated their pages with the feats of French chivalry, and presented to us the knights and high-born dames of that noble country as they lived and flourished in past ages; but French provincial life in the nineteenth century is hitherto untrodden ground for the novelist.

The characters of Old Grandet, (known as the Miser of Saumur), his daughter Eugenia, and Charles her lover, are exquisitely drawn; Eugenia, in particular, is one of the most delightful creations that ever figured in the pages of romance, and in our judgment is scarcely inferior to (though, indeed, totally different from) Jeanie Deans herself. It is at least safe to say that if no one but Scott could have drawn the latter character, no living writer but Balzac could have drawn the former; and, besides, as a beau-ideal (or rather we should say a belle-ideale) of a lady's love, Eugenia is incomparably more sweet and fascinating than the Scottish maiden.

*Terms.*—Single copies 13 cents—Ten copies for \$1; or \$8 per hundred. Address, J. Winchester, 30 Ann st. N. Y.

### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching on the second Sunday in March, by Br. S. JENKINS in New Hartford—Br. HICKS at Little Falls; subject for afternoon and evening, *The Rich man and Lazarus.*

A Discussion will be held in Hartsville, Onondaga county, on Friday and Saturday, March 24th and 25th, on the following question:—"Did Jesus Christ or his apostles, while they were on earth, teach that the Saviour will make a second personal appearance in this world, after his ascension?"

Disputants.—Rev. Mr. Barber, Methodist; and Rev. W. J. Goss, Universalist.

### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P M, Canandaigua, for Z P and 1 G—Z N E, Canton, for L B S, E W H and E N C—P M, So. America, for E B, H H and W R S—P M, Niagara Falls, for P W—P M, Cazenovia, for W B and D J—P M, Morenci, (Mich) for O W and A F—M B, Buffalo, for self, W Z, H M, M B, C C and J F.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## OH MUST WE DIE?

Must all the breathing forms we view  
Be mingled soon, with clay?  
And will it prove in vain to sue  
For life another day?

Must we leave this world of beauties rare,  
For a narrow, loathsome cell?  
And while our bodies moulder there,  
Shall there our spirits dwell?

Oh must we die, can nothing save?  
The answer is, we must—  
But the soul returns to God who gave,  
When the body turns to dust.

And then he hath this promise given,  
Who rules the earth and sky,  
That all shall meet redeemed in heaven,  
Though all must surely die.

B. F. D.

Syracuse, N. Y.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## A SKETCH.

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

It is a touching sight to see the young and beautiful fading gradually away under the blighting breath of consumption. I knew two sisters. They were the only daughters of a widowed mother, and daily ministered to her comfort and support. But the cheek of the youngest and fairest blossom became tinged with the hectic flush—her eye was lit up with an unearthly brightness and when "the forest cast its leaf," they deposited her in her narrow house.

The household ring had been rudely broken, and the widow clung closely to her remaining child; but all without avail. She melted away like the morning star, and followed her sister to the realm of shade. I stood beside her coffin at the close of a summer day. Near by her pale, sweet face, there lay a cluster of white rose-buds, and a wreath of flowers was locked in her folded hands. I looked for the lonely widow. She was there with her sable robes, but her tears had ceased to flow. She had learned to bow with resignation beneath the chastening rod, and could say with the Psalmist, "though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, thy rod and thy staff shall comfort me."

The white haired servant of God lifted up his hands and said a prayer of supplication, and then the mourning train followed her to the village graveyard. I stood and saw the sexton pile the green turf above her resting place, and thought of that glorious hour, when the Archangel's trump shall sound, and these perishing habiliments shall be exchanged for garments of immortality.

Heath, Mass.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## YOUTHFUL FALLACIES—CLEVERNESS.

In the scene of human life presented to our observation, it appears obvious that there is a constant struggle going forward between two great divisions of society—the aged and the youthful. Each of these parties acts upon opposite principles. The old have found, by experience, that no good can be obtained, no permanent comfort secured, without the exercise of a great deal of cool judgment and prudence. They abound in recollections of innumerable instances in their past lives, in which they lost anticipated advantages by precipitancy, and gained them by a cautious and patient line of conduct. They remember that, at every step in their career, they were impeded by the hurrying advance of others, and withheld by those who placed their sole enjoyment in gratifications by the way. In fine, they can describe that it was only by the due control of their passions, that they were enabled to succeed in their endeavors to attain a competency, or respectable independence.

The young, on the other hand, know almost nothing from experience. They start in the race of life with the most transcendent ideas of their own

importance and abilities. Nobody that ever lived was half so clever as they are; and all the rest of the rising generation are fools in comparison with them. They will soon show the world what can be done by their cleverness in business; and they have no doubt but the whole town will very speedily be brought to admire their talents, and hasten to support them in their projects. And as for their foundering in their schemes, that is quite impossible; they will defy the cunningest shaver to cheat them; and they know perfectly well the vicious temptations which they ought to shun. Just let them alone, and give them a fair field, and they will show what can be done. All mankind have been wrong from the beginning of the world, and it is they who will put them right.

Such is the nature of those vague notions which more or less affect the conduct of most young men entering upon a scene of active exertion, in which they are left to pursue the courses which they choose to follow. It may be remarked, that at no period of life are people more adverse from advice than when they are thus let loose from the restraints of boyhood. To the admonitions of guardians, friends or fathers, they listen with apathy; and turn away without being convinced. To the anxiously proffered advice of an aged parent, they most likely reply, "Well, father, that is all very true, you say; but the world is now greatly changed since your young days, and the same measures will not succeed. There are ways of doing things now-a-days that you have no proper idea of; and just give me a trial, and I will soon astonish you with my skill and management." Of course, the old man withdraws his fatherly cares from the ingenious youth—perhaps only thinking of him afterwards as in a certain sense lost, or only brought to a painful knowledge of his existence by the calls privately made upon him for pecuniary subsidies. To what degree of loftiness the pretensions of the young man may have aspired, it is not long before he begins to suspect that the world is neither so silly nor so easily prevailed upon to second his views, as he imagined. Presuming upon his innate knowledge of mankind in all their various classes, he affects an excess of liberality in his dealings. He enters into acquaintanceship with any body, provided they have but a genteel look; implicitly gives credit when sought for; does not heed lending a few dollars when craved with a confidential air; and even becomes security for several of his dearest friends.

It is generally seen that he also reckons with an amazing degree of confidence on the effects of his personal appearance. Everything about him is to attract universal admiration. The elegant contour of his hair; his handsomely made coat; the peculiarly genteel color of his gloves; the graceful droop in the chain of his watch, which hangs around the neck in the most approved fashion—are all, in his estimation, to be at once productive of envy among his competitors and the cause of the deepest admiration and love among all the young ladies who have the happiness or misery to behold him.

The wise and accomplished young man further prides himself on his speculation in business. He tries to carry on trade by a sort of slight of hand, or by being up to every thing. Yet somehow, he finds all will not do. His friends turn out unsubstantial visions: his elegant appearance fails entirely in gaining him either credit or respect: his means vanish in schemes which have proved to be unutterably ridiculous: and he at length makes the notable discovery, that other people are just as wise and as clever as himself. Thus, every succeeding year of his life the young man thinks less and less of his own abilities, or power of swaying the world to his wishes. He learns by dreary experience, that after all, dullness with prudence gets on much better than activity and heedlessness. Above all, he finds there is no probability of attaining any great and profitable end without ministering to the prejudices or prepossessions of others—without submitting, perhaps, to many supposed contumelies and neglects—without manfully breasting every succeeding wave of adversity that threatens to swallow him up. So common is the fallacy of self-sufficient cleverness among the youthful, and the cor-

responding disregard of advice from the aged, that it would almost appear as if our own race were, in this manner, by a provision of nature, doomed to be retarded in its advancement towards perfection. If each generation were to start with the full advantage of the experience of the one which preceded it, it is impossible to conceive the height of prosperity and happiness to which mankind would have already arrived. But it seems to be nearly as difficult to endow with the wisdom of three-score the youth of five and twenty, as it is to train the muscles of a child of six years old to the energy and endurance of a full-grown man. As the body acquires strength in a regular gradation, so the mind also attains improvement by degrees. Nevertheless, we do not despond over the case of those who naturally repel admonition from their predecessors. There is at least one form in which good counsel presents itself without any circumstance which predisposes men to despise it, and that is the writings which the industry and learning of ages have now largely accumulated, and which the art of printing is daily extending. It is from the reiterated efforts of the press that we are principally to look for melioration in the teachers and in the behavior of the people. In proportion as the young indulge in judicious reading, they will learn to reflect soundly—to see the absurdity of closing their understandings against the deductions drawn from familiar examples of ruin produced by self-conceit and impassioned heedlessness. They will thus, to a certain degree, acquire that which will stand them in the stead of experience of those who have gone before them. In the same measure, by being made extensively acquainted with the abilities of others—the cleverness of their predecessors as well as of their neighbors—they will profitably be led to think much less of their own acquisitions, and to put considerably less value on their own capabilities of action.

Occasionally we see young men who are less headstrong at the outset, than those we have pointed out. A few seem to step at once, as it were, into the sagacity of the aged, and it is always seen that they prosper in proportion as their conduct is regulated by the admonitions of prudence. The success of these entrants on the stage of human life is found to have depended principally on the due regulation of their passions—for in this mainly lies the secret of advancement in society. They engage in their occupation with coolness and deliberation, warily lying in wait for opportunities of well-doing, and taking advantage of those false steps which precipitate others from the eminence they have partially gained. While the greater proportion of the young and thoughtless are dropping aside out of the ranks, and disappearing, and the aged are naturally falling away from among them, they are steadily pursuing their way, shutting their eyes and their ears against the various allurements that beset them—against the pretended friendships of the vicious or the simply contemptible—against, perhaps the turbulence of their own appetites and passions—and so, by the time they have reached a mature manhood, they are already in the possession of those comforts and that honorable station that are the reward of virtue.

Clinton Liberal Institute.

ALIBUS.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

"Oh! that some power the gift would give us,  
To see ourselves as others see us."

We have a clergyman in our town at present, by the name of John Gray. Who he is, or what he is, none of us know; but time will prove if he tarries with us long enough. He has been here some six or seven months, and came here from the East. He is now holding a protracted meeting in the Dutch Reformed church, where he, assisted by his deacons and members of his church, and a Reverend from Whitesborough, hold forth in the true Littlejohn, Knapp, and Swan style. Under the cloak of his religion, and in the name of Jesus, he pours out the vials of his indignation on all those that disbelieve in him and his purity. Raising his hands to his head with much self-complacency, he boasts of his great intellect, his expansive powers of mind,



and his manners and good breeding; and then he denounces Universalists as not having one straight idea in their heads, and being wanting in common decency. To prove his intelligence he asserted that "Universalists denied the Lord Saviour, Jesus Christ." This falsehood of his, was corrected before the same congregation, after he had pronounced the benediction, much to the indignation of himself, who said they need not preach to his congregation but might get one of their own.

It is supposed that at his own instigation, some of his followers handed him some questions in writing to give him a better opportunity to let his mouth speak out of the abundance of his heart.—Among the questions was this: "Do you believe in the existence of a devil?" This he proved by Scripture to his own satisfaction, and he demonstrated that there are devils on earth in his own person, by his fiendish countenance and his diabolical looks, equally satisfactory to the audience. For of all performances that have been witnessed in the pulpit, and of all that has been done in the name of religion, he put on the climax. When he uttered a furious malediction on the Universalist, or played an antic so as to excite the smiles of his audience, he would stop, turn his head one side and point his finger at the gallery, and exclaim, "grin, ye ungodly sinners, and make mock, it is your natures. You Universalists may as well be honest, and come out and deny the Bible first as last, and burn it; for that you will certainly come to in the end." After exhausting his vocabulary of epithets on them, he starts another strain.

"I have more respect for an infidel than a Universalist; for an infidel is a person of some mind, and has at least one straight idea in his head at a time. I have been one, and know it requires some intellect: but you Universalists" (sneeringly, and then stops, and gives a mysterious shake of his finger.) And again, "While I read these passages, I want those persons who think they know so much, to listen and pay particular attention, I know by their talk, they do not read the Bible any." "Just look along the gallery there, and see the effects of their doctrine, it is what we might expect of them; no peace there, it is all confusion, just like their creed. I tell you what it is" (that wonderful shake of the finger with the head turned on one side,) "just strip the sheep skin off these men and you will see the wolf then."

So thought a great many—only try the experiment on the man himself! The above is sufficient to show what manner of spirit he is of; and what an amazing polite fellow he is, of which he so much boasts in the pulpit. It is not often we have such insane fanatical ravings in the pulpit. Common decency forbids it. Who would think that any clergyman could be found so grossly ignorant, as to assert that the Universalists deny the "Lord Saviour, Jesus Christ." If he knew better, the case is worse for him; a clergyman that will willfully lie in his pulpit, is certainly no better than he should be. E. T. M.

P. S.—Any information that any person or editors may give us concerning *Rev. John Gray*, will be received by writing to Frankfort, Herkimer Co., N. Y.

Frankfort, Feb. 20th, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### DEDICATION IN NEWPORT.

Br. Grosh—After waiting a number of weeks with the expectation of seeing in the columns of the *Magazine and Advocate*, from the pen of another, some notice of the condition and prospects of our Zion in this place, I have come to the conclusion that the Brother from whom an article upon this subject was expected, has either forgotten us, or can not find time to devote in our behalf. Therefore, rather than the doings of our friends in Newport be unmentioned, I am constrained to present for publication a few brief particulars.

It is but little more than one year since I commenced preaching in this village—at first, but one quarter, now one half the time. Previous to this no meeting of our order had been held here except

occasionally. Our congregation small at first, has been steadily augmenting, and may now number about 200. On the first day of the current year we organized a Society on Christian principles, of 40 members—more are expected to unite soon. I may say the blessings of the Lord are indeed upon us. With one exception the events of Providence have thus far been propitious. The removal by death of our esteemed and efficient Br. Keeler, on whom we so much relied for building up the cause in this place, at the very commencement of our efforts, seemed really at the time like the frowning of Providence; but it has since seemed, (and with humble gratitude to the all wise Disposer of events, we remark it,) that even this afflictive dispensation has been sanctified to our good. It was truly a severe blow—a disheartening event; but our friends have felt chastened thereby, and I trust they have been more fully led to cast their cares and interests upon the arm of the Almighty, and to depend less upon the arm of mortals.

Among the permanent members of our congregation we count some three or four respectable individuals who, I believe, prefer the name of Unitarian; but if they are not pleased with hearing the prominent doctrine of Universalism preached, they are entitled to much credit for their forbearance in manifesting no disapprobation. So far as I know, a unity of feeling and interest, if not of opinion, exists; and we anticipate no disunion. We have now a neat convenient and comely church, finished and furnished in a chaste and beautiful style at a cost of about \$3300. Our Unitarian friends contributed liberally for its erection, and should a division take place, which probably never may, they would be entitled, I suppose, to one quarter of the house.

For the gratification of our friends, and in accordance with the common custom, I notice the dedication of our house which took place on the 25th ult. The dedicatory exercises were performed as follows:—

1. Introductory remarks by way of congratulation to the proprietors of the house, by Br. M. B. Smith. 2. Anthem by the Choir. 3. Reading of select Scriptures and invocation, by Br. A. C. Barry. 4. Hymn. 5. Dedicatory prayer by Br. M. B. Smith. 6. Hymn. 7. Sermon by Br. M. B. Smith from Job xxi: 15. 8. Address by Br. P. Hathaway. 9. Voluntary by the choir. 10. Benediction.

In the afternoon a sermon was preached by Br. Buckingham (Unitarian,) and in the evening one by Br. G. W. Anderson; after which a social conference was had, in which many participated. On the next day, for our meeting was held two days, we had a sermon from Br. Barry, and one from Br. Hathaway, and another from Br. Buckingham. Br. Hicks was also present and took part in the services. The house was well filled throughout and for some part of the time much crowded, and if the people were not generally pleased, joyous, grateful, and happy, there is no safety in judging from appearances. M. B. SMITH.

[Will the Luminary please copy]

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### INTEMPERANCE.

In looking about us and viewing the various aspects and conditions of society, we can not fail to perceive the fearful bias towards dissipation, prevailing so extensively in our land, and which is settling down like a canker, a plague-spot, upon our hopes and our high places.

But we have the happy assurance that the eyes of the multitude are beginning to open to this subject; and the consequence is, that a successful and exterminating war is now raging with great violence, and constantly enlisting many bold and vigorous defenders in its ranks, who portray in vivid colors their former road to desolation and ruin, and continually bear testimony to the truth of the maxim, that "vice may be seated in a dazzling pavilion, decorated in all the shining apparel of this lower world; but the dagger of death is hid beneath her robes."

And beside all these laudable efforts for the sup-

pression of the use of "the black waters of death and Acheron," there is another species of a much wider influence, and deadly as wide, which causes the heart to writhe with astonishment at the recital. I mean that religious mania which now infests our country to so great an extent. While the cup of inebriation destroys its thousands; religious dissipation and madness, destroys its ten thousands; and a species of warfare is carried on in the bosom of families, often by those very persons who are battling manfully against the use of intoxicating drinks. Such conduct ought to be condemned by every philanthropist.

I do not wish to deprecate any laudable undertaking, or to speak disrespectfully of that religion taught by St. James, which is pure and undefiled, and full of good fruit; but against that founded on the fear of hell, and the fabled demon, which is considered so essential to the salvation of souls. It is this that spreads discord and desolation over all the earth, and causes quarrels and dissensions to exist in the domestic circle. It is this that drives reason from her throne, and often dispels every ray of hope that gleams upon the desponding heart. Go ask the father what destroyed the reason of his son; he will respond from the deep recesses of his heart, the blighting effects of human creeds and inventions of men. Inquire of the fond mother, where now is the friend of her youth, the companion of her old age; she will point you for an answer, to yonder lunatic asylum, where he was driven by the soul-destroying doctrine of Calvinism. Go ask the brother for the sister—the daughter for the mother; and they will tell the same heart-rending story, which is enough to make humanity shudder and weep at the baleful effects of human folly. Is not this enough to cause the philanthropist to arise in his strength, and put forth every laudable effort to stop these almost fiendish human forms, in their wild and destructive career?

May every one soon be made sensible that the cause of humanity is the cause of truth, the cause of man, the cause of God; and that it is incumbent upon all to exercise those faculties bestowed upon them by their Creator, in the propagation and advancement of this, the noblest of all causes, the cause of humanity and truth. We will close in the language of the Poet—

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,  
The eternal years of God are hers;  
While error wounded, writhes in pain,  
And dies amid her worshippers."

Minden, N. Y.

NEANIAS.

#### MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry.

UTICA, FRIDAY, MARCH 10, 1843.

#### JUSTIFICATION.

"And not as it was by one that sinned, so is the gift; for the judgment was by one to condemnation, but the free gift is of many offences unto justification." Rom. v: 16.

"The free gift is of many offences," etc. As this reads, it might be supposed, with a hasty perusal, that the free gift proceeded from the many offences. But the sentiment of the apostle is quite at variance with this. This gift is spoken of in the fifteenth verse as "the gift by grace," and could not therefore come of offences. Some men say that if they believed in a free gift unto all, which would result in the justification of all, they would continue to indulge in the worst possible sins, all the days of their lives. This would be acting on the rule that justification proceeds from many offences. But the apostle anticipates such a plea, and promptly shows that he advocates no doctrine like it, and that those who fancy that they could act upon such a rule are not yet justified. "What shall we say then? Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound? God forbid. How shall we that are dead to sin live any longer therein?" Of course, those who think that the certainty of grace for them would prompt them to live in sin, as though grace proceeded out of their sins, only deceive themselves,—



They are not yet dead to sin—are not justified; and their boast is proof of it. The apostle, then, did not teach that the free gift comes of sin. \*He taught that the gift acted upon the offences—not the offences upon the gift. This is his meaning—"the free gift is unto justification of many offences." We shall see in what sense, soon.

The apostle is not to be understood here as justifying man in his offences, or as furnishing any evidence of the justification of sin as such. Some men have the doctrine that they are justified by the gift of Christ's righteousness, attributed to them, in the midst of their worst sins. Many persons have the hardihood, even, to declare that the same actions which would be sinful in them without this imputed gift, are by it constituted innocent. Thus—if, without the imputed righteousness of Christ, they hate their brother man, they are then sinful; but if they possess this imputation, and by any means hate their brother, in that case, their hatred is justified. This is contending for a justification of the actual existence of sin. But it is not the meaning of Paul. He never teaches that offences themselves can be justified. His doctrine is that it is the office of the free gift to produce justification, by the removal of the offence—by freeing man from sin.

The apostle confirms this position before he leaves our subject. He shows us, in the course of his argument, what he means by the justification of offences.—For the same Greek root, if I mistake not, which is translated *justification*, in the passage at the head of this article, is rendered *freed*, in the 7th verse of the next chapter. "He that is dead is freed from sin." Here then, in these two passages, the justification of many offences, and freedom from sin, have the same meaning.

Having described the super-abounding of divine grace, he proceeds to show that this grace is no invitation to continuance in sin. "How shall we that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?" This kind of death he describes as follows. "Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but also alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." Rom. vi: 11. It was an aversion to the many offences which have crept into the world, and an earnest devotion to the principles of righteousness. Rom vi: 12, 13. In this sense, then, "he that is dead is freed (justified) from sin"—that is, he is in a state of justification. This is the justification which the free gift is designed effect. Rom. v: 12-21. The whole argument of the apostle, then, seems to be this. "The first offence resulted in condemnation. Since that time offences have greatly multiplied. But the gift is much more extensive than the offence. For the judgment was condemnation for the first offence; but it is the office of the grace of God, and the gift by grace to effect justification as extensively as the many succeeding offences have abounded. The gift by grace is so much more than the offence, that it will free (justify) mankind from all the many offences which have followed the first one, give them an aversion to vice, and a love of holiness, in which justification, they will ultimately reign in life by one Jesus Christ. A. R. B

#### REVIEW,

Of Rev. Mr. Laird's Sermon against Universalism, preached in the Dutch Reformed Church, in Fort Plain, on Friday evening, December 16th, 1842.

"He that is first in his own cause seemeth just; but his neighbor cometh and searcheth him." Prov. xviii: 17.

The time has been; when our faith was attempted to be opposed by argument, and by proofs drawn from the sacred Scriptures—when men were contented to take it as it really was, to state its evidences truly, and to give them at least a passing examination. But that time has gone by. The most ingenious, and unnatural and unchristian means are now resorted to in order to put the system of Universalism down, or to check its rapid advancement among men. It is called delusive and soul-destroying, and vile and abominable; and the very liberal and charitable Editor of the N. Y. Evangelist, styles it, "the double-distilled deception of hell." And not contented with waging so dishonorable a warfare against the system itself, they attack and defame the character

of its believers and advocates. It is no uncommon thing for us to be called the *offscouring of the earth*—the *refuse of society*, a low and vicious set of characters, without a single redeeming quality among us all. But do you think that such arguments ever converted a Universalist? or hindered the progress of the doctrine of the Restitution? I will tell you what they have done, or helped to do—to further those very principles they were used to destroy, and to cast disgrace upon those by whom they were used.

In all the attacks made upon our system within the last few years, it has been altogether misrepresented.—It is defined according to the conception or the impression of the individual who wishes to deal it a few hard blows; so he sets himself to work, and builds up a man of straw, and calls it Universalism and straightway tears it in pieces. But after all this labor has been performed, the poor man has accomplished nothing—that which his soul abhors so much, exists still—it remains untouched and unharmed.

Our opposers labor under one very great disadvantage—they have no correct knowledge of our doctrine—the means of information are within their reach, but they make no use of them. We have books and periodicals devoted to the advocacy, illustration and defence of our principles, and yet read them they will not; and why, they best can tell. But to decide upon the merits of a system ere that system has been examined, is absurd and foolish; and to condemn a large and respectable body of Christians on hear-say testimony, is extremely wicked.

It may be thought, indeed, that there is no harm in preferring vile and unfounded charges against Universalists—that they were made to be mocked and trampled upon with impunity, and hence have no claims upon human sympathy, or the charities of Christians. And still it would seem as though this could not be; but why we are scorned, and buffeted, and denounced, and called infidels and blasphemers, and haters of God, is more than we can tell. Perhaps it is because we differ from the great mass of Christians in sentiment. But they differ as much from us, as we do from them: and the greater the difference, the more room there is for the exercise of charity.

In the recent attack made upon Universalism in this place, we expected, as we had a right from what we had heard of the man, a greater degree of fairness than was exhibited. Indeed, his professions of love and regard in the commencement of his labors on that occasion, led us to entertain the hope that he would deal charitably with our sentiments and with ourselves. But disappointment is the lot of mortals, and we were doomed to be disappointed. The *profession and practice* of our good brother were sadly at odds. He did not exercise that kindness towards us which he said he would. And not content with misrepresenting our doctrine in its very positions, he attacked the characters of its believers, and gave his hearers to understand that they were as corrupt as sin could make them. If this was prompted by charity and good will, then we confess we have been greatly at fault, and have need to learn our Christian lesson over again.—But to the work before us.

The Rev. gentleman entered upon his subject by saying, that there were two systems claiming to be gospel—the one the opposite of the other—both, therefore, could not be true: or, in other words, both could not be the Gospel. He then proceeded to lay before us the plan of his discourse, which was to inquire. 1st. *What is the Gospel?* 2. *What is the system of Universalism?* 3. *What are the proofs of its falsity?* This plan struck us at the time as being a very singular one; and upon examination since, we have not had occasion to alter our mind. The first inquiry alone was sufficient; for if he could have proved that the Gospel and Universalism were opposites—that they bore not the least resemblance to each other—that the last formed no part or portion of the first, then his work would have been accomplished. But there is policy to be used in war, and there is a way to darken and mistify.

The Gospel was defined to be a system that taught deliverance from sin and its consequences, or from the punishment of sin. Was there any proof offered in sup-

port of this definition? Not a particle—it was taken for granted, and who, among so ignorant a set of people as those in Fort Plain, would dare deny it!

Next Universalism was defined to be a system that denied deliverance from sin and from punishment of sin—in this consisted its *peculiarity*. This statement is false in two particulars. 1. It does teach deliverance from sin, and in this respect goes far beyond all other systems of the day; for it teaches the deliverance of the whole human race from all corruption and depravity. 2. The peculiarity of Universalism does not consist in its denial of deliverance from merited punishment. It is not a negative system. It affirms as well as denies. And its peculiarity consists in its teaching the final holiness and happiness of all mankind. This distinguishes it from all other doctrines, and makes it what it is. Our brother, therefore, does not touch the question at issue between us. To have come to the point he should have inquired, does the Gospel teach the ultimate salvation of the whole world from sin and death? This was the question for him to have discussed. To discuss any other, is to leave the distinguishing doctrine of Universalism untouched. It would be like attacking election and reprobation in order to prove the doctrine of endless misery false. After I had succeeded in showing that the first were not taught in the word of God, I would still have to prove that the last was not true.

Our system does, indeed, teach that there is no escape from deserved punishment—that God could not withhold it and still be just; and in this particular it does but follow the Scriptures. They are positive in affirming that though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished—that he that doeth wrong, shall receive for the wrong that he hath done; and that though God forgives iniquity and transgression, and sin; yet he will by no means clear the guilty. But this, we remark again, is not the point that distinguishes our doctrine from that of endless misery. While this doctrine teaches the salvation of a part, only, of the human family, and the eternal punishment of the remainder, the other teaches the complete deliverance of every intelligent creature from all sin, and the perfect holiness and happiness of all mankind in heaven. Here you have the peculiarities of the two systems as compared with each other; and to prove that either was not Gospel, you would only need to show that the Bible condemned it, and plainly supported its opposite. Your work would then be accomplished—it would be done, and well done.

The preacher after marking out his very singular plan, and offering the foregoing definitions, proceeded to show that Universalism was not the Gospel, by asserting that it did not teach deliverance from sin. But it does teach this very deliverance, and therefore is a part of the Gospel according to his own definition.

In the next place he inferred it was not the Gospel, because it did not teach deliverance from punishment.—And this inference was drawn from an unsupported assertion of his own. He defined the Gospel to be a message that taught deliverance from the punishment of sin; but no proof was brought forward in support of this definition. Then what is his inference good for? And what bearing would it have had upon the true question, even were the definition a correct one? After he had succeeded in proving that Universalism, so far as it denied deliverance from punishment, was not the Gospel, the great question would still have remained untouched. Is the doctrine of universal salvation true? To have had his definition avail him aught, he should have extended it further; for if the doctrine of endless misery be true, it forms a part of the Gospel, and should have been included in the definition. After having proved, by plain and positive testimony that this doctrine did form a part of the Gospel, then he might have drawn the inference, that Universalism had no foundation in the word of God—nay, the conclusion would have been unavoidable, that it was false and baseless. But nothing of this kind was attempted—when it is, we will enter upon our defence.

The next position taken by the speaker was, that if Universalism is the Gospel, then Jesus Christ was less competent or less honest, than are the advocates of this



system. "Either," said he, "Christ did not know anything of it, or knowing it, did not preach it." But in what manner was this attempted to be sustained? 1. By saying that eternal punishment was a popular doctrine when Christ came, and that he did not oppose it. We admit that this doctrine was somewhat popular among the Pharisees, and it was very popular, indeed, among the heathen; but we do not admit that it was left untouched in the labor of the Saviour. In all his teachings he struck directly at the root of this doctrine. He urged the duty of forgiving enemies on the ground that God would forgive his. He declared that he had come to seek and save that which was lost; that the Father had given all things into his hands, and all that had been given to him should come to him, and those that came to him he would in no wise cast out. In this general manner, and through the medium of the truths of his own divine system, did he oppose the erroneous doctrines of men without calling them by name.

2. The position was attempted to be sustained by showing what kind of a preacher the Saviour was, from two or three disconnected passages of Scripture. The first passage introduced was from Matt. xxii: 33, "How can ye escape the damnation of hell?" The meaning of this language was left for the hearer to determine; though it was quite evident that the speaker would have us believe that it meant endless misery. But had he read on he would have found his quotation in no wise suited to his purpose. (See 34, 35 and 36th verses.) We may see from this, that the damnation was something which would soon overtake the Scribes and Pharisees, and in this world.

Another passage quoted is found in John viii: 21. "I go my way, and ye shall seek me, and shall die in your sins; whither I go ye can not come." But it must be recollected that this same language, in part, was addressed unto the disciples. "Ye shall seek me; and as I said unto the Jews, Whither I go, ye can not come, so now I say unto you," xiii: 33. This he explains by saying, "Whither I go, thou canst not follow me now; but thou shalt follow me afterward." 36th v.

The third and last passage introduced was from Luke, but as it does not contain the language of Christ, we need not notice it here.

When these quotations were concluded, the question was asked with an air of triumph, "What would you think of a Universalist preacher who should preach like that?" And our very charitable brother made an attempt at being witty, by concluding that there was too much brimstone about such preaching for Universalists, and that if Christ was on earth now, and should make use of such language again, he would be turned out of the denomination. But he made merry at his own cost; for he utterly failed in showing that the Saviour preached the doctrine of endless misery. His reliance was upon words, without regard to the scope or connection of the passage in which they occurred, and they have failed him, as they will fail every man who makes the same use of them.

Another position taken by the preacher, was, that if Universalism be true, there are some perplexing cases in the Bible. "The disciples of our Lord, (said he,) preached about a judgment to come; but it would be strange to hear a Universalist preacher preach about the same thing." The dear man I suppose did not know that a judgment might be "to come," in the days of the apostles, and yet long since have been executed. And yet it is so, notwithstanding. In order to have had the phrase, "judgment to come," answer his purpose, he should have shown that the apostles used it in reference to the immortal world. But this he did not attempt to do; and therefore his first perplexing case stands not in the way of Universalism.

Another case introduced was that of Annanias and Sapphira. "These," said the preacher, "were struck down dead, and went right to heaven." By this he would represent our doctrine as teaching what it does not teach, that individuals, no matter how sinful, die and go immediately among the angels, and lay their unwashed hands upon the holy things of the upper world. This is false in two particulars. 1st. Universalism does not

teach that men go immediately to heaven after death. 2nd. It does not teach that any enter there unpurified, polluted and wicked. It leaves all when this mortal existence is ended, in the hands of a just and kind Father; and only contends that through whatever course of discipline they may be called to pass, they will finally be changed into the image of Christ, and become the inheritors of bliss immortal and divine. All else is a matter of individual sentiment or opinion, with which the doctrine in question has nothing to do. It leaves the whole subject where the apostle Paul left it. It was enough for him to know, that when all things were subdued unto the Son, then the Son also himself would become subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all. He did not concern himself with the exact period when, nor how, this was to be brought about; but was satisfied with knowing that in God's own time the work would be accomplished, and a world saved.

We have been thus particular in defining our doctrine, because it is oftener misapprehended and misrepresented upon this point, than upon any other. And with the facts before you as we have given them, you can judge how much perplexity there is in the case under consideration. Annanias and Sapphira committed a great sin, and forfeited their lives in the very commission as a punishment for that sin. But bear in mind, that after the judgment of God has fallen upon them and cut them off from life for their crime, our doctrine does not represent them as going immediately into heaven; but goes forward to a time however distant, when they and all mankind shall be purified of sin and guilt, and raised to an equality with the angels. Thus the most sublime prophecies will be fulfilled—Christ see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied, and God be all in all. But let us see what comes next.

"The present system of Universalism," says Mr. Laird, "was originated by Hosea Ballou and others, and is about twenty five years old." Well done, for our good brother! This very same Hosea Ballou, who he says studied grammar after he had entered the ministry, has preached the doctrine for more than forty years!! and preached it precisely as now.

There is something very curious in the manner in which our opposers deal with this doctrine. Sometimes they tell us that it was preached by the serpent in the garden of Eden; and again we are informed that it is altogether a heresy of the present century. But we believe Mr. Laird is the first one who has discovered that it is only about twenty five years old! The fact is that the system of Universalism, so far as its distinguishing features are concerned, has always been the same; and to those who will attend here next Sabbath evening we will prove that it is as old as Christianity itself, and was generally received by the early fathers.

Another reason given why Universalism could not be the Gospel, was, that the Gospel caused the expression of great solicitude, which the other did not. But how did the speaker know that it did not? Why, a man who had been in the Universalist ministry for twelve years, had said, that during that time he never knew any one to cry out under his preaching, "What must I do to be saved?" Very likely; but is any one at liberty to infer that this is so in all cases? By no means. By the faithful preaching of Universalism, thousands have been aroused, by the blessing of God, to inquire the way to eternal life, and to seek with anxiety for deliverance from their gloomy doubts and fears, and the pardon of their sins.

The witness by whom it was attempted to be proved that our system made no one solicitous in regard to the welfare of the soul, is Rev. M. H. Smith. In order to show you that his testimony is not to be relied upon, I will state a few facts concerning him. Previous to entering our ministry, he had been united with the Christian denomination. While with us he was convicted of wilful and deliberate falsehood, and confessed himself guilty of the same. In addition to this, he renounced Universalism, no less than three times, but returned back soon after each renunciation, and plead that he did not

know what he was doing at the time—that he was not conscious of the step he had taken, and could not and would not preach the doctrine of endless misery. This declaration was repeated to a congregation of two thousand people, only about two weeks previous to his last renunciation! But the Universalist denomination refusing to receive him again into fellowship, or to countenance him in any way; he went over to our opposers, and has been employed by them to slander and denounce those by whom he was cherished even in his unworthiness, and who sought to convert him from the error of his ways. This M. H. Smith has recently put forth a work which contains specimens of the blackest ingratitude, the deepest malignity, and the foulest slander.—But let us hear the testimony of his brother. (See Magazine and Advocate Vol. 13, p. 357.)

We have thought it necessary to introduce thus much concerning the Rev. Mr. Smith in order to undeceive the people respecting him, and to show that his testimony against Universalism is not to be relied upon in the least. The only conclusion we can arrive at is, that he is either insane, or desperately wicked. A. C. B.

[To be concluded in our next.]

### ONE MORE APPEAL,

To those indebted to the late firm of Grosh and Hutchinson, whose accounts have been assigned to D. Skinner.

These accounts were all due some time since—some of them years ago. The debtors have been called on again and again, most of them both publicly and privately, and in most cases in vain, and the debts still remain unpaid! They are once more respectfully informed that the money must be had. By my endorsements for the above named firm I have now got to pay nearly \$2000 at the Bank, where it was due several months since.—The Bank requires immediate payment—I know not how many days before legal proceedings will be commenced against me. This, together with the fact that I am largely in debt on my own account, should satisfy all the above named debtors, of my imperious necessities at this time, and prompt them to a speedy settlement of their accounts. I have waited on many of them till patience is exhausted—I can wait no longer. The Bank and my other creditors are imperious in their claims; and I have no alternative but to force payments by law where they are not made voluntarily. Some of the demands are already in the hands of the lawyers, and others will be shortly. It is a sad alternative I allow, and one which I would gladly avoid; but I have no other. Let not, then, those who have to pay smart money complain of me. The fault is not mine. D. SKINNER.

Utica, March 3d, 1843.

P. S. There are quite a number of individuals indebted to me for books—particularly my Discussion with A. Campbell, and the Memoir of Rev. J. Freeman.—Will all such oblige me by sending immediately the amount they owe?

There is also a large amount still due me on old subscriptions for the Magazine and Advocate while I was its publisher, besides the dues that have occurred since. I should feel greatly obliged, in my present necessities, if those old delinquents would pay up, or if Agents would collect and forward all or any part of their dues.

D. S.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Br. Gowdy.—The error in the notice was perceived at the time, and being unable to correct it, and fearing there were others, (for the dates are singularly old,) we did not copy it. If you will send us a corrected copy we will publish it; but I can not now find the paper containing it.

The Sermon by Br. Kelsey in our next.

Br. Tompkins—Miss Araminta Burdick, of Sand Bank, Oswego county, N. Y., for whom we ordered the current volume Repository in September last, has received only the first 3 numbers. Was her name entered on your mail book? Please look to it, and forward the numbers due.

Lucius Walter is our agent at Prompton, Pa.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## THE TRAVELLING PREACHER.

CHAPTER SECOND.

Reader, one more week has gone. How solemn the thought! How sadly falls upon the ear—gone! Yea, fled with its joys and its sorrows! There were the ringing shouts of glad and merry voices—the din of the busy mart—the sigh of the afflicted son of poverty, all, all locked up in the deep cell of the past, and memory alone tells of their existence! To many, the time wasted sweet and joyous smiles; to others, deep and heart-rending sorrows, but it has now fled forever! Reflect one moment, that one more week has taken its departure—is joined to that long catalogue of time which has fled afar, never more to return to the inhabitants of earth, and all of us are one more week nearer “that bourne from whence no traveller is permitted to return”—one more week nearer the thick, dark shadows of the slumbering tomb! Ah! do we realize this continued, onward flight of time? Do we consider, that long life consists not so much in the number and length of days, as in the right improvement of our powers, and hence it devolves upon us to be not prodigal of the valued moments which are ever silently falling, and hurrying us forward toward the end of the journey of human life?

Forgive, worthy reader—for worthy I doubt not you are—forgive these melancholy reflections. They are only the off-spring of the mind of one who has seen no little affliction, and one who at times is almost glad that various periods of life have fled and the rest for the afflicted nearer at hand. But let this pass, and while the prayer will ever be mine that prosperity may at all periods be your companion, like true friends we will consider ourselves in the village church again. And there, precisely as we left him, stands (or rather seems to hang by the chin) the travelling preacher. He has taken his text, and as he is going to ramble somewhat—pour forth a kind of heterogeneous mass, we will not endeavor to follow him minutely, but only take up and consider some of his most important sentences.

I have invariably discovered that these ranting preachers, who endeavor more or less to work upon the passions of the people, are invariably accompanied as a kind of aid, by a death skeleton and a certain gent who shall be nameless, but whose garments savor somewhat of sulphur. It was so with this man. They were there—not actually so, but in *imagination*, the only place in which they ever exist, and the speaker was careful to have one at each elbow to do his bidding, and from these three occupants of the desk, one real and two imaginary beings, we may expect something valuable, and here it is—“My friends, I often hear people tell about being co-workers with God! Now, though men may be co-workers together, in the cause of Christ, yet God enters into no co-partnership with man! No! he is able to do his own business—no mistake!”

There is a sentiment, though clothed in rather roughly constructed garments, yet it is nevertheless plain and comprehensive truth. But, alas! how often is it lost sight of by those who take upon themselves the office of teachers. Nay; we can scarcely enter a church door but we are forthwith called upon to help God accomplish something. But go forth, vain mortal, in imagination, where stars are wheeling their endless revolutions around their centres, and where system rolls on system in the mighty deep—dwell with those works numberless, which adorn the “milky-way,” which were moulded in the hand of the mighty Architect, and sent forth upon their never-ending circles, and while you behold the utmost harmony reigning throughout the whole, and obedience to the institutions of the Lawgiver; then say, if he who accomplished these magnificent works, and who is clothed with infinity, will be defeated in his purpose by the will of man, the being of an hour, that perishes like the gourd that shaded the prophet’s head? Indeed, we rest assured that what God wills, will surely be accomplished. And though he may employ mankind as instruments by which to execute many designs; yet it is in this manner alone that man

nurges forward the purposes of the Creator; and the idea that man has entered into, or can enter into a co-partnership with Him, is not only vainly absurd, but foolish in the extreme. But I opine, that there are many men of intellect more refined than that of this travelling promulgator of the Gospel, who would disagree with him in this sentiment, especially if we judge from that which we often hear while listening to their ministrations.—But as it is by far the most wise course for us to pursue, to receive truth however roughly clothed, in preference to error, though arrayed in the most splendid attire, we will acquiesce in this sentiment of the preacher, and rest assured that the Creator is able to accomplish his own purposes.

But hark!—and hear the man again, as he speaks of conversion:—“My hearers, I frequently hear of the number which this man has converted, and that man converted, but I have invariably found that where a preacher converts a person, he is always made worse than before; but I tell you when God converts a man, he makes a better man of him—that’s truth!”

Truly, truly it is; and you might have safely added, as you did before—“no mistake.” Let us take a view of the community and we shall immediately behold how correctly the speaker discourses. We may look upon the whirlwind of fanaticism as it sweep over the children of men, and we shall behold it bearing upon its wings the darkness of a midnight gloom. Tears may fall thick and fast, and many heavy sighs rend the bosom—many fervent prayers may go up before the throne of God for protection; and many desires may be expressed and linger in the mind for the blessings of religion; but soon the excitement is past, and what do we behold? A thousand little animosities have been engendered—neighbor is at enmity with neighbor—friend is embittered towards friend—the social intercourse of society is destroyed, and when we candidly reflect upon it, we must agree with the quaint preacher, that when the minister converts a person, he is worse than before.—But when God converts one, the conviction comes, not in the wrath and fury of the desolating whirlwind, but in the soft whisperings of “the still, small voice,” and enters the soul—purifies the affections—ennobles the sentiments, and places him upon the exalted stand of virtue and morality; and we would to God, that there could be less of these human conversions, and more that are heavenly and divine. We will now attend to the preacher again and hear him speak of a change of heart: “Hearers; you have heard much about a change of heart, and now what is it? Simply a change of the affections—their being taken from the vanities and vices of earth, and placed upon the religion of Jesus.”

Here is an evidence of no little sober thought, and well would it be for the community, were it to claim more attention than it does; for it is indeed worthy of it. Reader, make the inquiry of those who are so clamorous respecting “change of heart,” “new birth,” etc.—ask them in what it consists, and how few, alas! there are, who know aught about it beyond its very name. It is an incomprehensible something no one knows what, that comes down from above like the electric bolt, and in the twinkling of an eye, changes the crime-hardened and vicious man into a saint, with a mind spotless and pure. And for this reason, many wait long, long years for the appearance of this wonderful period, when they will be bereft of their hard heart of total depravity, and in its stead, receive one spiritually embalméd. Vain are the allurements of the world! When will that period arrive in the which men will learn that a change of heart is no more or less than a change of purpose for the better? That thereby is severed the tie, which the affections have bound around the vanities of human life—the mind led away from vice, and carried upward and aloft, and left in the contemplation of the beauties of pure and undefiled religion.

Perhaps by this time it may be supposed, that the opinion formed upon the first view of the stranger was erroneous; but this is a wrong conclusion, for thus far, I have sifted his discourse and given only that which seemed worthy of consideration. But now we will se-

lect a specimen of the rest of the sermon, in which the speaker gave us a criterion by which to judge the Christian.

“I will tell you, my friends, who’s a Christian—it is the man that hates sin; and the more he hates it, the better Christian he is—the legitimate end of sin is to be hated by the Christian.”

The utterance of these words brought to remembrance the reading of some celebrated philosopher, wherein the sage discourses mightily upon the use of spiders and flies, and the object for which they were created. And for the life of me, I can not at present recollect his name, which is a circumstance the more sincerely regretted, since his reasoning, and that of the preacher, are so perfectly parallel. But while I have suffered his name to be lost, his reasoning is indelibly stamped upon my memory, and was on this wise:—“For what were spiders created? This I am aware is an important question; but still how easily answered—to catch flies! Does the reader doubt? Let him turn his eye to the window, and there behold the little industrious creature weaving its web for that very purpose. The position is established beyond contradiction! But what were flies created for? This is another important question; yet as easily answered as the other—for spiders to catch! Does any one doubt? Let him turn his eye to the window again, and behold them answering the same purpose. The position is established beyond contradiction!”

How perfectly in harmony with the above sage reflections are the words of the preacher—nay, I am almost persuaded that he obtained his idea of the Christian and sin from the same source. For what was the Christian made? To hate sin. No one can doubt this, for it is a matter of every day’s observation. But what was sin made for? For the Christian to hate! This is a position upon as firm a basis as the other.

Profound logician! Self-taught, but deep thinking man! The purpose for which sin was created and permitted to exist, is a question which has ever engaged the studied attention of Wisdom’s most celebrated sons! Many a brain by laboring upon this great subject, has been so much racked and turned from its proper channel, that it ever after was deaf to the voice of reason; yet here is a man who has lived all his days in comparative seclusion, whose mighty powers enabled him with the utmost ease to grasp the giant by the beard, and with a single stroke lay him dead at his feet! Pity that he had not lived in days of yore, for then the many hours which have been squandered in idle speculations upon the object for which sin was created, might have been employed for the moral improvement of mankind! But the subject is now forever at rest, and the world is relieved of a burden heavy and wearisome to be borne!

Shortly after the words relative to the Christian and sin, fell from the speaker’s lips, I observed that his eye brightened up a little; his sanguine temperament asserted its control over the lymphatic, which all along had held the predominance, and he sent forth a strain of eloquence which beggars all description. Suffice it to say, that he shouted, and he stamped—now rattling the dry bones of the death skeleton, and now sending off his sooty elbow companion on a kind of a cruise among the gaping congregation—now he would dive deep into the lower world, and bring up smoking emblems of the horrid despair of infernus, and now he would soar aloft, and in his flight open the celestial gates, and exhibit the beauties and joys of the heavenly kingdom; and then, grasping the Gospel in his hand, he urged the listening throng to let wisdom guide them in making a choice! At the end of this gifted effusion, we heard the solemn spoken “Amen,” his chin slipped from off the top of the desk, and he was gone.

All was silent! I tried my lungs—they would go! I turned around and gazed upon the congregation—no body was hurt! I looked out at the window—the weather was fair! The choir arose and performed a set piece, after which we left the house, fully persuaded that indeed the foolish thing of this world were chosen to confound the wisdom of the wise. —SCHUELER.



# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL,"....."PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

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For the Magazine and Advocate.

## FUNERAL SERMON.

The substance of a discourse delivered at the funeral of Mrs. Harriet Marsh, wife of Sanger Marsh, and daughter of Judge Horton, Nunda, January 26th, 1843.

BY REV. A. KELSEY.

[Published by request.]

"For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Romans viii: 38, 39.

This is the apostle's faith, touching the perpetuity of God's love to his creatures, as it exists, and was manifest in Christ Jesus our Lord. And a valuable faith it certainly is. It is one to which the believer can subscribe with grateful feelings, in the time of trouble, and "rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory." This faith, Paul found equal to his wants, under all the persecutions and trials to which he was subject. And it is enough for the sorrow-stricken in every age of the world, if received in sincerity and truth. It contains the greatest blessing which the mourner and the mourning circle can enjoy on earth, because it reaches all their wants. It will give what is most needed, a firm trust in the goodness of God.

The importance of such a faith as the apostle has set forth in the text, is clearly seen, when we consider the fact, that we are prone to distrust the goodness and love of our heavenly Father, in the times of affliction and distress. And at such times we particularly stand in need of the assurance, that God loves us, and that his goodness shines gloriously, though behind this intervening cloud.

Without this *blessed assurance*, in the hour of affliction, we must mourn the loss of friends, and mourn too without hope—without that consoling hope, which the deep feelings of the soul demand. But with the consolation of this *assurance*, which God has given in his word, in the Gospel of his grace, we can say, "blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

At this time, respected hearers, we behold a circle of friends gathered around the remains of one deeply beloved, and highly respected. Here, we are called to sympathise with a widowed brother, who is bereft of one who possessed his affections and his confidence—one who has been permitted for a short time to share with him the joys and sorrows of life. They have been surrounded with the tokens of God's love and goodness, and together enjoyed the blessings of life, and the goodness of our God. But now she is gone, never to return. No more on earth can they be united, to share in the blessings of time. The companion has parted with the object of his affections by the hand of death. And while we sympathise with him in his great loss, his sorrowing heart is calling for religious consolation at our hands. And he certainly stands in need of the same, at this trying time; and most gladly would we find it in the Gospel, and offer it for his use.

We do sincerely believe, that the needed consolation may be found in the text. We know of no other fountain, but that of redeeming love, which can yield the comfort which is needed, to soothe the anxious heart. And that love is centred where Paul assures us it is, "in Jesus Christ our Lord"—in "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world."

Now Paul was a believer in the grace of God, and the Gospel of his Son; and he understood the plan of redemption, and the power by which men were to be delivered from the bondage of sin. And he also understood the true foundation which God

had laid for religious hope. He had tasted the waters of salvation, "salvation by grace," and could describe the joy. This he has done in the text. He was fully persuaded, that there was not any thing in the broad universe of God, that could separate them from that love which was in Christ Jesus. Death could not do it, angels could not; nor principalities, nor powers; things present nor to come. No—"nor any other creature," says Paul, "shall be able to separate us from the love of God."

That this sublime and glorious declaration was true, when applied to Paul and his brethren, no one can for a moment doubt. But that the same declaration is true, and applicable to *us all*, in this age of the world; some probably are disposed to deny. But it will not probably be denied, that this declaration is true of all believers. Indeed, it is admitted by all, that it is proper to say of believers, nothing "shall be able to separate them from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

But we shall be permitted to inquire, on the present occasion, whether it is right to limit this doctrine of the apostle, to the believers of this day, or even to believers in every age.

Now it is believed, and conceded by all denominations, that, "God is of one mind and none can turn him." That "he is the same yesterday, to-day and forever," and that with him, "there is no variableness neither the shadow of turning." No one pretends that God is a changeable being.

But with this truth in view, we must come to the conclusion, that it was not the works or faith, of Paul, or his brethren, that caused God to love them. It was nothing which they had done, that caused the love of God to be manifested in Jesus Christ. God had never met with any change of mind, or feelings, in consequence of any act of the creature. Indeed, he never changes from *hatred* to *love*, or from *love* to *hatred*. It is manifest then, that God loved the apostle and his brethren, before they loved God, or became Christians. If he never changes, he must have loved them while they were sinners. And this is true.

"But God, who is rich in mercy, (says Paul to the Ephesians,) for his *great love* wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ." Here you perceive, that God's *great love*, was manifested towards Paul, and his brethren, while they were dead in sins; therefore, this love did not depend, in the least, upon their faith, or their righteousness. This agrees with other portions of the New Testament. 1 John iv: 10. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." Here again, "God first loved them, and then sent his Son." Again, at the 19th verse. "We love him because he first loved us." Again, Rom. v: 8. "But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

We are warranted, then, by the Scriptures, in believing, that God loved sinners, while in a state of sin and death. He loved Paul and his brethren while sinners, and "not for any works of righteousness which they had done." His love to them, was in no sense caused by their works. It was uncaused, and unchangeable. The creature did not cause the love of the unchangeable Jehovah, and therefore can not extinguish it. If God can not be changed by any circumstances, he must forever love all those whom he has once loved. This is beautifully and clearly demonstrated by the life and death of Jesus Christ. During the ministry of love and kindness which he performed, he endured all the insults that sinners in their malice could invent; and his love was not extinguished. In spite of all

their hatred, he prayed, "*Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.*" And he was the image of God.

Having now discovered, that God loved some sinners, "while dead in sins," and that his love is strictly unchangeable, one question more claims our consideration. Is God partial in his love to sinners? Does God love some sinners, and hate others?

Very few in the present day are willing to admit, that God was ever partial in his love to sinners. It is now generally believed, that God was, and is impartial. And if he is not partial, then he loved all sinners alike. And this is true. He commended his love to sinners, by the death of Jesus Christ, and of course, to all sinners for whom he died. And Christ "gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time." God commended his love to all sinners, then. This is further confirmed by those Scriptures which speak of the design of the mission of Christ. That "he was sent to be the Saviour of the world," "to reconcile all to God," and "take away the sin of the world."

The conclusion then is inevitable, that "the love of God, which was in Christ Jesus our Lord," for Paul, or Saul rather, and for his brethren, is there for the whole world. This is certainly a fair and scriptural conclusion. We think therefore, that Paul was influenced by no exclusive feelings, or partial sentiment, when he penned the text. That love of God which the apostle speaks of in the text, was not confined to him and his brethren. God loved all sinners before they could do any thing to create that love, and commended that love to them, by the mission of Christ, while all were ungodly. Is it not clear then, that sin can not turn it away, or extinguish it?

We can not suppose that God will change. And he certainly must change, if he ever ceases to love those, toward whom he commended his love, in Jesus Christ. He loved all sinners, and sent his Son to save them from sin, and that same love must be directed to that object, until the work is done. We may safely conclude then, that every child of earth, is privileged to believe what Paul recorded in the text. The faith of the Gospel, will inspire all that believe, with the same confidence and hope.

Now Paul's hope of the future, was based on that love of God which was manifested in Jesus Christ. His hope, therefore, was in God, and not in himself. Paul never hoped for the glorious resurrection state, with any reference to his own works as the cause of that blessing. He never thought of being saved in heaven, by the plea, "Lord, I have prophesied in thy name, and in thy name done many wonderful works." No. His language was "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God," "every mouth shall be stopped, and all the world become guilty before God."

We can not say then, even of a Christian in faith, that they have secured the love of God by their works; or, that they can earn the bliss of heaven. The Scriptures would not sustain us in the declaration. We can say that faith and obedience, will bring us into the enjoyment of that hope, which is "like an anchor to the soul," in the present life,—that confidence in God, which his unchangeable goodness is calculated to inspire.

God loved all sinners, and what that love was designed to do for one, it was designed to do for all. Therefore, I am fully persuaded that the doctrine of the text is of universal application. The infinite and unchangeable perfections of God prove this.—The universality and impartiality of his love, is positive evidence that the text is true to all. And the fact, that Paul appropriated the same to himself and brethren, is no evidence to the contrary.



Because God loved them, we are not therefore to conclude that he loved no more!

And since God loves all, we must conclude that he loves impartially. And that cause which could not separate one sinner "from the love of God," certainly can not separate others from that love, "which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." One love embraced all sinners, and that love was manifest in Christ for all, and was designed to bring the same blessing to all, in the times of God's appointment. Hence says the apostle, "Having made known unto us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure, which he hath purposed in himself; that in the dispensation of the fulness of times he might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth, even in him." And again, "that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

Here is certainly a universal design. The apostle leaves no chance for a limitation. He uses the terms, "all things," "every knee," and "every tongue," and then to put his language beyond the possibility of mistake, he says, "of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth," thus referring to all the places where the ancients supposed men might exist. Paul thus embraced all the worlds, and the inhabitants of those worlds, about which the ancients had any notions, and therefore must be understood as meaning all intelligent beings. And as God "willed and purposed in himself," to accomplish this, "in the fulness of times," we think his love is in Christ for all, and equal to their salvation.

We have confidence, therefore, to use the language of our text with reference to all. We are justified in doing so, by the language preceding the text. "What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us? He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?"

Now we may just as well deny, that God "delivered up his Son," for any but believers, as to deny the application of the text to any others. For if God delivered up his Son, Jesus Christ, for all mankind, as the Scriptures abundantly testify, then he certainly commended his love to all in Christ Jesus; and if his love is unchangeable in reference to one, it must be so to all. And if nothing can separate one individual from that love which is in Christ, and which was uncaused by the works of the creature, then there is nothing which can separate the rest from the same. Therefore "I am fully persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God," or one single soul whom he has once loved.

Here is the foundation of all religious confidence, and the only foundation on which it can rest. Take away this foundation, and the temple of Christianity is levelled with the dust, and religious consolation out of the question, so far as reasoning minds are concerned. But with this truth, the heart of the mourner may be made to rejoice, and "the tongue of the dumb to sing." With this we can recommend the Gospel to the sorrow-stricken mourner as a source of never-ending consolation. And if we receive this truth, that nothing can "separate us from the love of God," "into good and honest hearts," we can draw forth "the waters of life," and salvation, to refresh us in the time of trouble.

And its effects will be glorious and sublime.—Paul and his brethren received this truth, and felt its saving power. They came to the knowledge of that love of God which was in Christ Jesus, and it was enough for all their wants. And just as fast as others come to the saving knowledge, it will be attended with the same happy consequences. Now Paul did not strengthen the love of God, by believing in it; neither did he render that love immutable, by coming into the enjoyment of the same. It was immutable, and directed to him, while he was

"dead in sins," and unbelief. And we do not expect to cause God to love us, or to strengthen that love and render it unchangeable. He loves us, and that love is unchangeable already. God needs no change in his mind in order to love us; and having loved us, he needs not our assistance to prevent him from hating us. *He will not change.*

"God is love," and wherever any being shall become acquainted with him, he will be a God of love. And we have authority for believing, that "all shall know the Lord from the least unto the greatest." He is "good unto all, and his tender mercies are over all his works." And in the text we are assured, that nothing can "separate us from that love, which is in Christ Jesus."

Then certainly we ought not to distrust his love under any circumstances in life. God's love is not gone nor changed, when afflictions are sent upon us. If we could see as God sees, we should discover that none of these things are inconsistent with his love. And when death snatches from our embrace the object of our affections, and causes us to mourn, then we should let the assurance of the text, that, "death can not separate us from the love of God," dwell in our hearts. Oh no. Death has not separated the object of your affections from the love of God. Nothing shall be able to separate one object which God has loved, "from that love which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." The love is not in the creature, nor is it the creature's love which is spoken of; but it is "the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Beloved friends, it is our happy privilege through the kindness of God, and the revelation of his grace, to believe this truth, and say with one of old "Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." And truly, what greater blessing can we ask, than to be permitted to believe, in the midst of afflictions, that we are the objects of the love of God, in common with our entire race; and that, "neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from that love?" Is it not enough?

This is our privilege. By this faith in the great, universal, and ever-enduring love of God, we can look forward to the time predicted by the prophet, when the object of the same shall be accomplished toward our dying race. Isaiah xxv:—"And in this mountain, (the Gospel covenant,) shall the Lord of hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things, and he will destroy in this mountain the face of the covering cast over all people, and the veil that is spread over all nations. He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces; and the rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth: for the Lord hath spoken it."

Here we have the glorious assurance, that "death" the cause of sorrow, "shall be swallowed up in victory," and then, "tears shall be wiped from off all faces," and thus, "the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord," be enjoyed beyond the reign of death. This agrees with Paul's doctrine, "as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." Again 1 Cor. xv: 51. "Behold I shew you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed." This was probably said to counteract the skepticism referred to in the 12th verse. "Now if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead?" Those who denied the resurrection of the dead, must have cherished the gloomy opinion, that "death is an eternal sleep." But Paul says "we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed," vs. 52. "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump," etc. vs. 54. "So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory." The saying referred to we have already quoted from Isaiah. "He will swallow up death in victory, and wipe away tears from off all faces."

Therefore, we are not only assured that "death can not separate us from the love of God;" but we

are instructed to hope, that "death will be swallowed up in victory, and tears be wiped from off all faces." This is a glorious theme to present to the mourner's thoughts, while the dark clouds of affliction hover over, and surround his pathway, and steal away his joys. For by this truth, he is permitted to look beyond the few fleeting joys and sorrows of life, to a future state of immortality, and feel the assurance, that unailing love is spread before us, in the world to come. With such a faith we can reflect, that death can not separate us from the love of God, but is one of the means, which goodness had ordained to bring his creatures to the enjoyment of himself. This is the door through which we must all pass on our journey to immortality. The resurrection will usher us into that state, but death must precede it.

And in conclusion I remark, that God has kindly permitted us, "through his great love wherewith he has loved us," to come into possession of this glorious hope, by faith and obedience. Faith in the Gospel, and obedience to its spirit, will enable us to enjoy the hope of heaven, while travelling through time, but faith nor obedience can give us that which is hoped for. This will bring us into the enjoyment of the unchangeable love of God, but we can not make that love. But if we receive the Gospel faith, and let that faith "work by love and purify our hearts," we shall be able to say with the apostle, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Or with the text—"For I am persuaded that neither death nor life, things present nor to come, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."—Then, though our friends are taken from us, we can hope to go to them, and in a world where sickness, sorrow and death can never come, join our ransomed race, and enjoy that love of God which is stronger than death,—from which nothing could separate one creature of his care. And in that state, where all death will be swallowed up in victory, and all tears be wiped from the faces of God's children, we shall take up the song of the Poet, and "sing with the spirit and the understanding,"

"So live forever, glorious King,

Born to redeem, and strong to save!

Then ask the monster, where's thy sting?

And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## EVIL OVERCOME.

BY REV. S. J. GIBSON.

"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."  
PAUL.

Throughout the whole economy of God relative to mankind, evil is overcome by the employment of means, bearing the impress of benevolence.—Though the wayward individual is, and often has been, the subject of the correcting rod, and experienced the displeasure of his creator, yet at an after period, when he becomes delivered from his iniquity, he looks back upon that affliction and is enabled to discover, that although at the time of its endurance it was grievous to be borne, yet at an after hour, truly did it yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness; and when he beholds this truth in all its loveliness, gratitude rises up in his heart to Him on the throne, for the unspeakable blessing of having his evil disposition destroyed, by the use of means, swayed by the dictates of love.

In truth, evil with man is one thing; but evil with the Deity is another and quite a different thing. The one has an end in view highly deleterious to the object toward which it is exerted; but the end for which the other is employed, one which it invariably accomplishes, is productive of beneficence; so that evil in the hands of the Creator, being only a means by which a good end is produced, does not in the least militate against the loveliness of his attributes, or convey to the understandings of men a belief that the Lord is not good unto all, or that his tender mercies are not over all his works.

But to overcome evil with good, is an injunction



of Heaven, urgently set forth by the Saviour and Apostles:—"Ye have heard that it hath been said, thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy; but I say unto you, love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven, for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth his rain on the just and on the unjust:—"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." Thus are we urged, to deal with those by whom we are surrounded, and this forms the basis of the practical part of Christianity, and the man who acts in this manner becomes thus far worthy of the name of Christian and an ornament to the cause of religion. And while all will thus freely acknowledge, how many there are who, by the doctrines they are proclaiming and defending, strongly declare the contrary, and even charge the God of heaven with returning evil for evil, instead of overcoming evil with good as he has commanded man.

The truth of the above will fully appear by lifting in imagination, the veil which hides time from eternity, and contemplating the scene before us.—There, upon yonder lake arises the voice of suffering, of anguish, and of woe! There, a wail of distress is heard, reverberating in the deep caverns of the sulphureous pit! There, not one gleam of hope shall ever dawn upon the human mind!—But there shall be despondency—there shall be sorrow, and there shall be woe, throughout the wasteless eternity of God! And who are those experiencing this dreadful and heartrending doom? None other than beings once endowed with the image of the Creator. But why are they subject to such bitter distress? Because in their shortsightedness they lifted up an evil hand against their Maker. And has God overcome that evil with good?

We wish that men, who honestly and sincerely believe the doctrine of endless woe endured by a portion of his fellow beings, to consider this matter with a candid mind. The Supreme Being has commanded mankind to overcome evil with good—it is one of the main principles of the Gospel—set forth by the Saviour and inspired men, and in consequence He would not act in an *opposite* manner, from that in which He has commanded mankind. We see not how this conclusion can be reasonably avoided; and yet it is set at naught by the popular doctrine of endless misery. Admit that those miserable beings have intended evil—that they have neglected the requirements and commandments of Heaven, yet while you are looking down upon their sufferings, behold this end in the economy of God, can you say from the candid convictions of your heart, that God has overcome that evil with good? Answer this question with the aid of your conscience, and we beseech of you, charge not the character of you Father above, with that which is so directly opposed to the spirit and instruction of the Gospel, and with that which would be the height of wickedness in man!

Monroeton, Pa.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### INCIDENT IN A RAIL ROAD CAR.

Whoever has performed a journey in rail road cars, must be well aware of the variety of character and condition, of those who make up this little world of mortals thus collected together. The attentive observer thus situated, will, at least, see a *world in miniature*, so far as people, character, and condition, are concerned. He will find himself, at times, *mixed in* with grave senators, politicians, priests, physicians, lawyers, merchants, farmers, *fidlers, fanatics, and blacklegs*, etc., etc. All of these, of course, belonging to the masculine gender. Of the fair sex, there is not generally quite so many; but in proportion to numbers, probably as great a variety of character and condition.

Thus situated, it would be very strange, indeed, if incidents did not sometimes happen worthy of a place in a traveller's journal. Such have happened—one of which, I am now about to relate.

On an excursion last Spring to Boston, I took my way on the northern route—entering a rail road car at the Cayuga bridge. It is not my intention to give a detailed account of my progress on the way—the stops I made—the pleasure I received from a call on Br. Montgomery, at Auburn, and Br. Grosh, at Utica; but I shall proceed to *make way* for the incident with as much brevity as possible.

Between Utica and Albany, I fell in contact with a *modern revivalist*. I am said to be, naturally of a taciturn disposition—but whether it arises from diffidence, the want of talents to *speak* great things, or wit to *chatter* nonsense, I know not—probably, a deficiency in all of these *useful qualifications*. Be this as it may—I had long been a silent observer of the motions of the mixed multitude in which I was placed—particularly so, of the uneasy and *fidgety* movements of a man, who seemed to act, and look, as though he wanted to be biting a ten penny nail. I do not know but my white hairs, and sober visage, had some attraction to draw this apparently unhappy mortal towards my humble self—something at least brought him into my vicinity—for he seated himself on the end of a *slip* opposite, and close to the one I was sitting upon—and after a little *wig-gling*, and *twisting*, and several *haws* and *hems*, he *popped* the following question. [But, as the conversation that followed, would probably be better understood by giving it, as it in reality took place—the form of a dialogue, I shall proceed with my relation in that way—assuming for myself the initials, J. K., and for my conversationalist those that will best designate his character, viz., R. V.]

R. V. Pray, sir, what part of the country are you from?

J. K. From Pa., sir. [I believe that I started a little, and *stretched up* an inch or two higher on my seat.]

R. V. What is the state of religion in your parts, sir?

J. K. O, Sir—about as it is in other places—we have our *ups* and *downs*, on that subject. But in the vicinity where I reside, the people are pursuing "*the even tenor of their way*." They neither set the mountains on fire, nor cause rivers to run the contrary way from the course nature had appointed. There is, occasionally, a little fire on our borders; but as it is always attended with more *smoke* than *blaze*, it has never *scathed* any true believer in the Gospel.

R. V. [Starting as if surprised.] Pray, Sir, what are your religious professions?

J. K. A singular question, sir, and one which you have no right to put—but *never mind*, I will answer it. I *profess*, sir, to be a Christian. I believe in ONE GOD—the Creator and supporter of all beings. I believe in the LORD JESUS CHRIST—the Son of God, who, by his death, and resurrection, "brought life and immortality to light—conquered death and hell, and him that had the power of death, which is the devil." And now, sir, let me *participate* in your boldness, and ask you a few questions. Do you believe, sir, in the resurrection of Jesus?

R. V. I do, Sir, most fully.

J. K. Nay, Sir, I am inclined to believe that you do not; but we shall see. What become of Jesus after his last appearance to his disciples?

R. V. This is a very strange question? You are *trifling with me*, sir!

J. K. Nay, Sir—not so—I was never more serious in my life; and as I answered all your questions, I shall insist that you answer mine.

R. V. Well, Sir—Jesus went to his Father in heaven.

J. K. But pray, sir—in what way *did he go*?

R. V. He was taken up in a cloud in presence of many witnesses.

J. K. Right, Sir. I rejoice that we thus far agree, *apparently* so, at least. And now will you please to inform me if you believe the sayings of Jesus, as recorded in the New Testament, were intended by him to be *truths*?

R. V. You are a very strange man, Sir! and from your *manner* in putting this question, I strongly suspect that you do not believe all the words of Jesus to be truth. But, Sir, He was the representa-

tive of God, and *Truth*—and could not utter a falsehood.

J. K. So I believe, Sir—notwithstanding your *suspensions*. But, let us see. You admit that Jesus was taken up to heaven in a cloud. I agree to the same *truth*. Now, Sir, let me ask you, if Jesus did not say, before he was thus lifted up into heaven—"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me?"—If, after admitting that Jesus was the representative of TRUTH, *itself*—you dare not now make him a *liar*; perhaps, then, you can inform me what Jesus will do *with all men*, when he gets them *all* into heaven, according to his promise?

R. V. You are an *infidel*, sir—and I will not hold discourse with you!

Upon this—whether he thought that he had waked up the wrong passenger, or not—he steered off to the most distant part of the car, where he *encompassed* himself in the figure of a *dummy*—"looking daggers," however. There he remained, until the cars halted at a house for refreshment—after which, I saw no more of this man—but learned from some of the listeners to our conversation, that he was a *getter up* of revival meetings. But his name I did not distinctly understand.

I do not know, Br. Grosh, that this little incident is worth presenting to the public. If it is, I acknowledge you ought to have had it long ago. But a crowd of business was before me on my return from the east, and I had no time to con over my journal, and prepare *incidents* for publication—which I might find noted therein. So long was I thus engaged, that I forgot all about my journal, till accident brought it to mind.

J. K.

Sheshequin, Pa.

#### SECULAR NEWS.

The City Council of Cincinnati, very generously appropriated the sum of \$2625 in aid of those who suffered by the late disastrous fire in that city. The donation is as proper as it is liberal.

A jaw bone of an animal is being exhibited in New Orleans. It is 16 feet 8 inches long, greatest breadth at the swallow, 6 feet 10 inches; has 49 perfect ivory teeth, and weighs 769 pounds.

BREACH OF PROMISE.—The Ithaca Chronicle says that a suit brought by Mary Conrad against Josiah B. Williams for breach of promise of marriage, was recently tried at that village and resulted in the verdict for the plaintiff of \$8,000 damages.

The steamboat Amazon, which left St. Louis a short time since for New Orleans on her passage struck three times against snags. The first and second times serious inconvenience was occasioned, but the third time she sunk almost immediately in about ten feet of water.—She lies about 21 miles above the mouth of the Ohio, and will prove a total loss. No insurance.

A NEW TRICK.—In New York, the tenants who do not wish the landlords to rent the houses which they occupy on the first of May next—the period when houses are rented in that city—have put on at the end of the bill offering them to rent, the words, "Small pox here," which have a talismanic effect in restraining people from visiting them.

The Essex Banner says, Mr. Nathaniel Brown, of Kingston, New Hampshire, formerly travelling agent of the Exeter Mutual Insurance office, cut his wife's throat in a shocking manner, that her life was despaired of. It is said he was partially deranged, caused by over excitement on the Miller doctrine.

VESSELS OF WAR LOST.—It appears that in the great gale in the Gulf of Mexico, in September last, three vessels of war were lost, as they were in the Gulf at the time, and have not since been heard from. They were the English brig of war Victor, the French brig of war Dunois, and the Texan schooner of war San Antonio. Nearly or quite three hundred men perished with these vessels. The Dunois was from Havana for France, the Victor from Vera Cruz for the West Indies, and the San Antonio from Galveston to New Orleans.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## LINES

Addressed to a lady after her marriage.

BY MISS CELIA M. TIBBITS.

Lady, I gazed upon thy fair young brow,  
And sought the story of thy coming years,  
To trace thy pathway through life's changing scenes,  
And tell thy destiny of hopes and fears.

I gazed within the depths of thy clear eye,  
And wished for once the gift might e'en be mine;  
To pierce the darkness of the future's veil,  
And know what destiny is marked for thine.

'Tis a vain thought—Earth has no magic wand  
To ope the portals of thy coming life;  
To lay before me all its varying scenes,  
Its rainbow gladness and its dark'ning strife.

Yet will I pray for thee, that rolling years  
May touch but lightly that transparent brow,  
That care pass o'er thee with a gentle hand,  
Nor cloud the sunshine wreathing o'er thee now.

And he, the loved one of thy youthful days,  
He that looks on thee with his soul-lit eyes,  
May he ne'er cause a cloud to darkly wreath,  
O'er the fair concave of thy sunlit skies.

Joy—joy go with thee, loved and gentle one,  
Through all the tumult of this life's dull care;  
And may I meet thee in that better land,  
Where smiles ne'er mark the heart's untold despair.

Cawassalone, January, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## THE UNIVERSAL REIGN OF CHRIST...NO. III.

BY REV. ALSON SCOTT.

Having established, as I think, thus far, the doctrine of the triumphs of the Saviour, I will in the third and last place show this is the case from the nature of that reign, and its superiority over all other systems of government.

Christ rules not by might. His is a reign of love. No glittering crown adorns his brow. No pageant train attend to guard his body. No soldiers protect his realms with sword and bayonet. No thunders of wrath come from the capitol, denouncing the wayward as heretics, unworthy the care and protection of the Governor. No blood-shot eyes of malice are to be seen looking revenge upon any of the subjects. But, on the contrary, all the crown that ever adorned his temples was that of thorns, placed there by his enemies, and all the shield that protected him was that of love. This was the only principle upon which he acted. His is a government of peace—his subjects are made willing by persuasion and evidence of his goodness. They are controlled by the principles of good will. Not a rebuke is heard in the harsh tones of rage, not a punishment inflicted but such as are calculated to win the vile from their ways and lead them in the way everlasting.

Permit me here to ask, Where is to be found the person who sees, in reality, such things, that can resist? Where is that person but will at all times yield to the dictates of wisdom and love, when he is satisfied in regard thereto? He can not be found. Just convince a man that God is good, and cause him to realize the fact—enable him to realize that His children are all equally dear to him, that he sent his Son to redeem all from the thralldom of sin—and he can not resist; he will instinctively yield to the mandate and obey the rule. Thus it is with the Gospel of Christ. That is "good news of great joys which shall be to all people." And, not only so, but it is perfectly calculated to lead in paths of virtue and obedience. It points aloft to God as the ruler of all things, as ruling in love. It points to the effects of virtue and vice, and thus enables man to shun that which leadeth down to the chambers of death. Not so with other governments and principles. In them all we discover a partial rule. Some are favored, while others, for the same acts, are condemned to ignominy and shame. Tyranny and oppression are to be seen in all other systems or creeds. Look carefully and candidly, kind reader, at these things, and see the

effects produced by the Gospel of Christ or his government, and that of the adversary, and you will not, you can not mistake. You will tell me that there is nothing else that will produce it all. Opposite principles have a tendency to clothe the mind in darkness, doubt and fear; destroying all confidence, hope, or assurance. Hence, then, the truth of the idea that Christ shall triumph over the enemy, destroy all rule, authority, and power, and bring all to bow at his shrine and "acknowledge him Lord to the glory of God the Father." "Then shall be heard great voices in heaven, saying, the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ, and he shall reign forever and ever." The new covenant will be fully written upon every heart, and "all know the Lord from the least to the greatest of them."

Ye drooping souls, dry up your tears, fear no longer, for your Redeemer still lives and will continue his reign until "sin shall be finished, an end made of transgression, a reconciliation effected for iniquity, and an everlasting righteousness brought in." Then shall the "kingdom be delivered up to God, even the Father, and he become all in all."

O, glorious hope! O, joyful consolation! We will fear no longer, believing that the "Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," and that he will remain a rock, a sure defence against all the wiles of the enemy, and finally deliver us with the whole creation, "from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God."

May such reflection, kind reader, inspire in your bosoms a confidence in God, that shall deliver from all doubts and fears, and enable you to exclaim in the language of the Poet,

"Rejoice, for the earth is resuming her splendor;  
The flowers of Eden are blooming anew;  
The tyrant of darkness, his throne shall surrender,  
And freedom revisit the Gentile and Jew."

Colerain, Mass.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## LOVE.

BY REV. U. CLARK.

Its origin is heaven, and wherever seen here, it makes earth heavenly. It is the spirit, the life of the soul, and kindles there angelic peace and joy. It sweetens all the obligations and relations which we sustain, and softens down the cares to which we are subjected. It supplants evil passions, and sustains the virtuous path. It speaks kindly, and in words and tones that vibrate through every nerve, and send home a divine thrill to hearts mutually plighted. Every look, every tone, every word, movement and smile—all are heavenly, beautiful, radiant!—thrilling through the soul with music meet for angels.

Hatred, how ugly thou art here! How sadly does man estrange from his nature in hating! and how cold is much of the world's friendship! And yet I would not say that earth is dreary and frigid—it is friendly—a world that we all love, and which we desire not to leave, unless the summons is imperative. There are attachments that bind us—scenes, and friends, and associations that live in memory with pure delights, and shed a fragrance and sunshine around our pathway, that make earth a fairy border along which we rejoice to linger, ere we are borne beyond the seas to fairer climes from which no wanderer returns to bring us tidings.

Let the fretful, and murmuring, and complaining, learn that these unhappy dispositions are the fruitful causes of their outcries against their earthly lot. Let them govern themselves aright, be reconciled to the wisdom of God, and cherish in their hearts kind, holy and friendly feelings, and they will no longer term this a cold and friendless world.

Canandaigua, N. Y.

## MILLERISM.

As this legitimate child of Partialism and Skepticism is making considerable stir and talk almost every where, we give the following, even at the risk of furnishing things old to the reader, as well as new. It is from the

pen of Br. S. C. Loveland, of Reading, Vt., one of our soundest and most intelligent preachers. We copy it from the Universalist Watchman, of February 25th.

A. B. G.

## THE 2300 DAYS.

It is undoubtedly well known that the doctrine of the second advent of Christ, according to Mr. Miller's plan, is based, or professed to be based, on the 2300 days, named in Dan. viii: 14. Whatever other number in this book and in the Revelation, may contribute to make out this new and peculiar theory, and to strengthen the advocates of it in their faith, it is evident that the 2300 days constitute the main pillar. We are very much disposed to think that the calling of these days so many years, as the peculiar language of prophecy, is an assumption without proof. But we labor not at this time to controvert this position. We are now disposed to notice this scheme on the supposition that the advocates of the second advent, during the present year, are correct in interpreting these days as years. The whole length of the vision then is 2300 years. This position being once taken, the question then is, when do these years commence? The method for solving this question appears to be substantially as follows: That the 8th and 9th chapters of Daniel have an immediate and direct connection with each other. The 70 weeks of the 9th chapter, being considered 490 years, are cut out of the 2300 years, and therefore both must have a coeval date or commencement. All this being assumed or considered valid, the next step is to find the beginning of the 490 years. Starting from the crucifixion of Christ, in anterior time, after deducting 33 for the age of Christ, 457 remains for the period before Christ, where both the 490 and 2300 years commence. If then we subtract 457 from 2300, 1843 remains as true as mathematics. Thus we have the plan; now for the strength of its foundation.

In the first place then, let the reader notice that the 9th chapter begins a new subject, and has nothing to do in explaining the 8th. This separates the 70 weeks from the 2300 days, and makes them distinct and independent subjects. There is certainly nothing in the 9th chapter, that professes to explain the 8th. We are sometimes told that the angel explained to Daniel, in the closing part of the 8th chapter, the vision of the same chapter, except the time, which it is said was explained in the 9th chapter. But this last idea is entirely gratuitous. The angel explained to Daniel, all that he meant to explain of the vision, while he was about it. The time was undoubtedly thought sufficiently definite without explanation. But it is said the angel in the 23d verse of the 9th chapter, said to Daniel, "understand the matter, and consider the vision;" and there being no vision contained in the 9th chapter, what follows must explain the 8th, namely the 2300 days or years. But pray, what is a vision? It is something seen, or something to be seen. If the 70 weeks mentioned in the following verse, were not a vision that Daniel should understand, we know not what more appropriate name we could give them than to call them a falsehood. But they were true as shown to Daniel, and therefore were a vision to him.

It has before been observed that some translate the passage in Dan. ix: 24, "Seventy weeks are cut off;" &c., instead of the present rendering, "Seventy weeks are determined." They tell us that the very idea of the seventy weeks being cut off implies that they must be cut off from the 2300 days, understood to be 2300 years. But this does not necessarily follow. The idea of their being cut off means merely, that such an extent of duration is mentioned or determined for the described purpose. The common translation undoubtedly gives the true sense of the corresponding Hebrew in that text, although the definition, to cut off, is given in some lexicons, and may be perhaps more strictly literal.

One thing more concerning the commencement of the 2300 days. It is understood that the commencement of the days, whatever they are, can not take an earlier rise than the appearance of "the little horn," mentioned in the 9th verse of the 8th chapter. The little horn is applied by the second



advent men to the Roman power. Now for the date of the rise of the little horn. All agree that "the rough goat," explained to mean "the king of Grecia," was Alexander the Great, or the power of Grecia in his day. When the great horn of the rough goat was broken, there came up in the room of it four notable ones, and from one of these arose "the little horn." The little horn must therefore follow the great horn of the rough goat, which is universally applied to Alexander the Great. Chronologers fix the death of Alexander at from 319 to 324 before Christ. The little horn following Alexander must still receive a later date; but according to Mr. Miller's plan, it must be dated at 457 years before Christ, or his whole theory is scattered in the wind. It will not help the matter to say the little horn refers to the commencement of the Roman power, and not to its manifestation after Alexander; for this was 700 years or more before Christ.

Thus we find the ground on which rests the second advent doctrine of the present day. It is not only precarious, but evidently inconsistent, and entirely without foundation in the sacred pages. Notwithstanding, it is believed and preached with an assurance, which could only become matters that rest upon the clearest and strongest testimony.—While multitudes are falsely flattering themselves, that they shall escape the grave by a sudden and aerial flight to the abodes of everlasting peace and rest, others are alarmed with the immediate burning of all terrestrial things, which they consider but a prelude to more enduring torments and to "fiercer pains." S. C. L.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### HISTORY vs. MILLERISM.

Br. J. Baker, one of the Corresponding Editors of the Universalist Watchman, gives an account of a Millerite named Green, to whose lectures he replied at intermissions. On the last day Br. Baker was called away to attend a funeral, whereupon Green boldly came out and denied Br. Baker's historical dates, and dared their publication. Br. B. publishes some of them in the Watchman of the 4th ult., but no one has yet refuted them.

Christ was born four years before the common era—commenced preaching at 30 years of age, and preached at the most but three years and a half; hence he was crucified A. D. 29. See Adam Clarke's chronology at the end of his commentary on Acts.

Now, if the 2300 days mentioned in Daniel viii: 14, means years, as Miller asserts, and we subtract the 70 weeks (490 years) as he does, it leaves 1810, to which add the year of the Christian era, in which Christ was crucified, and we have 1839; or if we add Christ's age, 33 years, and subtract the four years, our era is too short, we still have 1839 the year of the world should have been burned!

He calls the taking away of the daily sacrifice, Dan. xii: 11, the suppression of heathenism, and 1335 days the number thence to the end of the world; and to make it 1843, he says heathenism was abolished in the Roman empire, A. D. 508. This is false. Constantine suppressed heathen rites A. D. 323, a mistake of almost two hundred years, since the world should have ended! See Goodrich's Church History, page 68.

In order to make popery the beast who was to endure 42 months—1260 days, and end in it 1798, he says popery began A. D. 508. This is false. The pope was first acknowledged universal bishop A. D. 606, (do. page 81,) but did not go in his full power till A. D. 1078. See Clarke on Rev. xiii: 15. Making only the trifling error in Mr. Green of 570 years!

He calls the beasts, Rev. ix, Mahometans with power five months, and the four angels loosed for an hour, a day, a month and a year, Turkish horsemen, and the whole amounts, according to his mode of reckoning, to 446 years. The smoke issuing from the mouths of the horses is fire arms. Now the Saracens began their wars about A. D. 568, which added to 446, would bring us down to A. D. 1014, just 400 years before guns were invented!

Many similar perversions of truth I could mention, but these will suffice till we see if he dares to come into the field, as an honest controversialist, and reply. J. BAKER.

#### MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry.

UTICA, FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1843.

#### REVIEW.

Of Rev. Mr. Laird's Sermon against Universalism, preached in the Dutch Reformed Church, in Fort Plain, on Friday evening, December 16th, 1842.

[Concluded from last week.]

"The Gospel, (said Mr. Laird,) excited great rage wherever preached; but do wicked men rage about the preaching of Universalism? Stephen was stoned for declaring the Gospel, but who ever heard of a Universalist preacher being persecuted for preaching his doctrine?" This is not the precise language used, but is the same in substance. And we have introduced it here, not because it is worthy of serious notice, but to show what weakness great men can sometimes betray. If we have read aright, it was the common people who received the Gospel with gladness. The humble and despised publican and sinner never persecuted those who came to them with glad tidings; but it was the proud and haughty Jew, and the heathen philosopher, with whose system the Gospel came in contact, who raged, and persecuted, and slew. And so it has been in regard to Universalism. The common people have always received it with gladness, because adapted to their wants and circumstances; while the self-styled religionist and the proud Pharisee have denounced it as an abomination and a curse to mankind. And as to persecution, we have had enough of it from the same source. John Murray was stoned in Boston—George Rogers was assailed with brick-bats in Pittsburg—the hired house in which the Pennsylvania Convention of Universalists first met in Columbia, was also stoned on the first evening of its session, in 1832—and your humble speaker was threatened a stoning in Genesee county, for declaring that we all have one Father, one hope, and one final destiny. And up to this day, the most unnatural warfare has been waged against us. We are represented as devils and not men—and every vile and odious epithet is heaped upon our characters. It may truly be said of us, as an apostle said of himself and brethren, "We therefore both labor and suffer reproach, because we trust in the living God who is the Saviour of all men, specially of them that believe."

Another reason adduced to show why Universalism could not be Gospel, was, that it did not produce any great change of character. But perhaps there are better judges in reference to this matter than the Rev. speaker. We know that it has softened the hardest hearts, and subdued the most stubborn wills. And according to his own showing, it is decidedly the best system for producing genuine conversions. The man, he says, who is converted through fear of hell or endless misery, will surely be lost. Then why preach it? Why hold it forth in order to induce men to repent? If our Br. is right, it certainly is a dangerous doctrine to preach—it does no good, and it may work much evil. We thank him for the blow he has given his own system—a few more such, rightly dealt, would put an end to its existence.

"But," says our friend, "why do not Universalists have revivals?" If he means by these what Dr. Beecher once termed "moral tornadoes," we thank God that He has saved us from them. But if he means a growth in grace and moral goodness, an increase of that religion mentioned by St. James, and an advancement in divine life, we do pretend to have some such revivals; and it is our object to have them continue, not only for days, and weeks, but for years, and on to the very termination of this mortal being.

"But Universalism does not lead men to pray," said the speaker—the Gospel did, and therefore the conclu-

sion was, that Universalism can not be the Gospel. In support of the fact that our doctrine does not lead men to pray, we have presented the testimony of M. H. Smith, who says that Universalists are a prayerless people. I know not that Mr. Smith ever prayed, but this I do know, that his statement is as false as perjury. It is true we never make prayers at the corners of the streets—we never enter into our closets and pray to our Father in secret, and then go out and tell the world that we have been praying; this is a matter between us and God, and to him we are willing to answer, but not to man.

The obligation laid on the church to spread the Gospel over the world, was next adduced as proof that our system could not be true. The conclusion was, that our doctrine was too dangerous a one to be suffered to prevail extensively. And a case was brought up by way of illustration. An individual saw a very fine gray horse worth \$100, or \$150, and it was just the horse that he wanted; and he says to himself, "I can take this horse, and receive my punishment as I go along; so I will have him." This was on the supposition that the same arrangements exist in human governments, as exist in the divine economy according to the system he was opposing; which, by the by, is a perfect absurdity.

Our brother reminds us of the boy in the fable who shot up arrows at the moon—he shot them up, and they fell down in his own face. He believes that in the government of God the penalty of the law may be evaded altogether—that the sinner may neither receive his punishment as he goes along, nor in any other way. And why should it not be so in human government? Here is an individual who sees a very fine gray horse worth \$100, or \$150, and it is just such a horse as he wants, and he says, "Now, I can take this horse, and escape the penalty of the law, and get rid of punishment, and so he shall be mine."

But we leave this to notice one of the most vile, and odious, and false charges, that was ever preferred against the believers in universal salvation. "They do not aim, (said the speaker,) at moral purity—liars, and blasphemers, and adulterers, and drunkards, all come around the communion table; and no means are used to purify their churches of such characters." This slanderous charge needs no denial from me. There is not an individual here to night, who believes it. Mr. Laird himself does not believe it; but he had said that between Universalists and believers in endless misery there must be war—war to the knife; and here is a specimen of the unholy crusade that should be waged.

We are aware that Universalists are no better than they should be; but we challenge a comparison between them and any other sect, without any fears as to the result. If they are as bad as our charitable friend says they are, why are not our jails, and penitentiaries, and prisons filled with them? Perhaps some of you think this is the case. Let me then set you right. Four or five years ago the penitentiaries in this state were visited for the purpose of ascertaining how many Universalists could be found in them, and there was not one; nor has there ever been one Universalist hung for crime committed while he was a Universalist, so far as can be ascertained. But the fact was revealed by that search, that all who had any fixed belief, were believers in the doctrine of endless misery, and among these were no less than five preachers of the same!

We do not speak of this, because it is pleasant to deal with the faults and failings of others; but to show that there is as little perfection among other sects, as in our own. And we are truly of the opinion, that if moral delinquency on the part of believers, is to be admitted as proof of the falsity of their doctrine, the system of endless woe, above all others, can not stand. From the Fifth General Council, down through a period of more than 600 years, it reigned predominant and triumphant in the Christian church. Universalism, if there was any, was unknown. Of course, then, it was a very pure age? "Let the history of its blood and abominations answer."

But "What will the world gain by the preaching of Universalism?" Let me add another question to this. What will the world lose by the preaching of Univer-



salism? According to Mr. Laird's own showing, the doctrine of endless misery is worse than useless. The individual who repents under its influence, he says, will surely be damned. The very preaching of it, therefore, may sink many souls to preening ruin. But this can not be said of our doctrine. If it produces any conversions, they will be genuine; for Mr. Laird says that no individual can be truly converted through fear. The world, consequently, can lose nothing by the preaching of Universalism; on the contrary, it may gain much. We thank our brother again, for the testimony he has borne in favor of our doctrine; and if he will only keep on, he will do more to weaken the confidence of his own people in the doctrine of endless misery, than has ever yet been done. We therefore bid him God speed, and pray that his hands may be strengthened in the good work.

But we had nearly forgotten the anecdote of the Quaker. "A Universalist clergyman in Vermont, (said Mr. Laird,) went out into a certain neighborhood on an evening to lecture. After delivering his message, he inquired if he should leave another appointment. No one answering, an aged Quaker finally arose and made reply as follows: 'If thee has told us the truth, there is no use of thy coming—if thee has lied to us, we do not want thee to come.'"

Now we wish to reverse the order of things a trifle, and relate the anecdote after another fashion. We will suppose that Mr. Laird went out into a certain neighborhood to deliver an evening lecture. He preached his doctrine faithfully, and threatened sinners with endless misery if they did not repent; but told them, in conclusion, that if they repented through fear of hell, they would surely be lost. At the close of his service he inquired if he should leave another appointment.—No one answering, an aged Quaker arose and made reply as follows: "If thee has told us the truth, there is no use of thy coming—if thee has lied to us, we do not want thee to come." If this should be thought too severe, it must be recollected that it is an illustration put into our hands by the speaker himself!

We have now gone over the ground occupied in the discourse under review; and not one single argument have we found that has even the most remote bearing against our system. The question that ought to have been discussed, was avoided in the very commencement, and from beginning to close, the distinguishing doctrine of Universalists was unnoticed, or made to appear very different from what it is. And but for the reckless attack made upon the moral and religious characters of its believers, Mr. Laird would not have received this notice at our hands. The great doctrine of the Restoration has passed through the fire he kindled for it, unharmed, and has received additional testimony from him that it is the Gospel. As for ourselves, we have no doubt upon this point. We believe that there is no other doctrine adapted to the tempted and sorrowing condition of man. Its power to bring men from darkness into light, has been tested; and when friends and fortune have fled away, a belief in this doctrine has proved it to be mighty to console.

A. C. B.

## DONATION CARDS.

Br. Thayer lately proposed that a new paper be started, called "The Gospel Porringer and Universal Contribution Box," in which to notice donations to preachers; and that Br. Drew be the Editor, and my humble self the Corresponding Editor. Thank you, Br. Thayer, I owe you one. But, really, I think there are other Editors who are more deserving the honor than myself, both as to length of cards, and frequency of issues. I, therefore, respectfully decline the honor.

Br. Whittemore endorses the hit, and thinks that the practice referred to has a tendency to lower the dignity of our periodicals. How convenient to have our neighbors' undignified actions in a bag in front, and our own in one on the back!

Br. D. D. Smith, of Richmond, Va., also endorses the hit, and volunteers to procure subscribers. His own paper, the Warrior, has a card in it almost every week, cards of thanks for, and notices of the reception of pa-

per, quills, ink, clothing, rocking chairs, pies, tarts, cakes, candies, preserves, wax candles, custards, cheese, the use of six horses when he wishes to ride, &c., &c., &c.!

We suggest some opposition in this matter, and therefore nominate the Christian Warrior, of Richmond, Va., for the honor of the new title, and D. D. Smith as principal Editor, instead of Br. Drew. Who seconds my motion?

A. B. G.

## STATISTICS.

It is with much pleasure that I notice the efforts now being made by several of our Editors to collect the statistics of our denomination in their respective States, in order that they may report to me in time, fully and correctly, for the next Register. I hope they will continue their efforts, until we shall be able to furnish a full and fair statement of the condition of our cause in the United States. The next Register, I hope will show a very great advance toward this desirable consummation; and that for 1845 will, I hope, complete it. Will not other Editors move in this good work, and urge their correspondents to take hold of it now, and send in returns as fast as they can. I want the materials on hand early in May—certainly before the first of June, that I may get up my proof sheets to send out for final corrections in good time. In order to get the work itself ready to send to remote sections early enough, I must have the work ready for delivery about the first of September. The West will want a larger supply than usual next year. Let them look around in time, and see how many are wanted, so as to send their orders before the 1st of June next.

A. B. G.

ANOTHER WOLF FOR A SHEPHERD.—The Bradford (Pa.) Potter contains an account of a most melancholy event which occurred in that neighborhood—Wysox. A Rev. Mr. Lefavor, (supposed to be a married man,) converted a Mr. Woodburn, his wife and daughter, and seduced the latter. When the poor girl's situation was discovered, the sick father clasped hands on his heart, and expired—the mother fell into convulsions and became insane at the double calamity, and the daughter is said to be a maniac! The Reverend seducer is in Towanda jail on a charge of giving drugs to his victim to procure abortion. Who, of all those that preach there is pleasure in sin, and that God does not judge in the earth, will be willing to take this man's place? And who, of all those that prate about the licentious tendency of Universalism; and the salutary and restraining effects of the purifying doctrine of an endless hell, will bring a more convincing proof than this is of the contrary part? When will men open their eyes to see such facts as these, and to heed their solemn and painful teachings? How long will our Partialist brethren continue to encourage revival doctrines, practices and preachers, with such repeated—constantly occurring testimonies before their eyes, that they tend to the production of vice and immorality in their preachers, to insanity and suicide, to the seduction and ruin of their own families? How long!

A. B. G.

"THE WESTERN LUMINARY," a neat, small folio newspaper of our denomination, published weekly in Rochester, at one dollar per annum in advance, we are informed in the last two numbers, has passed from the hands of Br. James M. Cook, into those of about twenty ministering brethren in that section, who will hereafter publish it at the same place and price as heretofore.

We think the change a very judicious and just one, inasmuch as, if there must be any loss by the experiment, it is easier and better that twenty should bear it than one; and we think, also, that though the company may not be able to superintend its publication as well as one, on the score of economy, yet they will be more likely to secure for it a greater support than one could do. But while we congratulate Br. Cook on his release from an embarrassing and losing situation, we confess our regret that he should still complain that we would not cry peace and safety and promise encouragement for him, when, by his own showing, he had trouble, and losses, and darkness all around him! In despite of his sneers at our misfortunes, and pettishness at any re-

marks we could make however kindly meant, we felt nothing but regret and sympathy for him in his situation, and at his unpromising prospects, and do sincerely rejoice at his emancipation from them. We regret, also, to perceive a most unjust insinuation in his remarks about this paper and its Editor—one evidently intended to injure it deeply—viz., that it is *disorganizing*! Br. Cook, be at least just to us.

A. B. G.

"THE UNIVERSALIST LOOKING GLASS, OR SCRIPTURE COMPENDIUM."—By Rev. N. BROWN.

Reader, have you yet purchased one of these Charts, and hung it up in your parlor or sitting room? If you have not, just do so as soon as convenient; for you will find it to contain a fund of valuable (and generally very correct) information, compressed into a small compass. The following is a list of the subjects treated of in the Chart.

1. Ancient History of Universalism from the days of Christ, down to A. D. 553.
  2. Modern History of Universalism from the dark ages down to the present time.
  3. Probable causes of the first introduction of the doctrine of endless misery into the Christian church.
  4. Unconditional promises of universal salvation;—their confirmation—not disannulled by the Law—nor by unbelief—nor by sin—nor by satan and his works—nor by condemnation—nor by death. (Each of these divisions contains quotations from Scripture, with book, chapter and verse.)
  5. God will not cast off forever. (One passage, with references to others.)
  6. Christ's Mission and its results;—the Saviour of the world—all mankind given to him—the final salvation given him—all will be drawn to him—the atonement made for all—all will be subdued to him—all will acknowledge him. (Quotations as in 4.)
  7. All will turn to God and worship before him.
  8. All will be raised from the dead to glory and immortality.
  9. God's will, pleasure and purpose to save all mankind.
  10. The love, mercy and goodness of God.
  11. Sheol, Hades, Gehenna, &c., rendered hell, pit and the grave. (The above all contain Scripture passages, and comments.)
  12. The doctrine of endless misery not of divine origin.
  13. Olam, aion, aionios, &c., rendered everlasting, forever, &c. (Scripture passages and comments.)
  14. Satan, devil, &c. (The same.)
  15. Summary notice of contents of the Bible, and of home-made Scripture.
  16. Articles of Faith and Practice; or, what Universalists believe.
  17. Statistics of the denomination; and a view of Universalism in America.
- The above valuable chart is for sale, at various prices according to the mounting, by Universalist Booksellers generally, by the Author and Compiler, and by his several agents among our preachers in this state, a list of whom was published a few weeks ago.

A. B. G.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—In a late article on this subject, we stated that Maine was about taking measures to have it abolished. We should have placed it with Connecticut and Vermont, where this punishment is, in effect, already done away with—that is, it is left to the Governor to order his execution within one year; if not done in that time, the prisoner awaits his release by natural death.

Br. Chapin, of Charlestown, Mass., has lately published his three sermons on the subject in the Trumpet. They are eminently argumentative, and I think, conclusive in favor of the abolition of death as a punishment of the law.

A. B. G.

Latest edition of the Washingtonian Pocket Companion for sale at this office. Bound in paste board, \$1.75 per dozen, in cloth \$2.50 dozen, single copies 19 cents and 25 cents—also, guilt, leather bound, at 38 cents per copy.



## RELIGIOUS NEWS.

**REMOVALS.**—Br. W. H. Ryder, of Clinton, wishes to be addressed at Utica, after the 1st of April next.—The Christian Teacher, a Universalist monthly, Br. E. Manford Editor and Proprietor, has been removed from La Fayette to Terre Haute, Ind.

**NEW PREACHERS.**—Among others we notice the names of D. Vines, Clinton county, and of S. Fuller, Crawfordsville, Ind., in the Christian Teacher. They are new to us. Br. Leonard Church, of Nunda Valley, Allegany county, a young man of good abilities and character, has lately commenced preaching the great salvation.

**NEW SOCIETIES.**—A new Universalist society was lately organized in Mill Creek township, Union county, Ohio. It has preaching once a month by Br. A. Darrow. An organized church at Middlefork, Ind., is noticed as flourishing.

**DISCUSSIONS** still continue the order of the day out West. Br. Manford, Editor of the Christian Teacher, has two on hand, with a prospect of two more the present season.

The February number of the reprint of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, has been received. Rich as usual. Two dollars per annum in advance.

Also, the February number, a continuation of the five new and popular works of Martin Chuzzlewit, by Charles Dickens; "Tom Burke of Ours," by Charles Lever, Esq.; Loiterings of Arthur O'Leary, same author; L. S. D., by Samuel Lover, and Windsor Castle, by W. H. Ainsworth. One dollar per year, in advance. Address J. Winchester, 30 Ann street, N. Y.

**THE SERMON**—in this paper will be found well worthy of perusal. It is brief, but strong and clear in its cheering arguments, and most consoling in its conclusions. Read it. A. B. G.

Br. Witherell—Send Balm of Gilead, to Wm. Robbe, Friendsville, Susquehanna county, Pa., credit him and charge us 50 cents.

Br. Tompkins—Credit Alsan Holley, Warsaw, N. Y., \$2.00 for current volume Repository, if it has not already been paid by Br. W. E. Manley. If it has been arranged by him credit the \$2.00 on the next volume. Charge us.

## RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching next Sunday in Syracuse, by Br. GROSH.

There will be preaching on the fourth Sunday inst., by Br. W. H. RYDER in New Hartford—Br. GROSH at Little Falls.

A Discussion will be held in Hartsville, Onondaga county, on Friday and Saturday, March 24th and 25th, on the following question:—"Did Jesus Christ or his apostles, while they were on earth, teach that the Saviour will make a second personal appearance in this world, after his ascension?"

Disputants—Rev. Mr. Barber, Methodist; and Rev. W. J. Goss, Universalist.

## DEATHS.

In this city, on the 8th inst., of liver complaint, Miss MARTHA MARIA WHITE, eldest daughter of Rollin White, aged 16 years, and 10 months. She bore her illness with meek resignation, and was reconciled to her early departure. Her parents and friends mourn not without hope.—The funeral was largely attended, in despite of a severe storm, on the Friday following.

Will Editors in New Hampshire, Mass., and Ohio, please copy for the information of relatives of the deceased? A. B. G.

In Nunda, Allegany county, January 25th, Mrs. HAMED MARSH, wife of Sanger Marsh, and eldest daughter of Judge Elijah Horton, in the 25th year of her age. By this dispensation of Providence, a young husband has been called to drink the bitter cup of affliction, in a sorrowful manner. The holy marriage vow which he made at the sacred altar, has soon been performed. That union was soon dissolved by the angel of death, and he is left with a little infant, to mourn his

early bereavement. Sister Marsh was a consistent believer in "the Great Salvation;" for she adorned the doctrine which she professed, "with a well ordered life." She was highly esteemed for her virtues, by those who were the best acquainted with her, and will long be remembered by the circle in which she moved. May all those afflicted, find consolation in the truth, that death has not separated her "from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." The consolation of the Gospel was offered to the mourners, and a large concourse of friends, on the 26th, at the Universalist church, by the writer. ALANSON KELSEY.

In Perrinton, Feb. 4th, Mrs. BARBARA GOODELL, second wife of A. Goodell, Esq., aged 44 years.

Sister G. was sick only one week, during which time she was exercised with considerable pain. Her disease was epidemic. She was taken, as it were, in a moment, in the midst of health and activity, from the bosom of her family—from the cares and trials of earth, to her resting place in heaven. She was aware, seemingly from the commencement of her sickness, of her sudden departure. Still she uttered not a murmur. She seemed willing to depart and be with Christ. It had been only about a year since she experienced the joys of a living faith in the Gospel. Her mind had always been subject to the fears and prejudices of an early education. But when the light of eternal truth shone upon her heart, these fears were driven away, and the Gospel to her became the power of God unto salvation. She was perfectly happy in the belief that God will have all men to be saved and come unto the knowledge of the truth. Not a doubt disturbed her mind. The kingdom of God to her soul, was righteousness, joy and peace. She united herself with the church, and in connection with some others, received the ordinance of baptism. When I received her baptismal vow in the name of Jesus, it was a happy day to my soul, and I shall long remember that solemn hour when I went down with her into the water. May those who witnessed the solemn ordinance remember that day. She delighted in the service of her divine Master, and was willing to labor in his vineyard. Not a moment was she idle. She had become very actively engaged in the interests of the church and society to which she belonged. Here her presence will be missed—here her loss will be deeply felt.—When we draw around the communion table of our Lord, and there partake of the dying emblems of his broken body and blood which was shed for us, her seat will be vacant. And though vacated on earth, it will be filled in heaven.—There her communion will be with a higher order of beings—Jesus will be held in everlasting remembrance. She conversed freely concerning her affairs, and how she desired to have them conducted. She seemed to express great anxiety for the welfare of her two little children, who are left to mourn her loss. Several opposers visited her during her sickness, but she satisfied them that she had strong confidence in the salvation of all from sin and death. Br. Goodell asked her a few moments before she expired, when her bodily pain was quite severe, if she felt any better? to which she replied with much emphasis, No, nor I never shall till the breath leaves my body, then I shall be well. O how strong—how precious is such a faith in the hour of death. This faith was hers—it cheered her in health—comforted her in sickness, and in the hour of dissolution pointed her struggling spirit away to heaven and immortal happiness. She had been a faithful companion and a tender mother. Her loss in her family will be deeply felt. May the Lord bless and comfort her surviving companion in the decline of life. May he watch over, guide and protect those dear little children, who have been deprived, while so young, of the fond care of a mother. May the society and church copy her examples, and live as she lived, in the faithful discharge of their duty. May God comfort all that have been called to mourn by this dispensation of his providence. The funeral was attended on Sunday the 6th ult., and a sermon delivered by the writer to a large and sympathizing congregation, from 2d Sam. xiv: 14, and Eph. i 8-10.—W. Luminary. J. M. C.

## LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P M, Wayne, [Mich] for H B and D McI—P M, Little Meadow, [Pa] for self, L H and W R—P M, Warsaw, for A H, D S and T E G—A P, Whitewater, [W T] for self, J W B, O A M, J P and D M—Wm H A, Andrews [Va]—P M, Sherburne, for J R—P M, Pavilion Centre, for E O, C S, E T, A W, I S, B S and J S Jr—P M, Berlin, [Ct] for B C—E, Smoky Hollow, for self and A P—P M, Lyons, [O]—P M, Panama, for M P and E D—P M, Huntington, [O] for J S and Z K—P M, Racine, [W T] for A S and S H—P M, St Charles, [Ills] for P D A—P M, Constantine, [Mich] for C B F.

From the United States Saturday Post.

## TRUSTING TO APPEARANCES.

BY EZEKIEL JONES, ESQ.

"There are a great many folks in this world who are amazingly taken by outside looks," said my Aunt Sally, the other evening. Now Aunt Sally is an old maid, past redemption—one of the oldest kind, for, good soul, she's hard upon sixty. She always did say, though, that she needn't have been a spinster all her days, if she'd a took up with any thing that come along—and I do believe her. Like most old folks, she seems sometimes to run of a notion, that every body else must be thinking ever in their minds just what she's dreaming about—in a kind of magnetic communication as the Mesmerites say—though Aunt Sally knows nothing about Mesmerism; and I think it would be better for some younger people, if they didn't. But she appears to fancy, when she's been chewing the cud of memory over, all to herself, and then breaks out in a new spot with some wise saw, that all of us know what she means by it. So, says she the other night, as I told you, "There are a great many people in this world, who are amazingly taken by outside looks." Then she hitched her chair nearer to the jamb, gave the skirts of her gown a tuck, held her hand over the fire to warm her fingers, and looked all around, first to father, then to mother, then to Fanny, and then to me, as if she waited for one of us to speak. Nobody said a word, and she pursed her lips up, trotted her left leg on her right knee, and looked right into the fire. I saw the old lady kind of wanted somebody to speak, so I took my eyes off of Chitty on Evidence a minute, and said:

"That's a fact, Aunt Sally, appearances are deceitful; but what's to be done about it?"

"Why, Zekiel," said she, "didn't you see that in the Philadelphia Post?"

"What in the Post?" said I.

Aunt Sally got the newspaper and pointed to a paragraph which set out how a poor old drunken creature set down on a railroad, and went to sleep, and how the whole train went over him, crushing him all to pieces, and how his jug was broken in his hand; and furthermore, that he had left a destitute widow, and that his children, if they weren't exactly helpless from infancy, had grown up helpless from bad examples. Well, I read it out loud, as Aunt Sally asked me, and though it did seem a painful narrative enough, I couldn't see any thing in it that had any thing to do with Aunt Sally. So says I, "Well Aunt Sally, I don't see now what you are coming at." Father looked as though he did, but as mother and Fanny, and I, and all seemed curious, Aunt Sally put herself in her story telling posture, and begun:

"I could have told that man what would be his end, forty years ago."

"Why, Aunt," says I, "they didn't have railroads then, nor dream of them."

"Never you mind, Ezekiel Jones. People who are are too fond of the bottle didn't have to wait till railroads came into fashion, to find that sudden death laid in ambush for them, I can tell you. The drunkard's grave always gaped for him, ever since the world was made, and many is the fine young man, who has begun to slide into it, before ever he knew which way his feet was slipping; or before ever he found out that he didn't stand as fast as the everlasting hills. But I'm fairly sot down for a story, and being that you want to hear it, and that Fanny is here too, I mean to tell it." And father he folded up the newspaper he was reading, I shut up my book, and mother she made haste to count her stitches in the knitting work, where she was drawing in to fit my calves, Fanny crossed her feet with one sly peep at her own handsome ankles, and we all put on our listening caps for—

## AUNT SALLY'S STORY.

"I'm going to talk about things that I don't often mention; for when a body's nose and chin begins to look as if they were forever going to kiss each other, and the grey hairs will straggle out from under the cap, and the hands are shrivelled and skinny, and the lips puckered



and thin, it seems kind of strange to young folks that old folks, and old maids in particular, should talk as if they had ever known or felt any thing like what we used to call love when I was a girl, and what you still know by the same name, for want of a better. But I can tell you, Fanny Arbuckle, that my cheeks were once as full and red as yours, (*didn't* Fan blush and simper,) and that my lips pouted as handsome and red for a kiss, (she couldn't help smiling half spiteful,) and that I showed as pretty a set of teeth when I laughed, (Lord, how Fanny's eyes snapped!) There wasn't a delicater waist in the State, and I had as good a pair of feet to stand upon, as them that are now peeping out from under your new alpaca lustre."

I rather guess Fanny's feet were drawn in about the quickest. Father he went off into a horse laugh, and mother looked pleased enough. Aunt Sally stooped over and looked at Fanny's gown, as if she had just thought of minding it.

"There," says she, "it's a good deal like what we used to call Prince's cloth, when I was a girl, but it's got more of a gloss. But that ain't telling my story."

"There was hardly a young man in these parts that didn't shine up to me at some time or other, and that your father knows, Zekiel. He was a kind brother then, as he has been ever since, and though I say it to his face, it's no disgrace, between two such old rheumatics as we are now. He took an amazing deal of pains to find out all about the young men who took a shine to me, and he come pretty near the mark generally, though he wasn't always right, as that account in the *Philadelfy Post* has shown, after so many years."

Now, if this had been said almost any other time, father would have gone into an argument with his sister, but he didn't feel like it now. I could see that his eyes glistened in the firelight, as his memory dwelt on the old times that Aunt Sally had been raking up; and I now began to put that and that together, and to catch a notion of what the horrid accident had to do with the glances between my father and aunt. After a minute, she went on:

"Forty years ago this winter—it may be more, for perhaps I can't rightly remember, there was a great sleighing party contrived up by the young men. It was in that party that I had my first regular invite. I'd been before, a good many times to be sure. Sometimes I'd been taken along as one of the children, and sometimes your father had put me under the buffalo skin in his sleigh, when he kind of wanted to coax some shy girl to ride out with him, and knew she wouldn't go, if the ride looked altogether too much on purpose. Sometimes, too, the girls in the set older than me, would agree to ride out with some spark, and then up and ask me to go too, for a spite to their beaux. Didn't the fellows used to wish me further! But I didn't care for that so I had the ride. This, though, was my first sleigh ride, where a young man had harnessed up his horses on purpose to treat me to a jaunt, and to get a chance to throw out hints about how pleasant a short journey was together, and how we might like a longer one, and all that sort of nonsense that the young men were just as good at forty years ago, as they are now."

"I can truly and honestly say that I never had a pleasanter frolic in my life. The bells jingled, and the snow flew, and the laugh rung clear, and Josh Bemis looked as if there never was a handsomer man. I felt proud of my beau, and as proud of his horse, as if it had been my own, and as proud of his driving, as if I had held the reins, and as cheerful and happy as ever an artless, untroubled and innocent young girl could on a harmless frolic. To be sure, though my ears were too well covered from the cold to feel the frost, Josh did make them tingle a little. Oh, you may smile, Fanny Arbuckle, but when you are as old as I am, you will own, like me, that there is nothing in after life ever puts a woman into such a happy flutter, as when she hears, for the first time, what is said for her own private ear, and nobody's else. It is such a delightful secret that there never was a woman yet, who could keep it longer than till she met somebody to tell it to."

"Well, when we got to the stopping place, the older

girls who had been courted till the business had lost all its freshness, and the beaux, who had been paying attentions till they did it just as much of course as a doctor's horse stops before the house of an ailing family, they begun to throw out their jokes and hints, and twits. Perhaps they thought it teased us; but I know that though I kind of half dreaded the gauntlet that I knew I had to run from my young acquaintances, I should have been dreadfully disappointed and provoked if nobody had said any thing; and I guess Josh felt pretty much the same. We hadn't been in the house over a minute before one of the girls got the whole story out of my blushes in a corner, and then she turned to the rest, and such a tease as they put me into! I had forty minds in a minute—first that I *never* would speak to Josh again—then that I would run right out and walk home alone ten miles through the snow—and then that I *certainly* would pout so at Josh that he would never trouble me more. Just that minute I heard a great haw! haw! haw! in the bar-room, where the fellows had all gone to order in refreshments. Then I knew that they were plaguing Josh too, and when he came in with the rest, he was trying to look as if he had heard nothing in particular, and didn't care for anybody. But he couldn't help looking as if somebody had caught him running away with a sheep upon his back—and of course, as all the rest were against us, we were obliged to help each other face them out. We couldn't help it—and on the whole, I guess we didn't want to. Being Josh and I were the youngest couple, and rather the most awkward, our sleigh was brought to the door last, and when Josh handed me in, he put his face into my mood, and—"

Fanny looked at the speaker at this passage—

"He didn't bite me, nor I him, Fanny Arbuckle, I can tell you. Well, that ride passed off nicely. Your father, Zekiel, tried to plague me a little after we got home, but I fixed him out in short order with the kitchen tongs. I knew just as well as could be, that it was a match of your father's coaxing on, and that he was tickler than I, if that was possible, for young Joshua Bemis, Esq., was thought a match for anybody, if 'an old vagrant and inebriate, named Bemis,' that's what the paper says, did get killed the other day, on a railroad. Ah, well!" continued Aunt Sally, with a sigh, after a moment's pause, "We are all born, but not buried," as the saying is.

"I shall leave you to guess of whom I dreamed, Fanny, that night. Time passed on, and I grew every day more discreet and woman-like, and better worth respect and love; for there is nothing fixes character, for good or ill, like the first serious, thoughtful and sincere attachment. But it was broken off. What separated us? Now I am going to tell him."

Father looked up from the fire with a great deal of earnestness at Aunt Sally—and Fanny and I were not a little interested too. Who knows that we shan't be separated too, thought I. I stole a look at her face, her eye met mine, and it didn't need any words to tell me that our thoughts were on pretty much the same thing. Aunt Sally continued, addressing my father:

"Do you remember that we were out of milk early of a morning in the Spring after that sleigh ride?"

Father shook his head.

"Why," said Aunt Sally, "I'm sure I should think you would. Father was going to Boston, and took an early breakfast—there was none left over night, and the cows hadn't been milked."

The old gentleman made no answer.

"Well, then, what a fool I am!" Aunt Sally said. "I do believe I am getting old. To think that I should think that you would remember such a little thing over forty years as well as I do, whose whole life has turned upon it! Well, to make a long story short, mother told me to take a pitcher and run into some of the neighbors. I tried and tried, at two or three places, and then run into the tavern, that was, where Mr. Guttridge's house is now. I was in the kitchen, and I heard a laugh in the bar-room. I should have known that laugh if I had heard it among a thousand, and I never heard it before, when it didn't make my heart jump in answer. But what could Joshua be doing there before daylight? In

a minute more, I heard the stick rattle in the tumbler, and then Josh's voice again. I couldn't help listening—and such coarse jokes as those of which I was the subject! Why, I liked to have dropped going home, more than once, milk, pitcher and all. It wasn't the mere words that were said, I wouldn't have you to think, for though they were bad enough, he meant no harm, it wasn't altogether the place neither in which they were spoken; but the hour—and what went into the month before the words came out—a morning dram!"

Aunt Sally wiped her eyes, and we all felt serious, I can tell you, but father he looked like a man who had just found out a riddle that had puzzled him all his life.

"I said nothing to nobody—how could I? But when Josh Bemis came over in the evening, how could I be as happy to see him as I was the evening before? And when you scolded me for not being cheerful, brother, I could not answer. The rest you know. I was led to watch Joshua, and I found that the morning dram was not a mere accidental thing, but a habit; and though there were a great many who used to do the same thing, I never could feel that they were safe. Well, one chill brought on another, till at last Joshua began to leave longer spells between his visits; and when he did come, that unlucky morning had supplied me with a key to too much of what you fancied was mere good humor; and then again I found that a cloud over his face, that he said came from fatigue, came from something else. I tried to joke him out of his habit of moderate drinking; but he took it only as a joke, and only laughed at me. I dared once to reason seriously with him, and he asked me if I thought him a drunkard, and that was the last time I spoke to him on that subject. And now I can look back and tell the living truth, when I say that the hour in which I ascertained that he was coaxed away by an artful rival was one of real relief. She courted, and she won him."

"People pitied me. You almost quarrelled with me I told you then not to trust to appearances, and you thought it was only envy. And so it did seem. He was rich, he was prosperous, he was honored, he went from step to step in public life, he has been in the General Court, and he has been to Congress. His children were loves and pets, his house and homestead were a sight to behold for their pleasantness, and I know you did think me almost a fool that I had not been the sharer in all this."

"But, flourish as the tree might, I knew what worm was at its root; and when, in his jovial manners, his pleasant parties, his dinners, his drives, his popularity, other folks saw only bright happiness, I could see that all these appearances were the plainest marks of decay—just as you mind trees turn all sorts of beautiful colors, when their leaves are e'en just ready to drop. And just when the world thought him best off, his one vice began to strip him. Leaf after leaf fell, till the tree was left all bare, and it is only a few old creatures like me who can recollect who that 'vagrant' was, and what that 'inebriate' once possessed. Now he is dead—and is his widow, with her long life of earthly hope—of glad prosperity—of contemptuous pride—followed by humiliation, trouble, embarrassment and squalid poverty—her children the plagues of her life—her husband torment in her eyes—her name forgotten—her heart and home desolate, and all crowned by that piece in the paper—is she who trusted to appearances, better off *now* than than the poor lonely old maid who did not?"

Aunt Sally hid her face in her hands. Father got up and walked right across the fire-place to her. "Not lonely," said he as he took her hands in his—and the brother and sister got up and kissed each other, as if they were both children, and Sally had been telling over some girlish trouble, which could be all wiped out with the lips. I guess there wasn't an eye there, though that didn't swim in tears; and as to Fanny, I do believe that she'll be afraid of me hereafter, if I only look at the outside of a cask of spirits of turpentine."

[NOTE.—It is hardly necessary to say that Fanny is Mr. Jones' affianced.]

Jonesville, November, 1842.



# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL,"....."PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, MARCH 24, 1843.

NO. 12.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Magazine and Advocate.  
A REVERIE.

BY REV. W. N. BARBER.

"Lo! I dreamed a dream which was not all a dream."

The quietness of a Sabbath evening was around me. The rich rays of the parting sun were lingering on the hill-tops, and lighting them until their crests seemed tinged with gold; and the notes of the melancholy whippoorwill were heard sweetly echoing in the adjoining grove. The herds were wending their way slowly home, and now and then a solitary villager in his holiday suit strolled quietly out to enjoy the peaceful beauty of the scene.—Anon, the dusty shadows of twilight crept over the hills, and these in their turn faded away in the sable hues of evening. The stars came out one by one, and seemed intent upon their watch of love, and Luna rolled her round bright visage slowly up the sky.

I seated myself in an arm chair, and began to watch the moon-beams which streamed in through the window and fell upon the floor. I was alike wearied in body and mind. I had that day stood a minister at God's sacred altar, and endeavored faithfully to break the bread of life.

A sadness came over my meditations. It was such an hour as this, thought I, that the Saviour knelt in the garden of Gethsemane with his locks wet with the dews of night, and brow marked with the sweat that was, as it were, great drops of blood, and prayed that the bitter cup of death might pass away. It was such an hour as this, that his mangled body was laid in the tomb. Oh! it is a holy hour: would that the gay and thoughtless—those who imagine that they are sipping the nectar of delight from the poisonous cups of iniquity, would pause as often as this misty hour pervades the earth, and muse upon the Saviour's advent and teachings! They would turn back into the dusty paths of life with enlightened minds; for they would have found that "there is no peace to the wicked."

While occupied by these reflections, I fell into a kind of waking reverie. I thought I discovered in the moon-beams, the dim and shadowy outlines of a human form. Gradually they deepened and became distinct in the misty light. It was the form of an old and venerable man. His hair, which was white, as if it had been bleached with the frosts of many winters, hung in graceful curls around his neck and shoulders, and in his hand he carried an antique Bible of homely but curious binding. There was a benevolent expression upon his countenance, and a smile wreathed his lip. He advanced and drawing a chair close beside me, flung his arm carelessly over the arm of my chair.

"You are absorbed in thought," said he; "what do you think of life, and the duties and responsibilities it brings with it?"

"Oh," I replied, "its paths are rugged, its duties and responsibilities numerous, and I sometimes feel as if I should faint by the way."

"And yet," said he, "you are young—almost without experience in its paths. There are no wrinkles on your brow; there are none of Time's silvery threads among your locks; your limbs are unpaisied, and your steps are firm and vigorous. Look at me! I am nearly six thousand years old, and yet my years are not spent. Would you not like to hear something of my eventful history? It will while away this evening hour, and perhaps not be without its lesson."

I nodded a reply, that such would contribute to my pleasure; and he began,

"You see in me a personification of your much-loved faith. I was born amid the shades of Eden, and dictated the first promise that was made to the first pair of your race: 'And I will put enmity between thee and the woman; between thy seed and her seed. It shall bruise thy head and thou shalt bruise his heel.' I walked hand in hand with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, those good old patriarchs who tended their flocks and gathered in their fleeces. Not a seer of ancient time appeared who was not my friend. In later times I accompanied the footsteps of an humble band who trod the land of Judea. They were my zealous and untiring friends: For my sake they were persecuted and buffeted, scourged and imprisoned, and many of them suffered martyrdom. They were led by a meek and lonely Nazarene, and in this volume which I carry in my hand, you see a history of those bloody times.

"I was with Clement of Alexandria, and with Origen, who, in after times, suffered in my defence. It was for my sake that some suffered in cruel stocks and bore many other aggravated persecutions. I was also with Marcellus, and Titus, and Theodore, and the Gregories, and a whole host of worthies who toiled, shone and suffered in the early ages of the church. Taking the lamp of truth in my hand, I visited various portions of Europe, Asia and Africa, and though destined to battle my way amid the corruptions of Judaism and the abominations of Heathenism, yet success seemed to attend my efforts for some four hundred years after the birth of the Saviour. In the eastern church, near the Holy Land, I gained almost complete jurisdiction over the minds of thousands.

"But when the night of dark ages set in, I was driven into obscure cells and cloisters, and but few traces of my footsteps could be seen. In those dark and bloody times, I found no aliment on which to feed; blood and superstition reigned around me, and darkness which might almost be felt brooded over Christendom. The spirit of the age was one with which I could not sympathise: there was no gentleness—no purity—none of that hallowed spirit which was breathed by the angel on the plains of Bethlehem—peace on earth and good will towards men. But when that moonless, starless midnight of error passed away, and the rays of Christianity were once more dawning, I emerged like the morning star from obscurity. For a few ages my friends were weak and feeble; but their ranks were gradually enlarged, and wherever the light of the reformation streamed, they were fearless in my defence. Winstanley, Coppin, More, Tillotson, Hartley, Burnet, Whiston and Cheyne were among my most ardent defenders. Germany, that land of scholars, became my home, and I met with approving smiles from her wisest and most enlightened children. I visited Holland, and Switzerland, that land of rocks and mountains; and in Geneva, that city where the unhappy Servetus met with an unjust and ignominious death, I planted my foot, and the flowers of truth sprung up and blossomed. I stepped among the purple hills of France; and even the lonely cabins of Ireland have been cheered and lightened by my presence. England opened wide her arms to enclasp me, and side by side I crossed the stormy Atlantic with the devoted Murray, just as the notes of political liberty were beginning to echo amid the hills and dales of America, and assisted him in planting a little church on the shores of the Delaware. I was his constant attendant; and though he was despised and forsaken, I enabled him to withstand the wiles of the adversary. A portion of my mild spirit has been infused into the bosoms of his worthy successors, who have carried my principles into most of

the enlightened places on the American continent. In short, I have had my friends in all ages of the world. I have 'been persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed,'—I have also suffered aggravated wrongs, but I am yet vigorous in my strength: and wherever I have travelled, the blessings of religion, freedom, virtue and intelligence have trod closely in my footsteps and been co-extensive."

Here, the old gentleman paused as if waiting for a reply. "Your life has been truly an adventurous one," I said; "and you have been through evil as well as good report. May I ask your name?"

"My name," said he, "is TRUTH, or UNIVERSALISM."

"But," I added, "in those periods when darkness has enshrouded you, have you not been almost disheartened and inclined to flee forever from the haunts of men?"

"No," he replied, "never have I for one moment doubted but what I should conquer every opposing power. And, my friend, I trust you will never be disheartened in so good a cause. You will meet with thorny trials on your way; but flee to this volume—it will serve as a chart and compass to guide you, on life's tempestuous sea—make this the man of your counsel—let it serve as a lamp to your feet and a light in your path, and there is no danger but what you will surmount every obstacle, overcome every difficulty, out-ride every storm, and at last sink sweetly into the grave, cheered by the light of God's countenance."

He paused; and I, after meditating a few moments upon the truths he had imparted, turned to thank him; but lo, he had vanished!

The moon had taken a higher station in the heavens, but her beams still lingered upon the floor, and a more innumerable host of stars had taken their watch-places above. All else was the same. Guilford Centre, Vermont, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## TRUST IN GOD.

BY REV. N. C. HODGDON.

It has been truly remarked by some writer, "He that feeds his birds, will not starve his babes." God is the Father of all, and we are his beloved children. As the Saviour said in his sermon on the mount, we are much better than the fowls of the air—and yet our heavenly Father feedeth them. And hence, why is it that man has not more confidence in God? The reason is obvious. He has not correct views of God, and his holy law, and his righteous government. The character of God has been erroneously given to the children of men.—He has not been represented as a kind Father, but rather as a tyrant. And how can it be expected that men will learn to be content, and to trust in a Being whom they can not love? Let the true character of God be set forth in all its native loveliness, and let the people be instructed that "He is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind," and the time will then arrive, when mankind universally will trust in God, and be perfectly resigned to all the dispensations of a wise Providence. We can not expect it before.

There are many who complain and murmur at the dealings of God with them. But they are like the man who sits beside the sunny brook, and is parched with thirst, because he will not drink. He is invited to a banquet, but he goes not, and therefore hungers. God has provided various ways to guide his children in the right path; but as there are many blind guides to lead them on, they are often found in the by and forbidden paths with their



teachers; and under such circumstances we must look for wretchedness and misery.

Let the reader, then, follow on in the straight and narrow course marked out by reason, and the light of nature. Take the Bible in one hand, and go forth to thy duty. Reason will give you direction—faith will point the way—and hope, bright jewel of the soul, will unbar the skies, and bid you go forth and see all the beauties of heaven, and tune each passion, and raise your thoughts and affections from the low and grovelling things of earth, up to heaven. And now if you do this, you can not but be happy and blessed of God and man.

Christ is our example—and we should learn his history, and follow on in his footsteps, and heed all his kind admonitions, and walk worthy of the avocation whereunto we have been called. Let us all keep in remembrance that this life is not without its cares and trials. We must look for, and expect "briars where berries grow."

If we will but pray to God for more Christian confidence, we then shall not lack for want of faith, nor doubt his infinite goodness, but trust in him as a Father, full of love. May we think of these things, and act accordingly.

Andover, Mass., Feb., 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### THE POWER OF THE MIND.

BY MRS. LUCY HORTON.

Sometimes I have such a desire for reading, that I almost wish I could devote all my time to reading and meditation. And then again I think, if the *desire* and *pleasure* of reading, should be taken away, of what use would be all my leisure hours? Should we have all the books in the universe, and all the time of our lives for the perusal of them, yet should we be devoid of a *desire* to read, and, while reading, should be devoid of *understanding*, *pleasure* and *satisfaction*, of what use would be all our time, and all our books? Should we be blessed with the company of all our friends, yet should we be devoid of friendship and love, what pleasure should we derive from their company? Should we be continually surrounded with our children, and instead of possessing the passion of *love*, should possess the passion of *hatred* for them, how disagreeable would be their presence! Instead of clasping them to our bosoms with love and affection, we should feel to spurn them from our presence with the spirit of hatred and malice! The sound of their prattling tongues would no more be music to our ears and we should no more be delighted with their little artful manoeuvres—all their words and actions, would be disgusting to us. But while they are near and dear to us, by the ties of that love which is stronger than death, how willing are we to attend to their wants and necessities—all their faults will not weary our affections from them, and wherever they are, at home, or abroad, on the land or on the sea, they ever have our desires for their welfare. When they are sick and in distress, we feel a pain for every groan, and would gladly restore them to a perfect state of health and happiness. \* From whence proceeds this pure affection, and these holy desires for our children? Do they not proceed from that Power, which had so much love for mankind, as to feed them when they were hungry, and to relieve them when they were in distress? And if such was the Father's WILL, (which Jesus came to perform,) then surely the Father's WILL will be done, and all will be restored to peace and happiness.

In this state of existence we have fervent *love* for our children; and according to the writings of Jesus and the apostles, all our heavenly powers will come forth in the resurrection, like gold which has been seven times purified; and also "like a grain of mustard seed," which branches forth, and not only provides shelter for the birds of the air, but produces millions of the same kind of seeds as that

\* This principle is not confined to a few individuals. Thousands and millions of mothers are this moment in possession of it. It is as boundless and as universal as the creation of man and beast, and fowls of the air, and the creeping things of the earth! L. H.

which was sown in the ground. How tranquil is the thought, that in the celestial world our love will branch forth to the whole world of mankind, and will be far greater, and more *pure*, than is possible for us to experience in *this* life, even for our dearest connections!

In this state of existence we can hear, distinctly, perhaps, half a dozen different sounds; and according to scriptural reasoning, in the celestial state we shall hear, much more distinctly, millions of angelic sounds which will be without jars, or discord, and which will charm our souls with seraphic rapture and adoration!

In this state of existence a small portion of our nature is heavenly; but in that world to which we go, the *evil* part of our nature will be *changed* and *purified*, and then how glorified will be our existence! Then we shall be like Jesus our head.—Oh then our heavenly powers will branch forth throughout the glorious regions, even like the sun which shines all over creation! There no dark clouds will intervene. No thunder-bolts will intercept our joy! The atmosphere will be *pure* and *heavenly*! All will be peace and harmony.

"And not a wave of trouble roll,

Across our peaceful breast."

O "when shall I wake and find me there?"

Clearfield, Pa., January 1st, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### MOMENTS OF SADNESS.

BY MISS CELIA M. TIBBITS.

O, I am weary of earth's changing scenes;  
Would I might soar from all its cares away,  
To seek some undefined expected good  
That oft has lowered in my dreaming's way.

O, for the breathings of a kindred soul,  
To soothe the anguish of this throbbing breast;  
To know the tumult of a bursting heart,  
To pierce the mantle of its deep unrest.

And yet not so—'t would not assuage my woes,  
Though kindred spirits answered sigh for sigh;  
The storm would still sweep o'er its arid wastes,  
And tempests darken in its midnight sky.

Is there no peace? Earth! earth, hast thou no balm  
To bid the anguish'd heart's wild throbbings cease?  
Hast thou no voice in all thy zephyr tones  
To hush the tempest of the spirit's grief?

Mid all the fountains are there no bright streams  
To lave the tablets of the troubled heart,  
To bear away the visions of the past  
From every secret, every hidden part?

No, there is none—no fount to bathe the soul,  
No soothing spirit whispers in the breeze;  
But notes of anguish echo in the blast,  
And murmur sadness in the sighing leaves.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### STRAY LEAVES.....NO. I.

HUMBLE HOMES.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

There is no sweeter picture on earth, than the home of a poor, but frugal pair, in whose hearts dwell a love of orderly and virtuous life. The clean, unpainted floor, white as labor and water can make it; the bright fire burning upon a neatly swept hearth; the braided rug, the polished candlestick upon the mantel, the snowy curtain, and the well-dusted and orderly arranged chairs—all these things betoken comfort, peace and industry.

But these are not all. There are other indications, that speak as clearly and intelligibly to the thoughtful and observant mind. The potted plant upon the window sill, carefully watered, and pruned every day of its withered leaves; perhaps it is a sweet-scented geranium, perhaps a modest daisy; or likelier, perhaps, a beautiful damask rose, blossoming day after day to repay the gentle care it has received from the fostering hand; has not *this* an indication? Is there not a voice speaking from its green leaves, that tells of gentle sympathies, delicate taste and earnest and true appreciation of the beautiful and the pure?

There are books, too, upon the table. A pocket-

bible—a book on theology or ethics—a history, perhaps, of the Life of Washington, or Franklin—these betoken an humble piety, a spirit of meditation, and a quiet but determined pride of country. Let a time of trial come, and the fruits of those indications will be clearly displayed. It was such spirits as these that crossed the deep waters to find "freedom to worship God;" and that in later years, fought the haughty oppressor and drove him from the land.

Pictures, too, make up another feature of this humble abode. True, they are not the work of immortal artists. They may be but rude wood-cuts—heads of the Presidents in bright colors, or Scripture scenes setting at defiance the unities of time and place; nevertheless, they have their influence, they teach their lessons, they are indices of commendable taste.

In homes of this humble class, we have witnessed much true content. There is none of that vain striving for show and extravagancies that destroys the comfort of so many wealthier homes. There is only the frugality that aims at a providence for increased dependents and the helplessness of age. It is not long since we spent an evening at such a fire-side, and the impression made upon our mind was not one to be soon forgotten. We contrasted the happy contentment and cordial hospitality which we there witnessed, with the anxious contentions and embarrassing ceremony of the abodes of fashion; and it required no unusual philosophy to decide which station furnished the truest sources of earthly happiness.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### SALVATION FROM SIN.

BY REV. O. WILCOX.

"And thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." Matt. 1: 21.

This language is said to have been spoken by the heavenly messenger, and was used in relation to the introduction of the Redeemer in our world, and the work he was to accomplish. And because he was to accomplish the work of *saving* his people, he was to receive the name JESUS. Hence according to the definition given by the angel, Jesus means Saviour; and no farther than we preach salvation, do we preach Jesus.

It should be noticed here in particular, that the angel did not say, that he should receive this name, because he should make it possible for his people to be saved, if they would make a good use of their agency. Neither did he say he should save them on *conditions*; or, *that he should save some of them*; nor yet, that he would save them if he could, but if he could not, it should be considered their own fault. But the declaration was, "he SHALL save them from their sins." This shows, also, that his people were sinners, and agrees with the declaration of the Saviour, that he came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Of course, if there are any that are not sinners, they do not need salvation from sin; and this was the salvation that Jesus came to accomplish. And since, any one that says that any of Jesus' people shall remain in sin eternally, calls the angel a liar.

It is believed that few, if any, will take this ground in order to avoid the truth. But they will say, they are not all Jesus'; and in this way think to avoid the salvation of all from sin: It is necessary therefore to meet them here, first with reason, and secondly with Scripture. And first, we have shown that sinners are his, and that his work is to save them and make saints of them; and as sin is the transgression of the law of our Master or Owner, those, only, can sin by transgressing the command of the Saviour, that belong to him. If any part of mankind do not belong to the Saviour, he has no right to require their services, and they do not sin in not rendering service to one that does not own them; and therefore he has no right to expect or require their obedience. But as the Saviour is not unjust in his demands, in requiring the service of more than are his; and as he does not require the love and obedience of all, it proves that all are his by purchase; and when he has saved them from their sins, they will be his by practice.



Secondly, the Scriptures confirm us in this conclusion; and we now appeal to them for testimony. And first, the Psalmist says, ii: 7, 8, "I will declare the decree—the Lord hath said unto me, Thou art my son; this day have I begotten thee—ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." Here, then, we learn that the heathen and the uttermost parts of the earth are Christ's, and he shall save them from their sins. This comes pretty near Universalism, and should cause those who are making such ado about the heathen's being lost, a little more modest in their contradiction of the Psalmist and the angel. Again, Jesus in his prayer to the Father, says, "as thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him." Here again we learn that all are his, and the giving of them eternal life is the same as saving them from their sins. But enough of this; if this is believed, it will give the believer that peace which the world can neither give nor take away; and that this may be the happy lot of many that have long been in doubt as to their own salvation and that of their fellow beings, is our sincere prayer.

Ellisburg, February, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### THE BETTER LAND.

BY MISS CELIA M. TIBBITS.

There is an undefinable mystery about a future state of existence, which renders it a subject of deep and absorbing interest. Thousands have pondered, thousands have conjectured, and thousand millions have passed away to experience its untried realities; yet to us its mysteries are unravelled, its dim portals unopened and unexplored. We have gazed upon the fixed marble features of the dead, and felt that they were changed; that the spirit which animated and gave interest, the reflecting living principle was gone; and then arose the inquiry, with painful, almost overwhelming force, where? To the ancients it was a glorious land; a land of flowers, of low-toned, silvery streams and laurel shades; where ages rolled over the loved ones, and brought no such fear of parting as throws its gloomy shadow over us in the moment of joy; no dark presentiment of impending evil when all around is gayety and mirth. There, a tone of music ever rung through the emerald forests, whose bright leaves wore no tint of death, and the soft transparent sky was never shaded by the angry scowl of gathering storms, or the deepening gloom of night. It was a land of sunlight, of soft dreamy shadows, and rich triumphant music; whose swell brought back no faint, sad yearnings for the departed—no dim remembrance of brighter, happier days. And there were gathered the departed ones; the warriors who made earth tremble, who had left a name that could never die; the bards who had swept their lyres while nations heard entranced; they of giant intellect, who had revolutionized nations; the learned, the mighty and the renowned met by its silvery waters, and wandered amid the twilight shadows of its amaranth bowers. It was a heaven of undying glories, inhabited by intellects as resplendently bright as its own gorgeous, unparalleled scenery. But they of humble birth; they above whose graves Fame reared no stately monument; the weary and toil-worn slave whose strength of soul had been poured out like water in the service of others; the child who passed away like a withered rose-bud; the mother who wept over it with no prospect of a re-union, these were not there. They slept amid earth's green valleys, with the bright flowers waving over them; unknown, and soon forgotten. There was no place for them in that better land; no home for the friendless and the forlorn; no song of freedom to welcome earth's weary and o'erburdened children, to a brighter and happier home.

How gladly, with what emotions of transport, do we turn from the contemplation of such prospects to our own broad views of the spirit's home. Not only do we expect to meet the great and illustrious of earth, the mighty conquerors of other days; the seers, the prophets and poets of olden times;

But they, the loved ones of our youthful days, They that looked on us with their soul-lit eyes, They upon whom our hearts deep love was poured All, in their beauty shall before us rise.

It is the home to which we may look in the moment of bereavement, and feel assured that no loved face will there be wanting to complete the fullness of our joy; that no untoward circumstance will separate from us the cherished ones; no cry of anguish sound wildly forth, proclaiming alike the wretchedness and depravity of man. It will be the home of the friendless, a father's house, a haven of eternal rest.

Cowasalone, February, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### THE STAR IN THE EAST.

Brightly gleamest thou, blest harbinger of approaching day! Thy name itself betokens thee an ever welcome messenger, for LOVE is sought and cherished by the good and great of all ages and climes. Untiring, too, art thou in thy ministrings of kindness, for thy power remains as great, and thou shinest as brightly now, as when earth was ushered from chaotic darkness, and man in his primeval purity, first looked upon a world, pronounced by its Creator to be "very good."

To the debauchee, the vile gamester and unrepenting pirate, thou appearest with the mild beams of pity and compassion to warn them of approaching ruin and bitter remorse—to tell them that though midnight's depths enshroud them, yet there is an eye that sleeps not—an eye that penetrates the thick darkness and bears aloft their thoughts to Him whose arms are outstretched in mercy to guide them to reformation's fountain, where are purer enjoyments and nobler attractions.

To the actor in life's busy scenes, thou sayest "up, for the day is dawning." To those who are languishing on a bed of pain, weary of watching with disease's grim form, thou appearest in brightness to tell them that the long, long night is nearly ended. Ay, to the suffering thou hast a better lesson; thou didst of old guide the wise man o'er Bethlehem's plains, to where "a child was born;" a child, the infant Redeemer, he who left his Father's bright realms to tell them their afflictions were for good, and but for a season; that the long night-watch of suffering would end, and a day of unclouded serenity dawn to go no more out forever. Thrice welcome then, glad Star, when thou art the means of bringing us good tidings like these; tidings that a day is coming when brother will love brother, and the delusive, dishonoring errors of humanity be blotted out forever.

But modern magi say thou art inhabited; (strange that appearances should so much belie the reality;) that a little speck of brightness like thee, affords food and enjoyment for millions of animals, as various in kind and wants as those of our earth; and that intellectual beings too exist there, subject to similar desires with ourselves. Is it so? Wilt tell us, thou Venus, or permit some of thy numerous inhabitants themselves to commune us? Do ye have the same exertions to make to learn a little, that we do? do ye have the same dull round of eating, drinking and sleeping? or art thou all intellectual, having none of these gross desires? Has the fiery alcohol entered your bright borders and preyed upon your people until they were obliged to arouse, one and all, to annihilate his power? or have they ever drank at the clear fountain of crystal waters, in its purity an emblem of our best Teacher? How is it with Mesmerism, Millerism and the ten thousand other *isms* which visit us, and may be true, or may not? Ye are nearer the sun than we; how does that luminary appear to you? can you see mountains, rivers, and trees on his fiery face? and Mercury, do ye ever visit him? Did a Nero ever deluge your land with blood? a Koschusko or Washington become your champions for liberty? a Howard ever enter your prison walls and relieve their unhappy inmates from miseries untold? Did the Son of God leave his celestial abode to teach their duties to each other, to blot out their transgressions, to point them to a better world where the

weary find rest? or are you now the abode of happy immortal beings who have never warred; never entered sin's dark domains or tasted misery's bitter dregs.

"Wert thou never ransomed—never lost?  
Then gladly would I soar to thee,  
Were this imprisoned spirit free."

February, 8th 1843.

LETITIA.

### MARRIAGES.

In New Milford, Pa. Feb. 14th, by Rev. W. M. De Long, Mr. ROBERT DE LA MONTANGE, of Orange county, N. Y., to Miss POLLY ANN FOOT, of the former place.

In Monroeton, Pa., on March 8th. by Rev. S. J. Gibson, Mr. ANTHONY MULLAN, to Miss HARRIET L. MASON, all of that place.

At Boston Centre, on Feb. 23d, by Rev. S. Remington, Mr. HIRAM H. HOUSE, of Ashford, Cattaugus county, to Miss MARTHA BEWBE, of the same place.

Same place, by the same, on Feb. 16th, Mr. BARAK CUSHING, to Mrs. JULIA WEST, all of Boston.

### DEATHS.

At her residence in Novi, Oakland county, Mich., of a brief but most painful illness, Mrs. LUCY, wife of Samuel Hungerford, Esq., and sister of the Rev. Pitt Morse, of Jefferson county, N. Y., aged 38 years, 10 months and 5 days.

In the death of Mrs. Hungerford, the community have sustained a severe loss. Having been one of the earliest settlers in the town in which she resided, frequent opportunities were presented in the course of years, for extending assistance to those who had sought residence in the then lonely wilderness, destitute of the immediate means of comfort; and an opportunity of relieving the needy, or comforting the afflicted, (when within her power,) she never neglected. It is believed by those who knew her best that few persons within her sphere of action, have extended relief and administered comfort to a greater number of fellow beings. From its commencement to the time of her death, (some four years,) she was a member of the Universalist Church in the town in which she lived—and an enlightened and in all respects a most exemplary Christian. She left a husband, one son and a daughter, together with numerous relatives, to mourn her untimely departure from the scene of her usefulness; with whom a very large circle of neighbors most heartily sympathize—and it is believed that she had no enemy.

"The bright gem is dropped in eternity's ocean;  
Too soon called to yield life's ephemeral breath;  
That heart, once the home of each generous emotion,  
Lies listless and cold on the bosom of death.  
Yet, if aught can give peace to the friends that survive her

Or soothe those who mourn her too early doom;—  
'Tis her virtues remembered; long, long to outlive her.  
And shed their bright halo around the dark tomb."

The funeral was attended, at the Methodist Chapel in Northville, on the Sabbath following her death, by a vast concourse of people, and the consolations of the gospel tendered to the surviving friends, by the writer; from Jer. viii: 22.

A. H. CURTIS.

At Felts Mills, Jefferson county, Feb. 21, of dropsy of the brain, ROYAL, son of Orlen and Caroline Wheelock, in the 15th year of his age. That this youth had lived long enough to fill a large place in the affections not only of his fond and doting parents, brothers and sisters, but of the community in which he lived, was abundantly manifested by the visible signs of deep sympathy manifested by a crowded congregation at the funeral. The parents though deeply afflicted, feel more deeply than ever the preciousness of their faith in the doctrine of impartial grace. They feel that they have comforts of which the world knows not—comforts which neither infidelity nor partialism have power to confer. Funeral services by the writer.

J. FRENCH.

\* Universalist Watchman please copy.

In Trenton, Oneida county, on the 10th inst., of consumption, NORMAN HOVEY, aged 21 years. In this dispensation of Providence, the parents have been deprived of a dutiful son, the children of an affectionate brother, and can find consolation in their afflictions alone in that Gospel which brings life and immortality to light. He endured great sufferings during the protracted illness of about three years, without murmuring; and calmly and patiently waited for his final earthly change. Amiable in life, resigned in death, he fell in the morning of his days, and rests in peace. His funeral was attended at the Unitarian church, by a large concourse of people, and an able discourse delivered by the Rev. E. Buckingham, from these words, "As the flower of the field so he flourisheth." A. H. L.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

### THE WISDOM OF GOD.

Whether we contemplate the diminutive atom of matter, or consider the great luminary of heaven, or scrutinize the universe, as by chemical analysis; or still, in every department of nature do we see the impress of Divinity, and the grand display of his infinite wisdom. Innumerable objects, stamped with unbounded intelligence, every where rise to view, and emphatically declare to the beholder the existence of their eternal Author. The philosopher is electrified with sublime emotions, at every step of his researches, by the continuous manifestations of divine wisdom; and with calm serenity, and reverential awe, turns his mind towards the moral Governor of the universe.

Among the endless proofs of the wisdom of God, afforded in the immensity of Creation, we have innumerable, and wonderful evidences, portrayed in the provision made for the wants of the vegetable and animal kingdoms. Every animal and plant, is amply supplied with the means for its propagation and continuance, and provided with a soil and climate admirably adapted to its peculiar nature. In order that vegetables might become generally diffused throughout the earth, and thereby contribute to the support of the animal kingdom, and more effectually to guard them against extermination, we find each wisely provided with the adequate means for its dissemination, which is effected either by seeds or widely extended roots; the former, if heavy and immovable, are generally palatable to birds and beasts, and being swallowed, are conveyed whither they roam. Others are provided with small hooks, which attach themselves to every moving body, that comes in contact with them, and are by this means distributed in the surrounding country. Others, again, are winged and feathered, and are thus easily wafted by the breeze to the remotest parts of the earth. The multitude of insects that prey upon vegetables, and in some cases to an alarming extent, is generally considered, by illiterate persons, as a curse pronounced upon man for his original iniquity, when in fact, it is a beautiful display of divine wisdom, as a means for preserving the various species of vegetables, and that unceasing and universal variety, that characterizes nature in all her operations. For as all plants are at war, as it were, with each other, each endeavoring to exterminate the other, were it not for the fact, that every plant has its proper insect, to curb its luxuriance, and to prevent it from multiplying to the exclusion of the others, the result would be, that plants would not be found growing indiscriminately together, giving beauty and variety to the earth's surface, but would exist in extensive groups. That plant which is most prolific, and best adapted to the soil and climate, would invariably gain the ascendancy, to the inevitable destruction of the other contiguous plants; and hence the unavoidable consequences would be, that many species of vegetables would become extinct, and sickening monotony would take the place of enlivening variety. In the arctic regions, where vegetation can flourish only a few months in the year, we discover that kind Providence has provided, by a wise arrangement in his laws, a copious supply of carbonic acid, by means of which vegetation is quickly matured, and thus adequate sustenance is afforded to the animal kingdom in those cold boreal climates. In the equatorial regions, on the other hand, where vegetation is extensive, and a corresponding quantity of carbonic acid is decomposed and expended in the nutrition of plants, we discover that the deficiency is supplied, by the superabundance of carbonic acid, from the polar regions, and that the same current of air which moves by the revolution of the earth, from the equator to the poles, brings to the arctic regions, in its passage from the equator, the superfluous oxygen generated there; and, in its return, carries back the carbonic acid gas, not needed in the process of vegetation, and thus, by infinite Wisdom, the balance of the atmospheric ingredients is preserved, and health secured to the vegetable and animal kingdoms. Wild vegetables possess the remarkable quality, of undergoing a

radical change, both in their external appearance, and the properties of their fruits, when submitted to the culture of man, and thereby contribute largely to his wants. And to preserve them from annihilation when deprived of human culture, they are wisely endowed with the mysterious faculty of degenerating into their original condition, which requires not human attendance to preserve them from extinction. Animals also possess this wonderful capacity, (though in a more limited degree,) of adapting their nature and configuration to concomitant circumstances; and in consequence thereof, contribute greatly to their own peculiar wants, and to that of man. The overgrown sturdy dray horse, with his widely expanded chest, and cumbersome body, is undoubtedly the progeny of the fleet, wild courser of the forest; and owes his present nature and configuration, to circumstances, attending the life of his immediate ancestors. The various species of dogs, says a celebrated author, "were all originally descended from common parents, and the various wants, arising from the circumstances under which each individual was placed, has produced the material change that we now observe." The sheep of the temperate zones, which supplies man so abundantly with clothing, with his soft, fleecy wool, unquestionably was once a species of tropical goat.

We are also filled with admiration, on considering the instinct and tendencies of certain vegetables. For instance, on examining the roots of a tree not requiring much moisture for its support, which perchance has grown near a brook, we invariably find, that they turn in their course, and extend in an opposite direction; whilst, on the other hand, on examining the roots of a tree requiring much aqueous nutriment, as that of the willow or elm, to our great astonishment, we discover that they turn towards the stream of water, that they may more abundantly absorb moisture, and thus more effectually sustain the luxuriant growth of the tree.

Dr. Good makes mention of a shrub that accidentally grew upon a decaying wall, which at first mounted upward with amazing rapidity, until it became imminently in danger of perishing for want of proper nourishment; when, suddenly, as if possessing intelligence, it was arrested in its upward progress, and expended its nutriment in sending its roots downward till they reached the ground, when it again commenced its usual upward growth. The perfect insolubility in cold water, of vegetable matter, in the progress of decay, appears, on close scrutiny, to be a most wise arrangement of nature. For if it possessed even the solubility ascribed to humic acid, it would be dissolved by rain water, and hence our fertile meadows would be deprived of their humus by long irrigations, and even slight rains would impoverish the ground; but under the present arrangement, it can only be dissolved when united to oxygen, and consequently can only be taken up by water, in the form of carbonic acid. The distribution of white colors in the arctic, and those of green and black in the tropical regions of the globe, is beautifully adapted to secure the end proposed, by the Eternal Mind. For were the reverse order to take place, the most fatal and destructive consequences would ensue. The solar heat in the polar districts, would be rapidly absorbed, and insupportable cold would be produced in the frigid zones; whilst, on the other hand, the solar rays would be reflected in the equatorial portions of the globe, and heat so excessive would accumulate in the lower stratum of atmosphere, that inevitable destruction to the animal and vegetable kingdoms would be the deplorable result. The infinite variety of beings and objects formed from a few simple elements, and the definite proportions in which these elements unite, speak volumes in favor of the wisdom of God; and are, of themselves, sufficient to convince every reasonable mind, that order and system pervade the universe; and that all nature is under the laws of infinite Intelligence. During the cold winter months, when the sun is partially withdrawn from our hemisphere, the moon with her enlivening silvery face, as if ushering from the Fountain of wisdom, makes her welcome visits, more lengthy

with us than during the summer, spreading cheerfulness and life over our land, and dispelling the midnight darkness. The most necessary things are with the most consummate wisdom, generally diffused; whilst, on the contrary, those things that are less essential to human happiness, are less numerous, and more solitary. Food, drink, raiment, &c., are distributed every where; whilst gold, gems and other luxuries, are found only in certain places. Grain and grasses, the most useful to mankind, grow in more soils and climates than any other vegetables; and air and water, are judiciously spread throughout the globe, and wisely placed beyond the control of man. The justice of God is often foolishly arraigned, by inconsiderate persons, who charge him with partiality for making an unequal distribution of his blessings, in conferring beautiful farms and superior native powers upon one person, and withholding them from another. But in fact, when we look upon this subject in a philosophical sense, we irresistibly discover, that the dissimilarity observed in the human form and countenance, so far from being an act of injustice, is a wonderful exhibition of infinite wisdom. For were not the human features and human person constantly various, there could be no mark of distinction between persons—crime would pass undetected; criminals would perpetrate their deeds of villainy with impunity, without the least possible means of detection, and ruinous anarchy and chaotic confusion would reign throughout the land.

The anomaly discovered in water, to the general principle, that all bodies expand when heated, and contract when cooled, is another striking instance of the mercy and wisdom of God; for were not water subjected to the law that causes it to expand, at all degrees below the freezing point, and gradually to contract and become more dense, till it attains 40° F., and then to reverse its law again, and expand for all degrees of elevated temperature above this point—the most fatal consequences would ensue. For as the water upon the surface of deep rivers and lakes became congealed into ice, it would constantly descend to the bottom, until the water became frozen solid, and the destruction of man, together with all other animals, would be unavoidable, for want of water. And even if water did not become more dense from the freezing point, till it attains 40° F., the ice in many of our deep waters would remain undissolved during nearly the whole extent of our summer season.

In leaving the earth's surface, and diving into the subaqueous portions of the globe, still there do we equally find that infinite wisdom is present. Here in this vast laboratory, we discover materials in abundance for the generations of the innumerable shells of the mighty deep, which, by many eminent philosophers, are supposed to be the mediate means by which granitic rocks are formed. Here, by the simple means of small zoophite, coral reefs are formed for the habitation of man, many thousand miles in extent. Mineral springs are constantly rising from the lowest depths of the ocean, yielding nourishment to submarine plants, and affording a constant supply of various salts to the grand aqueous reservoir—various marine inhabitants leave their retreats, as if urged by impulse, and roam through the boundless deep, affording sustenance to other animals that prey upon them. Thus, for instance, the seal makes his periodical excursions towards the poles, supplying food for the bear, wolf, &c.; whilst, on the other hand, the herring make their annual migrations towards the equator, affording exhaustless food for man and various marine animals. The boring shell, commonly called *teredo navalis*, has been foolishly considered by many, especially by seamen, as a destructive and useless animal, created by the Supreme Being to effect a vindictive and malignant purpose, in destroying ship timber; when, in truth, it is wisely designed by the Creator to serve a benevolent purpose—to bore, and subsequently to sink, the inconceivably large quantity of timber, that is floated by rivers into harbors and estuaries.

Among the numerous subjects that are included under the head of divine wisdom, the magnificence and beauty of the heavens, unquestionably strike



The eye, with the greatest force and splendor. By the aid of astronomical instruments, and a proper skill in using them, we discover that the planetary and stellar systems, are arranged in the heavens with the most perfect order, and harmony,—all occupying their respective places, in the immensity of space—each revolving in its allotted sphere, agreeable to certain immutably established laws—the sphere of each planet having the great king of day for its centre, which regulates its motion, and gives life, heat and light to its vegetable and animal kingdoms. Neither does he retire abruptly from our western, nor appear instantaneously in our eastern horizon; which would emerge suddenly from darkness to light, and from light to darkness, and thereby ruin our sense of vision, and subject us to many inconveniences; but by the wise provision of the refrangibility of light, and the refractive power of the atmosphere, his advent is gradual, and his exit slow and gentle; sending before or leaving behind him, his gentle daughter twilight.

The intelligence displayed in the human organism, and the constitution of the human mind, is of itself sufficient to fill the most callous heart with emotions of grandeur and irresistibly to force it to acknowledge, the existence of infinite wisdom.—Hamlet, in contemplating the grandeur of creation, breaks forth into this sublime apostrophe on man, "How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties! In form and moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a God! The beauty of the world, the paragon of animals!" In view of the unspeakable wisdom every where displayed in the universe, well did the celebrated philosopher exclaim, "O Lord! how manifold are thy works! in wisdom thou hast made them all." Or justly did the heathen Cicero, in the depth of emotions, declare that "The beauty of the world, and the admirable order of the stars, are alone sufficient to make us acknowledge the existence of an eternal and all perfect Being, who merits the veneration of the human race."

Seneca Falls, January, 1843.

E. L. DAVIS.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### A SIMILE.

I once had a young Pedagogue boarding with me, who made high pretensions to skill in figures. I took an opportunity to ask him to solve me a snug little problem in Arithmetic. He seized the slate with an air of assurance, and soon dashed me out an answer. But the difficulty was, he could not make it prove! He made another trial, and still another, but could not demonstrate his answer. This failure caused some of the children to think the fault was in Arithmetic itself; inasmuch as their learned teacher could not demonstrate his work. No, no, children, said I, do not think so; for I can assure you there is truth in Mathematics; and should he try and fail fifty times, still rest assured there is a blunder in the work. He has either misapplied the rules or else he has counted wrong. An unpretending bystander took up the slate, and with few figures wrought out the true answer, and proved it correct.

Just so, thought I, with the Christian religion—there is so much false figuring over it, that many children (and some with hoary heads!) are led to believe it all a farce. And no wonder; for craft and fanaticism have so far obscured the true light in the shades and mists of non-essentials, and external appearances and performances, that the quintessence of the whole, (viz., "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them,") is so obscured in the blaze of religious fanaticism, as to be considered too dark and dry to mention in a great revival assembly. But these false deductions are the inevitable result of a bad start in the premises. The false rule that the goodness of God is to turn on the goodness of his dependant creatures—that His nature is to be good to the good, and bad to the bad, is sheer Armianism, and has doubtless been the legitimate source of more infidelity than any other error ever promulgated in the world.

It was said of Titus, the Roman Emperor, that

"He had a soul so generous and so brave,  
That he his greatest enemies did save."

Is it not a pity for Christians to attach a character to the King of Kings, that would throw him completely into the shade when contrasted with that of a pagan monarch? What! God command us to burn the heads of our enemies with acts of kindness, and he burn his with endless wrath! It is not strange that "adders" will not listen to the sound of such charming. No, a bigoted, intolerant clergy have been for centuries figuring over a glorious subject; but basing it on a false theory, they fail in demonstrating. How is it possible for a man to love and adore a Deity that he thinks will torment a sinner endlessly for his sins; whilst he, himself, would be glad to save him from them if he had the power? It would seem as though the religious world had fancied that the Lord God had said unto them—"Now ye are coworkers together with me, and ye shall work by my rule, which is as follows—There is a world of sin and evil to resist, and when ye commence on poor sinners, begin with all, 'long suffering and labors of love; invite them, exhort the, and expostulate with them, and if they will be reclaimed by fair words and gentle means, well and good; but if not, when your patience is all exhausted, you will think that mine is also. Then turn upon them, give them over to the secular power for correction, if you have a union of church and state; if not, then do whatever the civil law will allow, if it is nothing more than to treat them with a kind of holy, scornful neglect.—If they are honest and kind-hearted, and make it the rule of their conduct to do as they would be done by, no matter, they are the more dangerous! If they will not confess your creed and receive your mark, call them infidels in disguise—treat them with studied religious contempt. You must allow them to attend your meetings, but should one arise to speak, sing him down, and bar all reasonings and investigations with him; for this is your safest way. Tell them that when the power of my love (which is stronger than death) has failed me, then will I overcome evil with my endless wrath! And be ye followers of me as dear children. When ye commence a revival, open with sweet inviting strains like the following—

"Come ye sinners poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity love and power.  
He is able—he is willing—doubt no more."

"But if there are any in divine presence who will not be born again, experience a change of heart, and become God's workmanship, and be created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that they should walk in them, before they step out over the threshold of your door; then tell them that I have changed my mind and feelings towards them entirely and eternally—that I have concluded to cast off forever, and anger shall henceforth rest in my bosom, as an eternal attribute of my nature—that I will no longer have compassion on the ignorant and those that are out of the way—that I will cause grief, but will no longer have compassion according to the (former) multitude of my mercies—that at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, to be sure; but some willingly, and some unwillingly; some shall bow to my love, and others to my wrath—that every tongue shall confess, but some sincerely, and from others I will extort an awful hypocritical confession, and then hurl them down to the abodes of eternal death—that my whole nature is love, but my love is confined to my friends alone!

"After laboring and slaving through a protracted meeting for weeks together, by day and by night, dismiss the impenitent part of your audience with pathetic lines like the following—

"Far in the deep where darkness dwells,  
The land of horror and despair,  
Justice has built a dismal hell,  
And laid her stores of vengeance there—  
Eternal plagues and heavy chains,  
Tormenting racks and burning coals,  
And darts to inflict immortal pains,  
Dipped in the blood of damned souls."

"And then retire and spend a sleepless night, wondering why the lion and lamb do not lie down

together under the sound of such good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people."

And now the way to state the sum and prove it, is this.—No matter how pious man is, nor how many religious duties he attends to, it is impossible for him to love the Gospel with that perfect love that casteth out fear, so long as he understands it to embrace the doctrine of endless misery; for if the Gospel means any thing else besides salvation alone, there is no dependence to be placed upon it. If it is not as the angel said, "good tidings to all people—it is good tidings to nobody. And 1 John iv: 18, 19, well understood, is the proof. "There is no fear in love—but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love. We love him because he first loved us."

L. ATKIN.

Sparta, November 24th, 1843.

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#### POPULAR ADMISSIONS....NO. IV.

JUSTICE.

That philosophy which could not advance a single sentiment peculiar to itself, without contradicting some other prominent and necessary part of the same system, would be generally called a refuge of lies. And yet there is nothing so justly exposed to this impeachment, as the creeds which are framed in support of endless wo. Some of these contradictions we have already presented to the reader; and we will give a few more. We can scarcely look at the prevailing theology, in any light, without being confronted with the utter irreconcilability of the integral parts which go to make up the whole. It says that God's justice demands the endless damnation of the sinner. And accordingly we often—very often—hear the advocates of this doctrine say that if justice was done, not a single sinner would be out of hell now, meaning an endless hell. And yet they talk a great deal about justice, and profess great concern because they fancy that universal holiness and happiness are opposed to the justice of God. One moment they belie the justice of God—voluntarily assume a state of things contrary to the demands of justice, and bless God for it; and then turn round and accuse Universalism of being contrary to justice, and profess to abhor it on that account.

Nor is this the worst feature of this doctrine, that justice demands more than is inflicted. It is a bare faced charge of injustice upon God. God is either just or unjust. There is no half way ground. If he is just, he does all that justice prompts. If he does not accomplish all that justice prompts, he is unjust. Injustice consists as much in withholding justice, as it does in inflicting too much—as much in deficiency and omission as in excess. We say, then, that Partialism accuses God of injustice, when it represents him as omitting or withholding the demands of justice. The universal utterance of its advocates, when they kneel to confess their sins and beg for pardon, is—"O Lord, if thou hadst dealt justly by me, I should have been in hell with the damned, long ago!" What an inconsistency to pretend to beg for mercy at the same moment that one is accusing God of not doing justly!

It involves a contradiction equally glaring. Here we are told that the justice of God is not enforced, and in some cases, at least, never will be. This is the sentiment of the Partialist and his creed. And the same person and the same creed, refer us to the justice of God as proof of the doctrine of endless damnation.—Thus the creeds of men tell us that the justice of God is the foundation on which is built the doctrine of endless wo; and then assure us that this justice is so far from being enforced, that men are rescued from its demand here, and will be saved hereafter, who are justly deserving of as much wo as any others ever did or ever will! The very justice of God on which endless dam-



nation depends, demands that the sinner should have been sent to hell long ago, and yet he is not there, and never will be. What a creed!

Let us condense this array of contradictions. Partialism is so much wedded to a certain something which it calls justice, that it abhors every thing which accords not with it, except itself. Then it contends that the very worst of sinners are not dealt justly by, and never will be. And then it says that the same justice, which it respects so much, and which is violated so often, is proof that sinners of far less viciousness, will be endlessly miserable. If any persons can show the harmony of truth among these propositions, I shall be much obliged to them. A. R. B.

### REASON.

"Yea, and why, even of yourselves, judge ye not what is right?" Luke xii: 57.

It will not be necessary to point out the facts with which this passage of Scripture is connected—its simple spirit is all that is necessary to be borne in mind, while our meditation is directed to a few thoughts concerning reason. The object of the passage was, to direct the attention of the Jewish people, with whom the Saviour was conversing, to the truth that they could judge for themselves, of the affairs which were developing around them—in regard to the Messiah and the consequences of his coming. It recognizes the fact, that they had the right of judgment, of reasoning; and that if they exercised the power of reason, they would be likely to discover the truth.

It is no less necessary to interrogate people now, than it was in the days of Christ, "*why, even of yourselves, judge ye not what is right?*" Necessary, not only because so many people suffer their reason to lie *perfectly idle* in relation to divine things; but because the idea is still frequently contended for, that people have no right to reason, to examine thoroughly, what may be advanced as Christianity—that reason is likely to lead people astray—that it is carnal to reason—that we must implicitly believe whatever the word of God teaches, without asking and pursuing the question, "*what is truth?*"

I know of no position so unphilosophical and unscriptural, as the thought that we must not reason concerning sacred subjects. Take reason from man, and he is deprived of his intellectual greatness—the star of his existence becomes quenched, and like the blind idolator who reasons not, or who reasons ignorantly, he is ready to bow to the rule of superstition. It is upon the exercise of reason that we depend for the development of truth which will enlighten people, give them purer views of self-government, and clearer notions of God's reign and rule. And for the possession of reason, we are indebted to the benevolence of God—it is a spark from the eternal mind, deposited in earthly tabernacles. And so far from seeking to repress it, God respects its operations and seeks its better health and exercise. He called his ancient people to reason with him concerning his government over them—"come now, *let us reason together*, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." In this sublime instance, in which God reasoned with the Jews, we find him recognizing the right of reason on their part; unfolding his actions to them that they might decide for themselves concerning their justice and benevolence. I repeat it then—mind, reason, the power of judging between truth and error, is one of the richest boons from God to man—it is the breathing of his benevolence; a shadowing of himself.

On what ground then, is it contended that reason must not be used in reference to Christian truth? We may say that its exercise will lead men to imbibe error, in many instances. Admitted—but it does not therefore follow, that the thing abused, is not to be exerted. The exercise of the power of eating frequently betrays men to excess—they often abuse their moral sentiments and rush into vice—but who would hence dream that we are neither to eat or be active moral beings, because our powers are liable to abuse? The very same argument

which is presented to show that *reason is carnal* in relation to *divine truth*, was produced as an argument by the Catholics against the free circulation of the Bible—for when, after the reformation, the first society of Deists sprang up in France, who rejected the Bible altogether, the Catholics argued that the fact of their rejecting it, was a strong reason why the great mass of people should not have the privilege of reading the Bible and deciding in regard to it for themselves. Now this argument is just as valid, as that which affirms that we must not reason concerning Christian truth, because so many *reason themselves into error*—though it may well be questioned, whether error, instead of arising from the exercise of reason, does not spring up for want of the healthy activity of reason.

We find it to be the case, by observation, that even those who affirm that reason is wrong, when exercised to test every religious opinion, do not hesitate to employ it in defence of Christianity. Let the atheist deny the existence of the supreme Being, and reason is at once roused into vigorous action in order to demonstrate the absurdity of his declaration. It ranges out into nature—it refers to the heavens and their countless hosts of worlds—to the earth and all its wonderful scenes—to the organized things which fill the vast universe—and by their side, tells the atheist to wake up his reason, that it may hear all those works

"Forever singing as they shine,  
"The hand that made us divine."

Let the deist declare that the Bible is a fable, Christ an impostor, the resurrection a dream—and no one thinks of pursuing any other course, than to reason with him. Reason labors with energy to show him the necessity of a revelation from God—the fact that the Bible is such a revelation, filled as it is with minute prophecies, so wonderfully fulfilled centuries after they were spoken, is pressed upon his notice—he is told of the life and death of Christ—of the excellence of his doctrine—of the miracles he performed—of the morality of the Scriptures. These, with multitudes of other arguments are urged upon his notice, and in their strength, he is asked to judge for himself, whether, under such circumstances, the Bible can be a deliberate imposition upon the world.

Now, in answering the atheist and deist, no person thinks of *denying the use of reason*. But the very moment we open the lids of the Bible, and proceed to investigate the truth of certain opinions which are said to be in the Bible, and to thoroughly test them, then we begin to hear that reason is not to be exercised in regard to sacred subjects—that we must take religious principles as they are given to us. Now the whole secret of this objection, is simply this—the church has written certain notions in her creed-books, which she declares are sustained by the Bible—but lest the exercise of reason should lead to a *denial* of those opinions, it is said that reason is carnal and must not be used in regard to the supposed sacred creeds.

But so far from this procedure being correct, it is evident that the great truths of Christianity, the express revelation of God with its sublimity of faith and excellence of precept, are addressed to man's reason, to his perception of what is just and consistent. Paul said to his brethren, "prove all things; hold fast that which is good;"—while Messiah said to the Jews, "yea, and why, even of yourselves, judge ye not what is right?" Thus by their respect to reason, they paid homage to it and recognized its excellences. In fact, without reason, the Scriptures are a dead letter—for it is by reason that we compass the truth, perceive their harmony, judge of their excellency, and rejoice in their noble influence among men. And I do not know of a single principle in them, which is exempt from the full gaze of reason. So far from enfeebling and depriving reason of its power in regard to Christianity, it is here that its greatest energy is demanded; its highest and holiest powers called for. And mind should be perfectly free, untrammelled, when approaching the book, which, like a full and gushing fountain, ever pours its waters of light and salvation into every community. Indeed, the individual who best appreciates the Scriptures—who enters the most fully into their spiritual meaning—who rejoices with the

greatest zest, in their sublime and ever holy truth—is he who has examined them most thoroughly and reasoned most fervently concerning them with all prayerful industry.

And if people would exercise their reason more and trust their teachers less—if they would persevere in thoroughly ascertaining whether the religious opinions presented them are indeed taught in the Bible—if their minds were always exercised with the question which Pilate addressed to the Saviour, "*what is truth?*"—then there would be less error, less difference of faith, and consequently far less bitter opposition than now exists between the sects. G. W. M.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The marriage in Mentz had no name as a voucher for the notice. We repeat, we can not insert notices of marriages and funerals that are sent us *anonymously*—they must be signed by some responsible person. In fact, all articles and notices intended for publication should be signed by the writer's or sender's name. If the name is not to be published, say so, and we will keep it secret. But we insist on it, that a correspondent who can not and will not confide in an Editor's honor, has no right to ask an Editor to confide in the honor and veracity of an anonymous writer. Are we understood?

Br. Kibbe—please favor us with your address, we have a letter for you. Your volumes will be bound for you, if sent to this office.

Br. Kingsbury—the cars run daily on the road from Auburn to Albany, at present.

Br. E. T. M.—I would prefer waiting until you can get more information. A call for more, might be inserted.

Br. Warren's sermon in our next.

Dorothy's letter received, and will be duly attended to. The former article was not inserted because it was too long for one number, and would not well allow being divided. The article is really a good one—none too severe for the circumstances were the fellow himself worth the notice. But I have seen so much of his want of candor and veracity in his published articles—of his determination to misrepresent us, in despite of all the kindly given information of our brethren, that I must conclude that God has permitted him to cherish the strong delusion that "the end justifies the means," and left him to believe a lie, that he may be damned. Perhaps after Satan has tormented him sufficiently, he may realize that God judgeth in the earth, and so his spirit be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus. Amen.

The above remarks are thus offered, to save the labor of writing letters to each person concerned. A. B. G.

THE REGISTER FOR 1844.—Inquiries are sometimes made, why a certain preacher's name is inserted, or another's omitted, in the Register? I answer, in general terms, that I can give no reasons about it, being wholly dependant on brethren at a distance for information and correction of the list. Probably there is no design in either case, but simple inattention or forgetfulness. In some cases, men are retained in formal fellowship by their Associations, long after they have ceased to preach, or to be worthy. Now it is not my province (or that of my informant) to judge the Association, and rectify their neglect of duty. All such persons must be registered as preachers in fellowship, for they are *officially* such; and if there is any wrong about it, and any blame for that wrong, let it be charged where it belongs—to the negligent, or cowardly, or corrupt Association; for one or the other it is in such case. Indeed, I believe the registering of such persons is useful, inasmuch as the public shame may drive the Associations to do their duty. I believe that the publication of our Register annually, with the necessary calls for statistical information, has had a powerful influence in regard to a better organization in our denomination. It shows the necessity for organizing our various ecclesiastical bodies, and keeping them organized, in such a way that the annual calls for information may be supplied, and that the published statements may be a little more correct, and full,



and creditable to the persons and societies and Associations concerned. I know that it has had such an effect; and I hope that this effect may be increased until we can have a Register whose gaps, and vacuums, and errors, will not cause any Universalist to blush.

But the object of this article is to say, let the Standing Clerk of every Association in our order, furnish a list of preachers and societies, &c., &c., in fellowship (and of those approved preachers not in fellowship) with his Association, and send it to the nearest Universalist Editor for publication forthwith—and I may get my list corrected up to the present date at least.

Will our Editors please notice this call, and publish the answers they may receive, in their respective papers? and greatly oblige all concerned in this department of labor.

A. B. G.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"THE TREE OF LIFE, a monthly Journal devoted to the doctrines of universal grace." Published in Waterloo, Seneca county, N. Y., at \$1.00, or 75 cents if paid in advance, by *Alihu Bordman*! A ministering brother has sent us the first number of this small sheet of interesting odds and ends, for which he has our thanks. We wish to say nothing of Mr Bordman; but as he publishes a professedly *Universalist* paper, we deem it proper to inform the public, that Rev. Alihu Bordman, formerly of the Methodist ministry, is not in the fellowship of the Universalist denomination, and that therefore he alone is responsible for his own sayings, writings and doings.

"RECOLLECTIONS OF FIFTY YEARS SINCE; with glances at present aspects and future portents of the age and times. A Lecture delivered before the Young Men's Association of the city of Utica, February 2d, 1843.—By Ezekiel Bacon. R. W. Roberts, Printer, pp. 43." We thank the venerable and esteemed author for a copy of the above lecture; the more particularly as its perusal greatly interested and amused, as well as instructed us. It is a very agreeable mélange of recollections of the past, candidly compared with the improvements and deteriorations of present manners, customs, conveniences and morals. Judge Bacon, unlike too many of the aged, looks through *hopeful* eyes, and consequently, in most respects, the future of our earth, though he may not see but a little portion of it, send its brightness back to warm and cheer his own heart. The moral reflections and excellent advice to the young, which close his lecture, are worthy of the giver and the receivers. The pamphlet is for sale in our Bookstores generally, and should have been noticed earlier—but "better late than never" says the Editor for himself, and to those whom he advises to purchase and read it!

A. B. G.

CHRIST HEALING THE SICK—This large and beautiful and interesting painting, by Sir Benjamin West, is now being exhibited in Mechanic's Hall in this city, and will soon be exhibited in the principal places in the western part of this State. The subject of this painting is recorded in Matt. xxi: 14, 15—and its merits are universally acknowledged to be very great—worthy the fame of the great American artist by whom it was designed and executed. The price of admission is put so low, that nearly all can embrace this (probably *only*) opportunity of seeing a great painting, by a great artist, on an interesting and instructive subject. Let all who have, or would cultivate, a taste for such things, spend an hour in calmly and quietly surveying this picture, and trying to become absorbed in its representations.

A. B. G.

THE ZINCALLI; or an account of The Gipsies of Spain. with an original collection of their Songs and Poetry. By George Borrow, author of the Bible in Spain, &c.

Every reader of that delightful book—"The Bible in Spain"—will hail the appearance of another work by the author, in the same cheap and commodious form, with feelings of sincere pleasure. Nothing can be more exciting and interesting than this picturesque and vivid narrative of the customs, habits and dwellings of those wild, strange and gregarious people. They are more wonderful than the Egyptians of old, or the wandering hordes of Asia and Africa. Mr. Borrow lived among them till they fancied him one

of themselves—and the reader may well be subject to the same illusion, on account of the perfect knowledge which the author displays, with all the romantic incidents and adventures of these Ishmaelites of modern days.

Terms.—Single copies 25 cents—five copies for \$1; \$16 per hundred. Address, J. Winchester, 33 Ann-st. N. Y.

### THAT FIFTY CENTS!!!

The time is approaching when our terms will require the addition of *fifty cents* to the subscription of all those who have not paid for the current volume. We remind our patrons of this fact, in the hopes that they will be induced to benefit themselves, and at the same time give us that assistance which we so much need at the present time. Will our agents endeavor to collect as much, and as speedily as possible, and forward the same.

### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching on the fourth Sunday inst., by Br. W. H. RYDER in New Hartford—Br. GROSH at Little Falls.

There will be preaching on the fifth Sunday inst., by Br. GROSH in Syracuse.

### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P M, Rochester, for H H and S O—P M, Hindsburgh, for J C—P M, Middleport, for A F—P M, Brooklyn, (Pa) for F B, A F, R K and G P—P M, Columbus, (Pa) for P K W and S D—P M, Borodino, (Mich) for A B and H F—P M, Superior, (Mich) for self and E P—P M, Sherburne, for A S—W F G, Auburn, for S L D, W H C, P G F and E N K—P M, Pike, for A A, O L, M L S and E S.

### SECULAR NEWS.

The English papers make mention of the death of Richard Carlisle, the infidel publisher; and they add that he, some time since, made an open profession of Christianity.

The whale ship Barclay, at New Bedford, reports that the United States sloop of war John Adams sailed from Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, on the 3d of January, from Rio Janeiro, having Capt. Boernum and the other officers and crew of the sloop of war Concord, lost on the East Coast of Africa.

The Baptist church at Holland Patent with all its contents, was destroyed on the 16th inst. Origin of the fire unknown.

A bill has been read in the Senate of Pennsylvania by Mr. Sullivan, called "an act to punish seduction, and to afford a more adequate remedy for the injury." The bill declares that the seduction of any female is an indictable offence, and in addition to the remedies now given by law, any person convicted of this offence in any court of quarter sessions, shall be sentenced to pay a fine of not less than \$500, nor more than \$10,000, at the discretion of the court, and further, to undergo solitary confinement, at hard labor, in the penitentiary, not less than one year, nor more than ten; and that the action for seduction may be sued by the mother or any other relative of the female seduced.

At a meeting of the Synod of Alabama, on the third week in January last, contributions were called for to purchase a colored man, a slave, of extraordinary character. It was stated that he was a good classical scholar, and wholly self-taught. He is a blacksmith; and it was stated on the floor of the Synod, by members and others, who knew him, that he first learned the letters of the alphabet by inducing his master's children and others, to make the letters one at a time, on the door of the shop. In this way he familiarized himself with the letters and their names. He then learned to put them together and make words, and soon was able to read. He then commenced the study of arithmetic, and then English grammar and geography.

It was also stated that he is now able to read the Greek Testament with ease, has some knowledge of the Latin language, and even commenced the study of the Hebrew language, but relinquished it in consequence of not having suitable books. It was stated that he studied at night till 11 or 12 o'clock, and that in conversing with him, they felt themselves in the presence of their equal.

Mr. Shortridge, formerly a merchant in Portsmouth, N. H., but for sometime poor and subject to occasional derangement, recently became greatly troubled by the doctrines of Miller, and had made a garb for the Second Advent. The Boston Bulletin states, that a few days since, becoming impatient, he climbed to the top of a tree, clothed in his robe, and attempting to leap upward fell to the ground and was killed.

The heirs of one of our oldest and wealthiest citizens, who died a few weeks back, on taking possession of his house discovered a large sum of money of which they had no previous knowledge whatever. They continued their researches until the sum of one hundred thousand dollars was collected, (of which there was no account left by the deceased,) part in bank bills but the larger portion in checks, one, two and three years old, upon our city banks—not certified—and yet every dollar of which was promptly paid on presentation at the different banks. Such windfalls are rare enough.—[N. Y. American.

Dates to the 29th of November have been received at Baltimore from Gyaquil. A fever was then raging there, and the population of the city, which in healthy times was 20,000, had diminished to 4,000. Most of them have fled to the neighboring cities.

THE RAIL-ROAD ARRANGEMENT.—The two daily trains of cars are not to be run through until the first of April. The present arrangements will be continued until then. So Mr. Wells of Pomeroy's Express, informs us.—Rock. Dem.

A child about four years old, a son of Mr. Walter, of Lyel Road, was choked to death on Saturday evening, in consequence of getting a bean in his throat, while playing with it.—Rock. Dem.

We are informed by Mr. Lynds, superintendent of the Troy and Schenectady Rail Road depot at Saratogo Springs was destroyed by fire yesterday morning, with eleven passenger cars and twelve freight cars. The building was a large one, and the loss by the fire must be considerable.—Troy Whig.

The sixth of April ensuing has been set apart by the Governor of Massachusetts, as a day of humiliation, fasting and prayer, throughout the commonwealth.

Mr. Amasa Stetson, of Dorchester, Mass., has presented the citizens of that town with a spacious building valued at \$10,000. It is divided into two large stores and a school room, and the rents of the stores are to be applied to the support of the school.

The late insurrection in Rhode Island cost that State \$98,959 18.

A gentleman at Point Petre, (Guadaloupe,) giving an account of the earthquake which recently destroyed that city, mentions that while he was attempting to escape, his foot and leg were caught in one of the deep fissures of the earth, and he thought that he was fast. But another shock came, and the crack opened again, and he escaped.

The Albany Daily Advertiser of the 5th inst., says:—A young man while attending a thrashing machine at Esperance, Schoharie county, a few days since, in the act of pitching the sheaves, slipped and fell, his head striking immediately upon the teeth of the machine, and was drawn in and instantly crushed to atoms. The unfortunate boy died immediately.

We understand that the estate of the late Elmore Williams, of this city, is estimated at about \$500,000; and it yields the income of that sum. It is also, we believe, totally without debt. This large property is the accumulation of one life in the city of Cincinnati, without speculation or mercantile operations of any kind.—Cin. Chron.

THE MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE is published every Friday, at 41 Genesee street, by GROSH & WALKER, at \$1.50 per annum, in advance, or within four months; \$2.00 if not paid within four months; and \$2.50 if not paid within the year.



## MEMORY OF JOYS THAT ARE PAST.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

There is a tear of sweet relief—  
A tear of rapture and of grief;  
The feeling heart alone can know  
What soft emotions bid it flow;  
It is when memory charms the mind,  
With tender images refined;  
'Tis when her magic spells restore  
Departed friends and joys no more.  
There is an hour—a pensive hour,  
And oh! how dear its soothing power;  
It is when twilight spreads her veil,  
And steals along the silent dale;  
'Tis when the fading blossoms close,  
When all is silence and repose;  
Then memory wakes; and loves to mourn  
The days that never can return.  
There is a strain—a plaintive strain,  
The source of Joy, and yet of pain;  
It is the song whose dying measure  
Some friend beloved has heard with pleasure,  
Some friend who ne'er again may hear  
The melting lay of Memory dear;  
Ah! then by magic spells restore  
Visions of blissful day no more.

From the United States Gazette.

## TOO LATE.

"It is well," said the venerable man to his wife, as they sat together late one evening in July, 1840, "it is well that we discovered the character and habits of the young man, before he had advanced farther in our esteem; he might else have inveigled our only daughter into marriage, and brought disgrace upon us, as well as misery upon our child."

"Which would have been misery to us, too, surely," said the wife.

"It would have been insupportable misery. But, thank God," continued he, raising his eyes in heartfelt gratitude, "I was informed in season to prevent my child from the disgrace of a connection with a —."

"With a what?" said a good looking young man, bowing to the venerable pair, "with a what, sir? speak out now! I am your daughter's husband; and it seems not unfit that there should be so much confidence between father and son, as that the father should know the opinion of the former upon his pursuits, when the former knows the relation in which each stands to the other."

"If it is too late to prevent the marriage," said the father—

"It is too late."

"Then, at least, though my rights as a father may have ceased, those of a husband and of a man are unimpaired; and if I can not rule those in my house, I can, at least, say who shall be its inmates."

"Father," said the bride, kneeling, with clasped hands, "do not cast me from you; give me—give him time at least, to prove that you have not done him justice. Mother, dear mother!"

The closing of the door at the other side of the room drew the attention of the suppliant, and she found that her husband was the only one left with her. It was too late.

Hand in hand the newly married pair left what had been to the wife an Eden of quiet happiness. The stern commands of a father were there, at least, to be obeyed; and she was yet to learn whether a serious act of disobedience on her part, would ever be forgiven by one had seemed wrapped up in her affections—whose life was apparently entwined with her obedience.

She left that Eden, then. Hand in hand the banished pair took their departure; and as the offending daughter, and confiding wife, turned back to look at the closing door of her paternal mansion, it seemed to her, indeed, as if some angel, severe in awful beauty, guarded the portal against her entrance to the place which she had desecrated by filial disobedience.

The pride of the new husband, was just too much for his situation. He was anxious, not only to maintain his wife independently of her family, but to give her ma-

ny of those comforts to which she had been accustomed. He could easily have attained the former, and have met all her wishes in that respect; but his pride induced him to neglect rational means of acquiring ordinary comforts, and led him to resort to what he deemed chances of sudden wealth. He had, before his marriage, suffered in the estimation of many respectable persons, by his associating with certain dashing young men, who, to their other social qualities, were supposed to add that of fondness for games of hazard. He had amused himself in that way without pecuniary profits, and by observation, had learned the tricks of the art without practicing them upon others.

Time passed onward, and the young wife became a mother, and saw, in the birth of her boy, a renewal of the attentions of her husband, which, without apparent lapse of affections, certainly without other evidences of unkindness, had of late been pretermitted. He had absented himself from his home until a late hour at night, and had appeared haggard and care worn. It was also obvious, that the means of support were diminished, and the wife began to feel many, very many, of her comforts curtailed. The descent was rapid, and with it, the renewal of absence of the husband at night; but no open unkindness was exhibited, nor was there reproach on her part, unless the pale cheek, the emaciated frame, and the heart broken sigh could be so construed.

Misery, wretchedness, absolute want, beset the family; and the husband tore himself away from the bed of his wife and child early in the evening, with a determination to bring back to them some means of comfort. He met an old friend, who informed him that a place was vacant in an office which, with security for fidelity, would be his.

"And who will be that security?"

"Who? Any one—I will. I told you so two years ago."

"Will you now, indeed?"

"Present yourself to me to-morrow free of debt, and I will insure the place."

He was not free from debt, but a few hundred dollars would make him so. He felt assured that a few hours at the gaming table, the last time he would ever darken the accursed doors, would supply him with means to pay those debts—more than that he would not receive.

He hastened to the place, and paused at the last step of the door. "Why should I go in? The few hundred dollars which I owe, I can soon save; and he who, knowing my poverty, would be security for fidelity, would not think worse of my character, if I confess my indebtedness, and my determination never to place myself within the chance of such dangers again."

The resolution so excellent relieved his heart, and he turned with new feelings to adopt a course of virtue. It was then "too late."

He saw within a few yards of him, one of the officers of the institution in which he was to have a place of trust. To have turned from the door would be to expose himself, and he could not stand where he was. He entered, he played, and at midnight had won a few dollars. His "luck had turned," he said; he "followed up the luck," and daylight saw him possessed of more than the desired sum.

He left the gambling room a man of better resolves than he had been, though he had always resolved well. He thought of the pleasure in store, of the good he would yet do, and the delights he could yet enjoy.

The outer door of the house in which he lived was open. He stole quietly up the stairs, and gently lifted the latch of his room door. It was dark and still. The child, at length, moved. He felt that his wife had occasion to complain of his long absence, but the joy of his heart was to make her understand the new resolution he had formed, and the means he now possessed of carrying it into effect. He called her by name—she did not answer. He felt that his new intentions deserved more kindness. He called again, but in vain. He then opened a window shutter, and the light of the morning poured full upon the face of his infant. He went to the bed to awaken his wife. He laid his hand upon her arm,

and its icy chillness struck to his heart. He threw himself upon the bed, and groaned in anguish. The crying of the child called some of the tenants of the house to the room.

The Coroner's aid was demanded over the dead body of the wife. The verdict of the jury was, "Died of the visitation of God." But one or two thought that distress had weakened her frame so much, that the anxiety and cares, the new feeling of suspicion, or the sense of utter abandonment that night, had been too much. Her heart broke with its over freight.

The pride of the injured father at length yielded, and with quiet efforts, he traced out the residence of his daughter.

Determined to meet her at more than half way towards reconciliation, he came just as the husband had awakened to sense of his misery. It is "too late," said the latter, and pointed to the bed.

The pomp of a funeral did not insult the wretchedness of the living, or the emaciated form of the dead.

The grave is on the very verge of the western declivity of Laurel Hill. There is no stone to tell whose heart moulders there. Why should there be? What lesson could it teach?

He whose reformation was almost begun before her death, tried the path of virtue afterwards, but it was "too late."

He had resolved to reform for the sake of his wife, and not for the sake of virtue.

## YANKEE ENTERPRISE.

The adventurous and enterprising disposition of the inhabitants of New England, has been frequently remarked, and is universally known. There is not a sea, however tempestuous or remote, which has not been furrowed by the keels of their ships; there is not a port, however inhospitable and uncivilized, which has not seen the gleam of their canvass; there is not a branch of trade which has not derived additional impulse from their energetic and persevering activity. Unchecked by dangers or distance, they launch out into the world with a confidence in their own resources, possessed, in an equal degree, by no other people, and which in itself is the surest guaranty of success. They seek their fortunes in every corner of the world; they mingle in every kind of business; they discover new sources of trade, or improvements in conducting old branches; and they drive before them, wherever they come, the less energetic, enterprising, and intelligent competitors they find in the field. A good illustration of the spirit which actuates them, is to be seen in a recent letter, published in some of the newspapers, from an officer of our squadron now in the China seas. He describes the beautiful opium ships which he saw, and mentions his astonishment at finding them, though under British colors, officered by Americans. Another anecdote, which, perhaps, our readers will recollect, has been frequently told to the same point, respecting some Russian exploring expedition in the South seas. The squadron had attained a degree of latitude, which it was supposed had never before been reached when land was descried. The commander was congratulating himself upon a discovery which was to immortalize his name, when, standing out from the land, a schooner was observed, which was a sealing vessel of thirty tons. Hoisting the stars and stripes, the Yankee captain ran along side of the Commodore, and very politely offered to pilot him in. The Russian was most probably astonished to find such a craft and crew at a spot which in Europe was not known to exist; but, for ourselves, we can not conceive of a place where to find a Yankee that would astonish us.—Working a gold mine on Himalah, or speculating in dead horse flesh among the Usbees—heading a caravan across the Sahara, or trapping bears at the north pole—bartering yellow buttons for goat's hair in the capitol of the Grand Lama, or exchanging fox-caps and coral, for Soudan ingots, in the stalls of Timbuctoo—in any and all these places and employments we could meet a Yankee, a real down-easter, without the slightest emotion of surprise.—*Hunt's Merchants Magazine.*



# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE

## AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."....."PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, MARCH 31, 1843.

NO. 13.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### FUNERAL SERMON.

Delivered at the funeral of Mr. Douglas Parke, of Pitcher, Chenango county, in July last, and now published by request.

BY REV. A. O. WARREN.

"But man dieth and wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" Job xiv: 10.

Assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to a fellow mortal, it is becoming in us to entertain right feelings, and motives. No careless thought should be allowed to pass through the mind; no trifling subject should occupy our hearts; no vain feelings of pride and ambition should be allowed to rise; but all that is full of vanity should be forever excluded from the mind, while in the house of mourning. No feelings of revenge, hatred, or ill-will, should be brought here; no bone of contention should be contested for here; but all should be peace, union and sympathy. Our hearts should be occupied, not with the cares of active business and worldly gain, but with higher themes and nobler objects.

We should not place our dependance entirely in time, and on the things of this earth; but should be reminded of the uncertainty and fickleness of them. We should be reminded that we are human, subject to every variety of change, from the greatest prosperity to the very lowest state of want, and last of all, to death itself. This is a change, however unwelcome it may be, which will sooner or later pass upon all men. But not only man must die, but all animate nature must fall before the grim messenger. Of this fact, we should be most strongly reminded, on occasions like the present. Here we have convincing evidence of our feebleness. Here we have an evidence of man's mortality, and of the changeableness of the things of time. But, if we let our thoughts rove for one moment from this solemn scene, and cast our mind's eye upon creation, we see change stamped upon every thing with indelible characters.

Think of the condition that our now happy country was in some three hundred years ago. Then the tall green forest raised its mossy boughs high above the earth for the abode of the feathered tribes, and a shelter for wild beasts. "Then the wild thistle unmolested nodded in the wind," or scattered its seed upon the evening breeze. Then another race of men dwelt on the face of all this land, peacefully, with none to molest, or make afraid.

But how different is the scene now! All these things have vanished away like a dream, and we can scarcely persuade ourselves that it is reality. No trace can now be found here of this race of men, and if we ask where are they, "the chronicler of the grave answers, they have withdrawn," and wasted away before the light of civilization, and soon the last roar of the Pacific's wave will settle over them forever. Where once they reared the wigwam, now waves the luxuriant field of grain. Where once were their peaceful homes, and their sacred burying ground, now stands the field of snowy cotton, and on their fishing grounds stands the populous city, whose streets are thronged with another race of beings, that heed not their memory. These facts show to us in a clear manner, that change is stamped upon all things earthly; that here there is nothing stable and firm. Even one entire race of men have died, and wasted away, "yea, they have given up the ghost" and where are they? Let these facts settle into our hearts, and there let them start conviction, and remind us that we too are mortal, subject to change, and that ere long the last great change will come, and then "the places that know us now, shall know us no more forever."

Yes, this is verily so, and we have many things to remind us of its truth.

The tender grass is a faint, but true representative of man's life here. The tender flower as it fades on its feeble stalk, and its silver leaves fall, speaks with a silent eloquence to man saying, "you too, like me, must die, and waste away."—But who would stay the seasons as they roll, and dwell in perpetual spring? Who would wish to see the face of nature ever wearing a rosy bloom? Ah, no one. It is well that the beauties of spring, and the odors of summer, fade away to give place to the fruit of autumn. Perpetual spring would yield the husbandman but a poor harvest. Complain not, then, that the beauties of spring depart; let the year roll on; let the flowers fade away, and though the change cause sadness, still let us rejoice in the hopes and prospects of an overflowing harvest. How fully does this represent human life! It comes forth, and is cut down; so it is with us. We come into the world and our faculties expand, and grow like the swelling bud, and they burst into loveliness and strength, like the flower, and for a while all is life and activity. But as the flowers bloom but to die, so man, with all his noble and majestic powers, his strength and the glory of his nature, must die and waste away. Yes, the glories of human nature will depart, the flower will wither and fade away to ruin, none can save the flower or man from death.

Of this fact all must have knowledge, for we are not left to infer this from circumstances, or to draw this conclusion from the decaying flower; but we see man, our brethren and sisters, our fathers and mothers, our sons and our daughters, on every hand giving up the ghost, and we follow their remains to the silent mansions of the dead, where they repose unmolested. In fact these very forms of ours, which are now active in busy life, that move so gracefully along at will, contain within them the seeds of destruction to which they must sooner or later fall victims. It is impossible that these frames should slumber in the dust. But this is not all.

When we take up the volume of Inspiration, which our Maker has put in our hands, we find a reason for all this, and also, that it is certain, saying, "Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return." Here we learn that man was formed to die, and we feel this truth but too forcibly at the present time. We now know, indeed, that "man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost," "and goeth to his long home and the mourners go about the streets."

Hence, being convinced of the truth of this fact, all men look forward with a fearful apprehension, to the approach of that unwished-for period, which shall shut their eyes forever from the things of time. They startle oft at the thoughts of death's approach, as if it were a fearful foe. All sexes and ages draw back from his cold embrace. But why is it? It is because they know not his character. One has said he was the forerunner of the most execrating misery, and "has clothed him with a loathsome shape and sent him on a dreadful errand." Another has said with death man ceases to exist, that death brings cold, blank annihilation.

"These cunningly devised sayings, which have been given for the character of death, have doubtless operated with a power little less than a spell of enchantment on many timid souls, and being so well calculated to coalesce with the fears, and prejudices of the unenfranchised mind, it has helped to weave the worm-wood chaplet, which has crowned death, the king of terrors. And, through constant fear of this great devastation, they have been

all their life time subject to bondage, and oh how cruel has that bondage been! The ideas which are naturally, and inevitably associated with the thoughts of death, when we gaze upon the motionless form, the rigid features, the glazed and rayless eye, and the forever sealed lips of some one whom we have fondly loved, with whom we have been wont to hold sweet converse, and whom we were about to commit to the cold tenantry of the narrow house, are of themselves sufficiently painful. And then, when the thought comes of pleasures vanished, of friendship severed, of hearts bleeding, and of hopes blasted by his touch; and when, too, we reflect, as we look upon the marble representative of what was once life and joyous motion, that we too, yea, that all who live are soon to be summoned to join

"The innumerable caravan  
That moves to the pale realms of shade, and take  
Our silent chamber in the halls of death,"  
sadness fills the heart.

"We all know, that the ghastly pageant of the pale monarch, as he thus presents himself, is well calculated to check the heart's pulsation and cause the purple current to run back, blanched, to its source, and the poor afflicted mortal, to sink from the remorseless tyrant, with aversion and dread."

We know that the fear of death, and the love of life, is strongly interwoven with every fibre of our hearts. But it is not enough in the last trying hour, or in the season of mourning, to be convinced that we must die, and that our bodies must be committed to the silent tomb, there to moulder into dust; it is not enough to be told that we must leave all that is now held most dear to our hearts, and sink into forgetfulness and inactivity; it is not enough that we should hear of the agonies of death, or have the dying scene brought up fresh to our minds, or be told that they are forever gone from our reach while on earth, and that they are removed far beyond the reach of pain, unhappiness and death; but there is another thought that rests heavily upon the mind, which, it seems, would greatly relieve our feelings if it could be answered. Nay, let philosophers theorise on the certainty of death, its power and character, if they will; let them describe the horrors and work of death in the most glowing manner, or with language that burns; still it is void of consolation, the needed relief on occasions like the present.

We are all convinced that "man must die and waste away; yea, that he must give up the ghost;" but we mourn their departure and must, till we have the question answered, which is proposed by Job in the text. After saying, "man giveth up the ghost," he asks, and with emphasis, "where is he?" And again in another verse he inquires for the same thing in different language, saying, "if a man die shall he live again?" Let these questions be answered, and death is robbed of his terror, and the grave of its gloom. The mourner's tears cease to flow in a great measure, though we can not but mourn our loss. Yes, let these be answered aright, and we no longer fear to meet the grim messenger; but, if they are answered wrong, it only adds new gloom and dread to his already dreadful character. But how shall we answer these aright, seeing there are so many different ideas about it? One has said, that death could only transplant the greater part of the human family from this world of care and disappointment to another, where never-ending torture awaits them. Another, that death was to be the closing of man's career, both now and forever. They have said that man, with all his noble powers and gifted intellect, must sleep the dreamless sleep of death, and never awake. Now



with these opposite sentiments before us, how shall we decide?

Not from men's opinions. We have something more sure than this. It is the word of God, or the Gospel of his Son. But it must be admitted, that if we had no other instruction than the Old Testament, our trust would be small and our hope would not be sure as it now is; though the prophets seemed to catch a glimpse of the glorious future, which they described in glowing language. But, aside from this, little was known or said. It was left for another to bring this truth to light, and cause the sad and desponding hearts to cheer up, for all is well. The wise man, however, seemed to look beyond this vale of tears, and he said, "when the silver cord should be loosed, or the golden bowl broken at the fountain, then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God, who gave it." But this does not seem quite sufficient, and we inquire still "where is he?"

But thanks be to God, he has not left us alone to lament the departure of our kindred, but has sent his only begotten Son into the world, to give us the desired information, and has answered our question satisfactorily. Almighty goodness and wisdom saw, while seated on the throne of mercy, that the life of man was as a shadow; he saw that as the lightnings mark their crooked course among the clouds, and leave no trace, so man wasteth away and leaveth no durable remembrance. He saw too, that over the grave there hung a cloud of impenetrable darkness. No ray of light could be caught from beyond the silent tomb, by man. His vision could not pierce the dark vista that hung over the tomb. Hence he sent his Son to raise the vail from off the grave, and to let the light of his Gospel, light up the dark shadow of the valley of death.

As he went from city to city, he strove to win the minds of the people from the things of this world, as much as was for their benefit, and to place them on higher objects, that would not, like earth's, fade away. He strove to soothe the mourner's anguished bosom, and to dry their tears, even when he was going to the fatal spot that was doomed to close his earthly career. Looking around him then, and seeing some lamenting his sad fate, their minds filled with all the horrors of death and the gloom of the grave, he said to them, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children."

Again, standing at the tomb of Lazarus, with his two sisters, who were bathed in tears, he pointed them to a brighter scene, saying, "Thy brother shall rise again;" and again he says; "I am the resurrection and the life." Consolation to all was his aim, and to effect this, he labored. But for this he was despised and persecuted. The Pharisees railed at him because he taught equality in the resurrection, and the Sadducees, who deny the resurrection, questioned him concerning it. They brought up the case of the woman who had seven husbands, and asked with triumph, having silenced the Pharisees with the same, "in the resurrection, whose wife shall she be of the seven, for they all had her?" But how were their mouths stopped when he said, "ye do err, not knowing the Scripture, nor the power of God; for in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven;" or as St. Luke has it, "neither can they die any more, for they are equal unto the angels, and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection."

Here the darkness begins to fly away, and we behold the morning twilight of eternal life, beyond the grave, beginning to pierce the dark clouds of the shadow of death. We begin to feel assured, that the sleep of death is not an eternal sleep. It causes us to believe, that though our mortal frames decay and moulder into dust, yet the spirit springs away from its clayey tenement, to a brighter world, where it is not subject to pain and death any more, but is as the angels, "a child of God being a child of the resurrection." O then wipe away the falling tear, my friends, for to you these words are spoken. Think not that the beloved husband and Father has ceased to be, but that he lives on in im-

mortal bloom. But this is not the only evidence that we live after death in continued life and happiness. Christ told his disciples, that the third day after his death, he should rise. But when they saw him groan and give up the ghost on the cross, when they saw his body laid in the cold sepulchre and a watch set about; they began to suspect that there was his final end. But lo! a sudden trembling shakes the ground, and it is announced to their gloomy minds, that he is alive and has arisen from the dead. Hope once more cheers their minds, the gloomy spell of doubt and anxiety, that had hung over the grave, was now broken, and they felt assured that because he lived after death, they should live also; for thus he had taught them. They saw the bars of death broken asunder, and the king, himself, led away captive forever by one he had once taken. Yes, their Lord and Master had raised the vail, and brought to light a glorious immortality beyond the grave.

Of the truth of this, we rest satisfied, for it is impossible that there should be a mistake. And if we look at St. Paul's testimony on this same subject, we feel more sure (if it were possible) of its truth. He testifies, that he had seen our Lord after his resurrection, and he labored to prove the resurrection, for on this truth was based all his hope and consolation. Deprive him of this hope, and he is like a mariner on the heaving billows, without a helm or a compass to guide his unway-wise vessel. Most truly did he regard this as the polar star in his gospel firmament; for, says he, "if in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." But he continues his testimony and chain of consolation, saying, "But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

Taking this for our guide, we believe all will be made partakers of eternal life, for all will be raised from the dead. Here, then, my friends, we have something for our consolation in hours of affliction and mourning. We feel assured that our beloved friends have gone to a better world, where they shall die and waste away no more, but where they shall enjoy the smile of God's countenance, and see his goodness and wisdom made perfect in the redemption of man from the grave, and from every sin and pollution. With these facts before us, let us cease to heave the deep drawn sigh of bitterness, but rather let us forget our present loss and affliction, believing in the sure promise of the Gospel which has brought life and immortality to light beyond the grave. Let us lose sight of time, and the things of time, which vanish and fade away so soon, and place our thoughts on the unseen and immortal world, where all is life and everlasting bloom. Let us think that our friend, for whom we now lament, and who is laid in the winding sheet now before us, is far beyond the reach of pain, and that he is destined to be freed from the grasp of death, and to sing the triumphant song of victory over death and the grave. Let us forget the imperfections of this life, the disappointment, care, anxiety and blasted or disappointed hopes of this world; and let us look forward to that time when all enemies to the peace and happiness of man, and to the spread of Christ's kingdom, shall be conquered to rise no more. Let us look to that time "when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority and power; for he must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet; and the last enemy, death, shall be destroyed."

Mourn not, then, that "man dieth and wasteth away," that he shakes off this clayey frame; for we are instructed by Heaven's teachers, that "as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." Oh glorious assurance! how does this truth strengthen the sinking soul, and cause it to revive, even amid desolations. What a balm of consolation art thou to the sorrowing soul! Well might St. Paul say, "But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope." No

hope—oh withering words! "They come like the winds scattering the flowers and making desolate; their breathings are more sad than the voice of the storm, that has made a grave in the waters for hundreds; they conjure up phantoms, dark as the shadows of a fearful dream, and the heart is made sick. What, to see all the loved depart—to die ourselves without hope; O! who could bear the thought! If over our earth there walks an object of pity, it is that one, who feels not that he has a Father, and that his spirit has an immortality; who looks in the grave, and sees there the end of man, and believes not in a better world beyond; who rejoices not, that when to him, earth's loveliness hath passed away, brighter and more enduring beauty will be unveiled. Our hearts may well bleed for him; for if he has affections bound to dear objects, and worthy of love, there is a cup preparing for him, that will be agony indeed to drink.—No hand of love is seen presenting it, no trust in a Father's wisdom to lessen its bitterness, and no hope to allay the fire of grief in his heart." His must truly be a lamentable situation; but thanks be to God, this is not our situation; for we have a strong hope toward God, in the immortality and final restoration of all men from the grave, and their admittance into the pure fields of heaven, which is "as an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast."—"For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Hence, we look beyond this vale of tears, when we are called to follow the remains of a fellow mortal to the tomb; to that time when "the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces," and when "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." Oh, friendly hearer, let me direct your mind to that happy time, and let your sad heart be comforted. Let not your eyes weep for bitterness of soul, but be ye comforted; for this pain and affliction endureth but for a day. Let your hearts rest on the fact, that "this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality," and when this is brought to pass, remember, "then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory." Then will you be prepared to sing the triumphant song over death and the grave, saying, "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory?"

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## STRAY LEAVES.....NO. II.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

MORNING.

Lo, the beautiful handmaiden of Nature, dewy eyed morning, approaches from the east! How cheerily she trips across the brows of the green hills, waking up the violets that lie sleeping upon the grass-swards, and shaking down the apple blossoms like snow, over the smoothly shaven lawns!

The willow waves its yellow tassels, redolent with fragrance to welcome her approach; the rose-tree throws open its pure white buds, to blush into radiant beauty beneath her smiles; and the streams, gushing forth with a glad shout from the bosoms of the hills, toss up their wreaths of mist and spray to garland her brow with rainbows, and sandal her feet with gems.

Far through the dim and scented woodland, rings the loud blast of the huntsman's horn; and the cry of the hound reverberates through the glens scaring from their covert the whirring partridge, and the little rabbits whose ears yet glisten with the dew. Scythe upon his shoulder, forth goes the mower to his early task; and the farmer's boy with a loud halloo sends forth the eager herd to the sweet clover-fields that lie ripening in the sunbeams.

Beautiful, very, is the picture that Morning presents, and manifold are her lessons to the feeling and thoughtful mind. So should we be in the morning of life—glad of heart and active of limb, sending forth beautiful messengers from the world within, to brighten and rejoice the world without.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

### QUOTATION MARKS, vs. PLAGIARISM.

That plagiarism is an unpardonable sin, the literary world in general, and editors in particular, are perfectly satisfied. You may take an editor's umbrella in a rainy day, upset his arm chair, or even purloin his subscription list, and he will play you the philosopher with all imaginable grace. But publish a sentence of which he has ever read the proof, or send him a word looking like anything he ever saw before, without a goodly array of double commas—and you will find him as testy as a Tartar.

Well, be it so; as we do not often play the scribe, perhaps we ought not to complain. But we would like to ask, if the sin of omission in this matter, is so heinous, what shall be said of that of commission? If a contributor furnishing a good article for publication, without stopping to say that another made it, deserves to have it thrust down his own throat; what does the Editor merit, who kills his correspondent's originals, by hanging around them "signs of quotation?"

Now for a case in point. In preparing a recent obituary, and to gratify a friend who had mistaken me for a poet, I coined four whole lines; and did it, too, all in one short night! I sent them to press, and that "infernal machine" worked them off in quotation marks. See current volume Magazine and Advocate, No. 10, page 75!!!

POETASTER.

There, Br. Grosh, you will please feel yourself pretty effectually used up, and at liberty to use the above any way you please. Always yours,

Z. COOK.

N. B. Done effectually! have only strength and substance enough left of me to say, "Thank you, Br. Z. Cook, for the gentlemanly and scientific skill displayed in reserving the *coup de grace* for the last blow—as that has allowed me to read the article entire. Had you killed me off before I had read it all, I would not have forgiven you to the end of my life!" A. B. G.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### INFORMATION WANTED.

Rev. John Gray, a Presbyterian clergyman of the new school, and belonging to the Albany Presbytery, is now located here. In 1832 he was in Mexico, Oswego county, N. Y.; in 1833 in Camden, Oneida county; in 1834 in Philadelphia; in 1835 in Troy, N. Y.; in 1838 in Utica, Mich.; in 1841 in the western counties of this State, and in 1842 at Cahoes Falls, Albany county.

Can not some friend give us a sketch of his life, character and adventures? I have no doubt that it is rich in materials for such a biography. See the Magazine and Advocate, present volume, No. 10, page 77. E. T. M.

Frankfort, N. Y., March 23, 1843.

### CONFERENCE MEETINGS.

Very large and highly interesting Conference meetings continue to be held in Boston and several places in that vicinity. Brethren and sisters from all the neighborhoods around, meet together, fill the meeting house to overflowing, and pray, and sing, and relate experiences of God's goodness, and exhort to the practice of the precepts of Jesus, and the cultivation of the spiritual affections, from morning until night, and then depart, resolved to meet again the next week in some other place, for the same purpose. Laymen, and even some of our sisters, take an active part in the prayers, experiences and exhortations, and all who can, unite in the singing, of course.

We much admire such meetings, and more especially a weekly praise meeting in each Universalist society where it can be sustained. But to get one up and sustain it, the laymen must take it in hand, and carry it forward. A single preacher, even assisted as he sometimes may be by one or two visiting ministering brethren, can not make such a meeting go off. Like our Washingtonian meetings, to do well, many must speak and sing—

tell their experience of the blighting effects of sin, of error, and of bigotry, and the joyous and salutary influences of righteousness, pure devotion, and peace-giving faith in universal salvation—they must unite in pointing out God's ever present goodness and unchanging love, as a motive to holiness; and successively exhort to the imitation of God and the Saviour. If our lay brethren and sisters, in all our societies, would only get up such meetings weekly, and engage in and sustain their services, we should soon cease to hear of difficulties, embarrassments, and apathy—the pleasure of the Lord would prosper among us, and converts be multiplied, and believers become *doers* as well as *hearers* of the word. Can not this be done? where is the society that can not find among its members at least half a dozen who will commence and carry on the good work? A. B. G.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Br. BARRY—Yours of the 23d did not reach me in time to answer it—nor could I have complied, as the cars did not go east on Saturday, on account of the drifts. Will the 4th Sunday in April answer?

Br. F.—I thank you very kindly for your letter of the 17th—postmarked 20th. I shall have no controversy on the subject, believing that is not needed, and may be injurious. The excessive zeal will defeat itself, and the mass of the people interested, will, I trust, see that it is best to maintain the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace, and will judge for themselves according to *works* rather than empty denunciations and professions. Till then, let us be patient, conciliating, and straightforward in our course of duty.

Br. Hayward's articles were safely and thankfully received, and will appear in due time.

### RELIGIOUS NEWS.

REMOVALS.—Br. Grosvenor Swan has removed from Collinsville, Lewis county, to Richville, St. Lawrence county. Br. S. R. Smith, of Albany, has received and accepted an invitation to settle with the Society in Buffalo, next May. Br. L. Hussey, of Buxton, has removed to South Bend, Me. Br. E. M. Pingree, of Cincinnati, has become Pastor of the society in Louisville, Ky.

NEW PREACHERS.—Br. A. Hichborn, of Hingham, Mass; Br. Z. S. Doty, of Illinois or Wisconsin; Br. O. M. Hough, Illinois; Rev. Joseph Foster, of Fairbanks, Sullivan county, Ind., a convert from the Baptist ministry.

NEW SOCIETY.—A Universalist society was organized during the present month in Syracuse. It begins with about 50 members, male and female; has preaching three fourths of the Sundays, and meets for the present in the Union Temperance Hall. The congregation thus far numbers from 400 to 700 persons.

A new Association, called the Putnam Association, lying between the Fox River and Spoon River Associations, was organized in Caledonia, Ill., in February last. It embraces the Hennepin, Vermillionville, Ottawa, Peru, La Salle Prairie, Washington, Mt. Hawley, Lacon, Windsor, and the first society in Starke county—10 societies in all. Its annual meeting is on the 4th Wednesday and Thursday in May—when it will meet again in Peoria, Chillicothe county. The Star in the West contains a call for a new Association to be organized in Kentucky.

The Partialists in Bradford county, Pa., have started a story that Mrs. Julia H. Scott renounced her faith on her death bed. Dr. Scott, her husband, has publicly denied the report in the Argus and Porter.

A story has been started at Little Falls, that Br. D. Skinner has embraced Methodism—but those who tell the tale will not open their churches for him to preach in—proof that they do not believe the story themselves! "Lord, how this world is given to lying!"

Br. Price—Credit Hon. W. Berry, Homer, N. Y., \$2.50, for current vol. Union, and charge us. Also, Br. H. L. Hayward, Homer, desires you to send him the 12th No. current vol. Union.

Br. Tompkins—Please send 1 doz. Almanacs and Registers, to Maning Hull, Pittsburg, Pa., by mail, and charge us. We are destitute and can not supply them. If you have more than will supply demands, you may, if you please, send us what you can conveniently spare, with the books that we ordered a few days since.

### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

NOTE.—By mistake I got a fifth Sunday into March, in our last number—it should have been the first Sunday in April. I will preach in Syracuse next Sunday.

There will be preaching on the second Sunday in April, by Br. GROSH in Syracuse.

Br. U. CLARK will supply the place of Br. WM. ANDREWS in Buffalo during the month of April; and Br. WM. ANDREWS will preach in Canandaigua the first Sunday in April.

### MARRIAGES.

In Paris, on the 19th inst., by Rev. Otis Thompson, Mr. E. D. GAGE, of Litchfield, to Miss CHARITY J., oldest daughter of Noah E. King, Esq., of Paris.

In Victor, February 23d, by Rev. U. Clark, Mr. DANIEL JOHNSON, son of Col. Asa Johnson, of Bloomfield, to Miss ANGELINE E. HUMPHREY, daughter of Rufus Humphrey, Esq., of the former place.

In Canandaigua, February 26th, by the same, Mr. LUTHER THWING, to Miss LUCINDA ANDREWS, daughter of Mr. Harris Andrews, all of Canandaigua.

In Palmyra, March 19th, by the same, Mr. WM. C. JOHNSTON, of Macedon, to Miss PHEBE C. HINE, of the former place.

### DEATHS.

In Madrid, Feb. 14th, Mr. IRA HAWLEY, aged 76 years. Br. Hawley had long been a believer in that faith which proclaims salvation to every son and daughter of the Adam race—and in his death, Universalism has lost a strong advocate, and society a useful member. May the hopes and consolations of the everlasting Gospel sustain the bereaved partner of the deceased, and comfort all who mourn. His funeral was attended on the 15th, and a discourse delivered by the writer. D. MOTT.

In Sheshequin, Pa., on the 20th of Feb., of pulmonary consumption, Mrs. MARY S. AMES, consort of Rev. G. S. Ames, and youngest daughter of the late Rev. Moses Park, aged 29 years. She died as she had lived, a believer in the final holiness and consequent happiness of all intelligent beings: which doctrine cheered her in health and supported her in the hour of death.

Throughout a tedious illness of several months, she manifested a resignation to the will of her Father in heaven, and seemed to enjoy a living faith in Christ as the Saviour of all.

Her funeral was on the 22d. at which time a numerous and sympathizing congregation assembled to pay their last tribute of respect to the remains of the deceased; and mingle their sympathies with the bereaved friends. Sermon by H. E. WHITNEY.

In Minden, at her father's house, on Dec. 31st, 1842, Mrs. CATHARINE MAXFIELD, aged 77 years. She bore up under a lingering illness with Christian resignation, and went down into the grave in peace, leaving behind a bereaved husband, and three children, and numerous relatives and friends. Funeral on Jan. 3d, last, sermon from 1 Cor. xv: 49, by A. C. BARRY.

ANNA KILTS was born February 9th, 1750, and departed this life December 14th, 1842, aged 92 years, 10 months and 5 days. She was married, on March 18th, 1763, to Peter Snell, who died July 14th, 1804—making her married life 36 years, 5 months and 6 days; and her widowhood, 38 years, 4 months and 20 days. Together they presented to the world, 11 children (8 sons and 3 daughters), 109 grand children (70 sons and 39 daughters), and 294 great grand children; and she lived to hear of the birth of 6 great great grand children—the posterity amounting in all, to 420 persons during her life-time. She lived through three wars in which the country was engaged, and lived a comfortable life, till she was taken with a dropsical affection about 9 weeks previous to her decease, to which she fell a victim, and resigned her spirit to God, who gave it. As one remarkable fact, I would add, that not one of her posterity ever was a justice of the peace, or a merchant, or a pauper, or a bankrupt—COW.

In New Hartford, March 21st, JOSEPH HEWRY, only son of Joseph P. and Hannah Richardson, aged 8 months.



For the Magazine and Advocate.  
PRESENTIMENTS.

BY MISS CELIA M. TIBBITS.

Have ye e'er felt a weight of sadness steal,  
O'er all the spirit like the frost of years,  
Chilling its gladness and its gushing mirth  
With undefined, yet dark, foreboding fears?  
Have ye not felt it when the moaning winds  
Have waved the curtains of the stillly night,  
When mystic voices o'er the spirit come,  
Darkly subduing all its fancied might?  
I have known grief of many a varied form,  
Have felt my heart wrung with unuttered wo,  
But there is sadness, worse though undefined,  
Misgiving thoughts that o'er us come and go.  
They come we know not why, vague thoughts of ill,  
Chilling the spirit in its happiest hour,  
Clothing in darkness all its sunlit sky,  
Bidding us tremble at their awful power.  
'Tis coming evil which before it casts  
Its lengthening shadows o'er the joyous soul,  
Bathing in darkness all its rainbow hopes,  
Bowling us down by its unseen control.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

REFLECTIONS ON MATTHEW XI: 2-6.

BY REV. E. R. CROCKER.

"Now when John had heard in the prison the works of Christ, he sent two of his disciples, and said unto him, Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another? Jesus answered and said unto them, Go and shew John again those things which ye do hear and see: the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached unto them. And blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in me."

The reader will first please notice the *wisdom* of "John the Dipper." He will thus see at once that he was not the man to be imposed upon by impostors. He was sent to prepare the way of the coming of our Lord. He was sent as a herald to announce his advent. And never was man more careful not to be imposed upon, or not to impose upon his fellows.

Some are troubled to account for the *design* of John's baptism. Many suppose his baptism is now binding—that he baptized Jesus as an example to his followers, that they should follow in his steps. And notwithstanding John himself explained the difference between his own baptism, and that of Christ, declaring that he, himself, baptized with water unto repentance, (or until the time of reformation as I understand it,) but that Jesus should baptize with the Holy Ghost and fire, (which is often used to purify metals, and, therefore, furnishing a good figure;) yet many even now-a-days attempt to maintain that John's baptism is yet binding upon all who make a profession of Christianity. I would refer the reader to John's Gospel (i: 31,) to find an explanation of the *design* of John's baptism. "And I (says John) knew him not: (viz., Christ); but that he (Christ) should be made manifest (revealed) to Israel, THEREFORE am I come baptizing with water." Now read the next verse, and you will see how baptism in water made him "manifest," or revealed him. "And John bare record, saying, I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove, and it abode upon him." Now read the next verse: "And I knew him not; but he that sent to me to baptize with water, the same said unto me, Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending and remaining on him, the same is he which baptizeth with the Holy Ghost." And now the next verse. "And I saw and bear record, that this is the Son of God."

It is certainly strange to me how men can read this testimony and not understand the object of John's baptism in water. Certainly its design must have been to prove by it, who was the true Christ. Who does not at once see the divine Wisdom in this plan? The evidence by which to prove the true Messiah was so contrived, that there could be no

deception practiced. All creation might have presented themselves to test their Messiahship (if I may use such a word) but, yet, no person except Messiah himself could exhibit the signs necessary to constitute him the Christ. In fact, how many did present themselves for baptism; and I have no doubt in my own mind, that many who did thus offer themselves, ran away with the idea that they might be the Christ. John was ready to baptize all that came for that purpose, for he knew he could not himself be deceived, and as the consequence announce the wrong person as the Saviour of the world. He knew the holy Ghost would descend in the shape of a dove (what a touching figure of the holy Spirit is a dove!) and that was the sign by which to know the true Messiah. Ah! reader, doubt not that the Son of God hath already come, died and risen for you! For John could not have been deceived when he proclaimed Jesus as the Christ. He had an infallible test.

But again, John seemed to have been one of the naturally unbelieving kind,—like Thomas, who would not believe his Master had risen, until he had thrust his hand into his side, and beheld the nail prints upon his hands and feet. His wonder, or *marvelousness* must have been small; he was, therefore, "slow to believe." And in this again, we behold the "wisdom and prudence" of the God. For if the record had intimated that the witnesses of Jesus were easy of belief, and, therefore, were liable to arrive at conclusions prematurely, were too credulous, too ready to believe and thus liable to be imposed upon themselves, then of course there would have been reason to doubt the validity of such witnesses, and, hence, to doubt whether Jesus was the true Messiah.

It may be, however, that John was convinced himself at the first, i. e. as soon as he baptized Jesus, and thus witnessed the Holy Spirit descend upon him; but, that for others' sakes he sent his disciples to inquire of Jesus whether he was the promised Messiah, or not. In either case we see marks of consummate wisdom in the Divine plan, as thus exemplified in God's providence. The design seems to have been to make assurance doubly sure.

But listen to the answer of Jesus to John's disciples. "Go and shew John again those things which ye do hear and see." Jesus knew John's disciples had eyes and ears no more liable to be imposed upon and deceived, than other people—the learned, the rich, the wise, for instance. So, "Go and tell your Master, John, what you see and hear"—the best kind of evidence; for if we may deny the evidence of our senses, then may we deny our own existence—then deny our denials, and we stand where we started from, ready to race around again in this ring of nonsense! "Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see. The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them." Impositors are correctly looked upon as bad men; and they always have as the secret motive of their impositions, some sinister, or wicked and selfish purpose in view. They impose upon the credulous for the purpose of benefit to themselves and at the expense of their credulity. But, my God! what sinister or wicked purpose did the dear Saviour have in view, in giving sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and life to the dead? O! ye scoffing infidels, tell me! Point to one immoral act in his whole life, if ye can! Ah! many good things did he do, and for which do you accuse him? O! infidelity, you are stark mad! And your eyes of reason are owl's eyes. The more clearly the sun of truth shines, the more perfectly blind you are. Go to your own place. Go into the dark night of error and tremble at every shadow of truth; and stay there till you will cease hooting your dismal tones of unbelief and sin in the ears of those who would see, but for your own evil deeds!

Jesus raised the dead; he gave sight to the blind, and hearing to the deaf. And he, nor any other person could do this, except God were with him.—And if Jesus were an imposter, God would never have, in spirit, been with him. He never lends his wisdom and power to imposters, by which to

impose upon his own dear children. No, thank his holy name, he does not! Jesus was sent from God to reveal his character to us; to reveal our duties to one another, to bring to light, life and immortality beyond the grave. And if these things be so, (and who can with the shadow of reason deny it?) O! how solemn the thought! And yet how comforting! And how foolish are we, if we heed not his kindly voice. He speaks in accents of love and tender mercy. He calls upon us to love God and our neighbor; yea, and our enemies. He calls upon us to trust in God and his providence in which all live. He calls upon us to be reconciled now and ever. And O! let us obey.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

FEMALE INFLUENCE.

BY REV. N. C. HODGDON.

"What can the fondest mother wish for more,  
Even for her darling son, than solid sense,  
Perceptions clear, and flowing eloquence."  
With true virtue going on before?

Every careful observer of the times and seasons, must acknowledge, that female influence is greater at the present day, and more excellent, than it ever was before in any age or clime. Since Christianity and science have shed down their bright and halcyon beams upon the mind, and raised woman to her proper sphere of knowledge, she has exerted a better and more powerful influence than she ever did before.

Yes, and when woman becomes as intelligent as she may be, and should be—when her gentle and affectionate mind and spirit are adorned with useful as well as ornamental knowledge, and her thoughts are placed on nobler objects—more worthy of her attention and care—her influence then will be deeply and broadly felt. Guided by that religion which raised her from ignorance and slavery, she is leading and moving the world on to a brighter and happier day.

We are not aware of the extent and benefit of this influence, because we are always cheered by its light in this Christian land. We are also insensible of the blessings of the sun which daily gives us light and heat, and it is on this very account, we have always thoughtlessly received its favors. And how true it is that we think less about those favors daily bestowed upon us, than we do those seldom conferred by our friends. But let the sun be blotted out of existence, and how soon we should feel the loss, and how sensibly realize the blessings departed! Let woman, too, be stricken out of existence, and how dark, unsocial and joyless life would become. The moving spirit of all improvements and enterprises would be less, if any at all. Give to the whole race of men an immortality—and how much joy would there be for us—poor, lonesome lords of creation, as we suppose ourselves to be—if we had not the smiles of woman to cheer, or her affection to bless.

This may show us how much woman is capable of adding to human felicity—and how much she does add. It also shows how much influence she holds in the society where she walks, and administers—and where she is treated as a friend and a companion, and considered as man's equal.

A Christian character can be formed no where else, among women or men, but in a civilized country, which is blessed with the light of the gospel. Where, but in the land of light and knowledge, is woman permitted to go alone, and allowed her freedom? Woman in this land has her liberty, and such liberty gives her much—yea, great influence. It is here that the light of the moon becomes as the light of the sun, and sheds forth all her beauty and splendor, and we rejoice that it is so, and that woman is honored, beloved and respected. In heathen lands, it is not thus. From infancy to old age—from the cradle to the tomb—from the fireside to the halls of legislation, the moulding, forming, and reforming, elevating and holy influence of woman is felt.

The mother who smiles on the image of her tenderness, when on her breast, speaks to it words



that never can be forgotten. She who teaches her bright-eyed boy to lift his infant hymn and prayer to God—who breathes into his awakened mind in pleasing tales, the beauties of truth, and a love for all that's pure, exalted and fair—the sister who softens, refines and chastens with her gentle affections the wild, wayward passions of her youthful brother—the lovely and accomplished maiden who wins and attaches the young man to virtue, temperance and pure religion, does a great deal for our country's good—and these things are doing more for the elevation and happiness of the world—they are exciting a more powerful, controlling—a more salutary influence, than they whose voices (*I might say voices seen*) are yearly heard to thunder in the Capitol at Washington, and shake the Halls of legislation. O yes, these formers of the tender mind are doing more in shaping the future destiny of our country's glory, peace and prosperity, than sage law makers, law expounders, or law ex-ecutors.

Washington's mother was a Christian, and she used her influence in forming his young and tender mind—and what was the consequence? Mother's, go on—sisters, go on—maidens, go on and do your duty, and future years will bring peace and joy, and the crown of glory shall fall upon your heads, and free them from all trouble.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,  
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

Andover, Mass., Feb., 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## STUDY OF THE NATURAL SCIENCES.

No study is so vital in importance to the well being of mankind, as that of the natural sciences, commonly so called—yet, perhaps, no branch of literature, is less generally studied. Unfortunately is no unusual thing in this our enlightened age, daily to meet with persons, holding respectable stations in society, and even professional men, who are grossly ignorant of the first principles of the natural sciences.

I am fully aware that an announcement of this nature, may appear to some paradoxical; but notwithstanding, it is the no less true, and thousands there are, that will attest to the truth of this assertion. As a presumptive proof of this statement, I call attention to the circumstance, of the rare cases that we meet with persons in our travels (though communicative upon other points) that will engage in conversation upon the all important subject of science; owing undoubtedly to the fact, that they are ignorant upon this topic, and hence, having more prudence than knowledge, they are tacit for fear of exposing their deficiency. It is high time that public attention should become enlisted in the proper promotion of American literature—that books upon the natural sciences, and especially upon the rudiments of natural philosophy, should be introduced into our common schools, to be studied as common text books—that a more general interest should be excited upon this subject—that scientific periodicals should be more liberally patronized, and that the spirit of novel reading, which is poisoning to an alarming extent, our infant literature, should be discouraged.

It is no little to the discredit of proud, boasted America, whose name is associated with every thing else that is great and noble, that she should thus stigmatize herself, by withholding her support from scientific journals, and other means for the dissemination of scientific knowledge. There are at present in the United States, very few scientific periodicals, of a respectable standing, and these like all those that have preceded them, are imminently in danger of ceasing to exist, from the unfortunate fact, that their editors are reduced to extreme penury, because of their want of pecuniary support; whilst other periodicals, publishing fictitious tales and other balderdash of a similar nature, are as numerous as the leaves on the trees of the forest, and are blighting the brightest prospects of our noblest youth with their baneful influence.

As an evidence of the true literary spirit existing in the United States, I refer the reader to the re-

ception, and subsequent treatment, of the three English literati, who recently visited our country. The one a novelist, and the other two scientific gentlemen. I allude to Dickens, Lardner, and Lyell. The former, for composing in a ridiculous style, a few nonsensical stories, only fit for a gossip to read, was received on our shores amid the enthusiastic praise, and acclamation of thousands (who disgraced themselves and nation)—he was invited to the palaces of the rich, and aristocratic, to partake of extravagant dinners—the fair, and fashionable flocked around, vying with each other, to see who should first do homage, or strew garlands in the way of their vain guest—our public prints, teemed with long, and repeated encomiums, extolling him to heaven; and in short, he was eulogized and pampered to such a degree, that the more sensible part of community turned from the folly with disgust, and blushed deeply for their country's dignity. But how different was the reception and treatment of the two latter gentlemen, whose writings, and particularly their lectures, have effected a permanent and salutary influence upon our literature, that will be felt to the remotest ages. Were they received amid pomp and splendor? Did the skies resound with the acclamations of an enthusiastic multitude? Were they invited to costly dinners? Or were they eulogized in our public prints? No! far otherwise; for they were scarcely treated with that respect, so richly due to their exalted dignity, and especially the former gentleman, I am sorry to say, has been grossly injured, and shamefully slighted.\*

If a scientific work is composed, its announcement is received by the public with a perfect indifference—a few copies are published, and a much less number purchased, and those that are purchased, are often never read, but cast into one corner of the library, as a nuisance. But on the other hand, let it be announced that a novel, or some fictitious pamphlet is to be published, and immediately the public curiosity is excited—it is eagerly inquired when the work will come from the press—how can it most speedily be obtained—thousands rush to the printing office—force the unbound leaves from the hands of the printer, and devour their contents with a ravenous avidity. And thus it is, that novel reading, that voluptuous consumer of time, is fostered to the great prejudice of the study of the sciences. Why, I inquire, has our noble country come to this? Upon whom, or what does the responsibility fall? Common observation answers, upon the press, that mighty engine of virtue or evil—the efficient revolutionizer of public sentiment, and the despotic controller of nations. Just as the press is bent, the mind is inclined. Hitherto, it has been the common practice among printers, to pass by with absolute indifference, nearly all literary productions of real worth, and merit; whilst, on the contrary, they have been extravagantly lavish, with their encomiums upon pieces of a trifling and fictitious nature. Consequently our youth, being naturally emulous of praise, and seeing where it might be obtained, have bent their talents and energies in that channel most likely to secure it, till novel writing and novel reading has become as popular in America, in the nineteenth century, as poetical composition was in Greece in the time of Homer. Why then (if extravagant novel reading is an evil) will not the press, (in whose hands is the destiny of our nation) enlist her services in the noble cause of the dissemination of the sciences? Why will she permit American literature, to be a dishonor to our nation, and unworthy of the dignity of the name that she falsely wears? Let her, then, if she wishes to serve the true interests of her patrons, lead the people to a just appreciation of the all important advantages

\* NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—I regret that Juvenis has been so unfortunate as to select Dr. Lardner's name for an illustration, when others more worthy could have been named. Whatever may be Dr. Lardner's merits as a philosopher, it is well known that his moral character is very bad. His elopement, and living with the wife of another man (Mrs. Heavyside) is enough to account for his exclusion from any decent family.

acruing from the study of the natural sciences—let her set before them the beauties of nature that it unfolds to the philosophical inquirer—let her inform them that the God of the universe speaks to man in the language of phenomena, and that this language can alone be interpreted, and the unspeakable excellencies of the Deity brought to light, by the study of the sciences—let her teach them, that science is the parent of morality, and that the latter declines or progresses with the former, and that they, in order to become truly virtuous, and serve their God aright, must become acquainted with the laws that He has impressed upon his works. In conclusion, let her apprise them, in the language of the celebrated Dr. Combe, that "before religion can appear in all its might and glory, it must become philosophical—its foundation must be laid in the system of creation, and that its authority must be deduced from the principles of that system, and that its operations must be enforced by a demonstration of the power of Providence operating in enforcing the execution of its dictates."

Seneca Falls.

JUVENIS.

## MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry.

UTICA, FRIDAY, MARCH 31, 1843.

## POPULAR ADMISSIONS....NO. V.

FORGIVENESS.

I can not, if I would, avoid noticing the company which the popular doctrine of forgiveness is made to associate with. If there be any propriety in extending the proverb so that it may read, "a doctrine is known by the company it keeps," total depravity has truly taken up its abode under the auspices of Partialism. I believe that the most devoted adherent of the doctrine which teaches the conflicting destiny of mankind, will not approve of two neighbors, each engaged in undoing what the other properly does. When politicians and office seekers devote their whole time to undoing previous legislation, merely from party feeling, we are apt to think that they deserve the censure of an enlightened community. Yet that community cherishes and defends a theology, the several parts of which are naturally and necessarily antagonistical in their legitimate offices.

For instance. The doctrine has already been alluded to which inculcates that the sinner justly deserves the punishment of endless damnation. This view of justice is a main pillar to the system which men are trying to dignify with the cover-all title of Orthodoxy. But, as if utterly regardless of consistency, the same system contends that the office of forgiveness is to interpose, and rescue man from the inflictions of justice. How, then, is it possible for two attributes more directly to contradict the spirit and intent of each other? The sinner deserves a punishment, and justice is intent on inflicting that punishment. But forgiveness consists in delivering man—not simply from a state of guilt—but from the punishment which he deserves, and which justice demands. Here justice demands the endless woe of man, and forgiveness demands his deliverance from merited woe. If Ezekiel's two sticks had been half as dissimilar, the effort to make them one would have been hopeless.

But the Partialist doctrine proceeds to prescribe where justice shall take effect, and where forgiveness shall interfere, and thus to divide the spoils. Let us carry out this arrangement in temporal matters, precisely as it is carried out in theology. The Emperor of China has a law against all insubordination, by which justice demands that all who transgress shall be out-lawed, and banished his dominions. But he is disposed to be forgiving, and as all his subjects have been disobedient, he offers to substitute his son, and issues an edict that all who accept of the substitute in a particular manner, shall be pardoned. Well; one of his subjects rebels for thirty years, and then accepts the substitute. The emperor feels very indignant at his past sins, but pleads



that his character for mercy must be vindicated, and so he pardons him. By and by another of his subjects begins to be weighed down with infirmity and age, after having spent a whole life in obedience. But unfortunately the very last act of his life, which can do harm, has been one of disobedience. He is now disabled, and dependent wholly upon his country, and fast hastening to the grave, but he accepts of no substitute. He is willing to suffer all he deserves, but unwilling that another should suffer for him. Mercy now points to his condition, and pleads for his pardon. No, says the emperor; justice demands his outlawry. Mercy refers to the previous case, wherein justice was silenced by the interposition of a pardon. Yes, replies the emperor, I was pleased, in that case, to vindicate my forgiving disposition; but my justice must be vindicated also. And he orders the helpless dying man, body and soul, to be anathematized and banished from the celestial empire. If such a system of antagonism, between the natural officers of justice and forgiveness, would look ridiculous in the government of China, how does it look in the theology of the nineteenth century?

I have one more point to look at. Universalism gives no hope of escaping the actual demerits of sin. It has no forgiveness of merited punishment. Hence its opposers charge it with cruelty. Well, Partialism says that God's justice demands the endless woe of the sinner. What a merciful doctrine this is, especially when we consider that it is of no conceivable use to God, the saints, nor the damned! But you effectually deny the doctrine of forgiveness, says the opposer. Not so.—We believe in the forgiveness of sin. But let us look at the popular doctrine. Its justice demands the endless punishment of the offender. Its forgiveness rescues him from the penalty. But still God's justice was so inflexible that he was determined not to forgive unless his vengeance could find a victim somewhere. So He wreaks the ire of his justice upon an innocent person, and then saves the guilty from the punishment which they deserve. And this men call forgiveness!—What an array of incongruities! And with how much modest grace does such a system charge others with cruelty, and a denial of the true doctrine of forgiveness! The truth would blush to be found in such company.

A. R. B.

#### EXPLANATION OF THE 4TH CHAPTER OF MALACHI.

"For, behold, the day cometh that shall burn as an oven, and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble; and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of Hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch. But unto you that fear my name, shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings; and ye shall go forth and grow up as calves of the stall. And ye shall tread down the wicked; for they shall be ashes under the soles of your feet, in the day that I shall do this, saith the Lord of Hosts. Remember ye the law of Moses my servant, which I commanded unto him in Horeb for all Israel, with the statutes and judgments. Behold I will send you Elijah the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord. And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse."

My object in this article, is, to trace out the exact meaning of the prophetic passage which has been quoted—to ascertain the event to which it applies, and to clear it of those incorrect notions which it has been adduced to prove. The day here spoken of, is, by many, supposed to refer to a time of general judgment in the world of immortality—the oven and the burning up of the wicked, is supposed to signify the endless misery of the wicked. But yet it is a fact, notwithstanding this common view of the passage, that the commentators, Dr. A. Clarke, Scott, Henry, the Editor of the Cottage Bible, and others, instead of applying it to scenes in the future world, explain it as referring to events which transpired during the ministry of Christ, and during the forty years which succeeded his resurrection. We hence perceive, that such men, when calmly examining our subject, have been compelled to dissent from their brethren of the same faith; and to state what facts fully prove, viz., that the entire passage refers to occurrences attendant upon the setting up of the Gospel kingdom nearly

eighteen hundred years since, and does not refer to scenes which involve millions in ceaseless anguish, to be inflicted on them at the end of that kingdom. These positions will stand out in bold relief as we progress with our explanation.

In order to arrive at a clear knowledge of the instruction communicated by the prophet, we must turn back to the third chapter, which opens thus:—"Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me; and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger whom ye delight in; behold, he shall come, saith the Lord of hosts." v. 1. That the messenger to prepare the way, was John the Baptist—that "the messenger of the covenant" who was to come suddenly to his temple, was our Saviour who came in a manner unexpected to the Jews—hardly seems to admit of a doubt. Dr. A. Clarke, in his comment on this verse, states this view as one which admits of no question. But our Saviour, to settle all discussion on the point, when speaking of John the Baptist, said:—"For this is he of whom it is written, Behold, I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee." Matt. xi: 10. Now, as John the Baptist did prepare the way of the Lord, by teaching the people to expect the immediate manifestation of the Messiah, and as Christ did come unexpectedly to the Jews, so it is evident, that instead of looking forward to the end of time for the fulfilment of this passage, we must look back to the period which transpired between the entering of our Saviour on his ministry, and the destruction of the Jews as a nation. Can there be any doubt on this point? If we may rely on our Saviour's words, all doubt not only ceases, but we have a key furnished us which unlocks the entire subject.

What was to take place at the time thus spoken of? The last verse in the chapter informs us:—"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him. Then shall ye return, and discern between the righteous and the wicked; between him that serveth God, and him that serveth him not," verses 17, 18. At the period of the sudden coming of the Messiah, there was to be such a separation between the wicked and the good, as that they could readily be distinguished one from the other. This same event is spoken of by our Saviour, in the 25th chapter of Matthew, where he represents himself at his coming, as separating people as a shepherd divides his sheep from the goats—those on the left hand, were those who did not serve God; those on the right hand, were those who did serve him. The Revelator refers to the same fact, when he said:—"He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still." Rev. xii: 11. And to show that the time of this distinction was then nigh at hand, he said:—"And behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be." He which testifieth these things, saith, Surely I come quickly." verses 12, 20. Now these statements are so like that of the prophet, viz., that "the messenger of the covenant" should come suddenly to his temple, that it is evident the prophet and revelator refer to the same event and to the same period of time. And if we add the language of our Saviour to that already quoted, every shade of doubt must disappear:—"For the Son of Man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his angels, and then he shall reward every man according to his works. Verily I say unto you, there be some standing here, which shall not taste of death, till they see the Son of Man coming in his kingdom." Mat. xvi: 27, 28. How clear it is, that at the coming of Christ to destroy the Jewish covenant, and people, and cities, there was a separation between the righteous and the wicked—that our Saviour then rewarded every man according to his works, by punishing those who did not serve God, and rewarding those who did serve him.

This separation, and punishment and reward, the prophet distinctly illustrates in this 4th chapter. He says:

"For, behold, the day cometh that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble; and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch." This is truly terrific language—and if people are not careful, they will be apt to assume the position, that it refers to ceaseless woe—assume it, not from its connection, which points out its true application, but from the terror which the language is calculated to inspire in certain minds. Observe two facts in regard to it. 1. It declares that the fire shall burn up the wicked, so that it shall leave them neither root nor branch. But according to common notions, this fire, which is supposed to be endless, does not burn up the wicked at all, but leaves them "root and branch" to all eternity, only in agony. Surely this can not be its interpretation. 2. By studying the books of the prophets, it will distinctly be seen, that "fire," and "furnace," and "oven," are used to set forth the temporal judgments which fell on the wicked. The following passage is to the point:—"Therefore thus saith the Lord God, Because ye are all become dross, behold, therefore, I will gather you into the midst of Jerusalem. As they gather silver, and brass, and iron, and lead, and tin, into the midst of the furnace, to blow the fire upon it, to melt it; so will I gather you in mine anger and in my fury, and I will leave you there, and melt you." Eze. xxii: 19, 20. This language is as terrific as that used in the text; and yet we perceive that it is expressly said, that this furnace and melting were to be in Jerusalem. And as Malachi expressly shows, that the time he spoke of, was the coming of the Messiah, in the first century of the Christian kingdom, so it is evident that by the burning of the oven, he sets forth the punishment which was to come on the wicked Jews for not serving God. This view will stand out more clearly as we proceed.

After having shown the punishment of those who did not serve God, by the figure of burning in an oven, the prophet said:—"But unto you that fear my name, shall the Sun of Righteousness arise, with healing in his wings; and ye shall go forth, and grow up as calves for the stall," vs. 2. But in what manner were they to fear the Lord? We find the answer in the 4th verse:—"Remember ye the law of Moses my servant, which I commanded unto him in Horeb for all Israel, with the statutes and judgments." The Jews were to fear the Lord, by carefully observing the law of Moses—if they did this, they would not only be virtuous, but they would see that the Messiah was promised—and when he came, they would be in the right frame of mind to receive him as a spiritual Prince, and not fall into the error which was then common, that his reign was to be temporal. At the period our Saviour appeared among the Jews, many of them undoubtedly thus feared the Lord. One such is spoken of by an Evangelist. After the death of Christ, it is said:—"Joseph of Arimathea, an honorable counsellor, who also waited for (or, expected,) the kingdom of God, came, and went in boldly unto Pilate, and craved the body of Jesus." Mark xv: 43. He was in the right situation to believe in Christ—because, as he feared God in the obedience of the law, he was ready to appreciate the evidence which our Saviour presented to prove that he was the promised Messiah, so long foretold by the prophets.

To all such, the Sun of Righteousness was to rise with healing in his wings. This "Sun of Righteousness" undoubtedly refers to the Saviour. When did he rise as righteousness? When he entered on his ministry, and began to preach the good tidings of the Gospel kingdom. Here again the period of the events which the prophet was describing, is accurately designated. That period embraced the time which intervened between the commencement of our Lord's ministry and the destruction of the Jewish people.

There is a beautiful allusion in the sentence, "the Sun of Righteousness" shall "arise with healing in his wings," which we must understand, in order to have the subject thoroughly before us. The following fact will effect that object. "The late Mr. Robinson, of Cambridge, (England,) called upon a friend just as he had received



a letter from his son, who was surgeon on board a vessel then lying off Smyrna. The son mentioned to his father, that every morning about sunrise, a fresh gale of air blew from the sea across the land, and from its wholesomeness and utility in clearing the infected air, is always called the Doctor. 'Now,' says Mr. Robinson, 'it strikes me that the prophet Malachi, who lived in that quarter of the world, might allude to this circumstance, when he says, the Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings. The Psalmist mentions the wings of the wind, and it appears to me that this salubrious breeze, which attends the rising of the sun, may be properly enough considered the wings of the sun, which contain such healing influences, rather than the beams of the sun, as the passage has been commonly understood.' Bush's Scripture Illustrations. The allusion in the figure, is evident. As this salubrious wind, which commenced blowing with the rising of the sun, and is hence called the wings of the sun, swept all impurity from the atmosphere, so to those who feared God by obedience to the law of Moses, Christ would arise with healing in his wings, to heal them of all doubt, darkness, and error—to show them the light of immortality and reconciliation—to lead them to the new covenant to be written in the soul, whose dwelling is the mind, and which purifies the entire conduct. When the darkness of idolatry and sin brooded over the Gentile world—when blindness of mind characterized a large portion of the Jews—then the Saviour, the Sun of Christianity arose, and by the healing influences of his doctrine, saved his people from the sickness of sin, of erroneous views, and of fear of death. And those who waited for his rising, and were in the right condition to receive him, entered into the Gospel kingdom with great joy and gladness. It was true of these, as Paul said to the Colossians:—"Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son." i: 13. This was the result of the influence of the healing wings of the Sun of Righteousness.

We come now to the last two verses of the chapter. "Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord; and he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse." Elijah the prophet was to precede the coming of the "great and dreadful day of the Lord." Now, if we can ascertain who Elijah the prophet was, and the time when he came, we shall also ascertain the time of the "great and dreadful day of the Lord." Dr. Clarke says, that Elijah the prophet "is meant alone of John the Baptist." Note on Mal. iv: 5. To this, agree those commentators whose names were mentioned at the beginning of this article. But we will not rely on commentators—we will quote more distinguished authority, from which there is no appeal and about which there can be no doubt—it shall be that of the Saviour himself.

On a certain occasion, "his disciples asked him, saying, Why then say the Scribes that Elias" (or Elijah) "must first come? And Jesus answered and said unto them, Elias truly shall first come, and restore all things. But I say unto you, that Elias is come already, and they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed. Likewise shall also the Son of man suffer of them." Matt. xvii: 10, 11, 12. The person whom he designated as Elijah, who, he declared, had already come, is pointed out in the next verse:—"Then the disciples understood that he spake unto them of John the Baptist." v. 13. But why was John the Baptist called Elijah the prophet? The angel who was sent to Zacharias, the father of John the Baptist, said of him:—"And he shall go before him in the spirit and power of Elias," (Elijah), "to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just; to make ready a people prepared for the Lord." Luke i: 17. There was such a resemblance between the two prophets, in point of spirit and energy, that John the Baptist is prophesied of as Elijah the prophet. And as our Saviour most expressly declares that Malachi, by the sentence, "Elijah the prophet," refers to John the Baptist, there can be no mistake as to the individual intended. John

the Baptist entered into his ministry, just previous to the time when our Saviour commenced preaching the glad tidings of the kingdom. And by declaring that the kingdom of heaven was then at hand, and by exhorting people to repentance, he so turned the hearts of fathers and children together in unity of feeling, that a people was prepared to receive the Lord when he should arise in all the glorious light of divine truth.

Now, as John the Baptist was to precede the coming of the "great and dreadful day of the Lord," it is evident that this day signifies the terrible judgments which were to come upon the people, immediately succeeding the ministry of John who preached in the power and spirit of Elijah. Speaking of this same day, Paul said to the Romans:—"The night is far spent, the day is at hand." Rom. xiii: 12. So Peter remarked:—"But the end of all things is at hand." 1 Peter iv: 7. This same apostle, when speaking on the day of Pentecost, quoting from the prophet Joel, and applying his language to his own time, said, "the sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before that great and notable day of the Lord come." Acts ii: 20. How clear it is, that this day, was, in the time of the apostles, near at hand—was then approaching. But why, it may be inquired, was it termed the "great and terrible day of the Lord"? Because our Saviour says of it:—"For then shall be great tribulation, such as was not from the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be." Matt. xxiv: 21. And to show that this tribulation was then approaching, he says, farther on in the chapter, "Verily, I say unto you, this generation shall not pass, till all these things be fulfilled." v. 34.

This "great and terrible day of the Lord" refers to the period when the Mosaic covenant with all its institutions, were to be swept away—and when the dreadful judgment was to fall on the Jews, by which under the scourge of the Roman armies, they, as a nation, were to be destroyed root and branch. This destruction, the prophet Malachi represents as a fiery oven, in which these wicked people were to be burnt up—and he calls it the "day of the Lord," because it was God who brought this punishment on them for their rejection and crucifixion of his Son. Hence, Jesus said: "But when the king heard thereof, he was wroth; and he sent forth his armies, and destroyed those murderers, and burned up their city." Matt. xxii: 7.

When this took place, the prophet affirmed, that there should be a discovery of who were righteous and who wicked—who served God and who served him not.—This was effected, by the punishment of all the wicked and the deliverance of all the righteous from the evils of the times. When our Saviour was speaking of these events, he said:—"But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved." Matt. xxiv: 13. And again:—"And except those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved; but for the elect's sake, those days shall be shortened." verse 22. There was a special provision for the "elect," the believers, those who served God and received his Son. Enduring cheerfully all tribulations while adhering to the cause of their Lord, when the end of the Jewish age arrived, they were to be saved from the dreadful evils which accompanied it. That they were all saved, is obvious from the following passage, quoted out of Eusebius' Ecclesiastical History:—"The whole body, however, of the church at Jerusalem, having been commanded by a divine revelation, given to men of approved piety there before the war, removed from the city and dwelt at a certain town beyond the Jordan, called Pella. Here, those that believed in Christ, having removed from Jerusalem, as if holy men had entirely abandoned the royal city, and the whole land of Judea; the divine justice for their crimes against God and his apostles finally overtook them, totally destroying the whole generation of these evil-doers from the earth." p. 86. Of this overwhelming judgment, our Saviour said to his disciples: "But when ye shall see Jerusalem compassed with armies, then know that the desolation thereof is nigh. Then let them which are in Judea, flee to the mountains; and let them which are in the midst of it, depart out; and

let not them that are in the countries, enter thereinto. For these be the days of vengeance, that all things which are written, may be fulfilled." Luke xxi: 20, 21, 22.—Now, one of the things written in reference to these events, is the last chapter of Malachi—which was fulfilled in the judgment of which our Saviour spake.—Here, too, in the language of the Saviour, the disciples received their warning to flee from among the doomed people, when the coming of the armies showed that destruction was at hand. Accordingly, they fled, and were all saved—while the wicked people found that God "will by no means clear the guilty." And thus, the wicked and righteous were as certainly separated, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats. And thus was fulfilled the language of the prophet:—"Then shall ye return, and discern between the righteous and the wicked; between him that serveth God, and him that serveth him not." Mal. iii: 18.

With the subject thus clearly before us, can there be a question as to the meaning of the last chapter of Malachi? He speaks of the punishment of the wicked under the figure of burning them up root and branch in a fiery oven—that day, he affirms, should be preceded by the coming of Elijah the prophet—and Elijah the prophet, in this case, refers to John the Baptist, as our Saviour expressly declares. That all these facts prove that the great day of the Lord did come to pass at the end of the Jewish covenant and the destruction of the Jewish people, is to me most evident, and beyond contradiction, clear. Hence, it follows, that this chapter, instead of referring to the end of the mediatorial reign of Christ, as many people refer it, belongs expressly to the beginning of the Gospel. So it is with many other passages, which people adduce as proof of terrible scenes in another world—if they would examine them more carefully, they could not well avoid the discovery, that their application belongs to events which transpired between the time when Christ entered into his ministry, and the year seventy, when the great tribulation was experienced by the Jews. This is the great mistake in regard to the day of judgment. People fix their eyes upon a period at the end of the reign of Christ, when the day of judgment is to begin. But instead of looking forward, if they will look back by the light of the Scriptures, they will find that the day of judgment commenced eighteen hundred years ago, when our Saviour established the reign of Christianity by his resurrection from the dead. Hence he said:—"NOW is the judgment of this world." John xii: 31. This judgment is going on, rewarding us for our good deeds and punishing us for our bad deeds; and will continue, until the reign of the Messiah shall cease—then there will remain no necessity for judgment. And in describing the end of that reign, it is not mingled up with fiery ovens and furnaces and terrible days, which belong to scenes long preceding the conclusion of the kingdom of heaven—but it is described in this way:—"Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority and power. For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy shall be destroyed, death. For he hath put all things under his feet. But when he saith, 'all things are put under him,' it is manifest that He is excepted, which did put all things under him. And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto Him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all." 1 Cor. xv: 24-28. G. W. M.

## LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P M, Batavia, for S H and J V—P M, Fredonia, for S A and J C—P M, Montrose, [Pa] for S G, M R, D F and D S—P M, Preble, for E C and A C—P M, Darien Centre, for J J, R K, W W and J S F—P M, Mt Hawley, [Ill] for self and E S—P M, Barhamsville, [Va] for R W—P M, Florida, [Mass]—P M, Wentworth, [NH] for S A J—H L H, Homer, for W B and A B—P M, Earlville, for A P and D R—P M, Pavilion Centre, for S W C, P C S, S B and E A—P M, Argentine, [Mich] for self, J H S and W W—P M, Southville, for A T and A B—P M, Northfield, [O] for W A—C D, Southport, [W T].



From Blackwood's Magazine.

## HOPE.

BY SCHILLER.

We speak with the lip, and we dream in the soul,  
Of some better and fairer day;  
And our days, the meanwhile, to that golden goal  
Are gliding and sliding away.  
Now the world becomes old, now again it is young,  
But "the better" 's forever the word on the tongue.  
At the threshold of life Hope leads us in—  
Hope plays round the mirthful boy;  
Though the best of its charms may with youth begin,  
Yet for age it reserves its toy,  
When we sink at the grave, Man planteth—Hope!  
And it is not a dream of a fancy proud,  
With a fool for its dull begetter;  
There's a voice at the heart that proclaims aloud,  
"Ye were born to possess the Better!"  
And that voice of the Heart, O ye may believe,  
Will never the hope of the soul deceive!

From the New York Farmer and Mechanic.

## READ THIS, BOY!

"This is the effect of shoe-making," said a young mechanic to us yesterday, shaking a well filled purse in our face. It was not said boastfully, but with an honest pride. We wish to refer our readers to a few particulars in the history of this young man. He is the fourth son of an industrious mechanic, who has known the heights of affluence and the depths of poverty. His eldest son is reared for the ministry, and is, we believe, a talented and useful member of society. The second was a mechanic, a hard working fellow. The third has acquired an excellent education after much labor and hard work, through his own means. The youngest son, him to whom we introduce the reader, was brought up in the conviction that labor was derogatory to respectability—that wealth was the highest good that could be enjoyed by mortals. He was early sent to school; and then to an academy, preparatory to a course of professional studies. Mean while, his old father was toiling on, striving to attain the distinctions which are attendant upon wealth, merely for the sake of his children; but still willing to forego all the pleasures and emoluments of the world if his sons could be useful and lauded in community. The young man entered upon his studies, convinced that he was the son of a rich man comparatively, and that consequently he was entitled to a "full swing" in all the frolics and speers which are prevalent in a high school. Books, and duty itself, were made subservient to the love of fun. So when his six months were completed, he came home to his disappointed parents, a wild, reckless, indolent boy, instead of the sedate, fixed, and ambitious young man. He loitered about home some time, but his father's constitution was broken, his business retarded, his sales low, and his returns nothing. Starvation was before the family. Fruitless and equally many were the applications which the young man made at the trading establishments in the city for occupation. There were more clerks than there were merchants, and more traders than buyers. Worn out with fatigue and with the stings of conscience for his former mis-spent time, with his spirit humbled, and his mind nerved to undergo any privation rather than return without employment to his father's house, the shop of every mechanic, from the blacksmith's to the jeweler's, was besieged; but it was a time of general depression in business, and every man looked out for his own good. So without blame, conscious that he had done his best to obtain an occupation, the young man went home. The well spread table, the carpeted floor, and the refinement which was visible in the household, but seemed to aggravate the misery of its tenants. Lower and lower the cruze went down till the old was well nigh exhausted therein. One day the young man was in the shop of a poor blind shoemaker who had amassed by his own industry a reputable fortune, while he had built up a reputation which can never die from the memory of the community in which he lived. "Why don't you go to work?" asked the old man. "I can't get any thing to do," was the response.

"Come and learn my trade," said the old man. It was a bargain. The pampered son of fortune forgot his pride, bowed his head to the yoke and became the apprentice of honest Father—. His good habits endeared him sensibly to the generous shoemaker, and the progress which he made in his new avocation surprised every one who had formerly been acquainted with his idle habits. The old man died; during his illness he carried on the business of the shop, and received for his service some old tools which had been the property of his employer. He commenced business for himself, but soon went to a flourishing village of shoemakers, and entered the large establishment as a journeyman. His love for study and refinement increased. The best society was thrown open to him, the confidence of his master was unbounded in his integrity; his shop-mates were pleased with his naive talent and address; he became the sun of their little circle, and when he left his employer, in the hopes of obtaining a more lucrative situation, his loss was severely lamented. We were conversing yesterday with this young gentleman, (for he can justly lay claim to this title,) upon the false pride which has ruined so many boys. Said he, "if I had obtained a clerkship when I sought it, I should have been an outcast in society, and a beggar. This is the effect of shoemaking, of industry, and of enterprise—a good reputation, a clear conscience, a happy life, and a triumphant death."

## MARRIAGE vs. INSANITY.

"Few people are aware how much more insanity prevails among the bachelors and unmarried ladies, than among the married of both sexes. From the examination of very many reports, out of every five of all the lunatics sent to American Hospitals, three are unmarried, and only two are married, and that almost all of them are over twenty-one years old. On the other hand, it is pretty certain, that in all the community over twenty-one years of age, there are more than three times as many in as out of wedlock. If this be the case, then the unmarried are more than four times as liable to become insane as married people.

"To make this matter more certain, Dr. Jarvis, of Taunton, Mass., has written to some gentlemen in almost every town in Massachusetts, and in some towns in Connecticut, requesting them to count on the list of voters—the married, the unmarried, and the widowers, and to give him information of the number in each of these classes belonging to their respective towns."

There can be no doubt of the fact, that insanity prevails more among the unmarried than among the married, notwithstanding people so often say that the young folks are crazy to marry so young. But what are the reasons?

In the first place, persons who exhibit strong symptoms of insanity, do not generally get married; and that will account for a goodly portion of the difference referred to by the writer above.

Secondly.—Married people, in this country, have generally enough of cares to balance their mind, and to prevent the extensive effect of that morbid action of the mind which, in the unoccupied, is so dangerous to its peace and soundness.

It is, of course, mournfully true, cases frequently occur of this most to be dreaded affliction. But we incline to the belief that it may often be prevented by kindly watchfulness, and a judicious direction of care, thoughtfulness, and more especially tender forbearance, under some circumstances, and free, yet delicate conference, upon the dangers of certain movements, thoughts, or pursuits, which tend most to destroy the balance, and give unfavorable proclivity to the mind. Thousands who have enjoyed the respect of society, and only subjected themselves to the charge of eccentricity, have owed their sanity, and the credit of that sanity, to the delicate attention of a watchful friend, of whose watchfulness they were ignorant, or to the candidly affectionate intercourse of one who entitled himself to confidence and respect by delicacy, kindness and decision.

While on the other hand, tens of thousands have been

driven from eccentricity to the most miserable mental derangement, and to squalid, raving madness, by the cold neglect of those who should love and soothe, and the taunts and jeers of those who have no regard for the noble mind o'erturned.

The married, we may suppose, who fall into mental aberration, are within kinder influences—that of husband, wife, or children, than the unmarried. But married or unmarried, the *mentally* sick need not only a physician to prescribe with skill, but a nurse to soothe and serve with delicacy. "The image of God," it is said, "is effaced." Admit that it is so. Their "God is love," and love and affection can alone recall his image.

We have seen very many instances in which the irritated were soothed by delicacy and kindness, when authority and temper would have chafed into fury.

"Dr. Kirkbride!" said a young woman, as we were passing along the corridors of the Hospital in Blockley, some time since.

The doctor paused—the eye of the patient flashed with anger.

"Is this the way, sir, you——"

"Good morning, Miss H.," said the doctor. "I hope you feel well, and that your flowers have not faded."

"There again," said she, with a boggard temper, "I was promised by Mrs.——"

"Mrs. Kirkbride regrets she could not be with you earlier. One of the children is unwell, but the other is now preparing a fine bunch of flowers, and Mrs. K. will bring them, and sit with you a little while, if you have time to spare. You are not engaged, I hope?"

"Not at all. Mrs. K. is very kind; and I am happy to say that I have been able to keep in quite good order the flowers she had the kindness to send me yesterday. But you say she is coming herself?"

"She will be here in half an hour."

"I am very much obliged to her and you. And here is a paper you kindly lent to me; I found it very interesting."

All pervading spirit of kindness! thought we, as we listened to this dialogue, and marked the subsiding of the mental storm—it is thine to lighten the load of the afflicted one, and soothe the anguish of the bruised.—Thou bowest beside the wretched that is crushed beneath the accumulation of misery, and if thou canst not remove the load, thou whisperest patience, and strengthenest to endurance by sympathy. Thine eye powereth light across the dungeon gloom of the prisoner, and thy voice wakens the slumbering reason of the maniac.—Whatever of earthly evil may befall me here, may kindness at least awaken the memory of those hours when a mother's love shielded from harm, and may affection mitigate the blow which prudence could not avert. And if the call of a maniac is my destiny, let the tones of civility, at least counterfeit respect and affection, and sympathy medicine, if it may not cure my ills.—[U. S. Gazette.

A German Philosopher has made a most singular calculation in regard to the distances of the Planets from the sun. He has constructed a table as follows:—

0	3	6	12	24	48	96	192
4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
4	7	10	16	28	52	100	196
M	V	E	M	—	J	S	H

The reader will observe, that the upper line of figures begins with zero, and then goes on doubling each time, starting with 3.

The constant quantity 4 is added to each of these numbers, and the results from addition show the representative distances of the planets from the Sun, beginning with Mercury on the left. Observe the blank which occurs in the vacuity between Mars and Jupiter. It is between these orbits that it was thought a planet ought to exist, corresponding to the distance 28, and here the fragmentary bodies, (asteroids) or wrecks of "a shattered world," have been discovered. It will not fail to strike any one as most wonderful, the singular mathematical system by which the Architect of the Universe, has measured, and ordained the positions of the heavenly bodies.



# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."....."PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 1843.

NO. 11.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### STRAY LEAVES.....NO. III.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

FREE DISCUSSION.

We belong, each individual of us, to a great mass of humanity, bounded not by walls of sect and party, but all blended into one glorious family, on which the same sun smiles, the same dew falls, and the same God bestows his parental blessings. It is only a narrow and bigoted mind that refuses to look beyond its own creed, its own social circle, or its own long-established opinions for truth, usefulness, and important benefits to the human race.—Liberality of thought, and a free toleration of adverse parties and opinions, is the only safe foundation for any social or civil constitution; and free discussion is like a sculptor's chisel, hewing away excrescences, modelling into fair proportions, and elegantly perfecting the stern Doric architecture of the eternal Temple of Truth.

No subject—however rude and uncultivated the mind that brings it before the world, and however loaded it may be with useless decorations and unmeaning appendages—no subject that bears upon the interests of humanity should be shut out from candid and thorough investigation. There is no danger that error will ever extensively prevail in a community addicted to free and liberal discussion. The human mind is so constituted, that error finds no permanent foundation within it, while agitated by rational and deep-probing inquiry.

He is a coward who opposes the exposition of any doctrine, or science, through fear of its evil influence upon society. Let him oppose its principles and arguments with all the force he can bring from mature reflection and superior light; but never should he put a muzzle upon the mouth of any person who speaks with the zeal of sincere conviction.

There have been times and countries in which even the sublime doctrines of Christianity could be proclaimed only in mountain fastnesses, and hidden and remote caves; but truth is destined never to perish under any severity of persecution, or strictness of prohibition; and one feature of this enlightened and Christian age should be, the encouragement of free discussion, and the candid and mature investigation of all subjects connected with human rights and interests, whether intellectual, social, moral, or religious.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### GREATNESS AND MEEKNESS BLENDED TOGETHER.

BY MRS. LUCY HORTON.

According to gospel rule, in the Christian mind, the spirit of the lion, and that of the lamb, are blended together—and also the spirit of the eagle, and that of the dove. And what is more noble, than greatness of mind, united with humility and meekness?

We see the Superintending Mind exhibited, not only in the magnificence of the planetary worlds, but in the lowly plants and flowers of the fields, and also in the formation of the insect creation.—We see a *mind* of economy exhibited in the formation of plants, flowers, and insects of every description, and we can also see a *mind* exhibited in the ant, and honey-bee, which causes them to provide for future wants! And from these circumstances, I think we may learn the simplicity, and Fatherly care of Him, whose GREATNESS is be-

yond the stretch of human thought, and whose meekness, and fatherly care provides for the smallest insect!

And if such is the nature of the OMNIPOTENT, and OMNIPRESENT JEHOVAH, will he cause even one dear soul of Adam's race to be endlessly miserable?

Clearfield, Pa.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### UNIVERSALISM TAUGHT BY THE VOLUME OF NATURE.

BY REV. H. L. HAYWARD.

I well remember a conversation which I had some years since, with an intelligent lady belonging to the Presbyterian church; in the course of which I asked her how it was possible for a person of common intelligence, to look abroad upon the wide spread volume of nature, and view the ample provision which has been made for the supply of man's wants and the gratification of his lawful desires, and still believe in the chilling doctrine of endless woe? Her reply was in substance, that if we all followed the teachings of the book of *nature*, we should, as a matter of course, be Universalists; for, said she, "the doctrine of endless misery does not receive a particle of support from that volume; all its teachings going to corroborate Universalism—but when I open my Bible, I learn a very different lesson." As this lady is not alone in her views of this matter, it may not be altogether amiss to examine the subject somewhat minutely, and see wherein consists its error.

Here is a certain book, which we denominate the Bible. It claims, what all Christians readily grant, viz., that its author is divine—that it was written with the finger of Inspiration, and contains truths of deep and vital interest to mankind. It is supposed to reveal the character of God, and make known the final destiny of the human race. A correct understanding of its teachings, is therefore of the highest importance to us.

But here is another book, of a still more ancient date than the former, and claiming to have originated from the same author; which we call the volume of nature, and which is supposed to teach a very different doctrine from the Bible—for, while it is freely admitted, even by believers in endless misery, that Universalism is taught on every page of nature's volume; it is contended by those very individuals, that the volume of inspiration teaches the doctrine of future endless woe. But is not here a manifest absurdity? Both these volumes were written by the finger of God, and contain revelations of his character and will. They are simply *two volumes of the same work*, and God is alike the author of both; hence, it is unreasonable to suppose, that they teach opposite and conflicting doctrines—because, where two volumes in combination of the same subject, have been written by the same author, and that author a being of *infinite wisdom*; we shall be able to perceive throughout them both, the most perfect harmony and consistency. If then, the book of nature, (which we shall denominate volume the first,) teaches the doctrine of Universalism, as the lady above referred to freely acknowledged; the book of inspiration, (which we denominate volume the second of the *same work*), must be a continuation of the same subject with volume the first, and can not conflict with the doctrines therein advanced. And if the author has advocated Universalism in the *first* volume of his work, it is hardly rational to suppose that he would advocate the doctrine of endless misery in the *second*.

I know this is sometimes the case with men—as

the history of W. Whittaker and M. H. Smith abundantly prove. But it should be remembered, that men are fallible and changeable, and the opinions of to-day are frequently discarded on the morrow. With God, however, the case is very different. "He is of one mind and none can turn him"—"the same yesterday, to-day, and forever"—hence, the revelations which he has made at different times for the benefit and instruction of his creatures, must be in the most perfect harmony, and teach the same general truths. Volume the first, contains simply the rudiments, the first elements of that glorious science, which relates to God's moral government. Volume the second goes still beyond the first, and furnishes clearer and more definite instruction, with reference to man's final estate. But there is still a third volume of the same work, forthcoming, written by the same author, and furnishing revelations which *mortals* can read only by the eye of faith. Relative to the contents of volume third, we shall never be able to learn but little, until mortal is exchanged for immortality, corruption clothed upon with incorruption; and we are permitted to see eye to eye and face to face, and know even as we also are known. In that volume we shall delight to study, and through the wasteless ages of eternity, we shall continue to make new discoveries, each more glorious and entrancing than the former; and thus go on from one degree of knowledge and improvement to another, until we shall rival angels in the magnitude and extent of our discoveries.

Homer, March, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### THE MERCY OF GOD.

BY REV. H. H. WATSON.

"His mercy endureth forever" DAVID.

In the book of Psalms we have this expression, "his" (the Lord's) "mercy endureth forever," thirty three times: once each in the 106th and 107th; five times in the 118th, and twenty-six times in the 136th: and notwithstanding so vast an amount of testimony is found in the inspired writings, of God's unbounded mercy; yet it is unblushingly declared by the would-be orthodox, that a part of mankind will be made to endure endless suffering by this merciful being. How inconsistent!

"His mercy endureth forever." Mercy is that virtue which inspires us with compassion for the woes and miseries of others, and inclines us to assist them in their necessities. It is mercy that fills the human breast with pity, causing a painful sensation whenever an object of misery or want is presented to our view.

And in no situation does man appear more noble, than when he is engaged in dispensing comfort to the miserable, wo-worn and sorrowing sons of humanity. And it is this that exhibits him in a character which becomes his nature. But though man is a merciful being, yet in him mercy is a finite attribute; for though he may once have been alive, as it were, with sympathetic feelings, yet by a continual observation of misery in its various forms, he will become almost, and perhaps quite void of compassion; having forgotten those holier feelings, which warm the breast of the philanthropist.

In reference to this subject, the question is asked and answered by the Lord, through the mouth of his prophet Isaiah, "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion..... yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee." Hence we see that if man forgets to be compassionate to his fellow man, the great Author of man's



existence will not forget him; for "his mercy endureth forever."

God's mercy endureth forever. How cheering the thought! And it is the more so, when we reflect that His ways are not as our ways—that he is immutable, for mercy in God is that essential perfection or attribute, (if we may be allowed the expression,) whereby the sufferings of his dependant creatures are pitied and relieved. "For" (declares the sweet singer of Israel) "the Lord is good, his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations." Again, "The Lord is good to all; and his tender mercies are over all his works."

And the prophet Jeremiah speaking of the unbounded goodness and mercy of God, declares as follows—"The Lord will not cast off forever; but though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies, for he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men." Then—

"Give to the Lord immortal praise;  
Mercy and truth are all his ways;

\* \* \* \* \*  
"His mercies ever shall endure,  
When death and sin shall reign no more."  
Venice, February 6th, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## QUESTIONS TO UNIVERSALISTS.

BY REV. U. CLARK.

How many Universalists are there, who do all they can to forward the interests of their cause—their denomination? Let us not be particular about using the name, the party—*Universalism*, for it is folly to profess to go under other colors with the hope of maintaining the whole spirit and power of the Gospel.

How many professors of Universalism exert every possible influence in promoting the cause upon which they can talk with fluency when opposed? How many make the principles of the Gospel the principles to guide them in all their dealings and intercourse? How many prove themselves by maintaining the public ministration of the word by every possible means? How many are willing to make personal sacrifices of time and money for their cause? How many do all they can to uphold public preaching by their regular attendance? How many stay at home, while they would condemn the preacher for doing the same, and talk of the coldness of others? How many take as many Universalist publications as they can, and do all in their power to aid in their circulation to convince opposers and encourage the indefatigable publishers, who are suffering losses and labors in consequence of neglect? How many never think of lending their papers? How many never mention Universalism to those who believe it not, while they are mingling with them continually? How many Universalists consider all the responsibilities which rest upon them, all the inestimable blessings of the Gospel, all their privileges, all the demands of their profession?—how many, taking all these into consideration, exert themselves to the utmost in acquitting themselves faithfully and honorably?

Canandaigua, N. Y.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## IGNORANCE.

How much of the misery of this world has its origin in ignorance. How many, influenced by the false ideas that "Stolen waters are sweet," that "Bread eaten in secret is pleasant"—I say, how many under these mistaken notions, launch out upon the broad waters of life, with a firm belief that happiness will crown their efforts—that the haven to which they are destined, contains all that heart can wish—where they can bask in the sunshine of peace, and prosperity; while, at the same time, they are moving onward, ignorant, and consequently regardless of the laws by which the world is governed. But, alas! how soon these bright anticipations vanish, and how different the realities! They soon find that many, very many are the impediments which obstruct their course; shoals and sand-bars meet them on every hand; still they

move on in the same channel, unconscious that these evils and misfortunes are brought upon them by their own transgressions—the germination of seed sown by their own hands.

Such individuals, not understanding God's moral government, are continually scolding, and finding fault with the ways of providence. They should know, that the physical, the organic and the moral world were governed by certain laws, perfect and immutable, partaking of the nature of the fountain from whence they flow, laws which can not be infringed with impunity, no more than you can thrust your hand into the scorching flame and receive no injury. Impress this upon their minds, and also the important fact, that these laws, and their penalties were instituted to guide and govern the children of men—to induce them to turn from the error of their ways—to discard vice, and flee to virtue—to admire the ways of Providence instead of grumbling and finding fault with them—"to cease to do evil, and learn to do well"—let these facts be fully established in the world—let mankind understand them universally; and how much of the misery which man is now heir to, would become annihilated. Let the doctrine of rewards and punishments be fully investigated and understood—let the voice of experience, the best of teachers, be listened to; and they will become fully convinced that "the righteous are recompensed in the earth, much more the wicked and the sinner." When this declaration of Divine Writ shall become fully impressed upon every mind, then will moral darkness, which has so long bound man in servile bondage, be dispelled by the purifying rays of divine truth. Then will mental slavery be abolished, and the propensities which have so long held the supremacy and led man onward in misery and crime, until the earth has been literally drenched with human gore, become subjected to the intellectual and moral man, and he be elevated to his primitive station. Then and not till then, will happiness universally prevail. Then, and not till then,

"Will man his duty know,  
And kindness to his brethren show;  
Do unto all as he would fain  
Receive of them in turn again."

Then will he do good because he loves it. Then will love which "worketh no ill to its neighbor"—which "is the fulfilling of the law," the "common ligament which binds man to man," flow spontaneously from every heart. Without this, life would be nought but a thorny maze, a cruel bitter, without one ray of light to brighten our pathway, and cheer us onward to acts of virtue and morality.

"What is life when wanting love?  
Night without a morning;  
Love's the cloudless summer sky  
Nature gay adorning."

J. B.

Winfield, March 13th, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## THE DISAPPOINTMENTS OF YOUTH.

The first disappointment falls most heavily and blighting upon the heart, and withers its warmest and best affections. The victim of early disappointment, is like a young and tender rose opening its petals to the bright, laughing sky, but which, ere it has opened in all its loveliness, is despoiled of its unfolding beauty by an untimely frost. And though the young and elastic spirit may sometimes arise from beneath the deadening influence of its weight of woes, and appear to recover its wonted cheerfulness, when surrounded by the gaieties and pleasures of life, yet there is still a cold and barren place in the heart, where hope will not blossom, and where no bright anticipations exercise their benign and soothing influences, by allowing fancy to revel amidst the delightful scenes of future enjoyment. Love, in youth, is doubtless the strongest and most absorbing passion. It takes entire possession of the heart, and holds a powerful and controlling influence over all beneath its sway. The history of its powers is spread over the whole earth; they are taken from every condition and station of life, and painted in every variety and form of coloring of which the mind is capable of conceiving.

It is a subject upon which the poet dwells with intense delight, and which the novelist renders deeply interesting, by clothing in all the beauties of language, the melancholy feelings of many a broken heart, caused by early disappointment.

"For they who have loved the fondest, the purest,  
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believed;  
And the heart that has slumbered in friendship secure  
Is happy, indeed, if 'twas never deceived."

It is in the productions of the poet, the writer of fiction and the faithful historian, that we find so beautifully represented, the paradise of love, its wild tornadoes of destruction and violence, its morbid melancholy, its sullen pride, its shrinking timidity and its remorseless vengeance. All these have been portrayed to the imagination in the most vivid characters; and in thousands of instances have they awakened the tenderest emotions of the heart, by bringing to recollection

"The smiles and tears of other years,  
And the words of love then spoken."

The first disappointment of the heart poisons every fountain of existence. Its withering, scorching effects vary according to the character and disposition of its hapless victims. Many sink beneath its influence, and never recover from the deadly shock; others seem to pass through the fiery ordeal unscathed and unharmed; but while they laugh with the gay, and glide smoothly along upon the surface of the stream of pleasure, "the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while."

The gloomy misanthropist, the reckless votary of dissipation, and the miserable victim of the demon of intemperance—many, very many of these objects of compassion, were made wretched from an early disappointment of the heart. In the secret chambers of their hearts lies buried many a withering thought, of which the world knows not, cares not, thinks not. They were too dream-like, too unearthly, in their nature, to be brought forth amongst those other thoughts "all outward bound, 'mid sands, and rocks, and storms, to cruise for pleasure." They chose rather to keep concealed within their own bosoms those life-consuming thoughts, well knowing, that their disappointed hopes of earthly happiness would receive but little sympathy from a cold and heartless world, that wots not of the mental suffering occasioned by disappointed love.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## "CARS READY—ALL ABOARD."—Miller.

We occasionally have strange things here, although we live, comparatively, in the country. A Mr. Daniel Tuller, from Connecticut, has been giving us a few lectures on the subject of the "Second Advent of Christ." He commenced by saying, that his business was not to prophecy, but to explain the Bible, and tell the people what he thought it meant; and in doing this, he wished to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. He then proceeded to show that to Abraham and his seed were promised the land of Canaan; that Abraham and seed consisted of the righteous and faithful, both the Jews and Gentiles; that the promised land of Canaan, which is the new world *that is to be*, has not yet been received by Abraham and his seed, but that it would be inherited at the coming of Christ in 1843; that when Christ did come, the world would take fire, and burn up the wicked, whilst the righteous would be caught up in the clouds with Christ; that there are to be two judgments, first of the righteous! when Christ comes in 1843—then of the wicked, at the end of a thousand years, during which time Satan is to be bound.—He then went on to enumerate the signs of the times, to show *conclusively*, that the coming of Christ is near at hand. His arguments instead of being so *very conclusive* to fix the time in 1843, would apply as well to any other year, as to this.

He read from Joel ii: 31, "The sun shall be darkened and the moon shall be turned to blood, before the great and terrible day of the Lord come." To show that this had *just been* fulfilled, he referred to the dark day of May 19th, 1780, and also to the earthquake at Aleppo, in 1822! He next went



into the writings of infidels, and read several extracts which went to prove that *if the Bible was true*, Miller's doctrine was true, and the world must wind up its affairs in 1843!

After he had closed one of his lectures, wherein he had misrepresented history, and matters of fact, Rev. Wm. J. Goss rose, and requested the privilege of saying a few words—he said he would not detain them over five minutes. In different parts of the house, Baptists (and limitarians generally) cried out, "this is not the place for you to speak," and he was not permitted to speak.

Mr. Tuller at his next lecture launched off with the 24th chapter of Matthew, and said that this chapter was the most difficult chapter in the Bible: that the opponents of Millerism in general, and the Universalists in particular, pretended that this chapter had all been fulfilled in the destruction of Jerusalem; and that in order to prove this they (the opponents, Universalists, &c.) substituted for the name of *Christ*, the *Roman Army*. He then read the chapter through with this alteration. (Here Rev. Mr. Goss from the assembly rose, and requested, in a very respectful manner, that Tuller would give his authority for saying that the opponents of Millerism made this substitution. Mr. Tuller proceeded as if nothing had been said. Mr. Goss said, that he supposed this question was sufficiently respectful to entitle him to an answer. Mr. Tuller, after throwing out his vial of wrath and indignation at Mr. Goss, for presuming to *insult a public lecturer* before such an audience, said, that if the gentleman wished to give a lecture he must take a different time and place from that. He did not come there to explain the Bible to suit *that man*, who did not believe in the *Christian religion*.)

He then proceeded to show, that this chapter *was now being fulfilled*, and the 36th verse, "But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only," he said, the word *knoweth*, was in the present tense, and it did not mean that we *never should know*; and that in Daniel it said that, "many shall be purified, and made white, and tried; but the wicked shall do wickedly; and none of the wicked shall understand, but the wise shall understand;" and then intimated that he was one of the wise, and could understand; and those, who would not believe in Millerism, were the wicked. He observed that the doctrine of Millerism, was the *sine qua non* to an admission into heaven; he did not believe it possible for a Christian to go to heaven, unless *that Christian believed that Christ would come in 1843*: for this was *Bible doctrine*. The Bible instead of its being like an old fiddle, as some supposed, on which you might play as many tunes as you pleased, taught but one doctrine; and if it was a true book, Christ must come in 1843.

He said, that a great many *pretended* they could not understand that part of the Bible which related to "Christ's second advent," because they were *not learned*; and, that those who were learned, *pretended* that it was a *scaled book*. And after throwing his anathemas at Academies, Seminaries and Colleges, he flew off in a tangent upon Universalists, and said that they were *universally* opposed to the doctrine of Millerism; that they were preaching up "peace and safety." He read from 2 Timothy iv: 3, and more than intimated that the popularity of preachers and editors of this denomination, was confined to that class who would not "endure sound doctrine;" that they were that kind of teachers, who had "*itching ears*;" that their doctrines were readily swallowed by that class mentioned in Rom. i: 30, 31.

He said, that we had no time for controversy—that our modern *rail road cars* were a literal fulfilment of the scriptural *chariots*, and for one, he was ready and waiting, and meant to take the *first train*; and that those who waited for the second, would surely go the road to destruction.

A very illiberal spirit has been manifested by Mr. Tuller and the Limitarians, in their attempt to put down that spirit of inquiry by which the whole truth might be brought forth in respect to the "Second Advent of Christ."

It may be well to remark, that the doors of the

Baptist house were readily thrown open for Mr. Tuller's lectures. It is this same Baptist church, which refused to open their doors to the Universalists, when they held their Association here in January, 1842. The reason of that refusal was, *that they did not believe the doctrines of Universalism*; and believing that they told the truth, we can not but infer that the *Baptist church of Lenox are firm in the belief that Christ will come in 1843*—in fine, they, as a church, are *Millerites*. LIBERTAS.

Clockville, March 21st, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## UNIVERSALISM IN PITTSBURG, PA.

Pittsburg, March 20th, 1843.

Br. Grosh—As there appeared in the Advocate some two years since, a notice of the death of Universalism in this city, I presume that any information respecting its defunct body, will be gratefully received by yourself, and your readers. It was the will of God our heavenly Father, that we should not always sleep; so he caused breath to enter into the dry bones, and they now live. Yes, verily, they have arisen from the dead; and are alive unto God. Thanks be unto His goodness, this is no fiction, Br. G., but a sober reality.

Br. Ammi Bond has been laboring with us one half the time for the last 18 months, to good acceptance; and the society has been slowly but steadily increasing ever since he came amongst us. Our society numbers over forty that would do honor to any cause; they are mostly poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith. The times are hard and money scarce; but none of these things discourage us, and we hope, (ay, believe) that with the blessing of Heaven, we shall be able, ere long, to say, the cause of God's impartial grace is permanently established in this portion of his heritage, and that beyond the powers of darkness to overthrow.

We have a fine Sabbath School attached to the church. Br. Bond has agreed to remain with us another year. He preaches the other half of the time in Beaver, Beaver county. They are prospering there finely. Yours in the Gospel of Christ.

MANING HULL.

## SECULAR NEWS.

THE LATE HURRICANE.—The following summary is compiled from various accounts of the loss of life and property during the terrible gale of the 13th of February, a loss which is, we believe, without a parallel in the history of our mercantile marine. The hurricane seems to have been general, and so awfully sudden, that the best vessels quailed under it.

	Total vessels.	Total lives.
England and Wales,.....	154	190
Ireland,.....	5	104
Scotland,.....	17	30
Coast of France,.....	5	100
	181	424

Here, then, we have no fewer than 181 vessels and 424 lives lost in one night. These figures, too, can only be considered an approximation to the truth; many vessels and lives having doubtless been lost of which no account will ever be obtained.

Littleton Hunt, an old soldier of the revolution, who served five years, and was in the battles of Guilford and Eutaw Springs, was drowned on the night of the 12th ult. Mr. Hunt was 107 years old.

Water was first let into the Pennsylvania canal on Monday, 27th ult. It was supposed that boats would be able to pass up on Friday last. The North River is open to Poughkeepsie.

SECOND EARTHQUAKE IN THE WEST-INDIES.—The Charleston Patriot of a late date, says:—"We learn from Capt. Smith, of the schr. Francis Cannady, that a second shock of an earthquake was experienced at the north part of Gaudaloupe on the 3d inst. At the time, the captain of a vessel off the North Point of the island, stated that it shook his vessel with such severity that it was with difficulty the crew could keep their feet. A

dense cloud of smoke ascended from the vicinity of Bassaterre, and serious fears were entertained for the safety of that place. It was quite sickly at Point Petre, caused from the offensiveness of the ruins of the town."

BORDER DIFFICULTY.—Some excitement has been caused in the Aroostook Territory, by the arrest of a person named Daniel Savage, by a British official, in the Hancock plantation, on the south side of the St. John's river, and consequently within the boundary of Maine, as fixed by the Webster treaty. Some troops turned out at Fort Kent, to effect a rescue, and capture of the offending officer. A meeting of the inhabitants on the plantation was called, and appropriate resolutions were adopted, and the subject commended to the attention of the State government.

A mine of Black Oxide of Manganese has been discovered near Jackson, Miss. The ore yields 85 per cent of the mineral.

ANOTHER COMET.—We understand that several gentlemen saw another comet about mid-heavens, between 12 and 1 o'clock on Sunday night.—[Norfolk Herald.

OSWEGO BANK.—This bank has suspended specie payments for the present, in consequence of a disagreement in the election of a President to succeed Alanson Douglass of Troy, who has officiated for the last two months. The bank was in good credit and had but a moderate circulation.—[Utica Observer.

PAPINEAU.—This well known individual will shortly return to Canada. He has been allowed to draw on the Canadian treasury for \$4000, the amount of his salary as Speaker of the House of Representatives, remaining unpaid on the breaking out of the rebellion.

WESTWARD HO!—The New Orleans Bee says that about one thousand persons will rendezvous at Fort Leavenworth on the first of May, for the purpose of emigrating to the Oregon Territory.

TRUE TO HIS PROFESSION.—Biglow, who was sent to the Penitentiary from Lewis county, for dealing in the business of counterfeiting, actually cast several pieces of counterfeit coin in his cell in prison a few weeks since, and gave them to a convict whose term of service was about to expire, to enable him to pay his way until he found employ.—[Mo. Sentinel.

At Allentown, Pa., on Saturday last, a female domestic named Mary Ritchey, employed in the family of William Gornley, was so badly burned by her clothes taking fire, that she died in six hours after the occurrence.

A woman named Susanna Shaw, was killed in New York on Wednesday night, in consequence of taking eight Stychnine pills, containing together half-a-grain of concentrated *nux vomica*. The pills had been given by a regular physician, accompanied with both oral and written directions, not to take more than one at a prescribed time. This mode of proceeding was too slow, and under the impression that a large dose would do all that was expected at once, the unfortunate woman took the dose mentioned above.

The Montpelier Watchman estimates that the maple sugar produced in that State the present season, at the low price of five cents per pound, will amount to \$1,000,000. This will make the quantity of sugar about twenty thousand hogsheads. In 1840 the quantity was but 5,500 hogsheads.

The Meadville (Pa.) Republican, state that on the 25th inst., a Mrs. Burnsdaile, residing in that vicinity, died of hydropobia, produced by the bite of a dog seven weeks previous.

SEDUCTION.—We learn from the Reading, Pa., Democrat, that the Rev. Mr. Griebeler, who was for some time past the pastor of several churches in the upper part of that county, suddenly disappeared a week or two since, having previously borrowed of his neighbors various sums of money. He had not been long absent when the reason of his sudden departure was discovered, and the fact made known, that a servant girl in his family, scarce 14 years of age, was the victim of his licentious passions. Griebeler was a Saxon German, and 30 years of age.



The following Address, (says the Tribune, from which we copy,) to the Indian Warriors who have been stopping for some time at the American Museum, was written by Mrs. CAROLINE M. SAWYER, after several visits to, and friendly conferences with these remnants of the proud race which once possessed this Continent. The substance of these verses was communicated to the Red Men by an interpreter, and received by them with expressions of profound sensibility.

### LINES TO THE INDIAN WARRIORS.

"We met!—'tis but a few short days  
Since I, with quickly throbbing breast,  
Came, with the curious crowd, to gaze  
On the Red Warriors of the West.  
But not like them did I depart,  
With careless smile and thoughtless word;  
He only knows, he reads the heart,  
What feelings in my breast were stirred.  
The tale of all the cruel Past—  
The wrongs too monstrous to be told—  
Like a wild torrent strong and fast,  
In burning tide o'er Mem'ry rolled!  
But peace, my heart!—I would not rouse  
One thought that now were best to sleep,  
Nor see across those noble brows  
The shades of dark Resentment creep!  
I watch your stately tread, and meet  
The beaming smile, the glance of pride;  
And, frequent, through the busy street  
I come to linger by your side.  
Your hands have oft been clasped in mine,  
Our eyes in Friendship's light have met;  
And many a speaking look and sign  
Have told—what I can ne'er forget!  
You leave us—and I know 'tis well!—  
For that far home I ne'er shall see;  
And men would smile were I to tell  
How sad WA-CON-TAM's\* heart will be!  
E'en now, to think you must depart  
Far over mountain, stream and deep—  
WA-CON TAM has a woman's heart—  
A woman's heart—and she must weep!  
Brothers, farewell!—the hour is near  
When you must go, and I must stay;  
But oh! how oft to God my prayer  
Will rise for you when far away!  
Go to your homes!—there loved ones claim  
Your thoughts, your kindness, and your care;  
Yet tell me—will WA-CON-TAM's name  
Be ever spoken by you there?  
Ay, go!—and blessings on you rest,  
Wherever you in life may roam;  
And may the hearts that love you best,  
With joyful shouts receive you home!

\* A name conferred on Mrs. S. by the Indians—signifying  
"One who holds converse with the Great Spirit."

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### DONATIONS.

Br. Grosh:—Having noticed of late, some few "cards" in your paper, by various brethren, in which the liberality and benevolence of their parishioners are set forth in a very pleasant manner, and being somewhat a stranger to such things, you will confer a favor upon a friend, and perhaps upon more than one, by permitting me to make a few inquiries relative to donations, and the form in which they are bestowed. There has been no little query excited in my mind, whether or not, those were *free gifts*—the offspring of the friendship which the people have for their beloved pastors. If they were freely bestowed, then surely the donors are entitled to great praise, and dead must that heart be to all the finer feelings of humanity, that would neglect to render back in return, the emotions of an overflowing gratitude. The man that would act in this manner, is undeserving of the confidence of his fellow beings, much more those hallowed principles of affection, whose office it is to pour the balm of consolation into the sorrowing heart—to brighten and beautify the faculties of the mind, and render

life one continued season of happiness and joy.—But a something whispers me, that there has a wrong impression gone forth relative to those acts so highly complimented.

For instance; I have noticed some statements in your paper, declaring such donations occasionally to amount to the sum of \$100, and as a preacher is generally located in the country for about \$400 per year, I am unable to persuade myself that this donation of one hundred dollars is not deducted out of his stipulated salary, leaving the balance to be paid him at the year's end. If the conclusion here drawn is correct, it is certainly a mark of wisdom in the societies, to carry in the \$100, in the form of a donation; for they thereby get puffed in the paper—their fame trumpeted from Dan to Beer-sheba!—trumpeted? yes, but not like the pharisees of old;—no; improvement keeps pace with the stately march of time, and now instead of sounding their own trumpet as was done in days of yore, the preacher is set apart to sound it for them—and the more *wind* he is in possession of, the louder and longer does the blast of fame echo and re-echo afar, arousing the wonder and admiration of the world; and surely the poor preacher will not be so ungrateful as to murmur at the conclusion of his engagement, because they deduct the amount of the donation from his stipulated wages! No; this would be the height of impudence—uncharitable in the extreme! But should people be so lauded for the payment of their honest debts? I am aware that in this age of degeneracy, it is somewhat difficult for one to meet his obligations; but I have yet to learn that the task is so difficult of accomplishment, that it should be spread abroad before the gaze of the multitude, as a remarkable display of a superior Christian virtue.

But perhaps the conclusion upon which are founded the foregoing remarks is erroneous; and if so, surely none would more heartily rejoice upon a knowledge of the same, than myself. For were I persuaded that liberality and universal love had become so far prevalent, that numerous societies not only paid their pastors their stipulated compensation, but in addition thereto, the members united in visiting their preachers and bestowing upon them the tokens of their friendship and love, it would assuredly be hailed as the dawning of a better day to many a weary and care-worn soul. It is a lamentable truth, that too many of the promulgators of the doctrine of "the restitution," have heretofore been, and too many *now* even, are under the necessity of travelling "over hill and down dale"—compelled to suffer the scorching heat of a burning summer's sun, and then to encounter the peltings of the winter's storm—to toil on, toil ever, in order to secure a small pittance for themselves and those dependant upon them for support and protection.

Again:—In all things there are extremes, which are alike deleterious in their tendency, and so far as our present subject is concerned, the one extreme consists in making those pastors who are poor, donations, and deducting the amount from their limited compensation, when, had they been paid in something more available, many articles of the donations would have been dispensed with, and something more essential procured to supply their places. The other extreme is that of making large donations to pastors who are able to live genteelly without them, while many poor people, who are actually suffering for the necessities of life, would be thankful for the favors thus bestowed upon the rich.

There are but few, however, of the ministry of "the reconciliation" who are in possession of a respectable share of this world's goods, but in other denominations there are many who are decidedly wealthy, and my heart has often been pained when I have seen the citizens of a village congregate and pay their respects to these abodes of comfort and plenty, merely because the tenants were clothed in the clerical robe, while the humble shed—the abode of poverty, wretchedness and woe, where the greatest distress was preying upon the sorrowing inmates; was shunned as one would shun the grim spectre of pestilence. Perhaps people who proceed in this manner have an excuse, inasmuch as the

poor are always with them, while the pastors are not. This is true; for those pastors, I have always noticed, receive many calls to labor in different sections; and hence it is necessary that people bestow upon them the tokens of their friendship while they have an opportunity of so doing, for when the Lord calls them to a place where they can obtain a greater amount of salary, they invariably leave, and then many regrets are experienced that more attention was not bestowed upon them at the place from whence they were called; while the poor are always at hand, and tokens of charity can be bestowed upon them at any period, which though perfectly easy of accomplishment, yet I am sorry to say that the work is too often neglected.

But if people would see the pure principles of religion bearing a peaceful sway in the world, let them bestow upon their religious teachers a *salary sufficient* to enable them to live in a comfortable style—upon those who enter the ministry poor, sufficient to enable them to lay aside a stay for after time, when age or disease shall have impaired their faculties; and that which is now bestowed upon those members of the clergy who are worth their thousands,—let this be given to the poor, and soon we shall behold a change in the Christian world—sorrow driven from the heart of the child of poverty and distress, and praise every where go up before the everlasting Throne for the unspeakable blessings of pure and undefiled religion. So mote it be.

SCHUYLER.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### FORGET ME NOT.

There is not in the English language three words, that can move the pulses of the human heart with such a magical and thrilling power; around which cluster so many endearing and holy recollections, and with which are associated so many sacred and heart-binding ties, as those three words, *Forget me not!* Appealing language of the heart, how few, how short, yet how deep and thrilling the words! 'Tis the language of every heart; from smiling youth to silvery headed age, all feel and acknowledge the force of these impassioned words.

The desire of living in the hearts of others, that our memory may be cherished by those who are near and dear to us, when we are absent and gone, is a universal and a sacred sentiment—one that has its source in the purest and holiest feelings of the heart. Have the days of our youth passed by, and is our bark launched on the rough waves of life, struggling against the rising billows that threaten every moment to engulf it? Let us go back, and behold once more the scenes of our early days—those scenes that are endeared to us, by those sweet and holy ties that cling round that one loved spot, the home of our childhood and youth—the scenes to which we are bound by sacred ties that are entwined and linked with every fibre of our hearts, and to which memory (guardian angel of the past) clings with fond and deathless tenacity. Let us retrace those loved scenes, and though the remorseless hand of time has swept o'er them with many a desecrating change, yet as we retrace the paths we once trod with the loved friends of other days, in all the buoyant happiness of innocence and youth, the voices of bygone days breathe over the heart, and from every tree and shrub, from every flower and plant, from every blade of grass, from the gliding waters of the murmuring brook—there comes a voice that speaks to the heart in solemn and unearthly tones, *Forget me not!* All, all are eloquent with the remembrances of the friends of our childhood and youth.

Or go to yon grave-yard, and pause by that marble slab, that marks the resting place of a beloved friend; perchance the form of that lies mouldering beneath those sods is that of a fondly loved sister, who was called from thy side in the bloom of youth, to lie down in the loathsome embrace of death—or the form that is enshrouded beneath, may be that of the loved one, to whom were given the dearest affections of thy heart, whose image was linked and blended with all thy hopes of happiness in life, who was torn from thy arms, while



the bright wreath of love and happiness was blooming in all its beauty around her fair brow. O! what sweet and endearing recollections of that loved one crowd upon the soul, vibrating through every nerve of our frame, every fibre of our being, filling the heart almost to bursting. The form of that cherished one, as we last clasped it to our bosoms in the heart rending agony of the parting embrace—as we took the last look, and imprinted the last kiss of affection—seems to arise before us, and for a moment—a short, a blissful moment—we are lost to the stern realities of life; there steals o'er the soul a tender and mournful sadness, the spirit of our departed friend seems hovering o'er us, and breathing in tones of heavenly sweetness, Forget me not. O! with what thrilling and electric power does that angel voice touch the chords of our hearts!

Again, as we stand by the bedside of a loved friend who is about to bid farewell to the scenes of earth, whose spirit is hovering upon the confines of another and, as we trust, a better world—as friends gather round the couch of the dying one, to imprint the last kiss and take the last look—as the hand that we grasp grows cold, and the voice of the loved one husky, as it utters in faint tones the last prayer of the heart, Forget me not. O! with what vivid and thrilling powers do these words, at such a moment, fall upon our ears! Every moment and token of the loved and lost, pleads in strains of unearthly sweetness, Forget me not.

The heart instinctively shudders and recoils from the thought of living unloved and uncared for—of dying unmourned and unwept—that no one will cherish our memory and water our grave with the tears of affection—our hearts grow sick and cold within us at the thought of such a fate. We would fain live in the hearts of our friends, that at least one loved one, will cherish our memory, embalm it in the heart, when the cold damps of death shall have checked the warm current of life that now beats in our veins, and the winding sheet and the cold silent tomb shall have closed o'er us, we can ask no dearer boon than this, that when called to leave the scenes of earth, and take the last look of the friends of our youth, we may live in the hearts of those we loved on earth—that our last resting place may never be shunned, but be hallowed by the tear of affection from those we held communion with while on earth. E.

Sullivan, N. Y.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### THE WORDS OF JESUS.

"I said therefore unto you, that ye shall die in your sins; for if ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins." ST. JOHN viii : 24.

By this we may see, that so long as we "believe not, we die in our sins"; and so long as we die in our sins, where Christ is we can not come; because we have no love of God or heaven in our souls, and therefore are shut out from the kingdom of heaven. L. H.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### UNIVERSALISM IN THE WEST.

Kensington, Mich., March 17th, 1843.

Br. Grosh—Again I take the pen to drop a few more of my scattered thoughts to you, for the purpose of casting in another "mite" to help the glorious cause of salvation forward, and do a little, to encourage you and the publishers in the laudable work in which you are engaged. And first, (because the most important to you,) I will say that "after so long a time," with much endeavors, I have obtained two new subscribers for the Magazine and Advocate.

Our cause is moving onward in this vicinity, with rapid strides, in spite of the pressure of the times and the united efforts of three or four denominations, who do what they can to retard the wheels of our car; but the ponderous car of boundless grace moves on with an accelerated velocity. Our congregations are constantly increasing, and as their numbers increase, a proportionate interest is manifested, and even some, who, six months ago were cold hearted and careless, are now warm in the

cause, and are beginning to manifest an anxiety to organize into church fellowship.

Our friends here are making arrangements for purchasing a building for a meetinghouse, which, in all probability, will soon be carried into effect, and a church organized that will be an honor to the cause; for our motto is "onward;" and our watchword is, "perseverance."

Oh, Br. Grosh, I must tell you what an affect your sympathetic articles on the subject of donation parties have had upon the people of these "western wilds." On examining the craniums of these "wolverines" I find the organ of imitation, as a general rule, very fully developed; and when they read those articles in the Magazine they said among themselves, "let us go and do likewise." And they asked me if I would like it if they should, and I thought I would imitate Br. G.; so I told them I was "a non-resistant;" and they agreed upon the 22d of February last for the day. Accordingly, on the afternoon of the 11th anniversary of the birth day of the Father of our country, the gentlemen and ladies, both old and young, began to come in, and in an hour and a half my house was, not "more than full," but literally filled with both the wealthy and respectable of this community; and what is remarkable; is, there were several of other denominations; and another such a mess of trash as they brought in I never saw. It consisted of more or less of almost every article necessary for the use of a family: even from white beans down to cash! and the medium consisted of articles of clothing for my wife and children. And a more social and friendly chat I never shared; and after being refreshed by a cup of tea, etc., etc., they retired, leaving my house well supplied with the comforts of life, and my heart filled with gratitude; and if you please, I would like, as a tribute of respect to them, to express my thanks to those numerous and warm hearted friends through the columns of the Magazine and Advocate. And as you say, I could wish the same to every preacher in our denomination. J. H. SANFORD.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### A CARD.

Myself and family would thus publicly express our warmest gratitude to the kind friends of this village and surrounding country, who paid us a visit a short time since, and who left us many substantial tokens of their good will. May the happy social interview which we had at that time, long be remembered by us all—may it tend to strengthen the cords of brotherly affection and unite both pastor and people more closely in the bands of brotherly love. DARWIN MOTT.

## MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry.

UTICA, FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 1843.

### ORGANIZATION AND DISCIPLINE.

The United States Convention having virtually declined doing any thing to recommend a uniform, consistent and practicable system of organization and discipline for our societies, associations and conventions, the labor of doing something on this subject now devolves on the several State Conventions. There is scarcely a State in the union where our denomination has any uniformity of organization and discipline. In this State and a few others, at least, there is a great variety of practice in almost every thing pertaining to the government of our ecclesiastical bodies. There seems to be, in fact, no rule but the convenience of the members, or the expediency of the moment, or the shifting precedents of those who have preceded us. And for the want of some settled rules and course of action, the guilty often escape for a long period, until the evil becomes so great as to rouse up our people to seek and apply some hasty remedy; or the innocent suffer, until endurance becomes no longer possible. This loose, undefined and irregular course of government hinders our prosperity, destroys

all efficiency, and perpetuates the want of general union on those measures and objects in which all are agreed. Can it not be remedied, then? Can we not remedy it at least in this state? Are there are not certain forms and rules of government and discipline in which all are agreed—certain great leading measures which all can unite upon, and urge forward for the prosperity of our cause? I think there are, and would suggest that our State Convention, at its session two months hence, take up the subject, and recommend it to our Associations for their immediate consideration. I care not in what particular mode the subject is approached, or how the plan of government is developed and embodied into a system, only so that it is done—only so that it embraces a plan of forms, measures and objects which shall meet the views of all. Will not our brethren speak out on this subject, and urge it on the attention of our State Convention at its next session—and then on the attention of each Association in the State? Each Association might appoint a Committee to draft a plan as above suggested, to be forwarded to a well chosen Committee to be appointed by the Convention, which Committee might select and combine from them all, a definite plan to be laid before the Convention in 1844, and after being passed upon there, to be submitted to the Associations for their final action. It appears to me that such a mode would secure to us the great leading features in which all could agree, and give us, in this state at least, a form of government and discipline which would be highly beneficial to the cause—and, perhaps, form a model for other states. But, as I said before, any mode that will secure the object sought, will satisfy all who, like myself, have long desired a better organization of our order. A. B. G.

### OUR NATURAL CAPACITY.

I know not why it is, that man is so ready to impeach the fair workmanship of God in the creature. All I know is, that it is too often done. No sooner does a man begin to dishonor himself, and prostrate his own capacity to unholy works, and distrust his Maker, than he begins to think and say, that it is most natural for him to do so—just as if God had given him a nature, the constitutional promptings of which were vicious. Did I need any proof of the falsity of this notion, I should find it in the fact, that this depreciating estimate of our natural capacity, always proceeds from those who have demeaned themselves by an abuse of their capacity. It is the conviction of a mind under the violation of the powers which God has given to it. We should therefore be suspicious of all opinions originating in such a source. We should rather study to know our true capacity, and how well it is adapted to the demands which God makes of it.

The fact is, if man has no prospect of unqualified perfection, he has, at least, the capacities of untiring progression. Even when he neglects his capacity, and moves backward from his high destiny, that very movement proves his capacity for progression, and the consequences of his retrograde movement show that it is most natural for him to go upward in the scale of excellence and of being. The process of proving this is extensively varied; but the beautiful conclusions to which analogy will lead us, are perhaps the most pleasing.

Why is it that the mind become perverted in inactivity, unless it is because the mind has no business to be inactive? has a higher calling than merely to be, and then cease to be forever? Why is that the richest luxuries of earth pall upon the senses, and grow noxious, even to the thought of their greatest abundance, if it is not because thought is thus delayed in its upward journeying? Would the captive bird pine, and grow songless in its gilded cage, if its birth-right was not the freedom of the boundless ether? Would the aged prisoner of the Bastille have gone back into his lonely cell without a murmur, if his spirit had not been wounded, and his hopes crushed by being driven from their own free soarings? Would the mind shrink from annihilation, if there was nothing in it allied to the spiritual and eternal? or suffer from vice and error, if virtue and truth were not its most natural aliment?



I repeat, that man has the capacity of untiring progression; and the consequence is, he must advance, or droop in the agony of tantalized and ungratified, yet irresistible longings. And this capability is exhibited by man in all his relations. If we view him as a social being, it is with him—if as a denizen, an artist, or a disciple of wisdom, it pushes him forward in quest of the new, the more beautiful, and the more useful—if as a worshipper of the High and Holy One, it speaks with a truthfulness that will be heeded; it tells us that we must not touch it with the manacles of impious distrust—that we must not limit it to the sordid grovelling of the earthly and sensual. And to this capacity God appeals by his grace, that he may win its single-eyed homage—upon it He lays his commands, as upon a servant whose destiny is amid the glories of the uncreated.

Away, then, with the doctrine of an alliance between vice and man's nature. Let us learn that we are the subjects of God's creative energy, and destined to be conformed to the nobleness of our origin. Let us learn that we are inwardly prompted to walk in wisdom's ways—that our nature urges us there, and is unsatisfied when we stray. Let us learn our natural capacity, and the demands of our heavenly Father upon it; and by the submission of one to the guidance of the other, approximate more and more to that moral elevation for which God has created us. Try it, Christian brother, and then say if you can continue to believe that you are by nature averse to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil. Try it, unbelievers, and then say if the reward of dealing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with thy God, does not reveal the true capacity.

A. R. B.

## RATHER BIGOTED.

Br. Asher Moore, one of the Editors of the Nazarene published in Philadelphia, lately published an article in that paper, giving his views on the miraculous conception and super-human nature of Jesus of Nazareth, and calling the attention of Universalists to that special point in a very earnest and impressive manner. In the course of his article, he remarked that, in all his acquaintance with our ministers, he had found but two who believed that the nature possessed by the Saviour was but simply the human nature, and that one of these soon afterwards left the ministry. As he found me to believe that the nature of Jesus was but simply the human nature, and as I have not yet left the ministry, I must be the *only* preacher to whom that article is addressed. So be it—I have carefully read it, and considered its arguments, and my belief regarding the nature of "of the man, Christ Jesus," remains unchanged. I believe him to be in nature, all the Scriptures declare him, "a man"—in character and in office the very image, representative and personification of the Deity, the Son of Man and the Son of God in a higher, purer, better sense than was any being that ever lived; being proved such by a greater indwelling of God's spirit, by a nearer and closer communion with God, by the wonderful signs and miracles God wrought by him, by "a name which is above every name," and by a mediation, and a mission, and a government which exceeds all others ever given of God to any being in the universe—but still, in his essential nature, simply a human being. And this belief in the nature, character, and offices of Jesus, which seems to me to be the clear teaching of Holy Writ, I know to be held by several of the most faithful and efficient ministers of the restitution in this state, and by a few in other states, some of whom do not (though the most of them do) believe in the miraculous conception of Jesus in a *literal* sense. For that conception need no more change the nature of Jesus, to a nature different from or above human nature, than the direct agency of God in creating Adam, necessarily made his nature something different from, or above, the nature of his descendants. At least, so it appears to those who hold to a belief that "Jesus of Nazareth" was "a man approved of God." But we seldom deem it necessary to dwell on this merely metaphysical point in our faith—we do not deem it one hundredth part as important to know or to teach what was the nature of Christ, as we do to know and teach what is his

character, his office, and the ability given him to fulfil his mission, for in these, the all-important (or, at the very least, the "MOST IMPORTANT") point of our faith, the character of God himself, is involved. And I have noticed Br. Moore's article more at length already, than I intended to do when I commenced this article—which I intended to be a brief notice of another article, to which remarks on Br. Moore's were to be only prefatory. So, let us now to the article, for which I intended my caption.

In the last Nazarene, Br. "J. L. C. G.," of Williamsburg, Va., lands very highly Br. Moore's article above noticed, and thus comments on a portion of its statements. "It is pleasing to me to reflect on the EXCEEDINGLY small number of Universalist preachers, that have declared themselves in favor of Humanitarianism, and no less gratifying is the thought that one of that handful soon afterwards withdrew from the ministry!" (Have italicized the sentence I wish the reader to notice specially.) No name was given, no character ascribed to the minister who withdrew—his faith only, was named. It must therefore be simply on account of his faith on this single point, (the nature, not the character of Jesus,) that this gratification at his withdrawal is felt! Did Br. J. L. C. G. really mean what he wrote? If so, how much more humane and liberal are his feelings, than were those of the disciples, who, on a certain occasion told the Master, "we saw one casting out demons in thy name, and we forbade him, because he followed not with us?" How great is his love for Universalism, its spread, and prosperity, and glorious influences, when his zeal for the doctrine he holds concerning the nature (not the character) of Jesus, leads him to be gratified to hear that those ministers who hold not as he does concerning that nature (not character), have left the ministry? For, let it be remembered, that the moral, or mental, or social qualifications of the preacher, are not here taken into account; but simply his opinion concerning the nature—the metaphysical nature—of Jesus. Of course, if it affords him gratification to think that one preacher who believed Jesus was simply of the human nature, had left our ministry, it would afford him much more gratification to learn that all who hold that opinion had left it, however honest, virtuous, pious, talented, or useful they might have been to the denomination and to our race in that ministry. He surely can not soberly and seriously mean what he wrote—for, from his other articles which I have seen, I am persuaded he is more liberal, more charitable, more of a Christian Universalist, than to rejoice on such narrow grounds as these.—Suppose that he should learn that BRS. S. R. SMITH, HOSEA BALLOU, E. H. CHAPIN, (whom he probably knows,) and thirty or forty others of the oldest, and ablest, and best of our ministers, as well as my humble self and that one unknown preacher, all held that opinion, (as some of us do hold it,) would it be his desire to have all of us leave the ministry of reconciliation merely on that account?—would our leaving it *en masse* increase his present professed gratification thirty-five or forty-five fold? I can hardly believe it.

Why, then, it may be asked, have I taken so much notice of the expression? Because I deem it my solemn duty to exert myself to repress a constant tendency which I behold in some of our brethren, to let their zeal for some particular narrow item of faith or measures, swallow up their charity, and destroy their devotion to the great, illimitable, endless principles and doctrines of the Gospel. In the article of Br. J. L. C. G. already commented on, he calls the particular view of himself and Br. Moore concerning the mere nature of Jesus, "that MOST IMPORTANT article of faith"—(I give it as it appears in the Nazarene, capitals and all!) It is not only "important" in his estimation, but "most important," in capital letters!—more important than a belief in God, in God's nature and character, in the Bible, in life and immortality beyond the grave, in universal salvation from sin and death, in the character of Christ, &c.—yea, more important than any or all of these articles of faith; it is the "most important article of faith." Another fixes on some other little peculiar item in his creed, and makes that the "most important article of faith," without a belief in which no man should

remain in the ministry. And another, still, selects some particular ceremony, or measure, as the "most important" item in the organization or advancement of our cause, and denounces all who will not adopt it with all his soul and body, as unfit for the ministry, a mere "nominal Universalist," a "disorganizer," and opposed to the improvement and advancement of the order. Now, all this ultraism, and one-idea-ism, there is much zeal and energy wasted, which might be truly useful if united with a little charity and prudence, and concentrated on Universalism in theory and practice. But as it now is, I must think it rather—rather bigoted. A. B. G.

## THE WESTERN LUMINARY.

We thank Br. Grosh of the Magazine and Advocate for the respectful and favorable notice which he has given of the "Western Luminary" and the change which has taken place in the proprietorship of the same; and for one, I hope that nothing will hereafter occur to cause unpleasant feelings among brethren.

His remark, however, that "the company may not be able to superintend its publication as well as one," evinces in our esteemed Br. an oversight of the fact, that the company have employed a "Publishing Agent," who is to give his strict attention to the business of the Office, and is empowered by the company to transact all business pertaining to the printing, mailing, accounts, &c., connected with the concern. That the paper is now placed upon a better basis than formerly is a fact, we think "which nobody can deny." J. C.

Right! Br. Chase: I did not see the notice that you had been appointed the General Agent of the company—an event at which I rejoice; for I believe we can understand each other well enough to hear and forbear. I hope, now, that there will be a clear sky between Rochester and Utica, and that the two papers may engage, without any thing to distract their attention from it, in their great, proper and mutual aim—"the diffusion of the principles of benevolence and charity." A. B. G.

## TO FRIENDS AND AGENTS.

Our list suffered a great diminution at the close of last volume. It occurred at the very hardest of the times—at the full commencement of winter, when cash was very scarce, and more than usually needed to lay in winter stores. Spring is coming, (though through frequent snow storms—snow four to five feet deep on a level in the woods, and drifts from ten to fifteen or twenty high in the fields and roads!) when business will revive again, and people feel a little more liberal. Can you not make up the losses of last fall and winter? Do please to look around you, and try and recover some of the old subscribers who have discontinued, or to get a few new ones. I think it can be done in many sections, if a fair trial is made.

Subscriptions that begin with May, will be but one dollar to the end of the volume.

New subscribers can yet be supplied from the commencement of the year. Who applies first? A. B. G.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"UNIVERSALISM THE DOCTRINE OF THE PRIMITIVE CHRISTIAN CHURCH; a discourse delivered in the Universalist Church, Albany, N. Y., on the evening of the fifth Sunday in January, 1843. By S. R. SMITH." Mansell, printer. Pp. 20, 12mo.

The title fully discloses the nature and objects of the sermon, and the sermon fully justifies the title bestowed upon it. As to circumstances, the sermon was drawn out by the revival of ungodly slander, denunciation, abuse, biffingsgate and blasphemy, now carried forward (in the Baptist churches especially) in Albany, by the aid of Elders Swan, Knapp, Raymond, and others of the same kidney. This led to a course of lectures in explanation and defence of the Restitution, and its claims to public acceptance as the doctrine of God, the prophets, the Saviour, the apostles, and the early Christians.—The sermon in question goes to prove the latter portion of these claims, and does it briefly, but powerfully.—Those who know Br. Smith's power of condensation in,



fact and argument, need only be told that the sermon before us is one of the happiest specimens of his ability in that line. We hope the sermon will be extensively circulated, and carefully read, and long remembered by the public. A. B. G.

P. S.—“Ancient History of Universalism,” by H. Ballou, 2d. Br. Smith in his brief preface to the above sermon, says very justly of this valuable history, that it is “a work too little known by the public, and too little read by the denomination.” This truth is our shame.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—The P. M. at Hennipen, Ill., is informed that the remittance came safely to hand. The new order was not answered simply because we had none to send. I hope an order sufficiently large to supply all that region will be sent early the next summer.

Rev. George Montgomery West, a self-dubbed Doctor of Divinity, and a self-constituted champion against Mormonism, infidelity, &c., &c., who was suspended by the Presbytery of Brooklyn in 1841, has been formally deposed and excommunicated by said Presbytery, and published accordingly.

Elmore Williams, lately deceased in Cincinnati, and noted for his honesty, prudence, and successful accumulation of a handsome property in that city, of half a million of dollars, without speculation of any kind, was also a very liberal man. His donations for charitable purposes amounted to at least 40,000 dollars, given without parade or ostentation. He was a Universalist in faith and in practice; and an “old-fashioned” man.

Brs. S. R. Smith's Lectures to Young Men have been published in book form by Brs. Gibson & Fairchild, Philadelphia. Br. Sadler, of Portland, Me., has published a book of interpretation of the prophecies of Daniel. Br. Chapin's Lectures on the Spirit of Reform have been published in New York. All these books are highly commended by the public press—when we get copies, we will try to read them, and then speak further of them.

Br. Tompkins—Credit Henry Steele, Howlet Hill, now Marcellus Falls, Onondaga county, N. Y., for vols. 6 and 10 Repository, and send it to him at the latter place. He wants No. 5, Vol. 6, and Nos. 9, 10 and 11, Vol. 10. Charge us \$4.00.

Br. Whittemore—Credit Henry Steele, Marcellus Falls, N. Y., \$2.00 for current vol. Trumpet, and send him Nos. 15 and 27 current vol. Charge us.

#### THAT FIFTY CENTS!!!

The time is approaching when our terms will require the addition of fifty cents to the subscription of all those who have not paid for the current volume. We remind our patrons of this fact, in the hopes that they will be induced to benefit themselves, and at the same time give us that assistance which we so much need at the present time. Will our agents endeavor to collect as much, and as speedily as possible, and forward the same.

#### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching on the second Sunday in April, by Br. GROSH in Syracuse.

There will be preaching on the third Sunday inst., by Br. SKINNER in Sullivan, N. B.—The absolutely impassible state of the roads prevented his fulfilling his last appointment. Br. GROSH in Syracuse.

There will be preaching on the fourth Sunday inst., by Br. BARRY at Little Falls, and Br. Grosh in Fort Plain.

There will be preaching on the fifth Sunday inst., by Br. SKINNER at Little Falls—Br. SOULE in Syracuse, and Br. GROSH in this city.

#### MARRIAGES.

In Norfolk, on the 16th inst., by Rev. D. Mott, Mr. JOHN SPAULDING, of Bangor, to Miss HARRIET GIBBS, of the former place,

#### DEATHS.

In Sullivan, Madison county, March 15th, of quick consumption, Mr. ORLANDO CADY, aged 33 years. By this afflictive dispensation of Providence, a wife has been bereft of a devoted and affectionate husband; and two young children at an age when they most need the protecting care and guardian love of a father, have lost a kind and indulgent parent. Br. Cady was formerly a member of the Methodist church, but about five years since, he was led to doubt and inquire into the truth of the doctrine of endless woe for any portion of his fellow beings. He sought for instruction in the divine record, and after a diligent and careful perusal of the sacred Scriptures, he embraced in its fullness that faith which embraces in its heavenly provisions every son and daughter of humanity. And he adorned the doctrine that he professed. His illness of four weeks was attended with the most severe and excruciating pain, but not a murmur was heard from his lips; and when friends who stood around his bed, moved by his extreme sufferings, exclaimed that it was too hard, too much for him to bear—“Oh, no, he said, it was all right.” He was impressed with the belief from the first, that it was his last sickness—said that he wished to live for the sake of his wife and children, but was resigned and willing to go—and said to his wife the day previous to his departure, that he was going home. It was the privilege of the writer to be with him in his last hours, to witness the calm and holy resignation with which he met the dread messenger of death, and resigned himself into the arms of his Saviour. Sustained and upheld by the heavenly and all-glorious faith that glowed in his heart, he could calmly bid adieu to earth's fair scenes, though called in the prime of life to take the last look on loved friends, and lie down in the cold, silent tomb. The radiant light of that blessed faith played round his dying pillow, and beamed o'er the dark valley and shadow of death. Though suffering from the most distressing paroxysms for breath, which rendered it painful in the extreme for him to speak, he exclaimed but a few moments before he breathed his last, “I look to heaven;” and while a joyful smile played o'er his countenance, his spirit took its flight from a world of sin and suffering, to join the seraphic throng of angels in the celestial mansions of our heavenly Father.

His funeral was attended on Sunday the 19th, in the Universalist church, and a discourse delivered by Rev. E. P. Williams, (Methodist,) of Chittenango, to an attentive and sympathizing audience. E—

In Brighton, Mich., Sept. 13th, 1842, very suddenly, Mr. DANIEL TONERAY, aged 73 years, and 11 months. He departed firm in the faith of universal salvation, leaving an aged companion, and a numerous family of children and grand children who mourn not as those without hope; to whom, with a large audience of sympathizing neighbors, the consolations of the Gospel were tendered on the 15th, by J. H. S.

In Milford, Mich., of consumption, on Feb. 11th, Mrs. SARAH BOWERS, consort of Mr. Henry Bowers, aged 23 years. She has left a youthful husband who devoted on her, and a lovely infant. But neither her husband or other relatives are without comfort; for they trust in God as the Saviour of all men. Sermon on the 13th, to a crowded and sympathizing audience, from 2 Samuel xiv: 14, by J. H. SANFORD.

In Leyden, Feb. 18th, Mrs. LUCINA PARSONS, wife of Aaron Parsons, in the 38th year of her age. She was a kind and affectionate companion, a tender mother, and a virtuous and valuable member of society. Her faith in the doctrine which teaches the complete triumph of the Redeemer's kingdom, and a universal deliverance from sin and misery, was firm and unwavering. She was ready at all times to “give a reason” of her hope, to whomsoever might ask it of her, “with meekness and reverence;” and though her parents, her relatives, friends and neighbors, were, the most of them, believers in “another gospel,” yet her benevolent disposition and Christian deportment was sufficient to win the esteem and friendly regard of all. Her funeral was attended on the 19th, at the Universalist church in Leyden, and a sermon was preached to a large and crowded, though listening and attentive congregation, by the writer. G. SWAN.

In Andover, Allegany county, Feb. 23d, Mrs. ELIZABETH PERRY POOL, consort of Mr. E. C. Pool, and daughter of the late Peter Sampson, Esq., after a distressing illness of four weeks. She left an infant son, to the charge of her companion, and departed in the hope of meeting them, with a ransomed world, in immortal blessedness after the resurrection. Amiable and affectionate, she felt a sympathy for

all that live and move, which was returned by all who knew her. Her remains were carried for interment to Springville, Erie county, where her funeral was attended in the Baptist church, on the 27th. Sermon by Rev. Alanson Tucker, Baptist. COM.

In Queensbury, January 1st, 1843, GEORGE, eldest son of Cornelius and Polly Bentley, aged 13 years and 4 months. He died in the first hour of the first day of the new year; and while many of his young companions were welcoming it with joy, the Saviour had taken him home, to begin the new year in heaven, and with it, the rejoicings of eternity. May the consolation of the Gospel support the bereaved parents under this afflicting providence, and enable them to look forward to the period when they will clasp the departed in the arms of immortal affection, and bask in the end's sunshine of Jehovah's love. Sermon by Br. Hollister.

S. JENKINS.

#### A NEW UNIVERSALIST WORK.

The subscribers have now in hand a new Universalist publication, the first number of which will be ready for delivery on or before the first of May next. The work will be entitled: “SELECT THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY,” and will be published in monthly numbers of 48 large super-royal octavo pages, printed in book style, on fine white paper, in new bourgeois type, in a neat and handsome manner, and enclosed in a well printed cover. The object of the work is to furnish the public with approved UNIVERSALIST BOOKS, at about one-fourth the price for which they have hitherto been issued. Entire works will be published in the “Library,” and the twelve numbers, which will be issued in the course of each year, will make a volume of 576 large pages, and contain as much matter as now can be purchased, of the same character, for from five to eight dollars.

The first number will contain nearly the whole of “Winchester's Dialogues,” which will be followed by other works of equal and even greater value. And one of the advantages (which is of some consequence to the interests of the denomination) to be derived from the publication of this work, is, that it will rescue from obscurity, and place in the hands of believers and others a number of very valuable works which are now almost forgotten, and which otherwise will never be reprinted. Besides republishing old works, the Proprietors purpose purchasing from time to time, the copy rights of new productions, which may be considered of sufficient importance to deserve a place in the pages of the “Library.”

To persons residing in country places, the publication of the “Library” will afford facilities for obtaining Universalist books, which they have never yet possessed;—inasmuch as the work can be sent to any part of the country at the bare cost of newspaper postage.

The terms of this work will be so very low, that it is believed that every Universalist in the country will avail himself of the opportunity of obtaining a copy. It will be sold at Twelve and a half cents per single number, or ten numbers for one dollar.

As no book accounts will be kept, all orders for this work must be accompanied with the cash; and this must be forwarded in par funds, free of expense to the publishers.—The price of the work being placed at the mere cost of paper and labor, no losses can be incurred. The proper discount will therefore be made upon all uncurrent notes that may be forwarded, and all postage charged against us will be deducted in furnishing orders.

The only exception made to the foregoing rule, will be in cases where large orders are given by persons with whom we are well acquainted. In such instances we shall expect payment in cash, within thirty days after the copies shall have been delivered. Universalist Booksellers, Preachers, and others, will find it to their advantage to become agents for the sale of this publication.

Orders for the “Library” are respectfully solicited. All communications must be post paid, and addressed to

GIBSON, FAIRCHILD & Co.,

S. E. Corner of Seventh and Market sts. Philadelphia.

#### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P M, North Reading, for A A—P M, Laporte, (Ind) for A D T, and W B—P M, Chaumont, for L G—P M, Colden, for J T—P M, W. Greenville, (Pa) for J F—P M, Kingsbury, for E S—P M, Flint Creek, for A A—P M, Wadlington, for S W F and C B—P M, Parishville, for A L and F P—P M, Porter's Corners, for J M D, N D M and E H—P M, Owego, for G C and J W—P M, Logan, for self and G S—P M, Hobart, for W B C and D O—P M, Owego, for E C—J A McN, Union, for P H—P M, Davies Centre, for J J, C M, W S and J S F.



From Graham's Magazine.

# LOVE SONG.....FROM THE ITALIAN.

BY RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

O! WERT thou but with me;  
In yon dark vessel free,  
That o'er the moon-lit sea  
Cleaves her way.  
O! were it only mine,  
From scenes in which we pine,  
To bear thee o'er the brine,  
Far away!

On ocean's ample breast,  
Beneath night's starry vest,  
All else but us at rest—  
Thou and I  
Of every mutual pain,  
Together might complain,  
And unbetrayed remain,  
No one by.

Thus lifting memory's pall  
From this dark life, all, all  
The past we should recall,  
With its woes:  
And then what could we crave  
From Heaven and the wave  
But a harbor or a grave,  
To repose!

From the N. Y. Christian Messenger.

## DEATH OF DO-HUM-ME.

There are probably few readers of the Union and Messenger to whom the intelligence of the death of the young creature, whose name is attached to this article, will be new. But lest there may be—lest there may be those ignorant even that such a being has ever lived, I will for their sakes, tell who she was. Do-hum-me was the daughter of an Indian chief, one of the most illustrious warriors of his nation, one of the number composing the delegation from the far West, lately in this city, but now on their return home. She was an amiable and merry-hearted girl of seventeen, a general favorite with the tribe, and with all who became acquainted with her. When on their way from Washington to New York, a marriage took place between Do-hum-me and a noble young Iowa Chief, by the name of Cow-hick-ee. This union was characterized by an affection—an absolute devotion to each other, which, to those who have been accustomed to think of the Indians as of a race of stoics, would doubtless appear surprising. They were rarely seen, even for half an hour apart, and their deportment towards one another was marked on his side, by a dignified tenderness, and on her's by a caressing, yet delicate fondness. I saw them often, and knew them well, and can truly say that no one could know and fail to love one so mild, so amiable, so affectionate as was this interesting girl. What wonder then that her husband, who seemed gentleness itself, should do so!

But my limits forbid a longer dwelling on the sunny side of the picture. She had been for weeks a bride, when on the day before the one appointed for their departure to their distant home, she was seized with a violent illness which terminated in a congestion of the brain, and she died. I was with her through her last and most trying hours; she was attended by two or three experienced physicians; her father and husband never left her side for a moment, and could skill, or the deepest affection, have saved her, Do-hum-me had still lived.

Of the sobs and wails of deep and bitter agony, which burst from the husband and father when all was over, I have no heart to attempt a description. It was a scene which, should I live to twice the age of man, I shall never forget.

Although by a universal custom among the Indian tribes, the task of preparing the body for the burial is always performed by the nearest relatives, my offers of assistance were accepted with affectionate gratitude, and together we arrayed the departed girl as if for a bridal rather than a burial.

She was followed to the Greenwood Cemetery by her family, myself and two or three others who were glad to render this tribute of affection to departed worth.—

As a temporary resting place, she was laid in the Stranger's Tomb, but is soon to be interred in a grave.

It was gratifying to witness the satisfaction expressed by the mourners, that a spot, so like their own native wilds, had been chosen for the burial place of their dead.—More gratifying still was it to hear the expressions, communicated through the interpreter, of the mournful pleasure they felt at leaving her in my care; for I had won their entire confidence—how, it matters not now to tell—and they looked upon me as I was, a true and sympathising friend.

After the burial I was deeply touched at being formally adopted by the old chief as his daughter, not in the place of her he had lost, but that he might leave me to watch over her remains, and to perform the few simple rites which the Indians are accustomed to pay to their dead.

"The Great Spirit has taken her away from us," said the bereaved husband, in an address to me. "The Great Spirit has taken her away, and we give her up. But Wa-con-tam-e, (a name which they always called me,) Wa-con-tam-e will lay her in the grave, and will promise to go sometimes and sit down by it, and scatter food around it, that the spirit of Do-hum-me may not faint in its journey to the land of shadows! Wa-con-tam-e will not forget!"

It is needless to say that my promise to fulfil, with the most scrupulous exactness, this affecting request, was unhesitatingly and unreservedly given, and never shall I forget the clinging grasp, and the look of gratitude and affection I received in return. I promised also to use my best endeavors to procure a stone to be placed on the grave, that should tell who slept beneath it.

Cow-hick-ee has a brother who has received a liberal education at one of our Western Seminaries, but who has since returned to the home and the customs of his tribe, and with him I have promised to correspond on the subject, as soon as the burial has taken place.

I have received a kind and generous invitation from the Vice President of the Greenwood Cemetery, to select and appropriate, without compensation, whatever spot I might prefer for the final resting place of my sacred charge. So far my wishes are accomplished. But I am unwilling, for several reasons, to remove the body until there is something more substantial than a few feet of loose earth with which to cover it. I am anxious, and many others who knew her are also anxious, to procure a neat and modest monument to her memory. We surely owe thus much to the daughter of that ill-fated race which, through the cruel and encroaching policy of our laws, is fast fading from the earth. For her sake, then, and for the sake of those bereaved mourners who, with heavy hearts, are now wending their sorrowing way to that home which is never again to be lighted by her smiles, I trust that there are in this city enough sympathising hearts to contribute the moderate sum necessary for the accomplishment of this purpose.

Those who wish to contribute will find a subscription open at the office of the Union, or the money will be thankfully received at my residence, 246 East Broadway.

Whatever is done should be done immediately.

CAROLINE M. SAWYER.

## TROUBLE.

Often, when there is an appearance of an epidemic in the city, a proper caution is necessary in the papers about announcing its existence, before its character and extent are understood, lest fears should be excited abroad, unwarranted by any danger, and the business of the city should thereby suffer. Sporadic cases of particular diseases are, therefore, more referred to as evidences of the prevalence of the disorder, because every season has some of the cases of a disease, which in times of calamity, distinguishes that season by its extent and mortality. But when once a contagious disorder becomes prevalent, or when any disease is epidemic, then it behoves the conductors of papers to sound the alarm, lest additions should be made to the sufferers, by new accessions of citizens, or to the sufferings, perhaps, from the same cause.

Such a case occurred in 1832, when the cholera raged, and the press promptly announced the appearance of the disease, and the extent of its ravages. And a case has again occurred, and with becoming promptness, we give notice of its existence and danger.—"Caveat Monitor."

The disease may be considered annual in our city.—If we mistake not, it is endemic, and also epidemic; and in its operations at the present moment, it is making sad havoc in family comforts. We have noticed that, like the "malaria" of Italy, it commences in the upper portions of a dwelling, but soon works downward through all the premises. We saw, last week, its operation, and noted the progress of the disorder in a house. The female portions of the family appear to be seized with a certain giddiness. All ordinary pursuits suddenly ceased. Several persons who seemed to partake of the same infirmity, had found their way into the house; and all who were thus affected were, in the upper rooms of the dwelling, in a most distressed and distressing situation. They had torn up the carpets, disturbed the beds, thrust the chairs out of the room, and upset buckets of water upon the floor, while one of the unfortunate, a colored woman, with a long handled brush, was daubing the ceiling with a compound of water and lime, parts of which had descended upon her person, presenting a species of leprous spots, most alarming.

Meantime, the disease descended from the head to the heart of the house, and chambers, parlours, dining rooms, boudoirs, and even the culinary apartments, shared in the general derangement. Nor was this all. Passengers in the street, if not infected, were at least, invaded; for so high did the excitement rage, that water was thrown from the upper windows of the house, and made to descend in torrents upon the hats, coats, shawls, and dresses, of honest, unsuspecting passengers.

We saw, too, business friends, only on Friday, sneaking out of their own houses at an early hour, steering, with great circumspection, through defiles of blue pots, white-wash buckets, wash tubs, brushes, crabbing brooms, mops, and servants, with the mistress in the rear; and having gained the step of the door, they sprang to the centre of the street, to avoid any outpouring from above. At noon, these gentlemen took dinner at some of the hotels, omitted tea, and at a late hour got home, and found little or no hope, that the disorder in their family was abated.

Connected with the violence of this disease, we ought to mention another type of the disorder; and that is a peculiar ascerbity of temper on the part of the females, occasionally manifested by a wild swinging of the hands, not unfrequently with the broom and mop handle held fast.

So general is the operation of the disease, that we should not have made mention of it, excepting to warn those at a distance, that it is now at its height; and if they are coming to the city, they may calculate the time of visitation accordingly.

We ought to mention that the complaints are most frequent among the literary men. Libraries are daubed, and papers mislaid. But we have seen no one unwise enough to attempt to stem the torrent in his own family, or venture to oppose any obstacle to "CLEANING HOUSE."—[Philad. U. S. Gaz.]

By order of Government, the roads in Prussia are lined on each side with fruit trees. Riding from Berlin to Halle, I noticed that some of them had a wisp of straw attached to them. I inquired of the coachman what it meant. He replied, that those trees bore fruit, and the straw was notice to the public not to take fruit from those trees without special permission. "I fear," said I, "that such notice in my country, would but be an invitation to roguish boys to attack them." "Haben Sie keine Schulen?" (Have you no schools?) was his significant rejoinder.—Stower.

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# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL,"....."PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, APRIL 14, 1843.

NO. 15.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

### For the Magazine and Advocate. STRAY LEAVES.....NO. IV.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

Oh, not with fabled nymph and woodland faun  
Fled the bright soul of beauty from our world!  
In every blade of grass upon the lawn,  
Or violet's cup, we see its light imperaled.  
The beauty of God's soul, o'er earth unfurled,  
Reflects its hues in founts and blue-eyed streams,  
Or where the mist around the cliff is curled,  
Scatters the rainbow brightness of its beams,  
And light the gloom below with more than noon-tide gleams.

### For the Magazine and Advocate. INQUIRIES.

BY REV. H. L. HAYWARD.

Br. Grosh—At the time of the crucifixion of our Lord, one of the Malefactors who was crucified with him, gave utterance to the following request—"Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." What was the nature of that kingdom, to which reference is here made? Was it the *spiritual* kingdom, to establish which was the especial work of our Saviour? If so, how can we account satisfactorily for the circumstance, that the chosen disciples of Christ, who had been the subjects of his *particular* instructions, did nevertheless entertain less correct views, relative to the nature of that kingdom, than the poor Malefactor? Christ's chosen band of disciples were with him constantly during the whole period of his ministry, and listened to his public teachings and private instructions; and yet, up to the time of our Saviour's crucifixion, they clung to the erroneous notion, that he had come to deliver them from their subjection to the Romans, and establish a temporal kingdom, and reign as a temporal prince. If, then, with all these advantages, they still remained in error and darkness, is it supposable that this poor Malefactor, whose wicked habits of life could not have allowed him to attend very steadily upon the ministry of the Saviour, was, notwithstanding, so much better instructed than the disciples?

If it is said, that he, as well as the disciples, looked for the establishment of a temporal kingdom, and imagined that the Son of God would yet exert his miraculous power, to deliver himself and companion from the cross; I would still ask, if Christ knew him to be in this error, would he not have been likely to set him right on the subject, which he could easily have done by a few words?

I wish some of your numerous correspondents, would give their views on this subject through the columns of your paper—or, if you are in want of a subject for an editorial article, let this be the one.  
Homer, March, 1843.

NOTE.—The inquiry is an interesting one, but I doubt whether any very positive answer can be expected to it. Will some of our correspondents please consider the subject, and furnish as satisfactory an answer as they can?  
A. B. G.

### For the Magazine and Advocate. DOCTRINAL ARTICLES.....No. II. BY REV. J. H. SANFORD.

"Ho! every one that thirsteth; come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat.....Let the wicked forsake his way, and the righteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon. Incline your ear and come unto me; hear and your souls

shall live"....."Look unto me all ye ends of the earth and be ye saved." "And whosoever will let him take the water of life freely." "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Isa. lv: 6, 7, 3; xlv: 22; Rev. xxii: 18; Mat. xi: 28, 29.

"I have sworn by myself, the word is gone out of my mouth in righteousness and shall not return: that unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear; surely shall say in the Lord have I righteousness and strength." Isa. xlv: 23. "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void; but it shall accomplish that which I please and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." Isa. lv: 10, 11. "Remember the former things of old; for I am God, and there is none else; I am God, and there is none like me: Declaring the end from the beginning, and from ancient times the things that are not yet done saying, my counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure." Isa. xlv: 9, 10. Hence we see the word is gone out of the mouth of Jehovah, according to his pleasure, that the wicked should turn from his wicked way, and come to the waters of life, and drink freely of the wine of the kingdom of God, which is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, Rom. xiv: 17; and of the "sincere milk of the word," "without money and without price," which is able to save their souls. And we are assured that this word shall be as certain in the accomplishment of the object for which it is spoken, as the rain and snow are to assist the earth in bringing forth her fruit for the compensation of the toils of the husbandman, and the satisfaction of the appetite of the eater; and the sustenance of His dependent creatures, whose "eyes wait upon him, while He gives them their meat in due season." Ps. cxlv: 15. "Behold I give you good doctrine."

Kensington, Mich, March 15th, 1843.

### For the Magazine and Advocate. DYING DRUNK. BY MRS. LUCY HORTON.

A. Dear cousin, I am almost in despair on account of my father's death!—not so much on the account of his absence, but because of the horrible situation in which he left this world! He died in a fit of intoxication, and, according to the words of the apostle, no drunkard "hath any inheritance in the kingdom of heaven!"

B. It is true that no drunkard "hath any inheritance in the kingdom of heaven." And it is also true, that no person of "hatred, envy, malice or strife, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of heaven"—and where is the person who never possessed the passion of *hatred* or *envy*? I think it is with the drunkard, as with the murderer;—so long as they are of the spirit of murder or drunkenness, they have no "eternal life abiding in them." An apostle says, "He that *hateth* his brother is a murderer." So long as a man possesses the spirit of *hatred*, he has no love of God in his soul; and, of course, has no "inheritance in the kingdom of heaven," because Jesus said, "the kingdom of heaven is without you." "Sin is of the flesh," and when we throw off the clay tabernacle, we then throw off the "sins of the flesh." It is then that a portion of "the dragon is cast unto the earth," because "he

is overcome by the spirit or blood of the lamb." It is then that "the dust returns unto the earth, and the spirit to God who gave it," and so "death is swallowed up in victory."

A. If what you say is true, I think I may take encouragement. But do not the Scriptures teach that "every man shall be rewarded according to his works?"

Yes, they do. And Solomon, who was the wisest man, says, "the righteous shall be recompensed in the earth, much more the wicked and the sinner." The drunkard, truly receives his punishment in *this* state of existence; and often he sincerely repents and abhors himself for his misconduct and folly! Could we hear the lamentations of his mind while in his sober moments, we should hear him groaning under the weight of his crimes in such a manner, that we should be constrained to say, "the way of the transgressor is hard."

Oh, I do sincerely pity the drunkard! How heart-rending are his groans, while in his sober moments! Oh with what inward horror he looks on his family, who are in a state of starvation, and suffering with cold for the want of clothing, and fuel, and a comfortable shelter from the blasting storms of winter! With what keen remorse he upbraids himself as the sole cause of their sufferings! Then in the anguish of his soul, he laments his folly, solemnly vows to himself, (and perhaps to his family,) that he *will* refrain from evil—that he will no longer pursue the road to ruin! He has now a full determination to break off from his sins of intemperance, and with full purpose of heart he resolves to amend his ways. In this frame of mind, he goes forth in pursuit of food for his suffering family. Perhaps the first man he meets accosts him with a dun for money. He has not a cent of money—nor any thing else of any value! His children are starving, and no one will trust him! He wanders about from house to house, until he is quite discouraged; and with a depressed heart, and a melancholy gloom in his countenance, he returns to his disconsolate family! The children run to him for something to eat. He has not any thing for them! His wife turns pale, with disappointment, and with tears in her eyes exclaims, "what will become of us?" He tells her, he will go again and try to engage some provision for work. He now goes forth in pursuit of work—but every body refuses to hire him; because they know he is a drunkard. They will not even give him his board for his work!—With a horror-stricken spirit, he now sees that himself and his family are outcast from society—without a mouthful of any thing to eat, and without any means of providing any thing; and surely, in this deplorable situation, he justly receives the reward of his former works. And should he again return to the intoxicating bowl, he will be visited with double vengeance on his head, and a hell within his breast. And should he die in a fit of intoxication, surely the keen pangs of death, together with his former sufferings, will be a sufficient reward for his folly. And what parent in the universe would not, if in his power, change this "son of perdition," to a son of God? What parent of love and compassion could see a near and dear child in the last moments of death, sinking into an endless hell,\* and not even reach forth his hand to raise him from the abyss of woe, even should his crimes be ever so great? And what is the love of an earthly parent, to the *pure and holy* love of God? It is but a drop to the ocean! Then surely the God of heaven *will* change the *vile* bodies of *all* men, and make them like unto the glorious body of Jesus Christ.

\* Should his misery never cease, then of course he would be in an *endless* hell.  
L. H.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## THE MISSION OF CHRIST.

BY REV. H. H. WATSON.

"He hath done all things well." *Mark. vii. 37.*

The mission of our Lord Jesus Christ on earth, was "to preach the Gospel to the poor....to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised." And while we contemplate his short but eventful life, we can but truly exclaim in the language quoted at the head of our article, "He hath done all things well."

The mission that Christ came to accomplish, was "to save that which was lost." On this particular the Scriptures of divine truth are plain and positive—"For the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.—And if any man hear my words and believe not, I judge him not; for I come not to judge the world, but to save the world."\* "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." *Mat. xxviii. 11; Luke ix. 56; Jno. iii. 17, xii. 47; Tim. i. 15.*

The object of Christ's mission is further illustrated by the parables of the lost sheep, and lost piece of silver. As the lost sheep and lost piece of silver, are represented as belonging to their respective owners, so mankind are represented as belonging to Christ. See *Jno. iii. 35.* And as the respective owners of the sheep and silver are represented as searching diligently for their lost property, so Christ is represented as searching diligently, until the lost sons and daughters of Adam are found, and restored to favor. For he "came to seek and save that which was lost."

The mission of our Saviour was to redeem mankind from sin; and though this was the noble end for which he came, yet he did not hesitate to prove the divinity of his mission, by miracles and alleviating the distresses of suffering humanity. Those afflicted with the palsy were restored to feeling, strength, and action. The blind were restored to sight; the deaf were made to hear, and the dumb to speak. Again, as Christ was passing to the city of Nain, his compassion was moved at beholding a widow following her only son to the tomb, and for the loss of whom she was lamenting. And he "said unto her, weep not." And to comfort her still more, he restored the man to life and delivered him to his mother.

He is next at the grave of his friend, where he manifests the power which his Father gave him, in raising Lazarus from the dead to convince the unbelieving Jews that he was sent from God.

In the sufferings of Christ we have a perfect example of humility and resignation. His language was, "O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done." And when he was dressed in a mock robe of royalty, a crown of thorns upon his head, and impiously hailed "king of the Jews," he submitted without a murmur. For "when he was reviled, he reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not."

And while he was on the cross suffering the most excruciating and heart-rending pain, he did not feel any malice towards his persecutors, but prayed, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." By the death of our divine Lord and Master the new covenant was sealed, the work which his Father sent him to do was finished.

The partition wall was broken down which had existed between the Jews and Gentiles. And as St. Paul expresses. "Having abolished in his flesh the enmity, even the law of commandments contained in ordinances, for to make in himself of twain, one new man, so making peace. And that he might reconcile both unto God in one body by

\* The word "world" in this, and the last two in the preceding text, are metonymical expressions; that is, they make use of the thing containing for the things contained: and it signifies the people in the world, or all mankind.

H. H. W.

the cross, having slain the enmity thereby." Hence we can exclaim in the language of the poet—

"The anthem long and loud shall swell,  
For Jesus hath done all things well."

Venice, February 7th, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## AN IDEA OF THE UNIVERSE.....NO. I.

BY REV. J. S. KIBBEE.

There is in the Christian Keepsake for 1840, an article of the above title from the pen of Rev. Thomas Dick, D. D. It possesses much merit, especially that part which treats of the universe; but some of his reflections upon its Author, deduced, as no doubt he thinks, naturally from the character of a Being possessed of such wonder working power and wisdom, and who was able to frame such a magnificent structure, must be deemed erroneous by every reflecting Universalist—nay, I had almost said by every reflecting man. I purpose giving a few brief articles upon the same subject, in which will be embodied most of his ideas with such reflections as I may deem justly deducible. I shall make no pretensions to original ideas, though I may, and perhaps justly too, claim some honor in dressing them up to be sent abroad in the world.

Before entering directly upon the subject, I will say a few words upon the source from which all our knowledge is derived of the Author of the universe. The Deity can only be known by a manifestation of his works and perfections. Created intelligences, from the lowest to the highest order, can know nothing more of the Divinity than what is gathered from the boundless universe stretched out before them—the dispensations of his providence towards certain created orders of beings—and the special revelations he may occasionally grant, on certain emergencies, to particular worlds. The visible works of God become to man, endowed with purity of soul, and noble capacities of lofty intellect, a source from whence he can learn something of the attributes of his almighty Maker. Spread out before him is the vast creation with all its diversified wonders and beneficent tendencies, calling upon him to behold the nice adaptation of all its parts, and the harmony that attends all its movements. How vast and magnificent a structure is this, with which we are surrounded! What a field, stretching in endless continuation through immensity of space, is here, for the study and contemplation of the great Creator, by rational being!—Yet, as advantageous as this field is for becoming acquainted with our Maker, I fear, in too many instances and by too many professing Christians, it is regarded as too insignificant to claim their serious attention, or considered as of little or no importance in a religious point of view. Herein have they suffered themselves to be misguided by prejudice, or some other cause equally fatal to the truth. It forms a part of the duty of mankind, and especially of every Christian—a duty frequently inculcated, and with peculiar force and solemnity, in the volume of revealed Truth, to study the works of God; for in language like the following does it speak—"Remember that thou magnify his work which men behold"—"The works of the Lord are great, and they are investigated by all those who have pleasure therein"—"Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these orbs: that bringeth forth their hosts by number; he calleth them all by names by the greatness of his might; for he is strong in power, not one faileth."\* And again, the sweet singer of Israel predicted that in latter ages the people of God should "speak of the glory of his kingdom—of the vast universe over which he presides—and shall talk of his power, to make known to the sons of men his mighty operations, and the glorious majesty of his kingdom."†

Having said this much, and in accordance with the views therein contained, I will now pass to present an idea, rude though it may be, of the universe over which God presides, as it eternal independent sovereign and upholder, in so far as I have been enabled to comprehend and catch the most distant glimpse of its all-absorbing interest, grandeur and

magnificence. The natural signification of the term *universe* means the whole system of created things, whether material or immaterial, existing throughout the regions of illimitable space.

Now the field of labor is fairly before us. And let me begin at the most natural place of beginning—i. e., with those things with which we are most conversant, and ascend upwards. Let me commence my train of thoughts with the objects which lie immediately within our scope of vision, and gradually rise to those objects which are more distant and expansive. Take the landscape lying before us, of which we form a part of the objects it contains—the hills rising up on the right hand and the left, the extended plains, the mountains, the valleys, the forests, the rivers, the lakes, and those portions of the ocean which lie within the range of the natural eye. But how small a part is all this in comparison to the great pavement of this earth's surface upon which we and such a countless hoard of living creatures are congregated! The beautiful landscape forms a very inconsiderable speck compared with the whole range of mountains and valleys—the hills and forests, the expansive lakes, seas and oceans, and the mighty continents and islands which constitute this terraqueous globe. Were we to take one landscape for a better comparison, and a pretty extensive one too, for our present purpose, and it would be requisite that more than nine hundred thousand such as we generally behold, should pass in review, before we should be prepared to form any thing like a just comparison of the bulk of the whole earth. And I am constrained to believe that very few persons are capable of forming at one conception, an idea comprehensive enough, to take in the superficial extent of the globe on which we tread, the surface of which contains no less than one hundred and ninety-seven millions of square miles. This is truly an extended and almost inconceivable surface, spread out before our eyes.

But great as this earth's surface may appear in the eyes of those frail beings that inhabit it, when compared with some of the planetary bodies of our system, it is but an inconsiderable space. Within the ascertained dimensions of one of those bodies which float through the fields of space, nine hundred globes as large as the earth, might be placed—with in another, fourteen hundred might be laid; and were five hundred globes as large as this on which we dwell, stretched out upon the vast plain, formed by the outmost ring of the planet Saturn, which is six hundred and forty-three thousand miles in circumference, all might be contained thereon.—Such are the vast dimensions of some of those revolving bodies, which only appear to the naked eye like some small, lucid spark hung up in the concave of the sky. This earth and all the huge planets and satellites comprised within the range of the solar system, bear but a small proportion to the magnificent luminary which shines upon us from day to day. The Sun is five hundred times larger than the whole, and is capable of containing within its circumference, thirteen hundred thousand worlds as large as the earth. How inconceivable to the human mind is such a structure, considered with reference to its magnitude! Suppose we were to attempt to contemplate the variety of scenery presented, or which might be presented, by this great luminary, and although a landscape of five thousand miles in extent should pass before us in each successive hour, yet a period of more than fifty thousand years would be requisite. No adequate conception can be formed by the human mind, with all its vigorous efforts—its utmost stretch of fancy, and its boldest flight on the wings of imagination, of a globe so stupendous and expansive. It is of itself a kind of universe, and would require ten thousand years ere one half of its hidden wonders could be explored. The space which measures life to mortals here, would have to be multiplied full twenty times, ere all of its buried treasures could be revealed. What a grand idea does it present of the might of the Deity, and the amazing power of the Almighty! It is an august type of the great Creator "who dwells in light inaccessible and full of glory." In its lustre, its magnitude, its boundless influence, and its beneficent effects

\* Job, chapter xxxviii. xxxix. &c. † Psalms cxix.



upon distant worlds, it exhibits, perhaps, more than any other single object, the bright display of Divine perfection, and the boundlessness of his nature.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### RELIGION vs. INSANITY.

Br. Grosh—As our place has recently been visited by what the "orthodox" are pleased to term a Revival, I propose to state a few facts, that your readers may judge *what* kind of a revival it is. As is usual, prayer meetings were appointed throughout the bounds of the society\* for the warming up of the old ones, before *their* Lord made the intended visit. At last all was got in readiness, the word was given and the seige commenced. In the first place, the citadel of "Universal Love" must be stormed, and the standard of ceaseless war planted upon the ruins. This was done in the usual manner, but mostly by using the 24th and 25th chapters of Matthew, and other corresponding passages, to prove a final judgment in another world.

We have had a number of preachers from adjoining societies to aid in the good (!) work, and we have had quite as many different descriptions of the location and condition of hell; some figurative and some literal. But all confessed their inability to describe the inconceivable anguish that awaited the sinner in another world. One Rev. gentleman represented it in all the glowing colors of a boundless sea of fire, where the damned spirits of the finally impenitent will topple down, down the interminable abyss of eternity, amid the horrific shouts of infernal fiends—there, while the ceaseless ages of eternity roll on, the sensual passions will be let loose, and instead of reformation, the weight of their sins will increase and sink them deeper and deeper in guilt and consequent misery, till time shall be no more. And the wail of the damned in hell, will be met by the shouts of joy from the saints in heaven, and infernal fiends will shout for joy at their reception.

Thus did this most *awe-ful*, holy man pour forth his strain of eloquence until his object was accomplished—the organs of superstitious fear were excited, and the minds of a part of his hearers were prepared for another speaker in a different strain, exciting the organs of veneration, benevolence, etc., until the meeting had more the appearance of Beelzebub's court than a religious meeting.

But what has all this amounted to? Why, some few new converts or proselytes have been gained among the more credulous; and they generally admit that they are almost totally ignorant of what is taught in the Bible. And a number of the old members have been "born over again," for, perhaps, the seventh time!

Here would I stop. But this is not all. I have the painful and certain knowledge of one fatal case of insanity, which these fanatics themselves acknowledge was caused by this excitement. A respectable and truly worthy citizen, named Jabez Clark, (aged 52,) became a raving maniac under the above mentioned preaching. He lingered but a few days—scarcely two weeks. I am credibly informed that he did *not* exhibit one rational act after the excitement. I have just returned from his funeral. The preacher said he had gone to heaven, as he had been born again. But I would ask, born of what? And as it is said there is no change after death; whither has he gone?—to heaven?—and a maniac! Oh consistency, what horrid fables have assumed thy name. JOHN A. McNEIL.

Union, Broome Co., March 31st, 1843.

\* Presbyterian.

### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. B. HALL will preach in the Rowley schoolhouse in Morristown, on the first Sunday in May, and every fourth Sunday thereafter during the year.

Br. B. HALL will lecture at Hammond's Corners, on the first Sunday in May, at 5 P. M.

There will be preaching on the fourth Sunday inst. by Br. BARRY at Little Falls, and Br. GROSH in Fort Plain—Br. RYDER in New Hartford.

There will be preaching on the fifth Sunday inst. by Br.

SKINNER at Little Falls—Br. SOULE in Syracuse, and Br. GROSH in this city—Br. WM. J. GOSS in Gaines.

There will be preaching on the first Sunday in May, by Br. WM. J. GOSS in Lewiston.

The Quarterly Conference of Madison County will meet in Bridgeport, on the second Wednesday and Thursday (10th and 11th) of May. A general attendance from all parts of the county is urgently solicited. Ministering brethren are particularly requested to attend. WM. J. GOSS, Standing Clerk.

THE NEW YORK STATE CONVENTION OF UNIVERSALISTS.—The State Convention of Universalists will hold its annual session in the village of Cooperstown, Otsego county, on the last Wednesday (31st) of May and the following Thursday (1st) of June, next. The following are the delegates who have been chosen by the several Associations.

ASSOCIATIONS.	MINISTERS.	LAYMEN.
Allegany,	G. S. Gowdy, N. Adams,	S. R. Crittenden, L. Graves,
Black River,	S. Jones, G. Swan,	— Thayer, — French,
Cayuga,	A. Peck, T. J. Whitcomb,	W. Berry, O. Drake,
Central,	D. S. Morey, T. Clowes,	D. Owens, A. Scott,
Chautauque,	S. Adams, J. Simonds,	E. B. Poor, L. Pullman,
Chenango,	A. O. Warren, J. T. Goodrich,	A. Tillotson, T. G. Lamb,
Hudson River,	[Br. Price, please fill up.]	
Mohawk,	J. D. Hicks, P. Hatheway,	A. Gale, L. Eaton,
New York,	I. D. Williamson, W. S. Balch,	W. Howe, T. Seymour,
Niagara,	J. M. Cook, C. Hammond,	E. P. Davis, W. W. Ruggles,
Ontario,	S. Miles, D. K. Lee,	E. Cook, N. Peet,
Otsego,	A. C. Barry, D. Pickering,	N. Stephenson, J. Devendorf,
St. Lawrence,	S. W. Squire, J. F. Briggs,	D. Mack, S. Walrath,
Steuben,	[No return in the Minutes.]	

A punctual attendance is requested from the Delegates. Ministering brethren and friends are cordially invited to attend. The Occasional Sermon will be preached by Br. E. M. Woolley. The Standing Clerks of the several Associations are desired to send in as full and accurate reports as possible. G. W. MONTGOMERY, Standing Clerk.

### DEATHS.

In Sennett, March 19th, of consumption, Mrs. MARIA BARNES, aged 44 years. The deceased departed out of life, resigned to the will of God and strong in the faith of the Restitution. May the blessed effects of the Gospel be felt by the mourners. G. W. M.

In the town of Arcadia, on the 27th ult., Miss LUCRETIA SMITH, daughter of Mr. Jeremiah Smith, aged 21 years.

The deceased was a member of the Universalist church of this village, and partook of its communion a few days previous to her departure. To an enlarged and enlightened mind, she added a sweetness, devoutness, and amiability of disposition, rarely surpassed by her own tender sex. She was a devoted, practical Christian, loving God supremely, and adorning the beautiful graces of the Gospel. She endured her afflictions without a murmur, taking refuge amid her sufferings, in the assurance that God loved her and all mankind; that he "doth not afflict willingly,"—that he chastens us for our own profiting—and "though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies."

She was told that Universalists were very wicked people, and their doctrine delusive, heretical, corrupting, insufficient, and unfit for the dying hour. The story was told that her favorite church and society in Newark were nearly all converted at the protracted meeting of the Methodists of this village—and their Pastor under such concern of mind that hopes were entertained of his conversion to another faith. To all these representations and entreaties, she replied that she believed that all men would be pure and happy in the immortal world—that she could find no other doctrine than this taught in the Bible—that it gave her such love for God and the Saviour, and such an interest and joy in religion as she never felt before—that it sustained her in her sufferings—that her faith grew more strong, and bright, and beautiful, as she saw the grave opening to receive her;—and she could look forward with an exulting spirit to the glory that would be given her when she should stand among the

angels of her Father. She died in this blessed faith, with a rejoicing and triumph, that could have put forth the mighty challenge—"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"—Wayne Standard. D. K. L.

In Almond, Allegany county, October 10th, 1841, LOVICY, daughter of Henry and Lovicy Lewis, in the 9th year of her age. The disease that deprived our brother and sister of their only daughter, was the scrofula; after which the consumption seized and terminated her mortal being.

Her surviving friends mourn not as those without hope. As no preacher of the restitution could be obtained, the funeral sermon was not preached until Oct. 23d, 1842, when the writer tendered the consolations of the Gospel to the mourning friends and sympathetic neighbors in the Baptist church of West Almond. G. S. GOWDY.

In Mexico, March 17th, Mrs. MATILDA HAMILTON, in the 30th year of her age. By this appointment of Providence, Br. Hamilton is called to mourn his loss in the departure of the second sharer of his cup of life. He sorrows not, however, as those who have no hope; for he looks forward by an eye of steadfast faith, to that period in the designs of our God when all tears shall be wiped from all faces—when friends shall again greet each other, when

"Christ's own soft hand shall wipe the tears  
From every weeping eye,  
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,  
And death itself shall die."

Sister Hamilton, though a steadfast and zealous believer in the great salvation, and since the commencement of the present year, a worthy member of our society, was retained in regular fellowship in the Methodist church in this village. Her request of a letter of dismission from that church, though it was acknowledged just and reasonable, was denied, upon the ground that: a visit from the pastor would probably supercede the necessity of writing one, till she felt it her duty to present herself for membership to our society, where she was cordially welcomed to a home.

It was her request that none of the houses of worship should be solicited for the purpose of attending her funeral services; but the one owned by the Presbyterians being asked, was denied, saying, "they could not consent that Universalism should be preached in a house dedicated to the worship of God." Hence we repaired, as usual, to the school house, which, notwithstanding the almost impassable state of the roads, was filled with attentive hearers, who listened to the writer's consolatory message, on the 19th.

It is proper to notice in this public manner, a slanderous story that has been put in circulation by a brother of the deceased, declaring that she renounced her faith in a world's salvation before her death. This story seems to be based upon a foundation even less substantial than sand. During her severe paroxysms of pain, she frequently ejaculated, as expressive of her intense pain, "mercy, mercy!"—which is now made to denote that she was troubled about her future welfare. But even this barely supposable idea is greatly robbed of its speciousness by the fact, that these expressions, upon which so much reliance is now placed, were as frequently used while she steadfastly avowed her belief in the restitution; and, also, during the evening in which she is said to have renounced, she was so far dispossessed of the proper use of her mental faculties, that she was unable to recognize her own brother and his wife! Let the candid decide whether even credulity itself could credit such a story, under such circumstances, except by the powerful aid of prejudice. H. VAN CAMPEN.

In Greenfield, March 10th, WARREN HOWE, son of Samuel and Polly Gregory, aged 12 years, 5 months and 12 days. The deceased was truly a promising child; and early gave evidence of a mind rarely possessed by one of his years. His resignation to God's will in his struggles with death, was perfect. He expressed a desire to live if it was the will of his Maker; if not, to die. And he literally repeated the sentiment contained in the prayer of our Lord—"Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done."

He chose a particular spot for his final resting place, beside the remains of a little sister. He made his will, distributing his few effects amongst the members of the family. He told his weeping friends not to mourn for him, and with a tranquillity and resignation seldom witnessed in maturer life, he gave to all the farewell hand, the parting kiss; and with the confident assurance of a better world, his spirit fled to the fold of Heaven. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not."

His funeral was attended in the Universalist church on 12th; sermon from St. Luke xxii: 41, 42, by

C. M. PATTERSON.



From the New World.

## POLLY GRAY AND THE DOCTORS.

BY SEBA SMITH.

It was a dark, rainy night in June, when Deacon Gray, about ten o'clock in the evening, drove his horse and wagon up to the door, on his return from market.

"Oh dear, Mr. Gray," exclaimed his wife, as she met him at the door, "I'm dreadful glad you've come; Polly's so sick, I'm afraid she won't live 'till mornin', if something ain't done for her."

"Polly is always ailing," said the deacon deliberately; "I guess it's only some of her old aches and pains.— Jest take this box of sugar in; I've been setting on it this hour to keep the rain off."

"Well, do come right in, Mr. Gray, for you don't know what a desput case she is in; I dare n't leave her a minute."

"You are always scared half to death," said the deacon, "if anything ails Polly; but you know she always gets over it again. Here's coffee and tea and some other notions rolled up in this bag," handing her another bundle to carry into the house.

"Well, but Mr. Gray, don't pray stop for bundles nor nothin' else. You must go right over after Doctor Longley, and get him here as quick as you can."

"Oh, if it's only Doctor Longley she wants," said the deacon carelessly, "I guess she ain't so dangerous, after all."

"Now, Mr. Gray, jest because Doctor Longley is a young man, and about Polly's age, that you should make such an unfeelin' expression as that, I think is too bad."

The deacon turned away without making any reply, and began to remove the harness from the horse.

"Mr. Gray, ain't you going after the doctor?" said Mrs. Gray, with increasing impatience.

"I'm a going to turn the horse into the pasture, and then I'll come in and see about it," said the deacon.

A loud groan from Polly drew Mrs. Gray hastily into the house. The deacon led his horse a quarter of a mile to the pasture; let down the bars and turned him in; put all the bars carefully up; hunted round and found a stick to drive in as a wedge to fasten the top bar; went round the barn to see that the doors were all closed; got an armful of dry straw and threw it into the pig-pen; called the dog from his kennel, patted him on his head, and went into the house.

"I'm afraid she's dying," said Mrs. Gray, as the deacon entered.

"You are always scared half out of your wits," said the deacon, "if there's anything the matter. I'll come in as soon as I've took off my coat and boots and put on some dry ones."

Mrs. Gray ran back to attend upon Polly; but before the deacon had got ready to enter the room, Mrs. Gray screamed again with the whole strength of her lungs,

"Mr. Gray, Mr. Gray, do make haste, she's in a fit."

This was the first sound that had given the deacon any uneasiness about the matter. He had been accustomed for years to hear his wife "worry" about Polly, and had heard her predict her death so often from very slight illness, that he had come to regard such scenes and such predictions with as little attention as he did the rain that pattered against the window. But the word *fit* was something he had never heard applied in these cases before, and the sound of it gave him a strange feeling of apprehension. He had just thrown off his boots and put his feet into dry shoes, and held a dry coat in his hand, when this last appeal came to his ear and caused him actually to hasten into the room.

"Polly, what's the matter now?" said the deacon, beginning to be somewhat agitated, as he approached the bedside.

Polly was in violent spasms, and heeded not the inquiry. The deacon took hold of her arm, and repeated the question more earnestly and in a tender tone.

"You may as well speak to the dead," said Mrs. Gray; "she's past hearing or speaking."

The deacon's eyes look wild and his face grow very long.

"Why didn't you tell me how sick she was when I

first got home?" said the deacon, with a look of rebuke.

"I did tell you when you first come home," said Mrs. Gray, sharply, "and you didn't take no notice on it."

"You didn't tell me anything about how sick she was," said the deacon; "you only spoke jest as you used to, when she wasn't hardly sick at all."

The subject here seemed to subside by mutual consent, and both stood with their eyes fixed on Polly, who was apparently struggling in the fierce agonies of death. In a few minutes however she came out of the spasms, breathed comparatively easy, and lay perfectly quiet. The deacon spoke to her again. She looked up with a wild, delirious look, but made no answer.

"I'll go for the doctor," said the deacon, "it may be he can do something for her, though she looks to me as though it was a gone goose with her."

Saying this, he put on his hat and coat and started.— Having half a mile to go, and finding the doctor in bed, it was half an hour before he returned with Dr. Longley in his company. In the meantime Mrs. Gray had called in old Mrs. Livermore who lived in the next door, and they had lifted Polly up and put a clean pillow upon the bed, and a clean cap on her head, and had been round and "slicked up" the room a little, for Mrs. Livermore said, "Doctor Longley was such a nice man, she always loved to see things look tidy where he was coming to."

The deacon came in and hung his hat up behind the door, and Doctor Longley followed with his hat in his hand and a small pair of saddle-bags on his arm. Mrs. Gray stood at one side of the bed, and Mrs. Livermore at the other, and the doctor laid his hat and saddle-bags on the table that stood by the window, and stepped immediately to the bedside.

"Miss Gray, are you sick?" said the doctor, taking the hand of the patient.

No answer or look from the patient gave any indication that she had heard the question.

"How long has she been ill?" said the doctor.

"Ever since mornin'," said Mrs. Gray. "She got up with a headache, jest after her father went away to market, and smart pains inside, and she's been growin' worse all day."

"And what have you given her?" said the doctor.

"Nothing, but arb-drink," said Mrs. Gray; "when-ever she felt worse, I made her take a good deal of arb-drink, because that, you know, is always good, doctor. And besides, when it can't do no good, it would do no hurt."

"But what sort of drinks have you given her?" said the doctor.

"Well, I gave her most all sorts, for we had a plenty of 'em in the house," said Mrs. Gray. "I give her sage, and peppermint, and sparmint, and cammermile, and pennyryal, and motherwort, and balm; you know, balm is very coolin', doctor, and sometimes she'd be very hot, and then I'd make her drink a good dose of balm."

"Give me a candle," said the doctor.

The deacon brought a candle and held it over the patient's head. The doctor opened her mouth and examined it carefully for the space of a minute. He felt her pulse another minute, and looked again into her mouth.

"Low pulse, but heavy and labored respiration," said the doctor.

"What do you think ails her?" said Mrs. Gray.

The doctor shook his head.

"Do you think you can give her any thing to help her?" said the deacon anxiously.

The doctor looked very grave, and fixed his eyes thoughtfully on the patient for a minute, but made no reply to the deacon's question.

"Why didn't you send for me sooner?" at last said the doctor, turning to Mrs. Gray.

"Because I thought may be the arb-drink would help her, and so I kept trying it all day till it got to be dark, and then she got to be so bad I didn't dare to leave her till Mr. Gray got home."

"It's a great pity," said the doctor, turning from the bed to the table and opening his saddle-bags. "Thousands and thousands of lives are lost only by delaying

to send for medical advice till it is too late; thousands that might have been saved as well as not, if only taken in season."

"But, doctor, you don't think it's too late for Polly, do you?" said Mrs. Gray.

"I think her case, to say the least, is extremely doubtful," said the doctor. "Her appearance is very remarkable. Whatever her disease is, it has made such progress, and life is so nearly extinct, that it is impossible to tell what were the original symptoms, and consequently what applications are best to be made."

"Well, now doctor," said old Mrs. Livermore, "excuse me for speakin'; but I'm a good deal older than you are, and have seen a great deal of sickness in my day, and I've been here with Polly a number of times to-day, and some time this evening, and I'm satisfied, doctor, there's something the matter of her insides."

"Undoubtedly," said the doctor, looking very grave. This new hint from Mrs. Livermore seemed to give Mrs. Gray new hope, and she appealed again to the doctor.

"Well, now doctor," said she, "don't you think Mrs. Livermore has the right of it?"

"Most unquestionably," said the doctor.

"Well, then, doctor, if you should give her something that's pretty powerful to operate inwardly, don't you think it might help her?"

"It might, and it might not," said the doctor; "the powers of life are so nearly exhausted, I must tell you frankly I have very little hope of being able to rally them. There is not life enough left to indicate the disease or show the remedies that are wanted. Applications must now be made entirely in the dark, and leave the effect to chance."

At this, Mrs. Livermore took the candle and was proceeding to remove it from the room, when the doctor, perceiving her mistake, called her back. He did not mean to administer the medicine literally in a dark room, but simply in a state of darkness and ignorance as to the nature of the disease. It was a very strange case; it was certain life could hold out but a short time longer; he felt bound to do something, and therefore proceeded to prepare such applications and remedies as his best judgment dictated. These were administered without confidence, and their effect awaited with painful solicitude. They either produced no perceptible effect at all or very different from the ordinary results of such applications.

"I should like," said Doctor Longley to the deacon, "to have you call in Doctor Stubbs; this is a very extraordinary case, and I should prefer that some other medical practitioner might be present."

The deacon accordingly hastened to call Dr. Stubbs, a young man who had come into the place a short time before, with a high reputation, but not a favorite with the deacon and his family, on account of his being rather fresh from college and full of modern innovations.

After Dr. Stubbs had examined the patient, and made various inquiries of the family, he and Dr. Longley held a brief consultation. Their united wisdom, however, was not sufficient to throw any light upon the case or to afford any relief.

"Have you thought of poison?" said Dr. Longley.

"Yes," said Dr. Stubbs, "but there are certain indications in the case, which forbid that idea altogether. Indeed, I can form no satisfactory opinion about it; it is the most anomalous case I ever knew."

Before their conference was brought to a close, the deacon called them, saying he believed Polly was a going. They came into the room and hastened to the bedside.

"Yes," said Dr. Stubbs, looking at the patient, "those are dying struggles; in a short time all her troubles in this life will be over."

The patient sunk gradually and quietly away, and in the course of two hours after the arrival of Dr. Stubbs, all signs of life were gone.

"The Lord's will be done," said the deacon, as he stood by the bed and saw her chest heave for the last time.



Mrs. Gray sat in the corner of the room with her apron to her face weeping aloud. Old Mrs. Livermore and two other females, who had been called in during the night, were already busily employed in preparing for laying out the corpse.

It was about daybreak when the two doctors left the house and started for home.

"Very singular case," said Dr. Stubbs, who spoke with more ease and freedom, now that they were out of the way of the afflicted family. "We ought not to give it up so, doctor; we ought to follow this case up till we ascertain what was the cause of her death. What say you to a post mortem examination?"

"I always dislike them," said Doctor Longley; "they are ugly, uncomfortable jobs; and besides, I doubt whether the deacon's folks would consent to it."

"It is important for us, as well as for the cause of the science," said Dr. Stubbs, "that something should be done about it. We are both young, and it may have an injurious bearing upon our reputation if we are not able to give any explanation of the case. I consider my reputation at stake as well as yours, as I was called in for consultation. There will doubtless be a hundred rumors afloat, and the older physicians, who look upon us, you know, with rather an evil eye, will be pretty sure to lay hold of the matter and turn it greatly to our disadvantage, if we can not show facts for our vindication. The deacon's folks *must* consent, and you had better go down after breakfast and have a talk with the deacon about it."

Doctor Longley felt the force of the reasoning and consented to go. Accordingly, after breakfast, he returned to Deacon Gray's, and kindly offered his services, if there was any assistance he could render in making preparations for the funeral. The deacon felt much obliged to him, but didn't know as there was anything for which they particularly needed his assistance. The doctor then broached the subject of the very sudden and singular death of Polly, and how important it was for the living that the causes of such a sudden death should, if possible, be ascertained, and delicately hinted that the only means of obtaining this information, so desirable for the benefit of the science and so valuable for all living, was by opening and examining the body after death.

At this the deacon looked up at him with such an awful expression of holy horror, that the doctor saw at once it would be altogether useless to pursue the subject further. Accordingly after advising, on account of the warm weather and the patient dying suddenly and in full blood, not to postpone the funeral later than that afternoon, the doctor took his leave.

"Well, what is the result?" said Dr. Stubbs, as Dr. Longley entered his door.

"Oh, as I expected," said Dr. Longley. "The moment I hinted at the subject to the deacon, I saw by his looks, if it were to save his own life and the lives of all his friends, he never would consent to it."

"Well, 'tis astonishing," said Dr. Stubbs, "that people who have common sense should have so little sense on a subject of this kind. I won't be baffled so, Dr. Longley; I'll tell you what I'll do. What time is she to be buried?"

"This afternoon," said Dr. Longley.

"In the burying ground by the old meeting house up the road, I suppose," said Dr. Stubbs.

"Yes, undoubtedly," replied Dr. Longley.

"Well, I'll have that corpse taken up this night, and you may depend upon it," said Dr. Stubbs. "I'll not only ascertain the cause of her death, but I want a subject for dissection, and she having died so suddenly will make an excellent one."

Dr. Longley shuddered a little at the bold project of Dr. Stubbs. "You know, doctor, there is a law against it," said he, "and besides, the burying ground is in such a lonely place and surrounded by woods, I don't believe you can find anybody with nerve enough to go there and take a newly buried corpse in the night."

"Let me alone for that," said Dr. Stubbs. "I know a chap that would do it every night in the week if I wanted him to; a friend of mine down there in the col-

lege, in the senior class. He has nerve enough to go anywhere, and is up to a job of this kind at any time. The business is all arranged, doctor, and I shall go through with it. Joe Palmer is the man for it, and Rufus Barnes will go with him. I'd go myself, but it would be more prudent for me to be at home, for in case of accident, and the thing should be discovered, suspicion would be likely to fall on me, and it would be important for me to be able to prove where I was. Rufus must go the funeral and see whereabouts the corpse is buried, so he can find the place in a dark night, and I shall have to go down to the college the first of the evening after Joe myself, and get him started, and then come right home, and stay at home, so that I can prove an alibi in case of any question. Don't I understand it, doctor?"

"Yes, full well enough," said Dr. Longley, "but I had rather you would be in the scrape than I should."

That evening, half an hour after dark, there was a light rap at Joe Palmer's door in the third story of one of the college buildings. The door was partly open, and Joe said, "come in." No one entered, but in a few moments the rap was heard again. "Come in," said Joe. Still no one entered. Presently a figure, concealed under a cloak and with muffled face, appeared partly before the door, and said something in a low voice. Joe looked wild and agitated. Some college scrape, he thought, but what was the nature of it he could not divine. The figure looked mysterious. Presently the voice was heard again, and understood to utter the word Palmer. Joe was still more agitated, and looked at his chum most inquiringly. His chum stepped to the door and asked what was wanting. The figure drew back into the darkness of the hall, and answered in a faint voice, that he wanted Palmer. At last Palmer screwed his resolution up to the sticking point and ventured as far as the door, while his chum stepped back into the room. The figure again came forward and whispered to Palmer to come out, for he wanted to speak with him.

"But who are you?" said Palmer.

The figure partially uncovered his face, and whispered, "Dr. Stubbs."

Palmer at once recognized him, and stepped back as bold as a lion, and took his hat and went out. In a few minutes he returned and told his chum, with rather a mysterious air, that he was going out with a friend to be gone two or three hours, that he need not feel uneasy about him, and might leave the door unfastened for him till he returned.

Dr. Stubbs, having given Joe and Rufus full directions how to proceed, telling them to get a large wide chaise, so that they could manage to carry the corpse conveniently, and informing them where they could find spades and shovels deposited by the side of the road for the purpose, left them and hastened home.

"Well now, Rufo," said Joe, "we'll go over to Jake Rider's and get one of his horses and chaise. But we needn't be in a hurry, for we don't want to get there much before midnight; and we'll go into the store here and get a drink of brandy to begin with, for this kind business needs a little stimulus."

Having braced their nerves with a drink of brandy, they proceeded to Jacob Rider's.

"Jake, give us a horse and chaise to take a ride three or four hours," said Joe. "You needn't mind setting up for us; we'll put the horse up when we come back, and take good care of him; we know where to put him. We don't want a nag; an old steady horse that will give us an easy pleasant ride."

"Old Tom is just the horse you want," said Jacob, "and there's a good easy going chaise."

"That chaise isn't wide enough," said Joe; "give us the widest you've got."

"But that's plenty wide enough for two to ride in," said Jacob; "I don't see what you want a wider chaise than that for."

"Oh, I like to have plenty of elbow room," said Joe.

"Maybe you are going to have a lady to ride with you," said Jacob.

Joe laughed, and whispered to Rufus that Jake had hit nearer the mark than he was aware of.

Jacob selected another chaise. "There is one," said

he, "wide enough for three to ride in, and even four upon a pinch."

"That'll do," said Joe; "now put in old Tom."

The horse was soon harnessed, and Joe and Rufus jumped in the chaise and drove off.

"Confound these college chaps," said Jacob to himself as they drove out of the yard; "they are always sky-larkin' somewhere or other. There's one thing in it though, they pay me well for my horses. But these two fellows wanting such a broad chaise; they are going to have a real frolic somewhere to-night. I've a plaguy good mind to jump on one of the horses and follow, and see what sort of stuff they are up to. It's so dark I could do it just as well as not, without the least danger of their seeing me."

No sooner thought than done. Jake at once mounted one of his horses, and followed the chaise. There was no moon, and the night was cloudy and dark; but a slight rattle in one of the wheels of the chaise enabled him easily to follow it, though entirely out of sight. Having gone about two miles, the chaise stopped at the corner, about a hundred rods from the house of Doctor Stubbs. Jake got off and hitched his horse, and crept carefully along by the side of the fence, to see what was to be done there. By stooping down and looking up against a clear patch of sky, he could see one of the two leave the chaise and go to the fence by the side of the road, and return again, carrying something in his arms to the chaise. He repeated this operation twice; but what he carried Jake could not discern. Perhaps it might be some baskets of refreshments. They were going off to some house to have a frolic. The chaise moved on again, and Jake mounted his horse and followed. They went up the road till they came to the old meeting house; they passed it a little, and came against the old burying ground. The chaise stopped and Jake stopped. The chaise stood still for the space of about five minutes, and there was not the least sound to be heard in any direction. At last, from the little rattle of the chaise wheel, he perceived that they were moving at a moderate walk. They came to the corner of the burying ground, and turned a little out of the road and stopped the chaise under the shadow of a large spreading tree, where it could not be perceived by any one passing in the road, even should the clouds brush away and leave it starlight.

"It's very odd," thought Jake, "that they should stop at such a place as this in a dark night; the last place in the world I should think of stopping at."

Jake dismounted and hitched his horse a little distance, and crept carefully up to watch the movements. They took something out of the chaise, passed along by the fence, went through the little gate, and entered the burying ground. Here a new light seemed to flash upon Jake's mind.

"I hope no murder has been committed," thought he to himself; "but it's pretty clear something is to be buried here to-night that the world must know nothing about."

Jake was perplexed, and in doubt as to what he should do. He had some conscience, and felt as though he ought to investigate the matter, and put a stop to the business if anything very wicked was going on. But then there were other considerations that weighed on the other side. If murder had been committed, it was within the range of possibility, and not very unreasonable to suppose, that murder might be committed again to conceal it. There were two of them, and he was alone. It might not be entirely safe for him to interfere. He would hardly care to be thrown into a grave and buried there himself that night. And then, again, Jake was avaricious, and wouldn't care to break friends with those college fellows, for they paid him a good deal of money. On the whole, he was resolved to keep quiet and see the end of the matter.

Joe and Rufus walked two-thirds of the way across the burying ground and stopped. Jake followed at a careful distance, and when he found they had stopped, he crept slowly up on the darkest side, so near that, partly by sight and partly by sound, he could discover



what took place. There was not a loud word spoken, though he occasionally heard them whisper to each other. Then he heard the sound of shovels and the moving of gravel.

"It is true," said Jake to himself, "they are digging a grave!" and the cold sweat started on his forehead.—Still he resolved to be quiet and see it all through.—Once or twice they stopped and appeared to be listening, as though they thought they heard some noise. Then he could hear them whisper to each other, but could not understand what they said. After they had been digging and throwing out gravel some time, he heard a sound like the light knock of a shovel upon the lid of a coffin.

"Take care," said Joe, in a very loud whisper, "it'll never do to make such a noise as that; it could be heard almost half a mile; do be more careful."

Again they pursued their work, and occasionally a hollow sound like a shovel scraping over a coffin was heard. At length their work of throwing out gravel seemed to be completed; and then there was a pause for some time, interrupted occasionally by sounds of screwing, and wedging, and wrenching; and at last they seemed to be lifting some heavy substance out of the grave. They carried it toward the gate. Jake was lying almost upon the ground, and as they passed near him, he could perceive they were carrying some white object about the length and size of a corpse. They went out at the gate and round to the chaise; and presently they returned again, and appeared by their motions and the sound to be filling up the grave. Jake took this opportunity to go and examine the chaise; and sure enough he found there a full-sized corpse, wrapped in a white sheet, lying in the centre of the chaise, the feet resting on the floor, the body leaning across the seat, and the head resting against the centre of the back part of the chaise.

"Only some scrape of the Doctor's, after all," said Jake to himself, who now began to breathe somewhat easier than he had done for some time past. "But it's rather shameful business, though: this must be Deacon Gray's daughter, I'm sure; and it's a shame to treat the old man in this shabby kind of way. I'll put a stop to this, anyhow. Polly Gray was too good a sort of a gal to be chopped up like a quarter of beef, according to my way of thinking, and it shan't be."

Jake then lifted the corpse out of the chaise, carried it a few rods farther from the road, laid it down, took off the winding sheet, wrapped it carefully round himself, went back and got into the chaise, and placed himself exactly in the position in which the corpse had been left. He had remained in that situation but a short time before Joe and Rufus, having filled up the grave and made all right there, came and seated themselves in the chaise, one on each side of the corpse, and drove slowly and quietly off.

"I'm glad it's over," said Rufus, fetching a long breath. "My heart's been in my mouth the whole time, I thought I heard somebody coming half a dozen times; and then it's such a dismal, gloomy place too. You wouldn't catch me there again, in such a scrape, I can tell you."

"Well, I was calm as clock-work the whole time," said Joe. "You should have such pluck as I've got, Rufus; nothing ever frightens me."

At that moment the chaise wheel struck a stone, and caused the corpse to roll suddenly against Joe. He clapped up his hand to push it a little back, and instead of a cold clammy corpse, he felt his hand pressed against a warm face of live flesh. As quick as though he had been struck by lightning, Joe dropped the reins, and with one bound sprang a rod from the chaise and ran for his life. Rufus, without knowing the cause of this strange and sudden movement, sprang from the other side with almost equal agility, and followed Joe with his utmost speed. They scarcely stopped to take breath till they had run two miles and got into Joe's room at the college, and shut the door and locked themselves in. Here, having sworn Joe's chum to secrecy, they began to discuss the matter. But concerning the very strange warmth of the corpse they could come to no satisfactory

conclusion. Whether it could be, that they had not actually taken up the corpse from the grave, but before they had got down to it some evil spirit had come in the shape of the corpse and deceived them, or whether it was actually the corpse, and it had come to life, or whether it was the ghost of Polly Gray, were questions they could not decide. They agreed, however, to go the next morning by sunrise on to the ground, and see what discoveries they could make.

When Jacob Rider found himself alone in the chaise, being convinced that Joe and Rufus would not come back to trouble him that night, he turned and drove back to the burying ground.

"Now," said Jake, "I think the best thing I can do, for all concerned, is to put Polly Gray back where she belongs, and there let her rest."

Accordingly Jake went to work and opened the grave again, carried the corpse and replaced it as well as he could, and filled up the grave and rounded it off in good order. He then took his horses and chaise and returned home, well satisfied with his night's work.

The next morning, some time before sunrise, and before any one was stirring in the neighborhood, Joe and Rufus were at the old burying ground. They went round the inclosure, went to the tree where they had fastened the horse, and looked on every side, but discovered nothing. They went through the gate, and across to the grave which they opened or thought they had opened the night before. The grave looked all right, as though it had not been touched since the funeral. They could see nothing of the horse or chaise, and they concluded if the corpse, or the evil spirit, or whatever it was in the chaise, had left the horse to himself, he probably found his way directly home. They thought it best therefore immediately to go and see Jake, and make some kind of an explanation. So they went over early to Jake's stable, and found the horse safe in the stall. Presently Jake made his appearance.

"Well, your confounded old horse," said Joe, "wouldn't stay hitched last night. He left us in the lurch, and we had to come home afoot. I see he's come home, though. Chaise all right, I hope."

"Yes, all right," said Jake.

"Well, how much for the ride," said Joe, "seeing we didn't ride but one way?"

"Seeing you rode part way back," said Jake, "I shall charge you fifty dollars."

Joe started and looked round, but a knowing leer in Jake's eye convinced him it was no joke. He handed Jake the fifty dollars, at the same time placing his finger emphatically across his lips; and Jake took the fifty dollars, whispering in Joe's ear, "dead folks tell no tales." Jake then put his finger across his lips, and Joe and Rufus bade him good morning.

## MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry.

UTICA, FRIDAY, APRIL 14, 1843.

### THE RESTITUTION....NO. I.

My object is, to consider the proof in favor of the Restitution, drawn from certain passages of Scripture; as that proof was developed to the mind of the Rev. Walter Balfour, at the time of his conversion.

Br. Balfour was a Scotch preacher, and for many years a strong believer and proclaimer of *endless misery*. In 1819, for the first time, his faith became shaken by the following circumstances. In that year, there was a written discussion between Professor Stuart, of Andover College, and the Rev. Doct. Channing, of the Unitarian denomination, concerning the *Trinity*—Professor Stuart being for it, and Doct. Channing against it. One prominent point which Professor Stuart endeavored to establish, was, that *the whole universe shall render homage to the Saviour*, and consequently, that to receive universal homage, the Saviour must have been, or is, God.—That universal homage will thus be rendered, he proved in this way:—After quoting Phil. ii: 9, 10, 11, he says

—"Things in heaven, earth, and under the earth, is a common periphrasis of the Hebrew and New Testament writers, for the universe....What can be meant by things in heaven, i. e. beings in heaven, bowing the knee to Jesus, if *spiritual worship* be not meant? And if the worship of Christ in heaven be spiritual, should not that of others, who ought to be in temper united with them, be spiritual also?" After quoting Rev. v: 14, which reads thus:—"And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever"—he says:—"If this be not *spiritual worship*, and if Christ be not the object of it here; I am unable to produce a case, where worship can be called spiritual and divine."

He thus conclusively proved, 1. That things in heaven, on the earth, and under the earth, embrace the universe; or in other words, embrace every being in those three places; and 2. That all those beings should render spiritual worship to the Saviour.

Let us now discover how these facts affected the mind of Br. Balfour. In the first letter which he addressed to Professor Stuart, he says:—"Upon reading" (your comments,) "the following ideas rushed into my mind with much violence.—Things in heaven, earth, and under the earth, is a periphrasis for the universe; this universe worships Christ with spiritual and divine worship, and yet Mr. Stuart believes that *many in this very universe, are to be punished in hell forever*." Again he says:—"Neither can I, nor am I disposed to dispute that the worship spoken of in the texts quoted by you, is *spiritual worship*. So sure you are of this, that you say, 'if this be not spiritual worship, I am unable to produce a case, where worship can be called spiritual and divine.' Now, my dear Sir, if it be true, that things in heaven, earth, and under the earth, is a common periphrasis for the universe; and if it also be true, that this worship is spiritual and divine, you certainly have told us, that the universe is to worship Christ with spiritual and divine worship. The worship is spiritual and divine, and the universe are the worshippers." From these facts, he deduced this question:—"Is it, or can it be believed by any one, that any beings in the universe, who worship Christ, thus, shall be punished forever?"

These things he constantly reflected about, and he powerfully applied the conclusions to which Professor Stuart had arrived, to many clear passages of Scripture, and in a series of strong, argumentative letters, he presented the result of his labors to the Professor. Those letters were never answered. The end of it was, that, after a long and patient examination of the Scriptures, Br. Balfour became convinced that the doctrine of endless misery was false, and heartily embraced the Restitution, which he continues to proclaim at the present day, with a growing conviction of its truth.

The propositions advanced by Professor Stuart, are demonstrative of the reconciliation of the world. For he explains the phrase "*things in heaven, earth, and under the earth*," as embracing the *entire universe of rational beings*. He then proves, that this entire universe of rational beings will render *spiritual and divine worship to the Saviour*. Hence, it conclusively follows, that this universe of rational beings must ultimately be holy and happy—for can any other than a holy and happy being render spiritual and divine worship to the Saviour?—Could an individual, full of sin, disobedience and rebellion, offer true worship to the Saviour? Surely not; for worship from such a person, would be mere mockery. If the worship is spiritual and divine, the person must be sincere—and if sincere, that person must of course be in a state of reconciliation. Our Saviour quoting a prophecy from Isaiah, and applying it to the Jews, said to them:—"This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoreth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me. But in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." Mat. xv: 8, 9. Here the Saviour reproaches the Jews for offering a worship in which their hearts were not engaged, and which, instead of being spiritual and di-



vine, was hypocritical. But the Professor has demonstrated, that the whole rational universe shall offer spiritual and divine worship to the Saviour, which must come from the best affections of the soul; and therefore, the entire universe must, at some future period, be holy and happy.

Let us apply these facts to certain passages of Scripture, and we shall at once discover how strongly and decidedly they sustain the doctrine of the final Reconciliation. G. W. M.

### QUESTIONS ON THE RESURRECTION.

I wish to ask you a few questions, which I would like to have answered through the Magazine and Advocate.

1. Did the spirits of those who died before the resurrection of Christ, "go to God who gave them?" If so, how has Christ "become the first fruits of them that slept?" and how would they "which had fallen asleep in Christ have perished?"

2. If the spirits of those who died before the resurrection of Christ did not go to "God who gave them," how does it come that Solomon said they did? Eccl. xii: 7. And if they did not go to God who gave them, where did they go to?

Yours very respectfully, L. W.

REMARKS.—The above came appended to a business letter to Grosh and Walker—from a young man who is undoubtedly sincere in his inquiries, and apparently confused in his ideas on the subject, conceiving the two positions stated by Solomon and Paul to be contradictory. I have not time to answer the question fully, and prefer that some of our correspondents should do so; but for the present satisfaction of L. W., I would state that among all who hold to the different opinions that prevail among Universalists, there is no class that would find any difficulty in reconciling the two positions. For instance—those who hold to the sleep of the soul at death, would reconcile Solomon's declaration, by supposing that "the spirit" does not mean the conscious thinking principle in man, but the breath—and thus all apparent contradiction is harmonized. Those who hold to the conscious existence of the soul at and after death, whether in an intermediate state or not, would call Jesus the *chief* or *principal* fruits of them that slept—an interpretation which the original will well bear; for he is called "the beginning (or chief) of the creation of God," in the same sense—and would say that those who have died in hope of a resurrection from the dead by the agency of Jesus, would not be raised thus (would perish) if indeed Christ was not raised, and if the dead rise not?

From this very brief view of both sides of the subject, L. W. will see that his difficulty consists in understanding the language used by Solomon to mean the immortal conscious part of man, and then understanding Paul to declare that man would have utterly ceased to exist at death, had not Jesus been raised from the dead. The language of neither Solomon nor Paul is at fault, but his construction of them. Neither theory of a future existence acknowledges what contradicts it in the opposite theory; but resorting to a different construction of the language, both are enabled to harmonize the declarations of Solomon and Paul. Which is the correct construction, and which the more Scriptural theory, we leave to L. W. to decide; but of one thing he may rest assured, the contradictory portions of both can not both be true—while the doctrine of a future immortal existence, held by both, is undoubtedly the teaching of Revelation. A. B. G.

"A REPLY to Rev. J. B. Walker's Short and Easy Method with Universalists." By Rev. J. A. Gurley.

This is a 12mo pamphlet of 62 pages, for which we are indebted, we suppose, to the author, the Editor of the *Star in the West*, of Cincinnati. It is a searching expose of the misrepresentations, slanders and sophistry of Mr. Walker's Tract, and deservedly and ingeniously turns the tables upon him and his denomination, by proving them guilty of the very things they groundlessly charge against us. As Mr. Walker's pamphlet is

being extensively circulated in Ohio and the adjacent States, we hope our friends in that region will supply themselves well with this cheap and able reply to it, and send the antidote wherever the bane may circulate.

A. B. G.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—J. C. C. sent us a letter dated "Catharine, Chemung county, N. Y., March 2d, 1843," but mailed at "Moreland, N. Y., March 8th," in which he requests our advice, but does not inform us where to address our reply. We have been unable to attend to his letter until now, and did not therefore notice the difficulty.

Br. Ozman is informed there is nothing due except on current volume. Obituary next week.

Will our friends who do not wish to preserve their papers for file or binding, return to us No. 2, dated January 13th, 1843? We are out of that No.

Consequently, in order to make out full sets of current volume to new subscribers, who may want the back numbers, we shall be obliged to replace No. 2 of current volume, with the same No. of some former volume. We think this need make but little difference, as the contents of that number, had no special connection with the preceding or following numbers, while the matter contained in the number substituted, will be new to the subscriber.

We shall hereafter send from the commencement of the second quarter, (1st of April,) to new subscribers, unless the back numbers are requested. Will our agents be particular to inform us in this respect?

REMOVAL.—Br. H. B. Soule having received and accepted an invitation to settle as the pastor of the Universalist society in this city, has removed here from Clinton, and wishes to be addressed at Utica hereafter. Br. Price will please notice. A. B. G.

Ira Derrthick is our agent at Columbia, Herkimer county, N. Y.

Solomon Tinslar is our agent at Cuba, Allegany county, N. Y.

Br. G. W. M.—The Convention Book is heard from, and is safe.

Br. Witherell—The "weekly Balu" is the one wanted by Mr. Robb, of Friendsville, Pa.

Br. Moore—Send current vol. "Universalist" from commencement, to Rev. A. G. Clark, McLean, Tompkins county, N. Y., credit him and charge us \$1.50.

Br. Tompkins—Change direction of Repository now sent to Miss L. W. Tuttle, Columbus, N. Y., to Mrs. L. W. Stedman, Bridgewater, Oneida county, N. Y., credit her \$2.00 for next volume and charge us. Have the books that we ordered some time since, been sent? We have not yet heard from them.

Just received, at this Office, a quantity of the Gospel Harmonist, compiled by Br. T. Whittemore. Now is the time for our Universalist societies to supply their choirs with singing books. Price \$9.50 per dozen.

### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P M, No. Norwich, for C P L, N O W, W G B, A B and E G—P M, Cato, for A F F and A P—P M, Smithville, (U C) for self, E O, G O and R C G—P M, McDonough, for S P M—P M, Union, for P H and D B—P M, Livonia, for G S, S C and W S—P M, Kirkville, for D W and O S—P M, Mt. Upton, for W L—S T, Clarkson, for self and I P—P M, Geddes, for J W—P M, Hume, for L C and S W Jr—P M, Earlville, for A B, J B, D B and D E—P M, Plattsburg, for D K, L F W, H B R and P M—P M, Middleport, for S H C—P M, W. Bergen, for L B and L L—P M, Madison, (O) for E K—P M, No. Marshall, (Mich.) for G B M—P M, Sempronius—P M, Norwich Town, (Ct) for R M—P M, Carbondale, (Pa) for J S Jr—P M, Massena, for E B—P M, Oswego, for M L and E P—P M, Lyons, for A G P—P M, Livonia, (Mich.) for W M—P M, Minden, for C S and D P M—P M, New Woodstock, for J S—P M, Romines Mills, (Va.)—P M, Salisbury, for self in full, A M, T B, S T, D D C, L B, R T, A T, M N, A Y, S T, L M T, L M and H R—E M W, Bridgewater.

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### PROSPECTUS OF A NEW FAMILY PRAYER BOOK.

BY OTIS A. SKINNER.

THE value of a Prayer Book, as an aid in the devotional exercises of a family, has long been acknowledged by Christians of all sects. There are but few capable of leading in daily and religious exercises, without falling into a sameness which is tiresome, and calculated to destroy that interest necessary to make such exercises useful. Many neglect family prayer on this account. Others are wanting in the gift of prayer, and are actually incompetent to perform the service in a manner calculated to benefit the heart, or give efficacy to religion. And others are wanting in confidence, and dare not attempt the performance of a duty which they feel binding upon them, and the neglect of which is a cause of painful reflection. A Prayer Book obviates all these difficulties. But not only does it obviate these—it also aids those who feel competent to lead daily in extemporaneous family prayer. It gives a variety of topics, forms and expressions, which will greatly enrich their prayers, and be an effectual guard against sameness.

Prompted by a consideration of these advantages, and feeling deeply anxious that an altar to the Lord should be erected in every family belonging to our Israel, I have been induced to prepare a work, suited to the wants of a Christian family. I know there are many excellent books designed for family devotion, but they can not be used by the people of our denomination, in consequence of the erroneous sentiments they contain. Doctrines at variance with our faith, are quite as objectionable in a prayer as in a sermon.

The work will be somewhat different in its character from any that has come under my notice. It will contain fifty-two Sabbath morning services—one for Christmas, one for Thanksgiving, and one for Fast. Each of these will consist of a reference to select portions of the Scriptures, brief reflections suited to the Scripture references, and a prayer. It will also contain a large number of prayers suitable for morning and evening devotion. Besides, it will contain prayers suitable for families in sickness and affliction, and in every situation common in life. No exertion will be spared to render the work worthy the denomination for whose use it is designed. Prayers are expected from Brs. H. Ballou, S. Streeter, W. Balfour, H. Ballou, 2d., T. Whittemore, L. S. Everett, S. Cobb, L. Willis, L. R. Paige, T. J. Greenwood, B. Whittemore, L. C. Browne, A. P. Cleverly, T. B. Thayer, A. A. Miner, H. Bacon, M. Ballou, R. Tomlinson, G. W. Gage, T. P. Abell, D. Forbes, E. H. Chapin, E. G. Brooks, C. H. Fay, S. P. Skinner, F. F. Thayer, J. G. Adams, W. M. Fernald, H. R. Nye, H. C. Leonard, and several others. The author has conversed with most of the brethren, and they not only cordially approve of his undertaking, but promise to do what they can, to bring the proposed work into general use.

CONDITIONS.—It will contain 216 pages, 18mo., printed and bound in the neatest manner. Seven copies for \$3.00. It will be ready for subscribers by the 1st of May. Prospectuses to be returned as soon as possible.

If more convenient, the work can be obtained wholesale or retail, of Rev. A. R. Gardner, Iowa City, I. T.; Grosh & Walker, Utica, N. Y.; Bass and Hutchinson, Albany, N. Y.; C. L. Stickney, New York City; Rev. J. E. Palmer, Colebrook, N. H.; Rev. Eli Ballou, Montpelier, Vt.; Rev. J. F. Witherell, Concord, N. H.; C. P. Gill, Nashua, N. H.; Powers & Bagley, Lowell, Mass.; or of the Publisher.

A. TOMPKINS, 38 Cornhill, Boston.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

### A PITCHER IN THE WELL.

The following lines were written by a young lady, and were sent us by a friend, with a statement of the following circumstances to explain them. A Baptist preacher named Hayward in getting up a revival meeting in Prospect village, made the following comparison: "If you saw a woman at a well, crying, screaming, and making a great ado, and went to her, and found she had dropped her pitcher into the well, you would say that this was enthusiasm—that there was no real cause for her conduct. But if she told you that her child was in the well, you would not call her conduct enthusiasm or fanaticism." So he assured his hearers that the meetings he was getting up were because there was really a child, and not merely a pitcher in the well. The young lady, after attending all the meetings came to a different conclusion, and has harmoniously versified it.

A. B. G.

I've attended the meetings which you have held here,  
For the purpose of learning if you were sincere;  
I have listened attentively, and now I can tell  
That all I've discovered, is—"a pitcher in the well."

You have strained every nerve, with your screams of  
despair,

To make people think that "a child" was in there;  
But many kind hearers, in truth will now tell,  
That all they have found, is—"a pitcher in the well."

Your cries of despair have made some afraid,  
And a few of the timid have come to your aid;  
But e'en some of them, if the truth they will tell,  
Will say, they've seen naught, but—"a pitcher in the well."

While some without looking, do verily believe  
That the shrieks which they hear, are not meant to deceive;  
They'll join in the cry, and they'll tell us of hell,  
When, alas, it is nought but "a pitcher in the well."

Now, if a child was really in there, dying,  
There is no one but that to its aid would be flying;  
But when people know that no child there has fell,  
They don't like to run, just for "a pitcher in the well."

Now, if the Almighty His children would send  
To a place where there torments never could end;  
We might think (when you tell us of an endless hell),  
That it was something more than "a pitcher in the well."

But it is not so; for His word does declare  
That all of each nation His blessing shall share;  
His word has gone forth, e'en the Almighty's vow,  
And shall not return, till all people shall bow.

And now, as a sister, who wishes you well,  
I will ask you one question concerning this hell;  
And if the answer you'll give from God's holy word,  
I will thank you at least, and own I have erred.

When the world into being our Maker did call,  
And all things were finished, (for then he made all),  
If hell then was formed, it has ever since stood—  
But was it included in the works pronounced good?

S. A. M.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### PRIVATE AND FAMILY PRAYER.

Rev. Sir—Being in the habit of reading your paper, with the desire to profit by it, I have taken my pen to ask a few questions which I trust you will faithfully and candidly answer. Do you believe prayer, family and private, as well as public, to be a duty? If so, why is not the duty more generally performed by your denomination of Christians; and why is it not more frequently and pressingly enjoined on those who read your columns, and who believe the doctrines there inculcated? I am very sure (and I am placed in a situation where I have an opportunity of knowing) that the very general neglect of this duty is a powerful weapon against Universalism; and to me it does seem most incongruous, that creatures who profess to believe in God as their Maker and Preserver—the God in whom they live, and more, and have their being, whose name is Love—to live from week to week, from month to month, the daily recipients of His bountiful care and love, and yet never recognize their dependence, seek his face, or express one grateful emotion for all His benefits. We can not deny that the precept which enjoins it is positive, and added to this we have the example of the blessed Saviour; and is it not an exalted privilege to hold communion

with the Father of our spirits? How elevating the thought, that we may commune with him as children with a parent—how does it purify and define the affections, and destil upon the soul a peace and serenity that will assist us to pass smoothly and even happily through the various trials and disquietudes of this mortal life! To me it seems that we can not justly claim to be the friends of God, and expect to be partakers of his holiness, unless we manifest our love to him by our intercourse and correspondence with Him. But I forbear. I intended only to ask your views and practice, not to express my own feelings—forgive the intrusion, and let me hear from you through your paper, and you will oblige and comfort your humble

ENQUIRER AND FRIEND.

### REPLY.

Universalists are agreed in the importance of prayer as a duty and a privilege—as a part of their religion, arising out of their nature and their wants. But in regard to the modes of its performance—the times, and seasons, and circumstances, in which prayer should be vocally made, there are probably some differences of opinion among us. And these differences of opinion have probably arisen, from the various circumstances under which we have been placed in previous life, more than from any investigation of the subject itself.

Some of our friends, from having been placed in circumstances, where vocal family prayer was kept up as a form—made an outside show—have become disgusted with its empty heartedness, and discarded it altogether. Others, returning from that extreme, have returned again to its occasional use, and practice it, not at set times and seasons, but when they felt in the spirit of prayer. And others still, deeming it an imperative duty which was not dependant upon their frame of mind, have persevered in its performance at set times, daily—calling on the God of heaven, morning and evening, and blessing him every time they gather around the table to feast on the food provided for them. Our friend will see, from this brief statement, the variety of opinion and practice which prevails among Universalists in regard to vocal family prayer.

My own opinion, which I give as a mere individual, is, that though vocal prayer has its benefits, yet it is not required of us as a mere form—and that it had better not be performed at all, where the spirit does not call for it, or assent to it. I differ from him, as to an express command being given for vocal prayer, in the family or in the closet. The form of words—the mere sound of the voice, is not prayer—it must come from the heart—it must breathe from the soul. And I verily believe that the Christian world needs more instruction which shall cause the soul within to commune with God, in heartfelt prayer and thanksgiving, than it does in what it commonly calls prayer. A continual spirit of confidence and trust in God's goodness—an affectionate gratitude for his love and providence, and a steady desire for his light, and grace, and guidance, is in my humble opinion, more needed among all Christians; and among few is it more needed than among the very persons who are faithful in making vocal prayer at set times and seasons. I say not this, to include all of this class—but only those who esteem the sign so highly, that they entirely overlook the thing signified—those who deem men prayerless, who do not pray *statedly* in uttered sounds. Perhaps this tendency of my mind to regard the thing more than the sign, has made me not a fit judge in this matter; but I have known many persons who, I am persuaded, by their life and conversation, held frequent and close communion with God; and yet who were considered as prayerless men and women by those who regarded vocal prayer as the sign of Christianity.

I am free to confess that Universalists are not as prayerful in this sense, as they should be. I wish we were more devotional in our feelings—more inclined in our moments of privacy and meditation, to dwell on thoughts of God's goodness and our unworthiness and dependence—more given to converse on such subjects in our family and social circles—that we met oftener together to engage in such peace-giving exercises—and, above

all, that our lives outwardly gave more and more continual evidences that the spirit of true prayer and praise dwelt within our souls. I am perfectly satisfied that we shall never feelingly understand and enjoy all the delights of our most holy and blessed faith, nor be enabled to practice its principles, until we do cherish and cultivate more than we now do, this strengthening and purifying spirit of devotion in our hearts.

One more question answered, and I am done. Our periodicals are, probably, too much given to doctrinal and local matters—and these do, probably, cause Editors and their correspondents to neglect the inculcation of more devotional subjects and duties. But still, I do not think this is really the case to the extent implied in our correspondents inquiry. So far as I can remember, the subject of devotion and devotional exercises has been frequently urged by our periodicals generally. It is true, they have not given very great prominence to family prayer—nor to vocal prayer at stated seasons or hours in each day—for the reason, probably, that few deem that the prescribed or most necessary mode of performing our devotions—or, probably they have neglected to do so very often, because they deem other duties (which they more frequently urged instead) as more important than this form or mode of making prayer to God. Be the reason what it may, our periodicals, I believe, are about in the same condition with regard to it; and if any find their consciences condemning them, after reading these inquiries and answers, I hope, for their own sakes, they will do what they think duty requires hereafter.

N. B.—In another place will be found proposals for publishing a Prayer Book, to be compiled by Br. O. A. Skinner, of Boston—as suitable a person to make such a compilation as could probably be found in our ranks. We hope our readers will peruse the prospectus, and get the book.

A. B. G.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### DISCOURAGING TO THE PREACHER.

"The laborer is worthy of his hire," said our Saviour; thus teaching that if one individual performs a certain amount of labor for another, he is lawfully entitled to an equivalent by way of compensation. And it makes no difference what kind of labor is performed, whether physical, or mental, or both—the rule will hold equally good in either case. The principle here laid down, was recognized by the apostles, as being applicable in the case of a preacher and his society—"If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?" Rom. ix: 11.

Now, according to the principle which our Saviour has laid down, and which the apostle has recognized in the above passage, it matters not whether there be any special definite agreement on the part of the society, to pay the preacher a certain sum as an equivalent for his services, or not. If he is permitted to labor for them, though no definite terms have been agreed upon, they are morally bound to make him a suitable compensation for his services; for "the laborer is worthy of his hire." But how much stronger is this obligation, where a society have positively pledged themselves to the preacher, to pay him a certain amount on certain specified conditions. And yet, how utterly careless and heedless are many societies, about the fulfillment of their engagements with him who labors for them!

There is nothing which tends more certainly to discourage the preacher, than this want of punctuality on the part of societies. He is usually a poor man in this world's goods, devotes his whole time to the interests of his society, and hence has no other means of feeding and clothing himself and family, (if he is so unfortunate as to have a family,) except the promised compensation for his pulpit services. How important then is it, that our societies learn to be more prompt, in discharging the obligations which they owe to their Pastor, that he may obey the apostolic injunction to "owe no man any thing but love."

LUKE.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.



# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."....."PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1843.

NO. 16.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### MORAL INFLUENCE OF UNIVERSALISM.

BY REV. H. L. HAYWARD.

The fear is often expressed by believers in endless misery, that if the belief in Universalism should become general, sin and iniquity would increase to an alarming extent, as the consequence. They suppose, that where men have not the fear of endless torment before their eyes, to excite them to a discharge of their duty, every restraining influence is removed, and they have nothing to keep them from running headlong into the very vortex of vice and crime.

But are such fears well founded? We think they are not; and that it is a most unpardonable ignorance of the principles of our faith, which causes them to indulge such fears. In fact, these apprehensions have no foundation except in imagination; for there is nothing in the conduct of Universalists, to prove that the doctrine is naturally demoralizing. On the contrary, there is much evidence to be derived from this source, in favor of the *salutary* and *sanctifying* influence of our doctrine; for there are instances not a few in almost every neighborhood, of persons of the most dissolute and depraved characters, who have been thoroughly and effectually reformed, solely through the benign influence of Universalism.

But let us inquire, what is there in this doctrine of free grace and salvation, which is calculated to lead men on in the ways of sin and spiritual death? It teaches, that God is the Father and Friend of universal humanity—but is this calculated to render mankind sinful and rebellious? Certainly not; for an apostle has taught that it is the *goodness* of God which leadeth to *repentance*; and our own experience has taught us, that so far as our earthly parent is concerned, the more kindness and affection he displays towards us, the more carefully we strive to obey all his commands. But if he manifests a cold and unfeeling disposition, taking no interest in our welfare, nor adopting measures for the promotion of our happiness, we should feel far less affection for him than in the former case, nor should we exercise the same carefulness in obeying his requirements. It follows therefore, that the Universalist's view of the paternal character of God, is better calculated than any other, to secure the heartfelt obedience of mankind.

Again, Universalism teaches that all men are brethren, all having the same origin, equally dependant upon God's bounty and goodness, and destined to the same glorious immortality. But who will contend, that this view of the relationship which mankind sustain to each other, is calculated to remove all restraint and render them sinful and rebellious? How is it with men in the common relations of life? Do we, as a general thing, find brothers manifesting less kindness and affection for each other than for those without the limits of the family circle? Is not the *opposite* of this true?—Certainly. We all understand perfectly, that, as a general rule, there is more affectionate good will exhibited by children of the *same family*, towards each other, than can be found in the more distant relations of neighborhood and community. Suppose, then, that *all mankind* should be brought to believe, that they are brethren and sisters of the same family, would it not strengthen the bonds of friendship and good will, and promote a spirit of peace and unanimity among all ranks and conditions in life? Certainly, and for men to talk about such views

giving loose reign to all the sinful and corrupt passions of human nature, shows a gross ignorance relative to those motives by which mankind are most easily and successfully influenced. Where is the parent who would fear to inform his children, that they stood in the relation of brothers and sisters to each other, and were each alike dear to his heart; lest this knowledge should fill their hearts with bitterness and enmity, and dispose them to do each other all the harm they could devise? On the contrary, all wise parents in imparting instruction and advice to their children, urge the *relationship* which exists between them, as a reason why they should be kindly affectioned toward each other.

But Universalism likewise teaches, that a just punishment for every transgression is positively certain, and can not be avoided by any possible means. It teaches, that there is no such thing as sinning with impunity, because "God will by *no means* clear the guilty." And is this calculated to make men sinful and vicious? Would an individual possessing common sense, be any more likely to engage in the commission of sin, with the assurance that he could not possibly escape adequate punishment; than if he had been taught and believed, that all punishment for sin was altogether uncertain, and might easily be avoided by the very simple and easy process of feeling sorry? We say, therefore, that instead of confirming mankind in vice and strengthening the bands of sin, Universalism is better calculated than any other system of religion known among men, to restrain all the baser passions of our natures, and make men truly religious and godly. And, viewing the subject in this light, we can not help expressing the joy and gratitude of our souls, as we contemplate the rapid spread of Universalism in the world. We pray that it may continue to spread, and its converts be multiplied like the drops of the morning dew, until "all shall know the Lord from the least even unto 'the greatest.'"

Homer, March, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### PROFANITY.....NO. I.

BY REV. S. J. GIBSON.

Man is a being of habit. He is influenced more or less, by the company into which he is thrown, and those actions in which he indulges himself to-day, may exert no little power over him when many years have gone by.

The truth of this position, we have illustrated by the conduct of those by whom we are surrounded. For, let the different courses pursued by different men be well observed, and it will be found that the man who has had a situation allotted him, within the circle of virtuous society, arises at a rapid rate upon the scale of moral and intellectual improvement, with seemingly but little effort for his advancement. But the man who has been so unfortunate as to be thrown among vicious and immoral people, finds it to be with the utmost difficulty that he stems the tide which there sets in against him. And if he once loses the self-command which has hitherto governed him—suffers that moral light which the Deity has placed within the mind as a guide amid the surrounding darkness—if he suffers this, we say, to become lost or bedimmed, he goes downward at a rapid rate, and it is, I had almost said a miracle, that he is enabled to disengage himself from the power which habit exercises over him. We find this beautifully expressed by the prophet, though perhaps not to be taken in its greatest latitude, when he gives us the question and answer:—"Can the Ethiopian change his skin?—or the

leopard his spots?—Then may ye do good that are accustomed to do evil."

Such being the force with which habit operates upon the mind, is it not commendable in one, when he observes men indulging in those things which have a tendency to sully and degrade the faculties, to endeavor to arrest the evil in its progress? Surely, if he acts with the kindness of the Christian, and the sincerity of disinterested friendship. But if he stands out and wields the sharp and cutting sword of sarcasm—or opens upon the heads of his fellow beings, the thunders of a Sinai of vengeance, he will but strengthen and urge forward the very evil which he vainly attempts to destroy.

There is that within the human mind, which revolts at the appearance of oppressive compulsion, and acts with increased vigor the more that it is exposed to the violence; but still, there is also within that mind principles which will bend and yield to the soft voice of friendship and affection. And hence, kindness alone should characterize the efforts of those who endeavor to deliver men from their evil habits.

It being the intention of the writer to address a few brief articles to those who are in the habit of indulging in the use of profane language, he is fully persuaded that the voice of condemnation will be withheld, when the reader is assured, that the rule mentioned above shall, as far as possible, be strictly adhered to, and that it is alone the most friendly feelings that dictate his language upon the present occasion. And no one we presume will be premature in his judgment, or form his opinion hastily, but in candor should every one consider the subject, and judge only when he has duly weighed the conclusion of the whole matter.

Having thus given the reader an intimation of what is to follow, we shall in future speak more directly respecting profane men—of the causes which induce them to indulge in the habit, and endeavor as far as our humble abilities will permit, to show the evils resulting therefrom, and by so doing if possible to persuade men to forego the indulgence of profane language.

Monroeton, Pa.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### CONTRASTS.

BY REV. J. H. SANFORD.

On hearing a flaming sermon the other evening, in defence of the doctrine of endless suffering, we were told that all men were wicked, and the speaker acknowledged himself to be one of that number; and in portraying the miseries of the wicked said, "the wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God, and God will rain upon the wicked snares, fire and brimstone, and this shall be the portion of their cup; and though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished." And then we were told, if we would repent we should escape the punishment that we are justly deserving, and were then earnestly exhorted to repent, for fear that God would punish us!! I left,—musing on the contrast.

Again, we are told by some theologians, that "God from all eternity, elected some men and angels to everlasting life—and passed by all the rest; foreordaining them to everlasting misery, that they should be to the praise of his vindictive justice." But we are told by others, that God never has by an irrevocable decree sealed the future destiny of any man or angel; but will punish the finally impenitent with everlasting misery, and his understanding is infinite, therefore He *knew* from all eternity who would be saved and who would be lost.

Pshaw reader, this is no contrast. It is a perfect



coincidence. Well, I have "missed it" once—but pardon me, reader, I only called it a contrast because other folks' do.

Kensington, Michigan.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## AN IDEA OF THE UNIVERSE....NO. II.

BY REV. J. S. KIBBE.

I was last speaking of the sun—its magnitude, splendor and boundless influence on all surrounding worlds, as a bright display of the wisdom of the Allwise Creator. But were we to stop here in our contemplation, we should not take into consideration a hundredth part of the visible universe.—Great as the sun may appear to us, together with all his surrounding planets, they dwindle into an insignificant point, when we survey the starry hosts that twinkle in the firmament, and consider at what an immense distance they are from us, and consequently how great they must be to make the dwellers on this globe acquainted with them by their light.

Let us suppose, for a better conception of our subject, that we take a flight towards those shining orbs in the far off evening sky. What a space we must pass over before we could arrive at the nearest object in the firmament. Reflect what a space—it is no less than twenty *billions* of miles in extent, and a cannon ball, flying at its utmost velocity, would be no less than four millions of years ere it could reach the nearest object in the heavens. Here is enough for wonder and astonishment! But this is not all. Look into the firmament in a clear winter's night, and the eye may behold thousands of these shining orbs, emitting their splendor from space immeasurably distant. And bodies at such distances must be of the greatest magnitude to make us acquainted with them.

It is but reasonable to believe, that the least twinkling star that we behold, is no less than our sun in magnitude and glory, and that even some are a hundred or a thousand times larger, and that their splendor is equally proportionate. What would be a reasonable supposition as regards the use of these stupendous globes? It is but just to suppose that they have been suspended for some glorious object—as it would be, no great compliment to the Creator to suppose that bodies of such amazing magnitude could have been created for no other purpose, than to diffuse a useless splendor over the wilds of immensity. Such an idea is utterly inconsistent with the perfections of the Deity, and all we know of his glory and character from Nature and Revelation. If the earth would have been "*created in vain*," were it not inhabited; so likewise those starry orbs—those twinkling fires in the heavens, would be formed in vain, if myriads of worlds with countless tribes of living beings were not there to be irradiated and cheered with their glory and splendor. One consideration alone is sufficient to convince us, that those shining globes with their retinue of worlds, were created for the accommodation of intelligent creatures—and this consideration is, that wherever God displays his wisdom and power, there is a corresponding display of goodness and mercy—in fine, of every other attribute. The Deity must be considered in every action as exerting himself in the *plenitude of his perfections*. No one attribute can be considered as acting separately or independently of the rest. But can there be a display of wisdom and goodness where there is no sentient and intelligent being to discern it? If not, then those thousand stars which the unassisted eye can perceive in the canopy of heaven, may be considered as connected with, at least fifty thousand other worlds, compared with the amount of whose population, all the inhabitants of our globe would appear only as "the small dust of the balance." Here imagination might career on her loftiest and boldest wing for ages on ages, in the survey of this portion of our Maker's kingdom, and still be lost in contemplation and wonder at the vast extent, the immense magnitude, and the countless variety of scenes, and movements, and objects which would meet the view in every direction,

Think for a moment. To our view is here presented, "not only single suns and single systems, such as that to which we belong; but *suns revolving around suns*, and systems around systems—*systems* not only double, but triple, quadruple, quintuple and multiple, all in complicated but harmonious motions—*motions* more rapid than the swiftest planet in our system, though some of them move a hundred thousand miles an hour—periods of revolutions which vary from thirty years to sixteen hundred—and there are suns with a *blue* or a *green* lustre revolving around suns of a white or ruddy color, both of them illuminating with *contrasted colored light* the same assemblage of globes."—Now, upon the supposition that these systems of worlds revolving around other systems, are inhabited—which is but reasonable—and what a scene of interest, grandeur, variety, diversity of intellect and of wonder and astonishment, were they unveiled to our sight, would we then gaze upon?

Notwithstanding we have made this extensive survey of this grand and magnificent spectacle, yet we find ourselves still standing only on the merest extreme verge of creation. The stars which the unassisted eye can discern are only a few scattered orbs on the outskirts of a cluster far more numerous. And all this variety of scenery and grandeur is but a small speck, when compared with the whole extent of the boundless firmament. New glories burst upon our sight—and the astonishing extent and grandeur of the sidereal heavens burst into full view as we advance in the survey of the more distant regions of the universe. All that the natural vision of man is able to discover, is but a mere point in comparison with the immensity of august and magnificent objects which stretch themselves through the realms of boundless space respectively towards infinity. The discoveries of modern astronomy have aided and enlarged man's conception far beyond what it possibly could even surmise—and presented a view of the universe, boundless as its Maker, where human insignificance is confounded and lost, and where man dwindle away into a mere microscopic animalculum of the bucket of water—and the whole tribes of his species are as a particle of vapor to the ocean of waters. What opens to the naked eye in the heavens are mere portals, as it were, which lead away into the interior recesses of the vast temple of creation. But let us once direct our view beyond these outer portals, by means of one of the most powerful telescopes, and we shall catch a glimpse of some of the most magnificent porches, and a faint view of some of the most splendid apartments, which, while here, we may never be permitted to explore to their full extent, but which may serve to give us a more august conception of what is concealed from the naked eye. On entering "this temple not made with hands," the splendor of its decorations, the amplitude of its scale, the awfulness with which it stretches on toward infinity, and the glory which reigns in every part, fill us with thoughts of our own insignificance, and forcibly strike our imagination with the supremacy and might of Him who reared such a stupendous frame.

Here is presented to the conception of mortal man enough to fill him with devotion—with feelings of gratitude that he is not lost in the infinitude of the Creator's works—and draw into exercise all the powers of his mind to contemplate the goodness, and mercy, and wisdom of such a wonder working God. Here is sufficient to lead us to bow down in humility and adoration before Him who called into existence this boundless and inconceivable fabric, and "whose kingdom ruleth over all."

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## LETTERS OF THE NEW-ENGLAND SPY.....NO. I.

—, Feb. 14th, 1843.

MY DEAR F:—For the want of better employment, I now sit down, late in the evening, pen in hand, to reply to some of your queries in your last "winged-messenger" otherwise called a letter. I say for want of "better employment," not meaning thereby that answering your communica-

tions is indifferent business; but, on the contrary, wishing you to understand by said term, that I have no other employment whatever, for the present, but to write letters to some one; and as thou art uppermost in my mind, and as I think thou art somewhat of a congenial spirit, I have determined that thou shalt be the man. I do not expect that I shall make this letter interesting to you, it being rather too soon for a formal reply. But as I know not where my lot will be cast, or what leisure I shall have after a few days, I will venture to speak to you in a somewhat informal manner. Throwing aside, then, for the time being, all attempts at high toned etiquette, I am coming to talk with you in the character of a "plain blunt rustic." I shall make no promises, nor give heed to any protests, but shall if I please write this letter and ten more to my own tried and cherished. So, get you some nerve powder, open a running account with Uncle Sam, and prepare for a general onslaught.

I am stopping in ———; a place noted abroad for its theological renown, but at home, for the anti-social habits of its citizens; a country village of some five hundred inhabitants, one hundred, and fifty of whom are, and are preparing to be, public heralds of the Cross of Christ. And yet, but a few days ago, an old man of seventy passed through this place, out of money, almost shoeless, worn out and weary, having walked over a hundred miles at the rate of ten or fifteen per day, no evidence of dissipation about him, but just buried his daughter, and was on his way home, some hundred and fifty miles then distant; and had it not been for one man in this goodly Christian village, he would not have found sympathy enough here to have secured him a ride twenty miles in one of the baggage cars upon the rail-road!

Some ten miles from this, has been built during the past season, a dwelling, at the cost of about *thirty five thousand dollars*. A few days since the poor laborers of said landlord were notified that on and after such a date their wages would be reduced ten per cent!

Yet this is New England—enlightened, evangelized and Christian New England! These are the blessings of our free institutions! Who would not love to labor on such terms, or be a laborer, under such a master? And then to be a preacher too,—a herald of the cross of Christ—among such a *charitable* and *Christ-like* people, how extremely pleasant that is! Seeing these things, yet dare not speak out against them! *Doing* these things, yet claim to be a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ! O admirable world, this! How smooth it looks! How can any one wish to dwell apart from it! It is such a pleasant thing to see honest poverty trampled upon; to see labor rendered disgusting; to see Christianity heathenized, to see one half of the world living upon the bones and sinews of the other half—that it is altogether a wonder—how any one can wish to forego the *pleasure* of a daily contemplation of such scenes!

But, irony aside. Do I err, my dear F——, when I say all this is emptiness? Is it right to claim for our institutions the honored epithets *free* and *Christian*, while such things are tolerated by them, and grow out of them? Do we not live under a false organization of society? Is not life already, with the poor man, an *up-hill* work; and is it not becoming more and more so, the longer such a state of things is countenanced? The world needs something more. The great heart of humanity is yearning for something that shall regenerate society, and place it upon a Christian basis. The Christian religion when rightly understood and interpreted, contains that something. And a few who are in advance of the age in which they live are beginning to unfold the beauties of the Christian religion in this respect.

Many will cry out, "Humbbug!" "Moonshine!" "Castle-building!" and such like. But, depend upon it, the world needs, and must have, something that will place the relative position of the rich and the poor in a different light. Man was never born to be a slave. God never created man for such a destiny. He created all men for a high



and holy destiny. And nothing is plainer in the whole wide world, than that no one can accomplish that destiny while he is compelled to labor fifteen hours out of the twenty-four, for food and raiment.

I speak not against the Christian religion. I am rather pleading its cause. I would have it washed of these foul stains, realizing that it can never be loved and revered until it is. Without them, the Christian system is an attractive system, but with them, it is little wonder that so many reject it. Think not that I am an enemy to Christianity because I tell you the truth.

Yours very truly, THE SPY.

#### BR. W. ANDREWS

Has been spending the past winter in Buffalo, where we are very glad to hear from other sources than the following, he has been very successful in building up our cause. But the following expression of thanks of the society there will speak for itself. Br. A. has left Buffalo for Steuben county, and will probably be here in a few weeks; but where he will next fix his location we have not yet learned.

A. B. G.

At a meeting of the Trustees of the "First Church and Society of Universal Restorationists of Buffalo," held on the 11th instant, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Whereas, brother William Andrews has, in compliance with circumstances beyond his control, withdrawn from his connexion with this Society, and whereas the occasion seems to be a fitting one for the expression of our feelings towards him, and our estimate of his character, and the universal approval of his services, and labors of love, by our Society. Therefore,

Resolved, That in bidding adieu to one, who, for six months, has officiated as our pastoral guide, we are actuated by sentiments of the most heartfelt sorrow and regret. That the highly exemplary character, ennobling talents, pure Christianity, and true benevolence of our late beloved pastor, entitle him, not only to our sincere esteem, but to the heartiest love and admiration of all Christian and benevolent communities, and that the memory of his sojourn with us, will ever be cherished as among the most pleasurable and endearing of recollections.

Resolved, That we humbly and devoutly invoke the blessing of Heaven upon our beloved brother, and his affectionate and highly esteemed wife, that in their future life they may be guided and protected by the favor of a Divine Providence, and in every vicissitude buoyed up and strengthened by a lively faith in the glorious Gospel of our divine Redeemer, that our brother may be restored to the full enjoyment and benefits of health, and again enabled, fully, to resume his labors in the ministry of reconciliation, which he has been obliged, partially, to suspend.

Resolved, That copies of these proceedings be furnished by our Chairman to the Rev. William Andrews, and to the Editor of the Magazine and Advocate for publication in that paper.

BENJAMIN CARYL, Chairman.

Buffalo, April 11, 1843.

#### SECULAR NEWS.

**DISTRESS IN THE WEST.**—The Rochester Democrat publishes a letter from Edwardsburg, Michigan, giving accounts of the great distress prevailing there. The severity of the winter, the scarcity of food for man, and of provender for the beasts, has created wide spread distress. The writer says:—"Inevitable famine is approaching for beast, and we fear for man. I have tried for two days to buy grain, but can not secure a bushel without money, and hardly with that, and that is out of the question—scarce, and more so, than fodder. I heard from different quarters yesterday that cattle are dying from starvation in great numbers. Many are killing off the poorest for the benefit of a few of the best. It is estimated that more than one-half of the people are entirely destitute of fodder and grain—others only enough

for one or two weeks. Nothing is left for teams during spring work, and not a particle of fodder any where to be obtained, not even straw, for love or money. Oats and corn have doubled in price, within a few days. The weather is now as cold as mid-winter, and no appearance of spring—snow over two feet deep. Prospects exceedingly gloomy."

**FAMINE AMONG THE BRUTES IN OHIO.**—The unprecedented long and severe winter has been the cause of great suffering and death among the swine and cattle. It is estimated by well informed persons, that no less than three hundred head of cattle, and six thousand head of swine, in one county alone, have perished of actual starvation. The Editor of the Kalida Venture made a tour through a portion of Van Wert county, and the number of dead and dying hogs that met his eye along the route, exceeded any thing of the kind he ever heard of. The wild game, deer, turkeys, &c., have all suffered with the rest. The farmers' stock of hay and grain is nearly exhausted, and if the cold weather continued much longer—and there was no immediate prospect of its abatement—"the garden of Ohio" will be compelled to import her beef and pork for next year's use.

Every enlisted man of the garrison of Fort Ontario, Oswego, N. Y., commanded by Capt. E. K. Barnum, second regiment of infantry, is a member of the total abstinence society.

Two hundred and twenty deluded English Mormons arrived at St. Louis, on the 28th ult., on their way to Nauvoo.

Father Matthew is expected to visit the United States during the approaching summer.

**CUTTING DOWN.**—The banks of New York have passed a resolution not to receive Spanish and other foreign coin which have heretofore passed at 25 cents for more than 23 cents, 12 1-2 cent pieces for 10 cents, 6 1-4 cents for 5 cents. The U. S. Mint is said to have adopted a similar resolution, but whether before or after the banks is not stated, yet probably before. The abundance of coin in the country, the fact that most of the foreign coin is considerably worn, and the desire to infuse into circulation more coin which bears the stamp of the U. S. Mint, have led to these resolutions. Old stockings filled with these pieces will not be quite as valuable as they have been.

**STATE CANALS.**—At a meeting of the Board of Canal Commissioners, held at the State Hall, in the city of Albany, on the 10th day of April, 1843—present Messrs. Earl, Little, Enos, and Bissell—it was resolved that the State canals be opened for navigation on Monday, the first day of May next.

**ANCIENT EGYPT.** Her Monuments, Hieroglyphics, and History. By Geo. R. Glidden, late U. S. Consul at Cairo.

The publisher of the New World is happy to announce that he has now ready the above mentioned original and novel work in a double extra sheet, containing nearly Two hundred Hieroglyphics and Illustrations, accurately copied from the monuments of Egypt, and engraved expressly for this work.

This book may be well considered a curiosity in literature, as it not merely contains the only representations and translations of the once unintelligible symbols, and writings of the ancient Egyptians ever published in the United States; but presents to the American reader for the nominal price of 25 cents, a compendium of the entire discoveries of CHAMPOLION and others down to the present time, which is not elsewhere extant in the English language, and which could not be obtained in French, Italian, German, for less than two thousand and five hundred dollars, because no works on these subjects can be obtained apart from expensive plates.

It is impossible in an advertisement to give any detailed account of the contents of this work; suffice it to say, it begins at the beginning; and, after presenting fac-similes of the three hieroglyphical alphabets, showing their combinations and interpreting their historical facts; (in the course of which will be found the origin and dates of the Pyramids;) the great errors of Archbishop Usher's chronology of the Bible are demonstrated; the high cultivation, power and wealth of the ancient Egyptians proved; and the theories of modern geologists strikingly corroborated. In a word, it is not too much to aver, that a thousand vexed questions of chronology

theology, archaeology, hierology, etc., about which learned divines of all denominations have been wrangling for centuries, are so conclusively settled by this work that they can never be agitated again.

Single copies 35 cents: 5 copies for \$1: to Agents, Book-sellers, etc., \$16 per hundred.

This important and curious work can scarcely fail to have an immense sale, and early orders, accompanied by cash, are solicited. Address J. Winchester, 30 Ann street, N. Y.

#### THAT FIFTY CENTS!!!

The time is approaching when our terms will require the addition of fifty cents to the subscription of all those who have not paid for the current volume. We remind our patrons of this fact, in the hopes that they will be induced to benefit themselves, and at the same time give us that assistance which we so much need at the present time. Will our agents endeavor to collect as much, and as speedily as possible, and forward the same.

#### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. W. H. RYDER will preach in New Hartford next Sunday.

There will be preaching on the fifth Sunday inst., by Br. SKINNER at Little Falls—Br. SOULE in Syracuse, and Br. GROSH in this city—Br. WM. J. Goss in Gaines.

There will be preaching on the first Sunday in May, by Br. WM. J. Goss in Lewiston.

**Washingtonianism.**—Br. H. B. SOULE will lecture on Temperance, on the evenings of Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, May 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th, at Clay Corners, Onondaga county.

**THE NEW YORK STATE CONVENTION OF UNIVERSALISTS.**—The State Convention of Universalists will hold its annual session in the village of Cooperstown, Otsego county, on the last Wednesday (31st.) of May and the following Thursday (1st.) of June, next. The following are the delegates who have been chosen by the several Associations.

ASSOCIATIONS.	MINISTERS.	LAYMEN.
Allegany,	G. S. Goady, N. Adams,	S. R. Crittenden, L. Graves,
Black River,	S. Jones, G. Swan,	Thayer, French,
Cayuga,	A. Peck, T. J. Whitcomb,	W. Berry, O. Drake,
Central,	D. S. Morey, T. Clowes,	D. Owens, A. Scott,
Chautauque,	S. Adams, J. Simonds,	E. B. Poor, L. Pullman,
Chenango,	A. O. Warren, J. T. Goodrich,	A. Tillotson, T. G. Lamb,
Hudson River,	C. F. Le Fevre, J. A. Aspinwall,	J. Ogden, D. M. More,
Mohawk,	J. D. Hicks, P. Hatheway,	A. Gale, L. Eaton,
New York,	I. D. Williamson, W. S. Balch,	W. Howe, L. Seymour,
Niagara,	J. M. Cook, C. Hammond,	E. P. Davis, W. W. Ruggles,
Onondago,	S. Miles, D. K. Lee,	E. Cook, N. Peck,
Otsego,	A. C. Barry, D. Pickering,	N. Stephenson, J. Devendorf,
St. Lawrence,	S. W. Squire, J. F. Briggs,	D. Mack, S. Walrath,
Steuben,	[No return in the Minutes.]	

A punctual attendance is requested from the Delegates, Ministering brethren and friends are cordially invited to attend. The Occasional Sermon will be preached by Br. E. M. Woolley. The Standing Clerks of the several Associations are desired to send in as full and accurate reports as possible.

G. W. MONTGOMERY,

Standing Clerk.

#### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P M, Cape Vincent, for P C and H C—P M, Farmington, for self and O C—P M, Williamstown, for J J 3d—P M, Alden, for H P and E P—P M, Niles, [O] for J P and H S—P M, Columbia, [S C] for J C T, J G and J H—P M, Worcester, for W F—P M, Factoryville, [Pa] for self and E R W—P M, Preston, for L S and A C—P M, Pine Grove, for A F—P M, Penn Yan, for H B and O S—P M, Cedarville, for H G W—A R G, Richfield Springs, for self and A K—P M, Malden, [Mass] for C B—P M, Concord, [O]—P M, East Hamilton, for L B and W L—P M, Darien Centre, for A W S and S H—P M, So Hartford, for Q M O and L H C—P M, Ashfield, [Mass] for E G and S H—P M, Fort Covington, for C B and A L—P M, Rindland, for D S—P M, Henderson, for S A, C H, J W and J H.



For the Magazine and Advocate.  
**THE GOSPEL FIELD.**

BY JOHN A. MCNEIL.

Ho watchmen, why gaze ye here all the day long?  
 Up, up, and exhibit the faith of your song;  
 Let love be your motto, do good as you can,  
 For man is no less than the brother of man.

Go open the eyes of the groping and blind,  
 Till the light of our Gospel enlightens the mind;  
 Till the dumb shout aloud, and the mourner rejoice,  
 As they shall examine the faith of our choice.

Drive back superstition whose poisonous blight,  
 Recedes from the truth, like the darkness of light;  
 Let good news of great joy be left in its stead,  
 Till the last lingering vestige of error hath fled.

Then on to the battle with weapons of Love,  
 And point out the way to the haven above,  
 Let the sound spread abroad to the nations afar,  
 That "wisdom is better than weapons of war."

Ho, laymen in Zion, join in the fight;  
 For the victory is ours at the dawning of light,  
 On, on to the battle, that bigots may feel  
 That truth is a weapon more mighty than steel.  
 Union, March, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.  
**"PANTOLOGY;"**

Or a systematic survey of human knowledge, proposing a classification of all its branches, and illustrating their history, relations, uses and objects; with a synopsis of their leading facts and principles, and a select catalogue of books upon all subjects, &c. By Boswell Park, A. M.; Prof. of Nat. Phil. and Chem., in the University of Pennsylvania."

The title of this work clearly enough expresses its character to answer our present purpose. Pantology is from the two Greek words, *pan*, the neuter gender of *pas*, signifying all; and *logos* a discourse. As a treatise upon every branch of human knowledge, its classifications, illustrations and statements, are, so far as our knowledge extends, generally distinct and correct. But, unfortunately, like many other authors who are correct in almost every thing else, Mr. Park has erred on the subject of Universalism.

Under the third division of Christianity, he says—"The Universalists generally believe in the Trinity, but maintain that all mankind will be saved, however sinful their lives may have been."

Every Universalist knows the above is not true. Universalists do not "generally believe in the Trinity," as it is usually understood. On the contrary, they are almost universally Unitarians, i. e., believers in the oneness of the Godhead. Their views upon this subject are thus expressed, viz., "We believe there is one God, whose nature is love," &c. To this there may be exceptions. Some Universalists may believe in the Orthodox doctrine of the Trinity, but this does not matter. It is by no means a prominent doctrine.

Respecting Christ there are various opinions among Universalists. Some suppose him to have been merely a man—in all things like unto us, yet without sin—that he existed in the counsel of God previous to his inhabiting this earth, but not in person.

Others suppose that he existed in person with the Father, though created by and subordinate to him, and that he was manifested in the flesh to purify and sanctify the world. Others believe that he previously existed as a human spirit and was subsequently conceived by the influence of the Holy Ghost, to accomplish the work assigned him by the Father. Universalists generally regard the Holy Ghost when used in connection with the Father and Son, as the spirit of truth, or the comforter which Christ left with men.

I have been thus particular in stating the views of Universalists on this point, because they are so often misapprehended. It will be seen that they differ widely from the doctrine of three persons in the Godhead, or Trinitarianism.

In his catalogue of books, etc., the author of the

Pantology refers his readers to the following "Universalist Books," viz., Ballou's writings, and Universalism as it is. Br. Ballou's works are held in very high repute by the denomination, to which he, by his masterly efforts and perseverance, has contributed such lasting benefits. I am happy the reader is referred to such valuable works. But, as they were not designed to embrace the full extent of the belief of Universalists; being mostly made up of sermons and select subjects; perhaps the author would have done his readers a little more justice if he had referred them to a few other works—the Ancient and Modern Histories of Universalism—The Universalist belief—Universalism Illustrated and Defended—The Universalist's Guide, etc., etc. Perhaps he had not room after presenting such a long list of Orthodox books.

As to Hatfield's Universalism as it is—it is the last book published, I would have one read to obtain a knowledge of Universalism. Br. Sawyer in his "Reply" has very clearly shown that it is Universalism as it is *not*. If the author of the Pantology knew that the work was opposed to Universalism and had been replied to, he ought to have referred to that reply.

But enough. We will not accuse the learned author unjustly. If he has mistaken our views through ignorance, he will probably correct the error in the third edition of his work. W. H. R.

For the Magazine and Advocate.  
**MINUTES**

*Of the Proceedings of the Hudson River Association of Universalists—1842.*

Met in Hudson, on Wednesday and Thursday, September 7th and 8th, and after uniting in prayer with Br. Bartlett, organized the council by choosing Br. A. R. Bartlett, Moderator, and Br. H. B. Soule, Clerk. Received and read the credentials of delegates. Appointed Br. C. F. Lefevre and the Trustees of the Society under his pastoral care, the committee to arrange the public services. The standing committee on discipline reported no complaint—report accepted. This committee, consisting of Brs. C. F. Lefevre, B. Hyde and B. Huling, were re-appointed for the ensuing year. Approved the labors of Brs. S. R. Smith and H. B. Soule as a part of the committee on Fellowship and Ordination, in conferring ordination on Br. C. M. Patterson. Appointed Brs. C. F. Lefevre and J. A. Aspinwall (ministerial) and J. Ogden and D. M. More (lay) delegates to represent the Association at the next State Convention, with power to appoint substitutes and fill vacancies. Appointed Brs. Lefevre, Aspinwall and E. Smith, committee to receive applications, and report a place for the next session of the Association; Committee reported Troy—report accepted. Appointed Br. H. Lyon to preach the next occasional sermon, and the Clerk to prepare the minutes for publication in the Magazine and Advocate and the Union and Messenger.

Voted that all those societies within the limits of the Association, which have not made regular statistical returns to the Standing Clerk, are most earnestly requested to do so as soon as possible.

Voted that the following Preamble and Resolution, adopted at the session of this Association in 1840, be published with the minutes of this session.

"Whereas, It is evident that the formation of Sunday Schools has had a very beneficial influence, not only in training up children to a knowledge of our principles, but also by more deeply interesting parents themselves in the promotion of our cause; therefore

Resolved, That we recommend to the Societies within this Association, whenever it may be feasible, to give their diligence to the formation of Sunday Schools."

Sermons were preached by the following brethren: A. R. Bartlett, J. A. Aspinwall (occasional), C. M. Patterson, I. D. Williamson, H. B. Soule, W. J. Goss and S. R. Smith.

Preachers present.—C. F. Lefevre, S. R. Smith, I. D. Williamson, J. A. Aspinwall, A. R. Bartlett, U. Clark, C. Hollister, A. B. Manley, C. M. Patterson, W. J. Goss, H. Lyon, and H. B. Soule.

Lay delegates present.—S. Van Schaack and Chester Packard, Albany; C. Townsend and E. Smith, So. Hartford; D. Mosher and H. Peacock, Greenfield; A. Kingsley and D. Stone, West Fort Ann; J. Frink and M. H. Williams, Troy; E. Mosher and T. Dimmick, Hudson; D. M. More, Schenectady.

The above minutes have been delayed until the present time on account of inability to procure the resolutions of 1840, and an extremely perplexing pressure of business; they were made out at the time, but as I could not then obtain the resolutions, were laid aside and afterwards forgotten until a recent circumstance brought them to mind. The Association is in no way to blame for this delay; the blame, if such there be, is wholly with myself. "Better late than never," however, and so, begging the pardon of the Association, I now give them to the printer. H. B. SOULE.

From the Herald and Journal.  
**SIGNS OF THE TIMES.**

"And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars." Luke xxi: 25.

Mr. Editor:—Having been engaged much of the time during the past autumn and winter, in giving scientific, and especially astronomical lectures in various parts of this State, I have had occasion to learn that much false information has been circulated, and many erroneous opinions prevail relative to the appearances and changes in the starry heavens. In some places it is thought by many, that the whole machinery of the universe is out of joint, and that this is a certain precursor to the speedy coming of Christ in judgment. If the doctrine of Mr. Miller be true it should be propagated by truth, and not falsehood; by an appeal to common sense, and not to the superstitious fears of ignorant men.

A few weeks ago, while in the easterly part of the State, I was informed that a Baptist preacher, who has considerable rank and influence in his denomination, and who is itinerating and lecturing on Millerism, stated to his hearers, that when the extraordinary red Aurora was seen on the evening of the 25th of January, 1837, the moon was full, but was not to be seen, *it having been turned to blood!* I found some persons excessively terrified at this declaration; and it seemed plausible, as no one could remember to have seen the moon upon that evening, and the precise date was forgotten. I immediately calculated the moon's age for the time, and found that it was more than four days after the full, and consequently she could not have risen till about midnight. I need not inform your readers that the moon rose at the appointed hour, after furnishing its usual light to the other hemisphere.

In the Herald and Journal of March 16, 1842, the Rev. Gershom F. Cox, in a communication on the second advent and signs of the times, gave the startling intelligence that "*fifteen hundred stars have recently faded from the vault of heaven.*" The number was in italics, indicating that it was deliberately written; and yet the statement is so grossly and monstrously inaccurate, that I supposed the reverend gentlemen had made a slip of the pen, and would correct it himself. If I mistake not it was published also in the Christian Advocate and Journal, over his signature, and since then has been republished in a pamphlet and circulated throughout the land, and read by wondering thousands as oracular truth.

During all this time Mr. Cox has given it the sanction of his silence. What are the facts?—No more than *thirteen* stars are recorded in the annals of astronomy as having been lost; and so far from disappearing recently, as stated by Mr. Cox, some disappeared many ages since. It is not even certain that any stars have been blotted out. There are nearly one hundred variable stars which have periods of unusual brilliancy, fade till nearly invisible, and after a short time revive again. The thirteen stars which are reckoned as lost may be of this description. These changes were observed many centuries ago. The bright star which appeared suddenly with unusual brilliancy in Cassiopea, in 1572, is supposed to be the same star which



appeared in the same place with great lustre, about 300, and also about 600 years before, having a period of about 300 years, during the intervals of which it is invisible.

A friend informed me that the same gentleman who has startled the world by the above intelligence, in his public lectures gives the total eclipse of the sun, which was seen in Italy last year, as one of the signs of the times, as a fulfilling of the Scripture, that the sun shall be darkened in the last days. An eloquent and sublime description of this phenomenon appeared in the papers, written by an eye witness. Such events always impress the mind, as they should do, with ideas of the greatness and power of God. But there was nothing more remarkable in this, than is usually seen in total eclipses of the sun; and they have happened almost every year these six thousand years.

Mr. Cox, in the same article from which I have quoted, gives the Aurora Borealis, or northern lights, as another sign of the last days; and says, "Is it not remarkable that, although we may account for them on the same principles, as were in operation when the fathers fell, that no record of them appears till quite recently." In the expression, "*quite recently*," there is a characteristic indefiniteness. It was supposed indeed, by many who had not investigated the subject, that the Aurora was first seen in England in 1716, as no record of its appearance for many years had been made, in that country, where the atmosphere, especially in winter, is usually loaded with vapor. But on examination, I find that the Aurora is mentioned in 1560, in a scientific work, entitled, "A description of meteors," published soon after the invention of printing, subsequent to which, and before 1716, there are many accounts of the same phenomenon.

The Rev. Mr. Litch, in one of his books on the second advent, states that the night after the remarkable day in 1785, was of pitchy darkness, which was undoubtedly true; but he adds, that it did not arise from a thickening of the atmosphere, *as the stars were seen!* He would seem to indicate that it was therefore miraculous. There was a thickening of the atmosphere which hid the sun during the day, and the moon at night. How the same thickening should not have obscured the stars, or how a starlight night should be so pitchy black as is described, is difficult to conceive. There is an absurdity in the statement which renders it utterly incredible.

Some accounts have recently been published in the newspapers, by mischievous editors, of wonderful changes in the planets and fixed stars. This has been done to hoax the ignorant and alarm the superstitious. It should be known that hundreds of scientific men, in Europe and America, have for many years been constantly employed in exploring the heavens with the most powerful telescopes.—Many are employed by the different governments of Europe in astronomical observatories, scattered over the earth, for the express purpose of furthering the interests of science. No phenomenon escapes their notice; and should any thing extraordinary occur, it would appear before the public, vouched by names that would command universal credence. It is not necessary to add, that no such changes have been observed by them.

Many have supposed that nothing has ever before appeared, similar to the remarkable red Aurora which was witnessed on the evening of January 25th, 1837. It was truly a sublime spectacle!—Who could behold the glorious painting of the celestial vault without being struck by the thought uttered by the glorified host on the sea of glass, "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!" We would not lower the sentiments legitimately inspired by so sublime a scene. Yet such spectacles have often been witnessed in the northern parts of Sweden, Lapland and Siberia; and in remote and different periods. The Aurora indeed is a great blessing in those high northern latitudes, where the sun is absent for many weeks, furnishing the inhabitants with a splendid light in the midst of their dreary winter night. Gmelin describes the Aurora Borealis of these regions as differing in color according to the states of the atmos-

phere, "sometimes assuming the appearance of blood." He observes that, "they frequently begin with single bright pillars rising in the north, and almost at the same time in the northeast, which gradually increasing, comprehended a large space in the heavens, rush about from place to place with incredible velocity, and finally almost cover the whole sky up to the zenith, and produce an appearance, as if a vast tent was expanded in the heavens, glittering with gold, rubies and sapphire. A more beautiful spectacle can not be painted."

The celestial appearances which more nearly correspond with a literal fulfillment of the Scripture signs, are the dark day of May 19, 1780, and meteoric showers of November 13, 1833. We will not say that these, with the Aurora Borealis are not signs of the speedy dissolution of the world. But in forming a judgment on the subject, we may surely be permitted to exercise the common sense which God has given us. To lay this aside and judge only by *feeling or fancy*, is to criminally reject a light which we are sure is from God, for one which may prove an ignis fatuus, and land us in the quagmire of infidelity.

If the Scripture signs, already alluded to, are to receive a literal fulfillment, we may reasonably expect that they will conform to the four following tests.

1. They will appear *near* the event of which they are intended as the harbinger; probably within the generation of those who will be living at the end of the world.
2. They will be witnessed in all parts of the earth; because all are alike interested.
3. They may *all* be expected to appear, and not a single class of phenomena without the others.
4. They will be such as will impress intelligent minds with their strangeness.

The Aurora Borealis conforms to none of these tests. It has been seen for centuries, and is confined to the northern positions of the globe: having rarely, if ever, been seen so far south as the 30th degree of north latitude. The darkness of 1780 was confined principally to New England, and was witnessed by the generation preceding the present. To judge of its extent, take a globe six inches in diameter to represent the earth; then a spot on its surface, as large as a half dime, will represent a space twice as large as New England, and more than was probably covered by the darkness. This event was deeply appalling to thousands. Yet a similar darkness has sometimes gathered over the city of London in consequence of a vast accumulation of smoke, so as to make it necessary for passengers in the streets to use lighted torches at mid-day. Immense issues of smoke from fires and volcanoes have, from time immemorial, produced similar effects in many countries.

From a careful examination of all the accounts I have been able to collect, of meteoric showers of the last and present century, the whole of them together have occupied a space on the globe, less than one eight of its surface. In this space is included nearly the whole of the *North Atlantic ocean*. The showers of 1799 was probably the most extensive. Its centre was near the middle of the Atlantic, its edges touching the northern parts of South America, the coast of Labrador and Greenland, and the western shores of Europe and Africa. That of 1833 may be represented on the sixth inch globe by the space occupied by a dollar. All the meteoric showers of which we have any record were sublime and beautiful beyond description. No one could view these magnificent scenes without being impressed with awe. It is not surprising that even many intelligent persons should suppose them to be precursors of the final conflagration. Yet if the simple but reasonable tests we have given be correct, they are disarmed of their character as ominous of the destruction of the world. Meteors exactly similar in appearance, sometimes single, and sometimes a few of an evening, have been of familiar occurrence from the earlier ages of the world.

In the year 472, in the month of November, a phenomenon, similar to those of more recent date, took place near Constantinople. As Theophanes

relates, "the sky appeared to be on fire" with the coruscations of flying meteors.

The notion that this phenomenon betokens high winds is prevalent now, and is of high antiquity. Virgil, in the first book of *Georgics*, expresses the same idea.

And oft before tempestuous winds arise  
The seeming stars fall headlong from the skies,  
And shooting through the darkness, gild the night  
With sweeping glories, and long trails of light.

Although all the phenomena alluded to in this article may be explained on philosophical principles, I forbear to enter into an explanation, as it does not follow that, if designed to fulfil the divine prediction, they should be either supernatural or unaccountable.

We can easily excuse the weakness that converts the most common occurrence into a prodigy, or exalts an eclipse into a sign of the coming of the Son of man; but we can not, Mr. Editor, so easily excuse ministers of the Gospel, who on so grave a subject, either recklessly or ignorantly publish to the world that which is untrue. Whatever may be said by way of palliation, the effect is to produce a reaction upon minds temporarily affected by their assertions, and to bring the sacred office of the ministry into contempt.

MOSES SPRINGER.

Gardiner, Me. March 2, 1843.

## MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barray.

UTICA, FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1843.

### THE RESTITUTION....NO. II.

"Having made known unto us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure which he hath purposed in himself: that in the dispensation of the fulness of times, he might gather together in one, all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are on earth, even in him."

EPH. i: 9, 10.

That this passage refers to *all intelligent beings*, is evident from the phrase, "both which are in heaven and which are on earth." This phrase, Professor Stuart says, is a periphrasis for the *universe*, and means the same as the phrase "*all things*" in another part of the passage. This phrase "*all things*," Macknight says, is equivalent to the phrase "*all men*,"—so that the passage embraces *every son and daughter of Adam*. Of this there can be no doubt. In "*the dispensation of the fulness of times*"—or the closing up of the Gospel, when in its fulness, its object shall have been accomplished, "then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God the Father," 1 Cor. xv: 24—then will the "*universe*," the "*all men*" be gathered "together in Christ"—or, in other words, "*all things*" shall be made *one* in Christ. What is the meaning of "*gather together*," in this verse? Dr. Clarke says it means "to reduce to one sum; to add up; to bring different sums together." If we take a number of sums, and add them up, they are no longer separate sums, but are made *one*—they are gathered together in one. So all men—the great sums of the kindreds, nations, and families of the earth, are to be collected together into one body.

To evade the force of this passage, it is said, that the apostle does not refer to all men; but to those who are now in Christ, and the gathering together of these, the believers, in one body in heaven; but this view is fallacious, because the believers are represented as already being one, in this life. Hence Paul said—"There is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither bond nor free; there is neither male nor female; for ye are all *one* in Christ Jesus." Gal. iii: 28. The idea is, that in faith, feelings and conduct, there was no national or sectional difference between the believers—for they were all *one* in Christ.

This work takes place in *this life*, during the operations of the Gospel—but in the fulness of the Gospel, at its final closing up, then "*all men*," composing the universe, of whatever nation or condition, shall be *gathered together in Christ*. To be gathered in Christ, expresses



a strong fact. "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." 1 Cor. xv: 22. "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." 2 Cor. v: 17. The nature of this "new creature," is accurately described by the apostle Paul—"That ye put on the new man, which after God, is created in righteousness and true holiness." Eph. iv: 24. Hence we learn, that to be in Christ, is to be righteous and holy. And when all men shall be gathered together in Christ, then all will be righteous and holy; and of course, there can be no such thing as endless misery for any individual whatever.

An analysis of the passage will clearly show the doctrine which it teaches.—1. "*Having shewn unto us the mystery of his will*"—something which had remained secret; but being revealed to the apostles, it was no longer a mystery. 2. "*Which he hath purposed in himself*." Not purposed in the agency of man—but in himself; according to his will and pleasure, which his power and wisdom will enable him to satisfy. 3. "*In the dispensation of the fulness of times*"—or in the final consummation of the Gospel plan. 4. "*To gather together in one all things in Christ*"—or to bring together all men, so that in Christ, they shall be holy and righteous. 5. "*Both which are in heaven and on earth, even in him*"—that is, the universe, as Professor Stuart declares.

Now if the universe is to be gathered in Christ—if to be in Christ is to be righteous and holy—then it inevitably follows, that the Restitution is true. G. W. M.

#### THE LOVE OF MAN.

Of all the apostles of our Lord, John appears to have entered most deeply into the teachings and experience of divine love. His own mild, warm and all-affectionate nature was cultivated and improved by the peculiar friendship he felt for our Saviour; and by the examples and precepts of that great lover of sinners, his own practice was ever afterwards regulated and guided. He lived to an extreme old age—and despite of the terrors by which he was beset—the wickedness which surrounded him—and the persecutions he and his fellow Christians were so often called to endure, his love for man never cooled—his energies in behalf of our race never abated, and his hope and faith in their ultimate deliverance from wickedness and misery, never grew dim.—Each succeeding year found him drinking deeper and deeper into the fulness of affection towards God and man. And when the snows of old age covered his head, and wintry desolation had removed his springtime associates, and his summer friends from his side—the sunshine of his benevolence shone as warm as ever on the new generations around him; and, like snow-crowned Etna, the fires of ever-youthful affection warmed into virtuous life the tender plants nearest to his heart.

It is related of the venerable man of God, that when the lamp of life burned low, and feebleness permitted not the long continued utterance of up-springing thoughts, he was carried into the public assemblies of the early Christians, seated in his chair—when the invariable and only instruction imparted by him, was—"Little children, love one another." This, in his opinion, was the most important—I had almost said the only important—precept he could give them; for it embraced nearly all the rest. Let it only be truly obeyed, and all else, necessary for the promotion of human happiness and virtue, will follow as a necessary consequence. We need not wonder, therefore, that the beloved disciple—whose whole life was one continuity of affection—should so earnestly and frequently endeavor to impress it on minds of those he addressed—until his epistles overflow with the spirit of benevolence, and the advocate or lover of malice, wrath and misery is sick, and deaf, and dazzled with the continued effulgence and reiterations of love—LOVE—LOVE.

How paralyzing to the influence of a wrathful theology, would be the reading of this apostle's epistles!—Go to a modern revival, just as the spirit of endless wrath is rousing the fears of the audience, and impelling them to despair and agonize in the belief of God's sternness, anger, vindictiveness and malice—and oh, how would the language of John contrast with such

preaching! Hear the beloved apostle—how ably he refutes the idea of a wrathful or revengeful God—how he dissipates that fear, which is the foundation of a modern experience in religion—how he utterly destroys that hope which is based on a willingness to be damned, and on a prospect of rejoicing at the miseries of hell in eternity! "This then is the message we have heard of [Jesus], and declare unto you, that God is light, and in him is no darkness at all." "My little children, these things write unto you, that ye sin not." Mark, now, what it is to keep them from sinning. "And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and he is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." How different—how widely different this doctrine, from the doctrine now preached to keep people from sinning! We are told that nothing but the preaching of an angry God, and an endless hell, can restrain people from sinning (and God knows, that even it does not restrain many!)—and we are assured that Universalism is an awful doctrine, inasmuch as it encourages all manner of iniquity. But the beloved apostle, better knowing the deleterious effects of a doctrine breathing hate and anger—better acquainted with a faith that works by love and purifies the heart—assured the early Christians that a knowledge of God's universal and endless love—of Christ as a propitiation for the sins of whole world—was calculated to keep them from committing sin. And in accordance therewith he writes—"Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love. In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins. Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought to love one another." Here, the love of God to us, is the only motive given why we should love God;—no endless hell—no wrathful omnipotence is held up to scare us into the love of God or of our fellow beings.

The only test given by the apostle, by which we may know whether we are born of God—that is, whether we have got a true hope—is, "every one that loveth, is born of God, and knoweth God." Not, every one that is willing to be endlessly damned himself—or reconciled to the endless damnation of his fellow beings. On the contrary, the apostle declares—"We have seen, and do testify that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world"—not to render endlessly miserable, or to condemn to endless woe, a great portion of the world.

Mark, also, how he reprobates all fear and distrust of God—and condemns the idea that God ever hated the Christian, either before or after he was converted.—"And we have known (says the apostle,) and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him." Oh, with such a test of discipleship before us, who need resort to a priest, or a conference meeting, or to an anxious seat to learn whether their hope is a true or a false one!

And again, says the apostle—"There is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear; because fear hath torment." Truly has it torment, if the despairing prayers, and heavy groans, and bitter sighs and tears shed in our revival meetings are any proofs of suffering and pain. "He that feareth, is not made perfect in love," says the apostle. How far from perfection, then, is that system of doctrines, whose Alpha and Omega—whose beginning, progress and end of conversion and religion is fear—fear—and fear only?

But, to conclude our quotations from the Epistle before us—"We love Him (God,) because he first loved us"—not because we saw he was angry with sinners and intended to wreak his vengeance on them eternally.—But, "If a man say I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? And this commandment have we from him, That he who loveth God, love his brother also."

How many are there who having "got religion," as it is called, in the modern manner, profess to manifest their greater love to God, by hating more fervently their brethren who are Unitarians, or Universalists, or non-professors, or infidels. Sad proof of loving God, this!

But you can not avoid perceiving how very—very different is the spirit and practice, continually repeated, of the beloved apostle's Epistle, from those manifested by many modern Christians—and when you reflect that such are the teachings of our Lord's particularly beloved disciple—of him who being most like the Saviour, was most particularly honored with the regard and friendship of Jesus—when this is remembered, you will doubtless agree with me, in regarding this love—so especially inculcated by the beloved John—as the very essence of Christian principle—faith—hope and practice.

A. B. G.

#### UNIVERSALISM

*In Canton.*—Br. Waggoner writes us, "Our affairs here are in a very wholesome condition indeed. Peace, union and prosperity still continue with us. Our congregations during the winter have numbered from 300 to 600 hearers. Our Bible classes have just closed for the season, and our Sunday Schools commence their sessions again the first Sunday in May." Br. W. preaches in Canton and Potsdam, St. Lawrence county—so that Potsdam is probably included in the above.

*Fort Plain.*—Br. Barray writes—"Our congregations are large, and increasing interest is continually manifested. The friends are in high spirits—the slips are all rented, and for enough to defray all expenses for the ensuing year. Mighty attempts have been made to check us in our operations, but all have failed, and the pleasure of the Lord has prospered in our hands. There is a general awakening in all this section.

"At Canajoharie, where protracted meetings have been in operation throughout the winter, and spring thus far, the people are waking up." In a letter of later date, he informs us that he lectured there during the week, and the meetings were well attended. Br. D. Skinner also gave a few lectures to crowded congregations. A subscription was started to build a Universalist church, and \$2000 subscribed. Time will show the full results of this awakening. May it be permanent and onward.

*Little Falls.*—Last fall a few friends in this romantic village resolved to awake from the deep sleep that has rested for many years on our friends in that vicinity, and have some preaching. The difficulty was to procure a place in which to hold the meetings. A few meetings were held, however, in despite of the strenuous efforts of some opposers to prevent it. Liberty Hall, a large upper room capable of holding about 800 persons, having been completed, was procured, and the writer engaged for one fourth of the time. The meetings were well attended, and Br. Hicks and Br. Skinner were procured to preach occasionally beside the Sundays on which stated meetings were held, so that nearly one half the time has been occupied. No society has yet been organized, but our friends contemplate forming one, and are considering the subject of erecting a house, which they are probably able to do. If the Universalists in that section are only faithful in practicing their principles, and united in their efforts, we have no doubt that our cause there will be more prosperous and permanent than it was many years ago.

*Herkimer.*—Br. Skinner has labored in this village, and in Mohawk village, for more than a year past, with good success. The congregations are large, and the friends encouraged and active. They have meetings one fourth of the time.

*Frankfort.*—In this place, and at Remington's corners, Br. Skinner has also labored for more than a year past, to good purpose. In Frankfort a large public school room is too small to hold the audiences, and our friends will be obliged to build a church, or buy one from some other denomination. At Remington's Corners we own a share in the Union house.

*Utica.*—In this city the society has long labored under pecuniary embarrassment, and probably suffered still



more from the want of an able and efficient Pastor who could devote all his time and energies to their service. They have now settled Br. Soule, and he has removed here, and just commenced his pastoral labors—though he has preached here since January 1st, to good acceptance. There seems to be some moving of the waters, and we hope and pray that our friends may be awakened, and become zealous, and united, and active in carrying on the good work.

**Sullivan.**—Br. Skinner preaches here to large audiences, one fourth of the time. It is believed that the cause is advancing in this section, though I can not speak of it from particular information.

**Annsville and Lee.**—Br. Robert Queal has preached in these two towns the whole time, since May last. His congregations have kept increasing all the time, and his labors have been highly blessed in advancing a knowledge and practice of Universalism. He is young in years, and entered the ministry only about a year ago. His labors have therefore been too arduous for him; for in addition to his Sunday services, he has lectured frequently, and talked much in Washingtonian meetings. I believe it is his intention to preach but half the time during the coming year, in Lee—leaving the friends in Annsville to procure some one else—and to occupy the remainder of his time in preaching in more distant places, or in study, as circumstances may require.

**Syracuse.**—Circumstances of peculiar exclusiveness on the part of some who had been aided by our friends under a profession of *liberality*, compelled our friends in this flourishing village, in Salina, Geddes, Liverpool and vicinity, to concentrate their numbers and means, and organize a Universalist society, and support preaching in some central place. The best place is Syracuse. They have done so, and now have preaching three fourths of the time in a large public Hall. If they can sustain the position and duties they have assumed, (and it is believed they can,) they will probably settle a preacher among them next fall or winter (if not earlier,) and take measures to build a good and commodious church. God grant they may succeed; for the location is one of the best in that region.

We intend to enlarge this list, and furnish a full account, from time to time, of our cause in this region, if our ministering brethren will only give us the materials. It may be well to say here, in brief, that Millerism and protracted meetings have raged in all this region; but generally the latter have been moderate affairs and successful, compared with what they were some ten or twelve years ago. They have, also, rather aided than injured us. A. B. G.

N. B.—Ministering and other brethren in this State will please furnish us, when writing this way, with statements of the condition of our cause in all the places where they preach either statedly or occasionally.

### RELIGIOUS NEWS.

**REMOVALS.**—Br. H. E. Whitney to Rome, Bradford county, Pa.,—preaches there and in Orwell, Le Raysville and Windham. Br. W. N. Barber from Guilford Centre, to Dummerstown, Vt. Br. W. H. Griswold, we learn from a friend of his, has removed from Andover, to Dudley, Mass. Br. M. Ballou, of Portsmouth, N. H., has accepted the pastorate of the Elizabeth street church in New York city—the one lately occupied by Br. I. D. Williamson, whose health compelled a cessation of preaching. Br. Williamson is tarrying for the present in Charleston, S. C. Br. B. B. Bunker, of Alexander, has accepted an invitation to settle with the church and society in Lockport, which is prospering and growing strong. Br. Jonathan Phelps has removed from East Lebanon to Enfield, N. H. Br. S. C. Bulkeley from Lamprey river to Danvers New Mills, Mass. Br. John Nichols from Claremont, N. H., to Lynn, Mass. Br. J. J. Putnam from Lowell, Mass., to Lebanon, N. H.

**NEW SOCIETIES.**—A new society of Universalists was organized some time since, in Somerville, St. Lawrence county, which has supported preaching one half the time. It consists of 30 members, and enjoy the labors

of Br. B. Hall. The meetings are well attended, and the cause is prospering. Br. Levi Chase writes us from Mount Hawley, Ills., that they have societies on La Salle Prairie of 100 members—Moulton, 40 members—Mount Hawley, 30 members—Washington, 21 members—Perru, 16 members—Indian town, 18 members—Ottawa, 30 members—Vermillionville, 17 members—Hennipaw, 30 members. These have all been received since June last, or within 9 months. We hope Br. Chase will send us a full account, up to the 1st of May, in time for our Register. Can't he give us the entire statistics for the whole region where he travels and labors?

### CLINTON LIBERAL INSTITUTE.

The Summer term will commence on Wednesday, April 26th, under charge of Rev. S. Strong, Principal, and B. Birdsall, Professor of Mathematics. The Female department will be conducted by Miss Harmony Luce. By order of the Ex. Com.

WM. HUTCHINS.

### MARRIAGES.

In Clinton, Feb. 27th, 1843, by Rev. H. B. Soule, Mr. JOHN CURRIE, 2d, of Kirkland, to Miss MARY ANN HURD, of Vernon.—In this city, on the 9th inst., by the same, Mr. STEPHEN COMSTOCK, to Miss ELIZABETH O. ADAMS, all of this city.

In Aurelius, Feb. 8th, by Rev. G. W. Montgomery, Mr. DAVID BAKER, to Miss ELIZABETH GILDERSLEEVE.—In Sennett, Feb. 21st, by the same, Mr. BAXTER DOTY, to Miss SARAH A. STEVENS.—In Auburn, March 1st, by the same, Mr. HIRAM MYERS, to Miss ELIZABETH EAMAN, both of Port Byron.—In Mentz, March 15th, by the same, Mr. MOSES DICKSON, Jr., of Brutus, to Miss MINERVA BARNES, of Mentz.—In Auburn, March 21st, by the same, Mr. PATRICK KELLY, to Miss ISABEL BALL, both of Elbridge.

In Potsdam, January 5th, by Rev. W. H. Waggoner, Mr. ASHER BACON, to Miss JERUSHA PARMETER.—Same place, by the same, Feb. 5th, Mr. EDWIN PIKE, to Miss BETSY HORNBY.—In Canton, Feb. 2d, by the same, Mr. JOHN F. AMES, to Miss MARY E. DAVIS.—In Potsdam, Feb. 26th, by the same, Mr. NATHANIEL PARMETER, to Miss LUCY WASHBURN.—In the Universalist church in Canton, March 19th, by the same, Mr. LUCIUS CURTIS, to Miss ELVIRA C. BARBER.

In Darien, June 29th, 1842, by Rev. S. A. Skeele, Mr. JAMES H. FLAGLER, to Miss SUSAN TINNEY, both of that town.

In same place, Oct. 12th, 1842, by Rev. J. S. Flagler, Mr. JOHN BUSHNELL, of Henrietta, Monroe county, to Miss MARIA DIVER, of the former place.—Same place, Feb. 22d, 1843, by the same, Mr. JULIUS L. GILBERT, of Oswego, Oswego county, to Miss LUCINA NEWCOMBE, of the former place.

### DEATHS.

In Lansing, Tompkins county, on the 21st of March, in the 30th year of her age, Mrs. NANCY TILLSON, wife of Ezra Tillson. She died as she lived, an unwavering believer in God's illimitable grace; and through a protracted illness of near six months, she exhibited an extraordinary degree of Christian patience and resignation. Of her character naught could be said, other than "she was a Universalist;" and she truly adorned her profession. A sister who had recently been converted to the Methodists, said of her, that she had experienced religion, or else she could not exhibit those marks of patience and Christian resignation which she did. By her request I obtained Br. Cheeny, who conversed and prayed with her, which seemed to give her much satisfaction; she conversing with the utmost composure. I also, by her request, solicited the attendance of Br. Clark; but by unavoidable occurrences he did not arrive at my house, until the time of her death. It was her wish that a Universalist should preach her funeral sermon; but a majority of the relatives being Methodists, and holding out the idea that a house could not be obtained, and should Br. Clark preach he would have to preach in the street, (the house Br. Tillson living in being very small,) and the uncertainty of getting any one to go for Br. Clark, they obtained Br. Humphry, a Methodist, with whose preaching, as I have been informed, there could be but little fault found, all things considered. May her patience and resignation, and in short all her Christian virtues, long be remembered and duly cherished. ABRAHAM OZMAN, JR.

In Scipio, March 26, of congestive fever, Miss HELEN MARIA, eldest daughter of Dr. P. Hurd, aged 21 years and 10

months. This amiable and strong-minded young lady, was firm in the faith of the Restitution, and it enabled her to die calmly and without fear, in the hope of meeting a redeemed world in the presence of God. Great and afflictive has been the loss of her parents and friends—but what is their loss is her gain. May the abundant consolations of truth console them. G. W. M.

At his residence, in the village of Martinsburg, on Saturday, March 25th; DAVID WATERS, Esq., aged 66 years.—Mr. Waters was one of the first settlers in the town. Possessing great powers of strength and intellect—persevering in all the laudable enterprises of the day—few men have done more for the honor and advancement of the improvements of the country. Liberal in his principles, honorable and humane in his intercourse in society; virtuous in feeling and practice; truly may it be said, that he was one of those whom it is a loss to lose.

He died as he lived; in full faith and confidence in his Maker, without fear and trembling, conscious that his work upon earth was done, and that his spirit would return to the God who gave it, he quietly resigned himself to sleep.

His funeral was attended at the Presbyterian church, by Rev. J. Whitney, of Rochester, and a very large concourse of friends and citizens witnessed their esteem for their departed fellow traveller, and listened with the deepest interest to the consolations of the Holy Spirit, as recorded by John xiv: 26. Br. Whitney was assisted by the friendship of the Rev. Messrs. Barney and Graves, clergymen of the village. H. C.

At his residence in Morristown, on the 8th of February last, MARK A. CHILD, Esq., aged 72 years. With the deceased the writer had but little opportunity of gaining an acquaintance; but by information I learn that he removed to this place from Greenfield, Saratoga county, about seven years ago—that for the last forty years of his life he had been an unwavering believer in the heart-cheering and soul-sustaining doctrine of the ultimate holiness and happiness of the entire human race—that he was a friend of peace and good order, and has spent a life of usefulness, and maintained a character above reproach. He departed this life lamented by all who knew him. His funeral was attended on the 10th, by Elder Bogart, (Baptist.) B. HALL

\* \* Will the Trumpet, Union, and Luminary, please copy? In Columbus, March 25th, LEWIS S. WARREN, aged 19 years. A young man of much promise has thus fallen before that frightful curse of the present generation—consumption. He has left behind him a rich remembrance of virtuous affection—all that now remains of life, hope, and happiness. God comfort the mourning friends. Z. COOK.

In Brownville, Feb. 8th, of consumption, Miss ABI BARTHOLOMEW, in the 18th year of her age. The graces of character possessed by this young lady, endeared her to all with whom she was acquainted. She lived beloved, and died lamented. May the consolations of the Gospel be with and comfort the mourners. H. BOUGHTON.

In Canton, January 28th, Mrs. ROSALINDA, wife of C. Z. Botsford, aged 34 years. This was an amiable woman, and the second companion our brother has been called to part with. Yet he enjoys full confidence in God and mourns not without hope. The Lord bless him and his little son.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### JAKE'S EXPERIENCE.

BY PIXLEY FIDDLETRAP, ESQ.

There was our friend Jake, that studied law in Puckerville; just the drollest fellow that ever drew the vital air. He was as pleasant and agreeable a being as the world ever saw, and a downright queer genius. Jake was a general favorite of both old and young, in the village—not an evening gathering but what he had an invitation, and so pleasant—so agreeable to the ladies, that there was not one in town with whom he was not on general good terms. He was the king at stories—he'd tell a good one, and crack the best joke of the ring, so that when we saw him poking round his quid a little out of the way, (he was a scientific chewer,) then we always looked out for a rouser—one that would do the work of shaking the fat sides and clearing the cob-webs clean out of the brain. He didn't go away "round by Robin Hood's barn" either, and tell what the man's grand-father said and did when he was a boy; but he come right to the "criterion point," and then 'twas all over—except the laughing, which occupied about half an hour.

Thus did time go on with us at Puckerville, until one



Sunday, when we were all to meeting, the preacher said there was to be a protracted meeting in the village, and that it would begin the next day. Now this took us all by surprise; for Jake, who generally got the news before it was fairly cold, or any of us, had not heard a word about it. But I went directly home, with a determination to attack Aunt Sarah, (who was a member of the church,) and learn a little of the matter. I knew I could do it by using a little "soft soap"—tickling her vanity by speaking of her beauty in her girlish days, (you know we are compelled to speak of the beauty of old maids in the past tense!) and it happened just as I had planned. Aunt Sarah evaded my question about the meeting; so, thinks I to myself, I'll hold on awhile and then assail her in another quarter. So, by and by I spoke to her of what I heard my uncle say, that at twenty she was considered by the beaux, the handsomest young lady in the village. This took like a charm!—she swallowed it right down, and immediately her eyes brightened up, while I laughed—in my sleeve! Then I poured another sentence or two into her ears, till she began to look as though she was on the right side of thirty, and then I mentioned something about the protracted meeting—

"La! yes Pixley," said she, "you spoke to me about it before, and I meant to have told you then, but some how or other I forgot it." So she went right on, and gave me the whole riddle, and I found that by the meeting folks the matter had all been "cut and dried" as the saying is, and that in the first place all means were to be employed to get Jake; and him once fast, they were pretty certain of obtaining about all the young gentlemen and ladies in the village!

Had not Aunt Sarah told me that I must say nothing about it, I should have told Jake and put him on the guard, and so he might have weathered the storm; but as it was, I could only look out for myself, which I did with fear and trembling. Yes, with trembling; for in those by-gone days, with me, "getting religion" was but another name for getting misery! Then I looked on the gloom spread all over the countenances of the meeting folks, and supposed that it was an index to the heart.—This I have since found out was a mistake, and that we can not always judge the quality of the egg by the looks of the shell.

Monday ten o'clock came, and being invited by Aunt Sarah, I went with her to the meeting house, and entered with a heavy heart, which was rendered no more joyful when I looked at the chief speaker, Elder Smashall—from a distance, of course! Now you may think this a queer name. Well, be it so—he was a queer man. The cognomen of Smashall, was not out of place in this instance in the least; for he was of a giant frame, but rather thin in flesh. He stood full six feet three, in his boots—long swinging arms, with fists at the end of them, that would have answered for beetles—coarse features, and a mouth—my stars! that would have sent a modern Jonah right off into a fit! When he stepped up into the pulpit and opened that mouth, let me tell you, the big thunder stood back, and the old church jarred and echoed again!

The sermon was handed out to us with power, and when out, I thought that there was at least one who would not be found there in the future. Tuesday morning the battle had been fairly set in array—all Puckerville was up in arms—old men, young men, and women too, drabbling through the slop, flocking to the meeting house, so there were scarcely enough left at home to do the cooking. In the evening reports began to fly, which proved my fears too true. Jake had been there all day, and he was awfully troubled. One had heard him sigh—another had seen tears upon his face, and he left the house that night with a heavy step; "he'd surely be brought out." Wednesday came, and Jake was not in the meeting, but some one had seen him, and he looked dreadfully solemn, as though he had buried his father—lost his purse—or else "obtained a hope! I couldn't stand it any longer, but determined forthwith to make Jake a visit. I went to his boarding house—knocked at his room, but all was silent. I listened at the key-hole

and thought I heard sobs—I called his name; but no answer—"alas!" thought I, as I left the house, "poor Jake, there'll be no more parties in Puckerville this year; and if this don't smash all that I ever heard of! Jake Pucker! who'd 'ave thought it!" But never mind, a bad promise they say is better broken than kept; so I concluded I would go to meeting that evening, and see for myself.

The bell informed us of the hour for meeting—it sounded heavy, and with a measured step I went toward the meeting house, and entered it—things looked melancholy—Jake was there—he looked solemn—very—I felt bad. The sermon came down that night with tenfold power; there was not a dry eye in the house—among the meeting folks, I mean—it was a stirring effort. After the sermon, the preacher said, that there was an opportunity for "the mourners" to speak—my heart began to thump—Jake rose up—I looked at him—he was sorrowful—I drew a long breath—looked at him again—a tear stood in his eye—I took out my handkerchief—I did not weep, but then I could not see plain—things appeared dim. Jake moved toward the altar—the house was still as death—it was a solemn moment. Jake turned round, and with a few sobs and sighs, related the following EXPERIENCE.

"My brethren, when notice was given out for this meeting to commence, I laughed at the idea—getting religion in a whirlwind—by steam; and when I first came here, it was with a supposition that it would afford a subject for sneering. But I tell you, my brethren, I have been troubled—awfully troubled—there is power in this meeting; and for one I have felt it, and in hope that it may be of service to some unthinking people, I will relate the manner in which it was done.

"It was Tuesday evening, that I was first awakened, when we listened to the powerful sermon from Br. Smashall. It went to the bottom of heart, and awoke feelings that I did not know were there. On my way home, I resolved that I would not come here again—for if I did, I was afraid that I would have to give up my youthful pleasures, and I thought it was better to grieve away the spirit, and enjoy these a little longer. That night I retired at an early hour, but I was so much distressed, that it was a long time before I could get to sleep, and when I did, I dreamed the most dreadful dream that ever man dreamed.

"I thought that I was taken violently sick, and the doctors said there was no hope of my being better, and I could live but a few hours; and true it was, for I kept fast sinking down, and at last the folks were called in to take the parting farewell! Oh! it was a fearful sight—to see that kind father with sorrow upon his countenance—and the tears of the mother as she bent over her suffering son—and the sighs of those sisters—it even pains me now, for it does not look like a dream, it was so like life! The minister too was there, to offer his consolation, but it was of no avail—I had no hope—how shocking the thought—no hope! Oh! then did I grieve, that I so slighted the protracted meeting.

[Here Jake was interrupted by sighs and groans from every quarter of the house—it was a solemn time—every body was affected—Puckerville had never beheld such a scene before. In a few minutes Jake went on.]

"Death came and relieved me from my earthly trials; but such relief it was, as I wish not soon again to experience. I have no recollections of "the dark valley," but I found myself upon a dry and barren waste, urged onward by some invisible though resistless power. As I travelled on solitary and alone, I remarked that the ground grew still, more dry—here and there a lonely shrub appeared with withered leaves; but all else was a desert land. Soon in the hazy distance I thought I could see a cloud of smoke going upwards—onward I went, and in a moment could see the walls of something, I could not yet tell what. As I advanced the ground became more parched—I put my hand upon it—it was warm! I began to tremble, and tried to turn back, but horrible to relate, I could not turn round! But forward I passed, and smoke began to issue from the cracks in the ground—it grew hotter, and soon my shoes began

to scroll up—the perspiration was pouring from my brow, and in the effort to throw off my coat, my eye caught a view of the wall I had seen before—I could see the gate plainly, and over it was placarded in large letters—"THE BOTTOMLESS PIT!" Horror of horrors! and was such to be my endless doom! It was even so, and in a moment I was at the gate, and could hear a dull, heavy rumbling within, and now and then a wild heart-rending shriek!

[Here Jake could hardly speak—his knees smote together—the whole assembly was in tears—I looked at Aunt Sarah—she looked at me; and with such a look—as much as to say, "Pixley, beware!"—Jake proceeded:]

"A bell hung there beside that dreadful gate. I seized the hammer—it hissed at the touch of my fingers, and crisped the flesh of my hand. Though it was burning hot, I could not drop it, but immediately smote the bell. The red sparks flew, and how did that bell ring in my ears; but it was only the prelude to sounds more dreadful! The gate opened on its creaking hinges—I stepped in, but the scene before me can not be described. Suffice it to say, that there was endless despair in its truth, and its reality is beyond the conception of mortals! There I stood, knee deep in the burning lava—a lurid glare went up upon the thick dark column of smoke, and the first breath that I drew, made my lungs fairly boil! I looked away across the undulating wave, and could see here and there a wretched being, with head just above the molten liquid, uttering heart-rending cries, which served but to mingle with the infernal yells of imps and dragons, and render the place more dismal! I had but little time for observation however, ere the king of that doleful abode made his appearance—with his long tail, he lashed his sides—now would he spatter the burning lava upon my flesh, which was already crisped and frying—then he would grin horribly, and finally with the greatest *sung froid*, thus addressed me:—

"Your name, sir?"

Jake Pucker.

"Where from, sir?"

Right from Puckerville.

"Ah! Well what's the news in Puckerville?"

Great doings there—holding a protracted meeting, and every body is getting religion.

As I said this, he turned round—somewhat agitated—waved his black flag, and gave directions for his aids to march his host, that he might repair forthwith to Puckerville, and do battle for the kingdom. Then turning to me, asked—

"But who's carrying on the meeting?"

Elder Smashall.

As I said this, he turned again—waved his black flag once more, and with a voice that resounded throughout the pit, addressed his aids:—"Marshall not the host—Elder Smashall is there—he'll do as well for me as I could do for myself—he's one of my Spartan Band!"

Poor Jake!—he had no time to say any more. Deacon Longface rose up with a pious grin on his countenance, and with a holy grip took Jake—one hand by the collar, and the other by the hinder part of his pantaloons—and put him straight through the hole made by the carpenter—right out of the synagogue; heels over head!

But I felt relieved—and appearances lie much, or there were some meeting folks felt as though a burden had been removed! Jake never darkened the doors again—there was no meeting on Thursday—Elder Smashall had gone home!

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# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."....."PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, APRIL 28, 1843.

NO. 17.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## BRIEF SKETCH OF A SERMON.

BY REV. D. PICKERING.

Delivered at Butternuts, Otsego co., March 19th, noticing in a religious manner the death of Mr. Charles C. Wilcox, of Leavenworth, county of Crawford, and state of Indiana; and the death of Mrs. Minerva Yates, of Butternuts, who died March 17th, 1843.

[Published by request.]

"As we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." 1 Corinthians xv: 49.

Seldom are we called to a more serious realization of the fading nature of earthly things, and the vanity of our mortal existence, than in the repeated instances of mortality in which the providence of God is passing before us. The fairest prospects are blasted as in a moment, while no rank or fortune can rescue from the cold hand of death.

Still are our affections riveted to the earth! Still we hug as a sweet morsel the contracted span, though big with disappointment, affliction and pain. Truly, our days are *few and evil!* And can such an existence, exclusively considered, be called a blessing? And yet we dare not *challenge the wisdom or justice of God, nor question his benevolence!* May it not be reasonable to expect a future and better life? Are not *infinite wisdom, power and benevolence* sufficient to excite the hope in us, that the storms of time and the tempests of affliction will give place to a *cloudless eternity, and a deathless inheritance?* The pupil, we know, must plod through the painful hours of laborious study, before he can enjoy the refinements of education; and days of toil and anxiety are allotted to the husbandman, before he is permitted to realize the bounties of a plenteous harvest. But we may add, in the language of the great apostle, "It is through much tribulation that we must enter into the kingdom of God." And for our encouragement in this vale of tears, and to silence all murmurings against the appointments of divine wisdom, an apostle, inspired by the holy spirit, hath announced—"As we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

In the improvement of this subject, I propose to consider three things—

I. The earthly man, whose image we bear, and the inconveniences to which we are subjected thereby.

II. A brief notice will be taken of the *heavenly* image which we are destined to bear, and the time and place of its full and perfect allotment.

III. Offer a few remarks upon the advantages to be enjoyed from a present conformity to that image by faith.

I. I am to consider the earthly man, whose image we bear, and the inconveniences to which we are subjected thereby.

By the earthly man St. Paul doubtless meant the man that was formed of dust of the ground. The last and crowning work of the whole creation.

1. Man is formed of those elements which compose all forms, and are constantly subject to change. The infinite variety of new forms which succeed each other in the whole scenery of nature, evince the mutability of all earthly productions. Hence it is uncertain whether the blessings which he enjoys to-day, may not be placed beyond his reach to-morrow.

2. He has desires and wants, embracing the things of time, and which require a continual provision of elementary productions for their satisfaction, with every returning day. Hence the great uncertainty of human enjoyments and human pleasures.

3. He has passions which are earthly, and like the elements of nature, they wage war with his mental comforts, and often lead him into captivity to the law of sin. The best of men have been overcome, and taken up the lamentation, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

4. Man in his natural state is subject to pain, sickness and distress. The laboring pulse, the throbbing temples, the aching head, the revelling fever, the chilling ague, and the slowly decaying vitals, all evince the feebleness of the human constitution. The most hale and firm, are soon enfeebled by the ragings of pale disease. Even the mediums of our earthly pleasures are often converted to avenues of pain—"As sparks fly upward, so man is born unto trouble."

5. Man in his natural state is subject to disappointment. The few and flattering forms which contribute so largely to present happiness, suddenly disappear, and call up bitter and poignant reflections to fill the place of those visionary forms of earthly bliss. On whatever object of terrestrial origin man places his hopes and affections for enjoyment, he is liable to disappointment, because every object is constantly subject to change its appearance, or to be removed from his embrace. A thousand casualties lie in the path of human enjoyment to cross the expectation of the traveller in time, and forcibly impress the mind with the sentimental acknowledgment of the wise man—"All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

6. Man in his natural state is subject to death. His constitution is mortal. Each revolving sun; each passing hour; each flying moment, and every beating pulse, hastens him onward to the grave, and urges him forward to the verge of the invisible abode. Those forms, wrought with such exquisite skill, must fade and moulder into dust. The places which now know us, must be filled with other forms in long succession, till the voice of the angel of death shall hush the tumult of the universal family in the silence of the grave.

7. Man, in his natural state, is subject to condemnation, remorse and regret. The human race were created the subjects of a moral law; and the imperfections of human nature are such, that "all have sinned," and consequently have rendered themselves obnoxious to the curse of the law: for it is written, "cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law, to do them." None are exempted from this curse, because "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." Nor can the merit of any human action redeem them from this state. In vain do we look to the powers of earth for relief. In vain do we appeal to the arm of flesh for comfort and support: and in vain do we enumerate acts of obedience to the law as the ground of our justification: for "by the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified in his sight."

II. A brief notice will now be taken of the *heavenly* image which we are destined to bear, and the time and place of its full and perfect allotment.

The heavenly man here spoken of, is Jesus Christ. "The second man is the Lord from heaven—The image of the invisible God—The brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person."

1. All the passions of this heavenly man, centre in love. St. Paul declares that "we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

2. His desires were heavenly. So will ours be, when we bear that image.

3. He was spiritually minded. So shall we be: and "to be spiritually minded is life and peace."

4. The heavenly man is free from all changes. "The same yesterday, to-day and forever." "We shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

5. The heavenly man is free from all inconveniences. 1. From changes of fortune and character. 2. From disappointment. 3. From sin. 4. From sorrow and affliction. 5. From all misery and pain. 6. From condemnation. 7. From death—"the last enemy."

The time allotted for us to bear the fullness of this image, is at the resurrection, when we shall put off this body of sin and death. "The flesh lusteth against the spirit;" and while the tree remains, it will bear its fruit. "Lust, when it conceiveth, bringeth forth sin." But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory over the lusts and corruptions of the earthly man.

Our text invites the welcome anticipation of impartial emancipation, and its context affords the pleasing intelligence of universal deliverance in Christ, the *heavenly man*. "For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." Verses 21, 22. "Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority, and power. For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy shall be destroyed, death." Verses 24-26.

The apostle closes this sublime and consoling anticipation in the following language—"Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood can not inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold, I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Verses 50-55. From this sublime description we pass—

III. To offer a few remarks on the advantages to be enjoyed from a present conformity to that image, by faith.

1. Deliverance from slavish fear, which brings continual torment and vexation to the mind.

2. It brings deliverance from unreconciliation, which is a source of constant misery and wretchedness to the heart of sensibility.

3. It blunts the edge of present affliction, by its glorious prospect beyond the grave.

4. It unites our affections to the Saviour, and gives a revivifying hope, by the lively exercise of faith.

5. It gives light, and comfort, and peace. It inspires humility, by showing us that its value infinitely transcends the reach of human merit. It works by love, and purifies the heart. It gives the unspeakably happy assurance of a better life to come. In short; it imparts—

"What nothing earthly gives or can destroy;

The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy."

I shall now close with a few addresses.

And now my afflicted friends and brethren, you are called to mourn the transitory loss of the society of near, dear and affectionate kindred. But I confidently trust that you do not as those who have no hope. Every duty which kindness, affection and sympathy could prompt, has been discharged to



them during their illness. But all these proved unavailing; for the unerring providence of God has called them from all the scenes of earth and time, to repose in the silent slumbers of death, and left you to look by faith beyond the vale of tears, to meet them in that blissful abode, where both you and those for whom you mourn will be clothed in garments of light, with the celestial robes of immortality and glory.

Your son, who was dear to your hearts, evinced the steadfastness of his faith in the great Redeemer, and has serenely fallen asleep in the arms of his Saviour; enjoying the full assurance of a happy life to come.

May the happy influence of his faith dwell richly in your hearts, and in the hearts of his surviving brethren and sisters, kindred and friends. And may you all be comforted under this sore affliction, cultivate the faith which cheered his dying moments, and thus rejoice in the firm and unshaken confidence of "the restitution of all things, which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began."

And my deeply afflicted friend and brother, who hath thus unexpectedly been called to experience the sudden prostration of your dearest earthly hopes, in being called to part with the much loved and prudent companion of your joys and woes, I would tender the rich and immortal consolations of the Gospel of eternal life. You have no reason to believe but that your present loss is essential gain to her departed spirit. With calm composure of mind she met the prospect of her speedy dissolution, which leaves you no room to doubt her resignation to the mind and will of her heavenly Father. O, walk, with the dear children which she has left in your charge, as she also walked, in all respects, wherein she has followed her Saviour; and cherish the confident assurance that you will soon meet in bliss, to part no more, forever.

And may the honored parents, brothers and sisters, partake of the rich consolations of grace, "which are neither few nor small," and look forward with the welcome and grateful hope of meeting her "in that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," to spend an immortality of mutual joy and delight, where tears shall be wiped from off all faces.

Now to this waiting congregation, I beg leave to address a few words. We are all hastening upon the level of time, to that secret bourne from which no traveller can return. Let us all improve the fleeting moments as they pass, and be in habitual readiness to meet that trying moment whenever it shall come, with calm composure of spirit, and with the strong and heart-reviving confidence, "that we have in heaven a better and enduring substance," where the sorrow of parting shall never come. And may the God of all grace sanctify us all for his immortal rest. Amen.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### WHAT IS DEATH?

BY REV. IRA WASHBURN.

As we look around us on every hand, we behold the desolating ravages of time; we see that many who were with us yesterday are gone to-day; we behold our friends, one after another, departing from the shores of time to enter that world which we have not surveyed, but which lies far beyond the ken of mortal vision.

We ourselves feel that we know not the length of our own days, but that "we spend our days as a tale that is told." We may arise from our couch with a countenance beaming with health and joy; but ere the dim shades of evening fall around us, the bier and winding sheet may be our repose.

To us all is uncertainty. But all men are anxious to know their final destiny, and therefore it is that we often hear the inquiry, "What is death?" In endeavoring to answer this question we shall be forced to notice the prevailing opinions in regard to this subject. Death has been for ages styled the "king of terrors." Christians have looked upon it as such, and too often has it proved a terror to the soul that is about to bid farewell to the scenes of earth.

But why is it so? Why have many people who have led a truly Christian life, looked upon the hour of death as one big, with sorrow and anguish!—Why have they been so overwhelmed with despair, when called to close up their earthly account and lie down in the cold and silent grave?

Why has the countenance of the mother been so often shaded with the gloom of despair, as she follows the beloved child of her bosom to the final resting place of all living? To these questions we know of no answer but the fact that they have been taught to believe in a religion which leaves the future state in darkness and uncertainty.

They have believed that their friends, their children, that they themselves were exposed to the agonies of *endless suffering*, and they have nothing that assures them that they are either numbered among the *elect*, or that by their good works they have purchased a state of rest in the future world. Therefore the destiny of themselves and their friends is as a sealed volume, and the mind is left a prey to fear and uncertainty in regard to its own future destiny and that of those who are near and dear to it.

Their religion teaches them that in the future world, fathers are to be separated from mothers, children from parents, and therefore they are uncertain whether they and their friends are to be among the *redeemed* or the *lost*; and this uncertainty throws a gloom over life and renders death an object of *dread and horror*. This seems to be the true cause from which have arisen those fears and doubts that have rendered the death beds of many practical Christians, replete with anguish and sorrow.

But reader, does the religion of Jesus have this tendency on the Christian heart?

Does a belief in the doctrine of the universal grace and salvation of God sink the soul in despair, as it approaches the season of its departure to the "spirit land?" Methinks not; but it robs death of all its terrors and prepares the soul to welcome it as the "necessary agent" commissioned of the Father, to bear it to the abode of purity and peace.

To the believer in universal restitution, death is but the gate through which he enters into rest.—Though he mourns the departure of friends yet he mourns not as those without hope, but he looks forward with an eye of faith to the hour of his own dissolution, and when it comes he is prepared to meet it with resignation and a firm trust in the goodness of God; so that while encircled in the very arms of death, he shouts, "O death, where is thy sting?" and while standing in the portals of the tomb, "O grave, where is thy victory?"

His faith in Christ is so strong, that with Paul he declares, I "know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." He feels no fears for his future welfare, but armed with the panoply of faith he mounts the victorious chariot of redemption, which carries him safely over the dark Jordan of death to the blissful shores of immortal life and glory.

Such is the excellency of that faith which robs death of all its chilling horrors, and administers peace and consolation to the dying believer. Oh, how sweet it is to die when we are brought to realize, that

"Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

Reader, make this faith yours. Put your trust in Israel's God, who is both *willing and able* to save; and when the fleeting scenes of earth are fast receding from your view, you will enjoy its consolations. When death throws the dark mantle of the tomb around you, "faith in God" and his promises will destroy his terrors, and give you strength to meet him with triumph, and crown you with victory and endless rest.

Petersham, Mass.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### DUTIES OF UNIVERSALISTS.

1. It is our duty to be more zealously engaged in promoting the interests of our holy cause. This will lead our opposers to think that we place some

value upon the faith which we profess, and will consequently give them more confidence in our pretensions.

2. We should be careful to lead virtuous and godly lives, abstaining from even the appearance of evil. This will have a tendency to do away with the objection so common among our opposers, that the tendency of Universalism is to licentiousness and immorality; for, when they see that the professors of this doctrine are among the most moral, upright, and Christian men in the community, they can not longer contend with any show of consistency, that the natural influence of this faith is immoral. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

3. It is the duty of all parents who profess belief in Universalism, to improve every favorable opportunity, in instructing their children in all the important characteristics of their faith, that they may grow up understanding believers and advocates of the truth. Parents are far too regardless of their duty in this particular. They do not duly realize, that the impressions which the mind receives in early life, frequently remain in full force and strength during the whole period of existence. If, then, they would have their children imbibe those religious principles, which teach the final destruction of sin and the ingathering of all things in Christ, let them see that they early learn the habit of attending Universalist meetings, and have their minds well fortified against the numerous wiles and devices of the adversary. "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

4. It is the duty of Universalists to use all consistent endeavors to persuade their opposers to attend Universalist meetings, that they may thus be enabled to learn correctly the real merits of that doctrine which they oppose. In a vast majority of instances, the most violent opposition to Universalism originates from a total misapprehension of its real teachings—hence the importance of adopting all consistent measures for the removal of this ignorance, that they may behold the bright beamings of Gospel truth, unobscured by any dark shade of unbelief. Ignorance is the parent of bigotry and superstition.

5. It is also the duty of Universalists to do all in their power for the aid and support of those periodicals which are devoted to the defence and promulgation of our faith. This duty is too much neglected, to the great inconvenience of our editors and publishers, and to the detriment of our cause. It is well known, that there are hundreds in the land who dare not for their lives attend a Universalist meeting, where they can hear Universalism explained and enforced—but if they can get hold of a Universalist paper, and retire from the observation of the curious and inquisitive, they will read hour after hour, and thus gain that knowledge of our sentiments in *secret*, which pride, or bigotry, or the fear of "the world's dread laugh," prevented them from gaining in the public congregation on the Sabbath. Let Universalists, then, take (and pay for) one or more religious periodicals, and freely lend them to such of their neighbors, as possess courage to read them, and intelligence to comprehend their teachings.

H. L. H.

Homer, Cortland county.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### LETTERS OF THE NEW-ENGLAND SPY.....NO. II.

—, Feb. 16th, 1843.

MY DEAR F:—You ask, "what I know of the East Roxbury community?" And you remark further, that you have "much curiosity to know something of their affairs, and what are the advantages they present;" and you continue, "I would like to know how far their *Ideal* is answered by the *Real*."

By this inquiry, I understand that you have caught somewhat of the *true fire*, and that it is burning within you. In my last letter I remarked, that "something more is wanted;" that the present relation of rich and poor is unsatisfactory. And in the above inquiries I think I find evidence of this fact. I think I see there the yearnings of an earnest soul after something better, more satisfactory,



more in unison with that great truth of the Gospel, *man's universal brotherhood*.

Sorry am I that I can not give you the desired information. Concerning the Roxbury community, I know very little. I have indeed heard vague reports, but these can not be relied on, as we know not whether they originated among the enemies or friends of that community. I have, however, seen an article in the Dial that may be considered as authentic on this subject. From that article I learned that this community was as successful thus far, as could be expected of such a vast undertaking, still in its infancy, warring against prejudice and making its way against the whole tide of what is commonly denominated public opinion.—In estimating the success of such an undertaking, an undertaking whose ideal is so beautiful and which promises so much to the world in case it can be realized, we ought not to forget that the first trials must be very imperfect from the very nature of the case. To say that the Roxbury community had been entirely successful thus far,—to say that they had fully realized their ideal in so short a period—would undoubtedly be saying what is not claimed for it by its warmest and most sanguine friends. But that they have not in a measure been successful, that their condition is not better, all things considered and the future taken into account, than it would have been had they remained as they were, toiling *fifteen hours* of the day for food and raiment, is what I do not believe. That that system which recognizes man as a three-fold being and gives him eight hours for labor, eight hours for study and recreation, and eight hours for repose and rest, possesses decidedly superior advantages to that of our present degrading and soul-debasing system of labor, and is the *true system*, there can not be a particle of doubt in the mind of any one who is capable of taking a candid and *disinterested* survey of the two systems in connection with man's three-fold nature, physical, intellectual and moral. The East Roxbury Community purports to be an attempt to realize Christ's idea of society. That this first attempt will be improved by experience and age, and that many things will be suggested by this *first trial*, which other communities that may arise after them will incorporate into their beginnings, and thus profit by their experience, there is little reason to doubt. For one, I have strong faith in their eventual success. If they have not already, they will, if they persevere, in due time *realize fully their true ideal*; for there is no *true ideal* too beautiful to be realized, or that may not be realized, by patience, self-sacrifice and perseverance. I do not believe in your Utopia too sublime to be seen, and too beautiful to be possessed. There is no such world as that.

Still there are some things about the Roxbury Community, as I understand it, to which I must object, and which I could wish were otherwise. In the first place, it is a *community*, instead of an association. This I do not like. It takes away man's individuality too much. The system of *sharehold property* as advocated by Fourier and his followers, seems to me to be decidedly preferable. But then, perhaps, I err in this matter. What we want is a system that will furnish a safe and profitable investment of capital; secure to the laborer *what he earns*, and guarantee to him constant employment; dignify labor and make it attractive; produce unity of interests and unity of action among all classes; put an end to the competition now existing between capital and labor,—the rich and the poor; deeply respect individual liberty; emancipate and elevate the laboring class; make labor universal; and elevate every way, physically, intellectually, morally and socially, the condition of the human race. This is what is needed; this is what true and earnest souls are yearning after; and this is what the system of *sharehold property*, as now being advocated in England, France and the United States, promises to the world.

Now, about *one third* of the world are engaged in producing! Is it any wonder that they have to toil *fifteen or sixteen* out of the twenty four hours of the day? Now, about *one third* of the world *work*;—the rest of the world live upon *their labor*. Is any

one prepared to say that *this is Christ's idea of society*? Has an all-wise Being created *all men for labor*, and yet ordained that *two thirds of mankind shall live without it*? Can man ever reach his social destiny in this way? I think not. We need and must have a change in our social organization. We may differ as to the mode in which it is to be brought about, but we must all agree in one thing, and that is, *THAT A CHANGE IS NEEDED*.

Yours truly, THE SPY.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### A SLANDERER EXPOSED.

Cambria, Niagara co., March 7, 1843.

MR. REMMINGTON—SIR:—A man calling himself Elder Ferguson, a Freewill Baptist, has lately been assisting in the "work of the Lord" in this place, taking a part in a protracted effort, "alias excitement." On the evening of the 2d inst., I had a little talk with him; he informed me that he had lately held a discussion with one Mr. Remmington, of Boston, Erie co., a Universalist preacher. He stated that *thirty five* members of the Universalist church were hopefully converted by means of the discussion, and that the preacher himself was struck with conviction. Such things we are not alarmed at hearing; but I appeal to you for the truth of the matter; and I request you to publish the proceedings of the discussion in the "Evangelical Magazine and Advocate," together with the certificate of the Standing Clerk of the Society at that time; also the names of those thirty five that were converted by Elder Ferguson.

Signed, JOSHUA SABIN.

### REPLY.

Dear Brother—Your favor to Br. Remmington only reached him this day. He has been over two weeks in Canada, preaching the Gospel of the grace of God to good acceptance. The contents of your letter have caused a little surprise; for although we are at all times prepared to hear of misrepresentations, yet so outrageous a falsehood we did not really expect to hear propagated. In the first place, there has been no discussion between the Rev. Slanderer, Elder Ferguson, and our esteemed Br. Remmington—nor yet a solitary individual of our society has been converted to this Rev. Slanderer's faith—or to any thing more than a stronger and more powerful conviction of the truth of the blessed doctrine of the Resurrection.—This Rev. Slanderer had been propagating the veriest vagaries through the winter in this place, mixed up with a strong decoction of Millerism; and got up quite an excitement, and has added to his church a number of persons, mostly young.—The excitement, however, is on the wane, and a reaction already is perceptible—and its effects on good morals undoubtedly will go far beyond the maximum of the excitement. A system built upon falsehood and detraction is much to be deprecated by every well wisher to the peace and happiness of society. Our worthy pastor has been laboring indefatigably in word and doctrine with us. Through the winter, our congregations have increased in numbers, and the pure seed of the incorruptible word has been scattered plentifully, we doubt not in good and honest hearts, and we are looking for an abundant harvest of faithful souls, who shall be pillars in the good cause. We last fall commenced building a house for the worship of the one only true God. The house is enclosed, and we expect by the month of July next, to have it consecrated, and that the blessed God whom we are endeavoring to serve in the Gospel of his Son, shall be glorified in the reclamation of hundreds of our wandering fellow beings who are panting for immortality and who shall be delivered from the bondage of fearful foreboding of an endless hell.

With great respect, I am,

Dear brother, yours, etc.

WM. ANDRE,

Standing Clerk of the 1st Universalist Society, Boston, Erie county.

March 25, 1843.

REV. JOHN GRAY.

We are requested to call the attention of some friends Cohoes, Troy, and Attica, as well as in other places where Mr. Gray may have resided, to the following call for information respecting him—such information as may be relied upon, and publicly used if necessary.—There seems to be sufficient proof already that his character will not rise by public investigation, in public esteem. But it is possible that with all his spite, and abuse, and reckless bragging, he may not be quite as bad as Fishpoole, Littlejohn, and others of his school—though his style is rather that of Knapp, Swan, and others of that kidney.

All information may be sent to "Ely T. Marsh, Esq., Frankfort, Herkimer county, N. Y.," who is the author of the call, and has the Rev. Mr. Gray under his special watchcare at present.

A. B. G.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### INFORMATION WANTED.

Rev. John Gray, a Presbyterian clergyman of the new school, and belonging to the Albany Presbytery, is now located here. In 1832 he was in Mexico, Oswego county, N. Y.; in 1833 in Camden, Oneida county; in 1834 in Philadelphia; in 1835 in Troy, N. Y.; in 1838 in Utica, Mich.; in 1841 in the Western counties of this State, and in 1842 at Cohoes Falls, Albany county.

Can not some friend give us a sketch of his life, character and adventures? I have no doubt that it is rich in materials for such a biography. See the Magazine and Advocate, present volume, No. 10, page 77.

E. T. M.

Frankfort, N. Y., March 23, 1843.

REMOVAL.—Dr. J. H. Stuart, having removed from Stockbridge, to Erieville, Madison county, desires to be addressed accordingly.

REMOVAL.—Dr. H. B. Soule having received and accepted an invitation to settle as the pastor of the Universalist society in this city, has removed here from Clinton, and wishes to be addressed at Utica hereafter. Br. Price will please notice.

A. B. G.

The Proprietors of the New World have the pleasure to announce that they have purchased at great expense, the advance proof sheets of a new Swedish novel by Frederika Bremer, translated by Mary Howitt, entitled *THE HOME: or, Family Cares and Family Joys*. It will be issued on a new briefer type, and printed on beautiful white paper, at 25 cents a single copy—\$16 a hundred. Address, post paid,

J. WINCHESTER, 30 Ann street, N. Y.

They have just published, on a double sheet of the New World, *Bulwer's Pilgrims of the Rhine*, at the low price of twelve and a half cents. Address as above.

### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P M, Butternuts, for S G, W H, O H M, and E L—P M, Clayton, for D P, D B B, C P, and S W V—T J W, Cortlandville, for E B and E S—P M, Peninsula, [O] for E I S, and G L—P M, Scipio, for V B, R B H, T F, D P Van S, L B and W T—P M, Reed's Corners, for P L—P M, Manchester, [Mich] for W S S and T C—P M, Stockholm, for self and F D—P M, Richville, for H W and B H—P M, Baldwinville, for J G and H M—P M, Churchville, for H S and J S C—L B, Churchville, for self, M C and S R—P M, Union Springs, for Z A and W K—P M, Concord Centre, for D D B—P M, Foxcraft, [Me] for S B D and W S B—P M, Salt Springville, for J B—L L S, Clarendon, for I B K, C H, S W, D M, E F, J K and J R—P M, Ellsburg, for A P, B B Jr, R C and J C—P M, Smyrna, for J B, B F, E M, and R C—P M, Sherburne, for S A and J S S—P M, Fairdale, [Pa]—P M, Minden, for A Z and G L—P M, Clockville, for J R and H S—P M, Meadville, [Pa] for H P and P D—P M, New London, [Ct] for J B L and T S—P M, Victor, for M H D and J R—P M, Rouse Point, for A A—P M, Eggle—P M, Barre Centre, for H C—P M, Caledonia, for I B, D S P and J N—P M, Madison, for O C—P M, Carbondale, [Pa] for E M W—P M, Truxton, for A P and D P R—P M, Stockton, for J E T and R M—P M, West Caledonia, [O] for H S R—P M, Ganges, [O] for self, W A and H A—P M, Hamburg, [Mich] for S W T, M C, E C and L W—P M, Wellington, [O] for E R C.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## SONNET—AN INVOCATION.

BY REV. J. S. KIBBE.

I saw beside a lovely infant sleeping,  
An anxious mother stoop—she bent her eye  
Upon her child—her bosom heaved a sigh,  
And pearly tears were from her eyelids creeping.  
What grief—what deep-toned thoughts are stirred  
within,  
To cause such wo! But stay—it is not grief  
Nor wo that drinks those tears. For, hark! "To Him,  
Who is the widow's God—who grants relief  
And guards and governs all, in grateful prayer  
I lift my trusting soul—I ask Thy smiles to rest  
Upon my child—unfold to him Thy word—  
Make him the object of Thy tender care!  
I ask but this!" The sleeper smiled. The mother's  
blest,  
In that she thinks her prayer in heaven is heard.

[From the Italian of Metastasio.]

If ev'ry one's internal care  
Were written on his brow,  
How many would our pity share  
Who have our envy now!  
That fatal secret, if revealed,  
On every aching breast,  
Would show that only when concealed,  
His lot appeared the best.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## PROFANITY.....NO. II.

BY REV. S. J. GIBSON.

Men who are in the habit of using profane words, may be divided into three classes; or there are three causes which determine people thus to speak; and to point out these three, shall be the object of the present and two following, brief numbers. The class which we mention at the present time, is composed of those who act almost, if not wholly, from the excitement of the passions.

Some one, either with the intention or without it, insults or offends them, and immediately anger is aroused in the mind, and while burning for revenge, the first thing which engages attention, is, to discharge a volley of oaths and imprecations upon the one who has had the audacity to offend them. And perhaps for this act, they render not themselves responsible to the extent that many people would suppose; for their violent anger often renders them lost to all sober judgment for the time being, and they act partly without understanding. But there is one thing for which responsibility rests upon them to the utmost extent; and that is, for suffering their passions, in the first place, to get beyond the control of their moral powers. It is a duty which the Deity has enjoined upon the children of men, to govern and control their temper, and keep it within its proper bounds. But when they neglect to do this, and thereby call down upon the heads of their fellow beings, the imprecations of Heaven, then they become secondarily responsible for disobeying the express commandment of the Creator:—"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord, thy God, in vain."

Reader, are you one of those who give vent to your excited passions in this manner? If so, please pause and look at the proceeding during your calm and sober moments. When the wild and desolating whirlwind of anger has spent its fury—when candor has stilled the commotion and maintains its peaceful sway within the heart, then consider the language which you have used, and the thoughts that you have harbored, and say, can you approve them?

Look once at your neighbor, and say from whence came he? Bears he no affinity to yourself?—a creature is he, of a race different from that to which you belong? No! He, like yourself, looks to the same great creative Source for his origin—by the same hand, has been placed upon the stage of life as your brother man. In what manner then have you acted? You have looked away to the throne of your common Father, and called upon him to deal out vengeance upon the head of your own

brother! and I leave it for you to say, if you consider such, a commendable course to pursue, or is it acting as one individual should act toward another in this lower world where we are bound together by kindred ties?

But we wish you to look awhile at the unreasonableness as well as the sin of the proceeding. Suppose once that the Creator should hearken to your request, and comply with the same, by forthwith commencing the torture of your neighbor—bathing him in the liquid lava of a burning wo—you would be the first one to raise a voice of supplication and cry, forbear!—and why? Because the suffering of the individual, even were he your bitter enemy, would rouse up sentiments and feelings more noble than those which determined your former act, and you would behold the request in its true light, as unreasonable in the extreme—unjustly made, and consequently the compliance with it would be nothing else than cruelty!

Such must, and we trust will be the conclusion, which you will form during your reflective moments, and hence permit me in friendship to urge upon you the importance of striving to the utmost of your power, to maintain a proper command over your passions. When one has wilfully injured you, or labored for the purpose of doing so, far better to let the rude storm of anger slumber in oblivion, in preference to permitting it to arise and urge you forward to a disobedience of the commandments of the Supreme Being, by using words of profanity. In your conduct toward your foes, pattern after the example of one who suffered far more bitterness than you have ever been called to experience:—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"—employ none but words dictated by the better sentiments of your heart, candor and sincerity; but above all things, "swear not at all."

Monroeton, Pa.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## A GOOD NAME.....NO. I.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold." SOLOMON.

Human society is a most wonderfully constructed machine; it combines innumerable interests as moving causes, and contemplates a countless variety of ends. So nice and yet powerful are its operations that every movement places its members in other relations, and imposes on them new obligations.—And how infinite is the diversity of relations!—the parent and child; the husband and wife; the brother and sister; the teacher and pupil; the ruler and citizen; the man of business and patron; the employer and employed, and thus on *ad infinitum*; and every one of which imposes peculiar duties, has certain rights, weighty and inalienable, involving consequences, if respected or not, of almost life-lasting weal or wo. If a man look around himself, no matter where, on every hand he meets something in the great social world that touches, somehow, his interests, either domestic, pecuniary, moral or intellectual; and his happiness, his welfare is involved. A diversity of tastes, feelings, sentiments and habits, as infinite as the shades of human physiognomy, infuse their influence through the social system, weakening, or strengthening, or multiplying the delicate, invisible fibres which link together the elements of the great body. Old views, feelings and tastes are modified, connected, or exchanged for others. Change, indeed, is visibly and perpetually going on in every part; nothing stands still, though much appears to move but slowly, if at all; yet he who will trouble himself to look to the bottom of things, will see there the elements all in motion—forming new combinations, striking out the channels of new currents, kindling new fires, which are gradually working out to glitter in the actions of daily life, and sparkle in the more peaceful stream of human joy.

In this great world of infinite duties, relations and interests, of perpetual change or transition, we find ourselves placed to work out our social destiny, and to aid in shaping the destinies of those around us, especially those connected with us.—With our little influence, with our imperfect know-

ledge and limited experience, we are to struggle to make ourselves respected and happy, and assist by what we do and say, in directing the social fortunes of the world. Mixed scene it is, too, where this lot is cast. On every hand duty meets us, and temptation at every turn; for where we find the one, the other is never far off;—and opposing interests conflict; dissimilar opinions, and often hostile, meet as "Greek meets Greek in the tug of war." And after all the pretty things that Sloth hath said and sung, it is no trifling engagement, this life of ours. To keep up its holy watch-fires; to meet and perform its stern and pressing duties; to gather of its wealth; to win its virtues and shun its vices; to nerve up our souls and strengthen our arms to battle with temptation, and enter manly and firm the war-field of passion and perhaps long-abused propensities; to keep the sacred flame of affection burning pure and bright on the holy altar of the heart, to make ourselves respected and esteemed; to be good, true and happy—this is no light thing, no small matter.

So society exists; and upon its relations, duties and interests, the philosopher and moralist have speculated for the last three thousand years.—Theories, perfect as Utopia, have been formed; and poets, catching their beauties, have pictured their charms with almost breathing life and sung their praises in strains that have rapt the soul in visions of the unearthly.

And theories may be well enough as such, and so may poetry, and so indeed is poetry if it paint the beautiful and the true; but it is not with the *ideal*, with the mere shadows of things, but with life, the stern and sober realities of life, that we all of us have the most to do. And it is lamentable, when we all know if we will but reflect a moment, that life is not a mere semblance, a mere show, a delicately attenuated gossamer which can exist only in the sunshine of an Italian summer-day—that its pilgrim-scene is not an endless velvet path, gleaming in the unbroken light of an eternity-kindled glory—but a reality, and a reality too with many encumbrances, struggling oftentimes with sharp difficulties of affliction and trial, and now and then overshadowed with dark clouds of disappointment, sometimes, almost deepening in despair—it is lamentable that there should be scattered all abroad through society, so much unreal and exaggerated fiction—so much fine-spun and transcendental but truthless sentimentalism, making life anything but what it is, a life not pleasureless and hopeless, but abounding in with pleasures and hopes that are living, palpable substances, not intangible, ever shifting shadows.

A large portion of the read literature of our book-making age represents human life as a kind of spirituality, a very clever paradise, where all is soft sunshine; or silver moonlight; or bright glittering stars; beautifully up-shooting, shimmering polar lights; ever-blooming fragrant flowers; sweet green fields; enchanted forests, shadowy vales; placid lakes, and bubbling brooks, and purling rills, and perpetual zephyrs laden with the richest perfumes; and as the soul of life, an undying but sickly and wasting love—a something which wastes the life away and is yet the highest bliss, the *ne plus ultra* of human joy;—than all which nothing can be farther from real life. I would not deny life its spiritualities, indeed, but I would have them real; and hence I look upon the tendency of such literature as calculated to fill the minds of the inexperienced with visions of unreal things—to create and foster hopes which in this world can never be realized, and which indeed it would be folly to realize as many of them would lead to their own destruction—to enervate both mind and body and render them so far unfit for the sober duties and weighty responsibilities of social and domestic life—and to leave the heart unprepared to meet and bear the difficulties and trials which, sooner or later, fall to the lot of every mortal. That life has its trials, and oftentimes severe trials, a few years experience will but too fully demonstrate. If not so, why that faded, furrowed cheek?—that deep meaning set in many an eye around you?—that bright smiling countenance exchanged for the sober and seriously



grave?—that jocund laugh and beaming eye, for the deep drawn sigh and fast streaming tears?—Ah! indeed, life hath its trials, not as its end but as its discipline to high and holy ends, to realities made sure by experience, strength made firm by trial, and joys made dear by sorrow.

I would not be understood in what I have said, as uttering an indiscriminate condemnation of the literature of the age; no, far from it. There is much of it that breathes the spirit of noble and lofty minds and feeling hearts, and whose tendency is to impart in a most interesting style, a knowledge of the world; to promote virtue and cherish the holier affections of the heart. Such I would have read by such minds as relish it. Still I would not recommend even this at the expense of history; for history it is, that gives us a real picture, that shows us how the world has acted, and does act, and not as we would fain have it act.

In such a state it is, and in the midst of such influences, that we, whose lot has been cast where Christianity and civilization have shed their beams, are to earn those blessings which God in his wisdom has made to rest on human exertions. And among the great things, the real prizes, which, in this world are worth striving for, I reckon a good name, a spotless reputation. And let us look at this matter of a good name a little, that we may the better judge of its importance; for I fear that with too many of us it is too lightly esteemed, too poorly thought of, and that we hence indulge ourselves in conduct inconsistent with our best interests.

H. B. S.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### ADDRESS TO UNIVERSALISTS.

Brethren—The time has arrived when it becomes necessary for us, as believers in the great salvation, to act with greater precision and energy. Our enemies on all sides are awake, and using their utmost endeavors to quench those liberal principles that are beginning to prevail so extensively in our land. No exertions have been spared, no expedients left untried; yet, we find our cause onward, and our principles are beginning to pervade almost every corner of the civilized world.

This success, so encouraging to us all, may be attributed to various causes; some of which it will be well to enumerate. One great reason for the spread of our sentiments, is, that they harmonize with the most benevolent feelings of the soul; they give such an exalted idea of man, his nature, character and destiny; as comport with his nobler feelings, and all the promptings of his dignified nature. It does not, like the popular systems of the day, say, that man is placed here to be exposed to all the trials and troubles incident to this life, and finally to suffer an eternity of misery, indescribable in a future world. But on the contrary, that he is placed here for a more noble and exalted purpose; one more agreeable to the lofty faculties of the human mind, and more in agreement with the character of God as revealed in this mirror of truth.

"For though his brightness may create  
All worship from the hosts above,  
What most his name must elevate,  
Is, that he is a God of love!  
And mercy is the central sun,  
Of all his glories joined in one."

Moreover, this doctrine gives such a just idea of the wisdom, power and goodness of God, and of his plans in reference to his intelligent offspring, as to draw out the benevolent mind in adoration and praise to his holy name. If such is the tendency of our faith on the hearts of its believers, does it not become indispensably necessary for all who profess it with their lips, to show by their daily walk and conversation that they have imbibed its influence, and that it is, as it were, the pole-star in their passage through life?

Another cause that contributes to the spread of the doctrine of impartial grace, may be found in the very means our opposers are using to prop up their crumbling systems. This will appear evident from a little observation. Let any one notice for a time, the efforts of a revival meeting, or "moral tornado,"

as Dr. Beecher terms it, and he will soon be convinced of this fact. On such occasions, the burden of the theme appears to be, to frighten men into the belief of their dogmas, by preaching the tremendous wrath of an angry God—by holding up to view, as it were, the arch fiend of hell—by uncapping the infernal regions, and exposing the raging billows of liquid lava rolling beneath. The public mind becomes excited, and the weak and credulous are often entrapped in their wily snares through fear, and ignorance of a better system; but the sober and liberal minded are led to examine the subject, and soon find a doctrine more congenial with their benevolent feelings, more consistent with the teachings of nature, and more in harmony with the uniform language of reason and revelation. A doctrine that is "as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

"When dread misfortune's tempests rise,  
And roar through all the darkened skies,  
Where shall the trembling pilgrim gain  
A shelter from the wind and rain?  
Within the covert of thy grace,  
O Lord there is a hiding-place,  
Where, unconcerned, we hear the sound  
Though storm and tempest rage around."

They soon discover that this glorious faith presents its adherents with higher motives, to restrain them from vice and cling to virtue, than the fear of hell; and that good conduct springs not from a forced compliance to certain requisitions; but that there is something in the intrinsic character of virtue and vice, that causes them to love the one and hate the other; that there is such a thing as loving goodness for its own sake; so that it is not fear, but love which should lead them to the performance of their duties to their fellow man, to their country and to God.

Having enumerated a few of the means that contribute to the spread of the doctrine of universal grace and salvation, let us turn our attention to the other side, and consider some of the obstacles that retard its progress.

In the first place, I would mention the disgraceful conduct of some of our opposers. The time has been when our opponents shrunk not from coming out in fair and honorable combat against us, with the Scriptures of truth, and reason, as their weapons. Not succeeding in putting us down with these, to their satisfaction, they have abandoned the only true and proper ground on which to meet us; and resorted to weapons the most disgraceful of all—those of scurrility, sarcasm, and abuse. A sinking cause it must be, that will resort to such contemptible means to keep its crumbling parts from falling. Their chief object now appears to be, instead of disproving our sentiments, to misstate and misrepresent them in every possible manner; and oftentimes not content with this, they attack and abuse our moral characters, "the tie that binds us to respectability among our fellow men, the basis upon which they put confidence in us, and treat us with consideration." They generally create a phantom of their own imagination, which they call Universalism, and then turn about with all the dexterity and skill they can command, and beat this man of straw, and triumphantly exclaim, "Universalism defeated;" when, in truth, they are as ignorant of the fundamental principles of the system which they attempt to destroy, as the wandering Arab of the desert. Such conduct, no doubt, for a while tends to prejudice the minds of those ignorant of our sentiments against us, and our doctrine; but it will be of short duration, for the chariot of truth and salvation is rolling swiftly along the earth, shedding its rays upon all, and its principles are working in the hearts of the children of men the works of righteousness and peace.

The last that I shall mention, and probably the greatest impediment our cause has to encounter, may be found in the conduct of some of its professed friends and advocates. This may be to many a startling proposition. But it is no less true, that our cause has suffered more from the reckless

conduct of some of its professed friends, than from its open enemies. There are some in almost every community that profess themselves Universalists when religious excitements prevail; but when these die away, their Universalism, like the zeal of the orthodox, dies along with it; they sink into a state of apathy and indifference, and their latter state is worse than the former. Others profess themselves such through opposition to the common doctrines of the day,—others again through motives of policy or gain.

Now it is evident to any one, that the influence of such professors is decidedly bad, and deleterious to the cause they have espoused. Universalism with them, is not a deep-seated religious principle, nor of abiding interest to man; but a phantom of the imagination, that glides along the surface; it affects only the head, and reaches not the heart.

Brethren—these things ought not to be so—these evils are in our power to remedy. And it remains for us to say, whether, by a conduct in agreement with the high requirements our doctrine enjoins upon us, we will go on, and endeavor to do all in our power to extend the glorious faith we profess, by a well ordered life, and godly conversation; or, by coldness and indifference, to behold our enemies disseminating in our very midst their doctrines degrading both to the character of God, and the dignity of man.

Are there any among us that profane the name of God—that break the Sabbath day—that partake of the poisonous waters? Let me say to them, that something is demanded of them; yea, something they have never done before—even the labor and experience of a deeply religious life. If you wish to sail under the banner of Universalism, let me say to you, cease to profane the name of God!—Lay aside that poisonous cup! Quell that passionate, guilty temper! Repent—pray—love God, and your neighbor as yourself; and uniting with these a true doctrinal belief, you may then be called a practical as well as a theoretical Universalist. Then from the altar of your heart will emanate a true religious spirit, which will yield the peaceful fruits of righteousness and peace.

"Then shall the reign of mind commence on earth,  
And starting fresh as from a second birth,  
Man, in the sunshine of the world's new spring,  
Shall walk transparent, like some holy thing!"

Minden, April, 1843.

N. S.

#### MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry.

UTICA, FRIDAY, APRIL 28, 1843.

#### THE RESTITUTION.... NO. III.

The next passage is Coloss. i: 19, 20,—*"For it pleased the Father, that in him should all fullness dwell; and having made peace through the blood of his cross, by him, to reconcile all things unto himself; by him, whether things in heaven, or things on earth."* The phrase *"all things,"* Professor Stuart affirms, means the same as *"things in heaven or things on earth"*—and *"things in heaven and earth"* means the *universe*. Doct. Clark says it means the *Jews and Gentiles*; for it is the design of God to save the *"whole human race."* There can be no doubt, then, that the Apostle referred to the *whole intelligent creation*—this point is established by orthodox commentators themselves—and if they had not so established it, it would be none the less evident.

By the cross or the death of the Saviour, our heavenly Father established a system, by which it is his pleasure and purpose to reconcile all things in heaven and on earth, or in other words, the universe, to himself. This we must admit, unless we deny the passage itself; for it expressly speaks of the reconciliation of all things.

What is *reconciliation*? This is decided by the apostle:—"And you that were sometimes alienated, and enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath he reconciled." Coloss. i: 21. The Colossians, in consequence of their wickedness, were the enemies of God



and his government—but by the mediation of the Saviour, they were saved from their wickedness, and reconciled to the divine rule, so that as they were before the *enemies*, now they were the *friends* of God. So the brethren of Joseph were reconciled—so Saul of Tarsus was reconciled—so the wandering prodigal was reconciled. And this is the view of reconciliation which Prof. Stuart gives. He says:—"By reconciling things in heaven and things on earth, seems evidently to be meant bringing into union, under one great head, i. e. Christ; by a new and special bond of intercommunication, both angels and men." So with Dr. Clark. He says:—"Reconciliation means to *change thoroughly*; and the grand object of the Gospel is to make a complete change in men's *minds and manners*." All this is very clear, and can not well be mistaken.

Place then the two facts together—viz: that "*things in heaven and things on earth*," means the universe, "*all things*," *all men*—and that these *are to be reconciled*—and to what other conclusion can we arrive, than that of universal reconciliation? Surely testimony can not be clearer and stronger. Add to it the passage in Rev. v: 14, in which the periphrasis again occurs:—"And every creature which is in heaven, and on earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, blessing, and honor, and glory and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb forever and ever." Professor Stuart has shown that the phrases in this passage, embrace the *universe*—consequently rational beings in heaven, earth and sea, are to offer up this homage to God and the Lamb. But it may be said, that the wicked will be compelled to yield this homage; and that their yielding it, is no evidence of their happiness. But this view is at once destroyed by what Professor Stuart asserts. He says:—"If this be not *spiritual worship*—and if Christ be not the object of it here, I am unable to produce a case, where worship can be called spiritual and divine." No person can contend for a moment, that people who are made *endlessly miserable*, can offer up spiritual and divine worship—for the soul must be reconciled before its worship can be acceptable. And when all creatures in heaven, on earth, under the earth, such as are in the sea, and *all that are in them* shall offer up this "spiritual and divine worship," where will the doctrine of *endless sin and suffering* be? Where ought it to be?—dead and buried with all the rest of human creeds and traditions. G. W. M.

#### PUNISHMENT.... NO. I.

"Is mortal man more just than God, is a man more pure than his Maker?" JOB iv: 17.

That God will punish for sin, is a truth taught and believed by every Christian denomination. And if we *would*, we could not well deny it, with the voice of experience and the voice of revelation speaking in our ears. For while the one tells that there is no peace to the wicked, the other informs us, that he that doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong that he hath done; and that there is wrath, tribulation, and anguish, on every soul of man that doeth evil.

These facts are confirmed by all past history. If we go back to the first transgression, we shall find the truth verified, in the day a man sins, in that day he shall die; for no sooner had the forbidden fruit been plucked and eaten, than an accusing conscience spoke within; and fear, and shame, and remorse took possession of the soul, and kindled the fires of hell there. And so in the case of Cain, whose offering found no acceptance.—No sooner had a brother's blood been spilled, than it cried unto God from the ground, and inquisition was made therefor, and the murderer went forth a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth—a punishment which he said was greater than he could bear.

In the case of the Antediluvians, too, we have decisive evidence that a whole people, as well as individuals, must receive punishment at the hand of God for their wickedness. The overthrow and destruction of the cities of the plain, together with their inhabitants, likewise furnish proof of this, and warn every nation, of the awful consequences of sin.

We have said that every denomination was agreed in the fact that God will punish for sin. But in relation to the *nature* of the punishment to be inflicted, there is a wide difference of opinion. For while some contend that it will be vindictive and endless, we hold that it is *consequential and reformatory*; and consequently is not an *end*—but a *means* for the accomplishment or the attainment of an *end*. "Is mortal man more just than God, is a man more pure than his Maker?"

The parent chastises his child for—what? What is the object of the chastening he bestows? Some would say the maintenance of the parental honor. But this is consulted only in filial obedience. The earthly father punishes, then, to reform—to correct the evil habits of his child, and to restrain the wayward disposition of his heart. He does not inflict stripes out of mere motives of revenge—he does not produce pain because he delights in that pain; but because the good of his child is consulted in this very thing—because he desires his reformation, and would effect his *greatest* good. The object of parental discipline can not be any thing else—it must have the happiness of the child as the great and ultimate end in view. To deny this, is to degrade our earthly parentage, and to ascribe characters to our fathers and mothers which they would blush to own.

We will say to a parent who reads this, that he has a son who often violates just and reasonable commands, and swerves in his waywardness, from the plain and beaten path of duty. He has been warned, time and again, but all to no purpose, and tears and entreaties have all been lost upon him. The father calls him before him, and says, "My son, you have disregarded my lawful commands, you have set at naught my counsels—you have despised my reproofs, and trampled upon my laws, and you must now expect nothing but vengeance and wrath at my hands." In the spirit of this declaration, he prepares and inflicts various tortures upon his disobedient child, and every imaginable cruelty is resorted to, in order to produce pain; the consequence of which is, that the son is rendered an object of suffering and of pity for life. Now is there a parent who reads this, who would not consider himself degraded, and villified, and insulted by such a representation as this? And should you know of one to whom it would apply, would you not say of him, that he was a tyrant and a monster, and unfit to be a father? "But is mortal man more just than God, is a man more pure than his Maker?" Will he ascribe to his heavenly Father a character which he himself does not bear, and which he would blush to own? Will he say that in punishing his child, he aims to reform; but that God has no such design in his punishments? This is certainly to make mortal man more just and pure than his Maker; for while one loves his child, and in being just would secure its happiness; the other feels no certain regard for his children, and instead of aiming to restore the sinful by his chastenings, will only perpetuate them to their endless misery and despair.

But, we have a question to ask.—Who gave the parent that love which never forsakes its object; and those feelings of affection and attachment which bind the father or the mother so strongly to the child? There is that in parental love, that distinguishes it from all earthly and mutable passions. It never casts off—never destroys. It remains true in the storm, as well as in the sunshine; and should all other friends fail, it causes one heart to beat for us, and gush with a prayer for the wandering child. But who gave this love, so warm and free? Who placed it deep in the father's heart, and the mother's soul? Did man originate it?—did earth bring it forth? No. It came from God, who himself is Love. It is a portion of his own nature—of that mighty and all prevailing principle which is seen operating every where, and spreading beauty and gladness over the face of all created things. Shall it then be said that mortal man is more just than God? or more pure than his Maker? Shall it be said that while, the one seeks the best good, of his children, even in the chastenings of his hand; the other has no such object in view; but makes all punishment an end in the economy of his grace?

Forbid it Heaven! that a character like this should be ascribed to God—a character that is infinitely beneath that of an earthly parent. Our heavenly Father is not like the ostrich of the desert—creating children without caring for them. His parental love and fatherly regard know no bounds. His glory and his honor are intimately connected with the obedience and happiness of all his creatures; and unless the latter be secured, the former are dimmed and tarnished forever. A. C. B.

#### REMOVALS.

After the first of May, the Magazine and Advocate Office will be found nearly opposite its present location—in the second story of No. 32, Genesee street, near the corner of Whitesborough street—where its Publishers will be glad to receive new subscribers, or payments, for the paper.

The Editor's residence (also the residence of Mrs. H. B. Soule, and W. H. Ryder) will be at No. 63, Broadway, west side, just below the Utica Female Academy—where he will be happy to see his friends, in the *afternoon* of each day, when *that* time will suit them; but if at any other time business requires them to call, he will attend to them.

N. B.—This preference of *time* for the calls of friends, is made out of no disrespect to any one, but from the *necessity* I am under of setting *some portion* of my time to attend to my business. I find it almost impossible to do all I have to do, and *must* do, without some time to do it in. My health will not allow me to labor at night—and if the days are all broken up into fragments, by frequent interruptions, my work must be hastily done by snatches, and consequently be ill-done—or not performed at all. My *time* is my *all*; but still, when I have any to *spare*, at *any time* of the day, it will be cheerfully devoted to any demands that may be made upon it by friends or strangers, at home or abroad. My former request having been misunderstood by persons unacquainted with the amount and nature of my duties, (or illiberally misconstrued by those who see in a plain necessary statement something more *meant* than is *said*.) I have deemed this repetition and explanation necessary. If any *still* deem my request in regard to this arrangement wrong, or discourteous, let them take my place for one week, and do my work amid constant interruptions, and they will probably wonder I ever got along without it! A. B. G.

MOVING.—If any omissions or errors are found, try and excuse them on the score that the Editor is getting ready to move—and the printers likewise—the one his household goods, the others their type, presses, &c.—The first of May is a delightful time in our city for bustle and confusion—for losing and mislaying—for mistaking and being mistaken—and for forgetting and being forgotten. But as the greater portion of our subscribers do not live in this place, it is to be hoped that they will not forget the terms of the paper—the 1st of May completes the four months of grace! A. B. G.

N. B.—This was intended to be a *moving* article. I can almost fancy that I see delinquents hands moving toward their pockets, and the pay moving toward the publishers, and from them to the hundred gaping mouths that are constantly calling for *pay*.

BR. KNEELAND TOWNSEND, one of our best sermonizers and a worthy man, is at present disengaged. We think that some of our societies at present without preaching, would do well to apply for his services. Address him at Newark, Wayne county. We certainly need more preaching in our State than our societies now enjoy—some of the societies should have double what they now have; and many places that have none, could easily organize a society and employ a preacher a considerable portion of the time.

BR. W. H. RYDER, at present in this city, has one half of his time yet disengaged. We believe he would be a means of doing much good in this vicinity, if employed by some of our friends now destitute of preaching, as he is a worthy young man, and possesses good talents and information.



## CLINTON LIBERAL INSTITUTE.

The Summer term will commence on Wednesday, April 26th, under charge of Rev. S. Strong, Principal, and B. Birdsall, Professor of Mathematics. The Female department will be conducted by Miss Harmony Luce. By order of the Ex. Com.

WM. HUTCHINS.

## STATE CONVENTION.

The undersigned Committee of the Universalist society of Cooperstown, hereby extend a cordial invitation to ministering brethren and friends to meet with them at the coming session of the New York State Convention of Universalists. Come, brethren—let there be a general attendance from all parts of the State, and we will have a rich repast of love, a pure Gospel feast. You will find us, as a society, united and prosperous, and glad of an opportunity to extend to our visiting friends, those rites of hospitality which should ever characterize Universalists.

Our brethren in the vicinity of New York city, by taking the boat for Albany, on Monday, may be in Cooperstown the next afternoon. Cooperstown is 22 miles from Fort Plain, (the nearest point to it on the Rail Road and Erie Canal,) and 38 miles from Utica. A stage leaves Fort Plain daily at noon; and Utica, daily, in the forenoon, (on the arrival of the cars East and West, at each place,) for this village. Extras can also be had at either place, on moderate terms if a full load can be made up.

Friends will please call, on their arrival, at the Universalist church, where the Committee will be in attendance to receive them.

O. WHISTON, JOSEPH BENNETT, SETH DOUBLEDAY, LEVI WOOD, JAMES I. PAUL, HARVEY CLARK, HOLDEN CORY, Committee.

Cooperstown, April 20th, 1843.

N. B.—There will probably be three daily trains of cars, and two daily packets, running East, and the same number West, by that time. A. B. G.

Br. Tompkins—We have not as yet received the books that we ordered some six weeks since. Have they been sent? We want some of them very much.

## RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching on the first Sunday in May, by Br. WM. J. Goss in Lewiston—Br. GROSH in Syracuse.

There will be preaching on the second Sunday in May, by Br. GROSH at Little Falls.

The Quarterly Conference of Madison County will meet in Bridgeport, on the second Wednesday and Thursday (10th and 11th) of May. A general attendance from all parts of the county is urgently solicited. Ministering brethren are particularly requested to attend. WM. J. Goss, Standing Clerk.

THE NEW YORK STATE CONVENTION OF UNIVERSALISTS.—The State Convention of Universalists will hold its annual session in the village of Cooperstown, Otsego county, on the last Wednesday (31st.) of May and the following Thursday (1st.) of June, next. The following are the delegates who have been chosen by the several Associations.

ASSOCIATIONS.	MINISTERS.	LAYMEN.
Allegany,	G. S. Goady, N. Adams,	S. R. Crittenden, L. Graves,
Black River,	S. Jones, G. Stearns,	— Thayer, — French,
Cayuga,	A. Peck, T. J. Whitcomb,	W. Berry, O. Drake,
Central,	D. S. Morey, T. Clowes,	D. Owens, A. Scott,
Chautauque,	S. Adams, J. Simonds,	E. B. Poor, L. Pullman,
Chenango,	A. O. Warren, J. T. Goodrich,	A. Tillotson, T. G. Lamb,
Hudson River,	C. F. Le Fevre, J. A. Aspinwall,	J. Ogden, D. M. More,
Mohawk,	J. D. Hicks, P. Hatheway,	A. Gale, L. Eaton,
New York,	I. D. Williamson, W. S. Balch,	W. Howe, L. Seymour,
Niagara,	J. M. Cook, C. Hammond,	E. P. Davis, W. W. Ruggles,
Ontario,	S. Miles, D. K. Lee,	E. Cook, N. Peet,
Otsego,	A. C. Barry, D. Pickering,	N. Stephenson, J. Devendorf,
St. Lawrence,	S. W. Squire, J. F. Briggs,	D. Mack, S. Walrath,
Steuben,	[No return in the Minutes.]	

A punctual attendance is requested from the Delegates. Ministering brethren and friends are cordially invited to attend. The Occasional Sermon will be preached by Br. E. M. Woolley. The Standing Clerks of the several Associations are desired to send in as full and accurate reports as possible. G. W. MONTGOMERY.

Standing Clerk.

## MARRIAGES.

In Cooperstown, Jan. 4th, 1843, by Rev. Job Potter, Mr. ABRAHAM A. WALKRATH, of Fort Plain, to Miss GERTRUDE BOWEN, of Cherry Valley.

In Exeter, Jan. 11th, by the same, Mr. EDWIN TAYLOR to Miss ELIZABETH WHEELER.

In Cooperstown, Jan. 17th, by the same, Mr. WILLIAM K. BINGHAM to Miss ALEXEMINA MARIA COPE, all of that place.

In Otsego, Feb. 10th, by the same, Mr. ORLANDO WATSON to Miss ELIZA ANN CONRAD, both of that town.

In Cooperstown, Feb. 13th, by the same, Mr. CORNELIUS B. PAINE, of German Flats, to Miss MARY ANN VAN HORNE, of Springfield.

In Warren, Herkimer county, Feb. 15th, by the same, Mr. GILBERT CONRAD, of Otsego, to Miss CAROLINE McDONALD, of the former place.

In Otsego, Feb. 19th, by the same, Mr. MARVIN WEEKS to Miss NANCY T. TUNNECLIFF.

In Cooperstown, March 1st, by the same, Mr. JAMES HAWVER to Miss LOISA SOPHIA BALLARD, both of Cherry Valley.

In Middlefield, March 26th, by the same, Mr. JAMES DE VOE, of Milford, to Miss SAMANTHA MANCHESTER, of the former place.

In Stockbridge, March 7th, by Rev. J. H. Stewart, Mr. FREDERICK STAM to Miss CATHARINE STAM, both of that place.

April 9th, by the same, Mr. ISAAC FLETCHER, of Georgetown, to Miss ORILLA MOSS, of Nelson.

In Watertown, Feb. 2d, by Rev. H. Boughton, Mr. HUGH A. MONTGOMERY to Miss MARY BENSON.—At Perkins' Hotel, Watertown, by the same, Feb. 6th, Capt. RILEY H. ROGERS to Miss SUSAN ANN DUNHAM, both of Lyne.

In Hounsfield, Feb. 15th, by the same, Mr. EARL B. HINES, of Watertown, to Miss ALMIRA ALLEN, of the former place.

—At Lafargeville, Feb. 16th, by the same, Mr. FREDERICK S. STANLEY, of Watertown, to Miss ELVIRA E. SWEET, of Lafargeville.

—At Black River, Feb. 22d, by the same, Mr. WM. H. SPRINGSTEEN, son of Simon Springsteen, of Collinsville, formerly of the city of New York, to Miss EMELINE BUTTERFIELD, daughter of Francis Butterfield, Esq., of the former place.

—In Watertown, Feb. 26th, by the same, Mr. ABRAHAM PARMENTER, of Rodman, to Miss LUCY GARDNER, of Watertown.

—Same place, by the same, March 13th, Mr. ROLAND J. RICH to Miss SALLY M. BLODGETT, both of Denmark.

—In Cortlandville, on the morning of Feb. 15th, by Rev. T. J. Whitcomb, Mr. H. G. FOWLER, of Auburn, to Miss ELIZABETH CLARK, of Cortland. Prayer by Br. G. W. Montgomery.

In Mentz, Cayuga county, March 8th, by Rev. Mr. Bartlett, Mr. WM. S. TUPPER, of South Venice, to Miss MARY E. MOTT, of the former place.

In Cortlandville, on the morning of Feb. 15th, by Rev. T. J. Whitcomb, Mr. H. G. FOWLER, of Auburn, to Miss ELIZABETH CLARK, of Cortland. Prayer by Br. G. W. Montgomery.

## DEATHS.

In Brownville, March 23d, of quick consumption, Mr. ALBERT H. STEVENS, aged 25 years. In the death of this truly excellent young man, society has sustained an irreparable loss. His talents, his kind and friendly disposition, his upright and virtuous life, enlisted the admiration, and commanded the esteem of all who knew him. He was an affectionate son, a tender brother, an agreeable associate, and a worthy member of community. He died with a firm faith in the illimitable grace of God, and the consequent salvation of the whole world. His funeral was attended at the residence of his mother, on Sunday the 25th, and a discourse delivered to a very large concourse of sympathizing relatives and friends, by the writer, H. BOUGHTON.

In Philadelphia, April 3d, Mrs. MARY ADELINE, wife of Mr. Evan Strickland, and daughter of Gen. E. Fisher, of Theresa, aged 20 years. She was sick only a few days; yet she seemed conscious, from the commencement of her illness, that she should not recover. She was patient and resigned—and looked forward with confidence, to a purer and better world. She lived a devoted Universalist, and died in the faith which ever sustained her in life. Funeral on the 5th, at Theresa, sermon by H. B.

In Ogdensburg, March 12th, Mrs. MARY ANN, wife of Wm. Barny, aged 34 years. The writer never enjoyed an acquaintance with this sister, but he learned at her funeral, that she was much beloved and respected by all who knew her. She was a believer in Universalism, and found in it every needed consolation in life and in death. W. H. W.

In Middlefield, Otsego county, December 19th, 1842, Mrs. REXAVILLE, wife of Delos M. Wood, in the 26th year of her age.

Few have stronger connections and family ties to bind them to earth, than she had. Yet consumption marked her for its prey, and despite the able medical aid furnished by her father (Dr. Ashel Todd), and other medical men, she was compelled to yield herself its victim. Seldom has it taken one combining more virtues. It was only necessary to know her, in order to esteem her. She had been reared in the doctrine and precepts of Universalism, and its practice shone in her conduct as a daughter, wife, and neighbor. In this faith she lived—and it sustained her in her rapid decline. By it are sustained a doting husband now left with a cherub babe, (a boy less than a year old,)—her parents, brothers and sisters—who all hope to meet her again, with a redeemed universe, in immortal purity and bliss.

By her request, the writer performed the funeral services, on the 21st; and delivered a sermon from Rom. viii: 38, 39, to a numerous congregation of sympathizing friends.

J. POTTER

In Henderson, Jefferson county, March 13th, after a short and painful illness, Mr. JOHN WILKINSON, in the 51st year of his age.

In all the relations of life, his conduct was uniformly such as to command the respect and secure the confidence of his fellow men, and leave behind him an unspotted reputation. A widowed companion, five children, aged parents, and many relatives and friends are left to mourn their loss. He seems to have been taken away in the midst of his prosperity and usefulness, and has left many a sincere mourner. He was for several years a confirmed believer in the doctrine of a world's salvation "through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus;" and his daily deportment manifested the sincerity of his profession of the Gospel of Christ. He was one of the Trustees and also the Chorister of the First Universalist society in Henderson, and his constancy and faithfulness were proverbial. His memory will be gratefully cherished while moral excellence shall find a place in the best affections of his associates. The light of the Gospel guided him in life, cheered him in sickness and death, and we trust shall be the theme of his never-ceasing enjoyment in the presence of God. May the God of all grace sanctify this affliction to all who are called to mourn the distressing bereavement.

"Oh! for a strong, a lasting faith,  
To credit what Jehovah saith,  
To hear the message of his Son,  
And call the joys of heaven our own." P. M.

In Hanover, Licking county, Ohio, on the morning of March 21st, ORVILLE, son of Dr. Joseph Walrath, aged 10 months and 25 days.

In Vesper, in March last, an infant child of Mr. Ansel Strong.

In Springville, Erie county, Jan. 1st, Mrs. ELIZA SEVERANCE, consort of Charles C. Severance, Esq., and second daughter of Jacob Badgley, Esq., of Cortland. Mrs. Severance endured a protracted illness with much fortitude and Christian resignation, and died in the blissful hope of meeting a redeemed universe of intelligences where parting shall be known no more. Her funeral was attended by the Baptist clergyman of Springville, who also visited her during her illness, and acknowledged that she lived and died a Christian. T. J. W.

At Tully Corners, April 10th, Mr. EDWIN BEERS, aged 58 years. Mr. Beers embraced the Christian faith in its fulness during his last illness, and died supported by his belief in the Restitution of all things. Funeral on the 11th—sermon in the church at Tully by T. J. W.

In Leavenworth, Crawford county, Ind., Feb. 22d, 1843, Mr. CHARLES C. WILCOX, aged 25 years. Mr. W. left Butternuts in the fall, hoping thereby to benefit his health. But he has fallen asleep in the arms of death, full of universal faith and hope. He has left parents, brethren and sisters in Butternuts, Otsego county, and a numerous circle of warm hearted friends, to lament his early death. D. P.

In Butternuts, Otsego county, March 17th, 1843, Mrs. MINERVA, wife of Mr. E. W. Yates, aged 35 years. She fell calmly asleep in death, without witnessing the least fear for the future. She has left an affectionate and deeply afflicted husband, five children from 1 to 12 years old, with numerous friends, to mourn her untimely adieu. D. P.



## THE BURNING OF A RUSSIAN THEATRE.

The wooden theatres of the Katscheli are some of them very large. One is generally preeminent among them for its dimensions, and, considering that it is only of wood, it may be termed a gigantic structure. It is very lofty, has several galleries and tiers like the regular theatres, and is said sometimes to contain 5,000 persons. It was this theatre then in which a fire broke out behind the scenes, owing to a representation of fire works and illuminations. At first the persons behind the scenes said nothing to the public, conceiving that the flames would soon be extinguished; and when these gained the upper hand, the spectators clapped the illumination as particularly splendid. All at once the Bajazzo rushed upon the stage with a look of consternation, and cried, "we are on fire! we are on fire! save your lives who can!" The audience laughed aloud at what they considered as the admirably feigned fright of the Bajazzo. As nobody could have been heard amid the obstreperous acclamations, the director of the theatre ordered the curtain at the back of the stage to be drawn up, that every one might be aware of the imminence of the danger. Thick smoke and flames poured toward the body of the house. Laughter was turned suddenly into pallid fear, and shrieks of horror burst from the bosoms of thousands, who but now had been convulsed with mirth. Grasping what was dearest to them, all rushed toward the outlets. These were too few for the magnitude of the theatre, and it was very slowly that the foremost made way for those behind them. So much the more rapidly did the flames communicate to the resinous fireplanks, and quickly advancing from scene to scene, they soon penetrated into the body of the theatre, still swarming with people. As ill-luck would have it, one of the large folding-doors at the entrance, which opened inward, had in the confusion been accidentally pushed to, and resisted all efforts to force it either from without or within. Thus only half of the main entrance was available for escape in this critical moment, and the retreat of the audience was of course proportionably delayed. Outside the house, people assembled rather to amuse themselves with the spectacle of the blazing edifice than to render assistance; and at first little zeal for saving lives was manifested. For who could be prepared on the scene of merriment for so dreadful a visitation! "People run hastily in such a booth. If it takes fire, what then! Why, they run out again as hastily." It was not till the result was known that the public felt the real horror of the catastrophe. Meanwhile, those within, densely jammed together, passed moments fraught with more anguish than usually falls to the lot of man for years; and in vain the rear most wildly shouted, "Forward! forward!" to those in front. Imagination ventures not to picture the scenes of agony and despair, which must have followed in rapid succession among these thousands of human beings, struggling with suffocation and the most cruel of deaths.

The police would not at first suffer private individuals to render assistance, that they might keep the conduct of the business to themselves. A tradesman, nevertheless, contrived with a spade to break down a board on one side of the theatre, and to drag sixty half-suffocated persons out of this harlequin's hell through the aperture, with imminent peril of his own life. The Emperor Nicholas rewarded the worthy man with an order, and, as he was poor, with a pension of 2,000 rubles.

Meanwhile, the people in the streets, as it may be supposed, became gradually aware that the matter was no joke. The fearful tidings soon spread through the city, that Lehmann's theatre was on fire, and that thousands of persons in it were likely to perish. It is impossible to conceive the consternation and despair that seized all Petersburg. There was not a family, one or more of whose members might not be among the wretched sufferers. When the Emperor, on the first news of the fire, hastened from the Winter Palace to the spot, women ran up to him and cried, "Sir, save, save! My son is among them! And my husband is there!—My brother is not out yet!" "Children," replied the Emperor, "I will save all I can."

When the fire was over, when the flames and life were extinct, and all who were within lay in a burned and charred heap, the melancholy business of removing the dead was commenced. The sight is said to have been above all idea, harrowing and appalling, when, on clearing away the timbers which had fallen in, the mass of bodies was gradually discovered. They were pulled out one by one with hooks; some were completely carbonized, others roasted like chestnuts; and many had only the hair of the head singed; many, with glazed eyes, burned hair, and charred faces, had on their holiday clothes and decorations, which the flames had not reached, on account of the close pressure of the throng. They presented a far more repulsive spectacle than those which were entirely burned. In one part of the building which the flames had spared, were found dense masses of bodies still standing upright, like a host of shades from the nether world. A female was found with her head hanging over the gallery and holding her hand and handkerchief before her face. A gentleman who witnessed the operation of clearing away the bodies, told me that he could not touch food for three days, so frightful were the images that had excessively haunted him afterwards; and a lady who had looked in from a distance, was so shocked that she became delirious, and raved for several days, both sleeping and waking.

The number of victims was subsequently stated officially to be 300; but a person told me that he counted with his own eyes 50 carts, each of which contained from 10 to 15 bodies. People, who pretended to know from good authority, represented the number as so large that I dare not repeat it, lest others might think the amount too improbable.—[Kold.

## LIFE IN MISSOURI.

The North Carolina Reporter says:—A member elect of the lower chamber of the Legislature of this State, was last year persuaded by some wags of this neighborhood, that if he did not reach the State House at ten o'clock on the day of assembly, he could not be sworn and would lose his seat. He immediately mounted with hunting frock, rifle and Bowie-knife, and spurred till he got to the door of the State House, where he hitched his nag. A crowd were in the chamber of the lower house, on the ground floor, walking about the house with hats on, and smoking cigars. These he passed, ran up stairs into the Senate chamber, set his rifle against the wall and bawled—"Strangers, whar's the man that sworns me in?" at the same time taking out his credentials. "Walk this way," said the clerk, who was at the same time lighting a real pipe, and he was sworn without an inquiry. When the teller came to count noses, he found there was one Senator too many present. The mistake was soon discovered, and the huntsman was informed that he did not belong there.

"Fool who, with your corn bread!" he roared. "You can't flunk this child no how you can fix it. I'm elected to this here legislatur, and I'll go agin all banks and eternal improvements, and if there's any of your oratory wants to get skinned, just say the word, and I'll light upon you like a slavey on a wood-chuck. My constituents sent me here, and if you want to floor this two legged animal, hop on, just as soon as you like. Though I'm from the back country, I'm a leetle smarter than any other quadruped you can turn out of this drove."

After this admirable harangue, he put his Bowie-knife between his teeth and took up his rifle with, "Come here old Suke, and stand by me!" at the same time presenting it at the chairman, who, however, had seen such people before. After some expostulation the man was persuaded that he belonged to the lower chamber, upon which he sheathed his knife, flung his gun on his shoulder, and with a profound congee, remarked, "Gentlemen, I beg your pardon, but if I didn't think that air lower room was a groggery, may I be shot."

## REVOLUTIONARY HERO—A FACT.

The 4th of July, 1835, was celebrated in the usual manner, with civil and military rejoicings, in one of the most considerable towns in Eastern Pennsylvania. In

the evening of the day a public festival was held within a beautiful grove at the suburbs of the town. The committee of arrangements, by request of the orator, appointed for the occasion, Mr. —, collected all the Revolutionary veterans they could find within the compass of several miles, and arranged them with fine effect on either side of the chair of the President. Every thing went off charmingly, the dinner was excellent, the wine delicious, the music was soul-cheering, and the toasts patriotic. After the Declaration of Independence was read, Mr. — rose and addressed the meeting in a strain of eloquence which called forth heartfelt and rapturous bursts of applause. He dwelt pathetically on the hardships and privations of that little band of heroes who fought by the side of our beloved Washington, through that memorable struggle which ended in the glorious achievement of our liberty. In the midst of his discourse he turned around to the old veterans whose moistened eyes showed how the chord that awoke in their recollections was touched. He suddenly questioned a silvery headed septuagenarian:

What battle have you fought in, my old friend—won't you tell us?

"I crossed the Brandywine with Washington—fought at Yorktown, and I saw the surrender of Cornwallis."

"And you?" continued the orator.

"I was at Saratoga; and I tell you it done our hearts good to see the red coats march by us with furled banners and reversed arms, fine looking fellows they were too."

"And you?"

"I was with Gen. Greene through all his Southern campaign, and I fought with him in every battle."

"And you, where were your laurels won?"

"On the sea," answered the old weather-beaten tar. "I was with Barry when he taught the proud Britons that we were as invincible on the ocean as on the land."

The cheering was tremendous.

The orator went on. "And you tell us where your honored garlands were earned? speak, old father, upon what field of blood did you behold victory perched upon our flag?"

"Vy, Joe, I vash at Trenton."

"Under Washington, gallant soldier, under Washington?"

"Oh, ya, I vash oonder Vashington, also, ven ve soorendered."

"Surrendered! what do you mean, my old hero? surrendered?"

"Vy, ya, minheer! to be sure ve soorendered oonder Shendral Vashington; I vash one of de Hessians."

Imagine, reader, the surprise of the audience, the momentary suspense, and the deafening roar of laughter, and plaudits that followed.

Here is a sentence beautifully rich in illustration, and perfectly heart-searching. It will be fun to some readers and gall to others. "A grain of carmine will tinge a gallon of water, so that in every drop the color will be perceptible, and a grain of musk will scent a room for twenty years. Just so, if a man cheats the printer, the stain will be forever visible on the minutest atom of a minute soul, and will leave a scent of rascality about an individual strong enough to make an honest man curl up his nose in disgust, and kick him out of his presence, if he can't get rid of him in any other mode."

God is love.

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# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL,"....."PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1843.

NO. 18.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### AN IDEA OF THE UNIVERSE.....NO. III.

BY REV. J. S. KIBBE.

In my last I was attempting to give a conception, faint though it is, of those myriads of stars, or immense globes, which by means of powerful glasses, present themselves to our astonished sight. They stretch themselves in endless continuance towards infinity, presenting the grandest and most sublime spectacle that ever burst upon the vision of mortal man. But we are not yet done exploring this great fabric, the universe. Nay, we have but just commenced, and ages on ages might roll away in endless succession, and new wonders would still be concealed. But cast your eyes for awhile at that whitish and irregular zone that extends itself, like a girdle, around the whole heavens, and which is denominated by astronomers, the *milky way*. It appears brightest in the months of August, September, October and November, yet it is visible the whole year. This portion of the heavens consists entirely of stars crowded into immense clusters.—Apply a telescope of considerable power to this splendid girdle, and we are struck with astonishment at the number and variety, the beautiful configuration of those worlds which compose it. In parts of it every slight motion of the telescope brings to view new clusters and new configurations, and this splendid scene is continued over a space of many degrees in succession. "In several fields of view, occupying no more space than twice the breadth of the moon, you perceive more of those twinkling luminaries, than all of the stars visible to the naked eye throughout the whole canopy of heaven." You seem to have entered into, as it were, the "remotest boundaries of creation, and feel lost and bewildered amidst the immensity of the universe." While gazing here at these splendid objects, man may be inspired with higher ideas of grandeur and sublimity, and feel deeper devotion and reverence, than on any ordinary occasion.—Scene after scene opens before him, and systems unseen before, and "new heavens," and other firmaments, continually rise to his view, whose distance can not be measured, or even guessed at, for imagination in her utmost stretch, her loftiest flight, finds all her efforts baffled.

"The late Sir W. Herschel, in passing his telescope along a space of this zone, fifteen degrees long and two broad," saw at least fifty thousand stars large enough to be counted, and he suspected there were full twice as many more, which could not be seen, only at intervals for the want of sufficient light. This number would be fifty times more than the acutest eye can see in the whole canopy of the heavens; and this too, on a space 15 degrees long and two broad—a space 1.1375, (i. e.—one, one thousand three hundred and seventy-fifth part) of the visible sky. At another time this astronomer saw, in one field of view, and one glance with his telescope, nearly 600 stars, so that in the space of a quarter of an hour, one hundred and sixteen thousand stars passed in review before him. Upon the probable supposition that this whole belt is equally filled with stars with the space just alluded to, then there would be in the *Milky Way* alone, no less than *twenty millions, one hundred and ninety thousand stars*, or 20,000 times the number visible to the naked eye. It has been ascertained that the distance of some of the more remote fixed stars, is, at least 9,940,000,000,000,000, or nearly ten thousand billions of miles—a distance so great that *light*, which travels at the rate of twelve millions

of miles every minute, would be 1640 years coming to our globe.

Here let us pause and reflect a moment upon this august spectacle. In the firmament appears a few whitish spaces, almost overlooked by the common observer when he casts a glance at the midnight sky. Yet in this apparently irregular belt, which seems like an accidental tinge on the face of the heavens to the unaided vision, there may be seen, by optical instruments, what appears to be an amazing boundless creation. We see not only a thousand, but millions on millions of splendid suns, where none appear to the unassisted eye.—The scenes of grandeur and magnificence connected with such august objects, are "overwhelming to such frail and finite beings as man, and perhaps even more exalted orders of intelligence may find it difficult to form even an approximate idea of objects so distant so numerous and yet so sublime. This spectacle, great and stupendous as it is, is not the universe. It is but a small corner of creation in consideration of the whole, which beings at an immensely greater distance will contemplate as an obscure and scarcely discernable speck on the borders of the firmament. So that even here "amidst this vast assemblage of material existence"—of these worlds on worlds as numerous as the sands of the sea which no eye can number, no imagination conceive, we may repeat the language of the prophet when speaking of the Almighty, even here is but "the hiding of his power."

"The Milky Way is now with good reason considered as the cluster stars in which our sun is situated; and all the stars visible to the naked eye as only a few scattered orbs," bordering on the nearest extremities of this far reaching cluster.

The creating power and wisdom of the Almighty, the farther we proceed in our survey, become more expansive and magnificent. New prospects arise and enlarge far beyond what we had before conceived at every step in our progress. The multiplicity and variety of their objects are indefinitely increased. New suns and firmaments rush upon our view, filling the mind with wonder and amazement at the immensity of creation, and impressing us with the idea, that after all our survey and research for a knowledge of the universe, we are but still standing on "the frontiers of the great Jehovah's kingdom." Turn the eye whichever way we may, in these higher regions, and infinity stretches itself before us, in its awful and inconceivable dimensions; and "countless assemblages of the most resplendent objects are every where found, diversifying the tracks of immensity." To investigate the numbers of these objects, their magnitude, motions, and the laws by which they are regulated in their movements, baffles the mathematician's skill, and sets his boasted powers of analysis at defiance, clearly demonstrating that man, with all his powers of understanding is yet in the infancy of knowledge and of being. All finite measures fail in scanning such amazing objects, in penetrating into such fathomless recesses. We can but be filled with wonder and admiration at the grandeur of the Milky Way where suns and worlds are counted by millions; but what shall we say of another part of this universe, I mean now—of the vast assemblage of starry systems to be found in the firmament called *nebulae*. of which there are several thousands, some perhaps even richer in stars, than any found in the Milky Way; and to which, the 20,000,000 stars of the Milky Way bear no more proportion, than the few, the naked eye can descry, to the whole sidereal heavens. We are forced to this conclusion from the discoveries made respecting the different orders of the *nebulae*. The nebu-

lae are faint cloudy specks seen in various parts of the heavens. Two or three are just perceptible to the naked eye, but the greater part are only seen by the aid of a powerful telescope. Inexpressible magnitude and grandeur have been opened to our view by these late discoveries. The nearest of them are termed *clusters*, to convey the idea of a globular space full of stars. "It would be in vain," says Sir J. Herschel, "to attempt to count the stars in one of these clusters. They are not to be reckoned by hundreds; and on a rough calculation, grounded on the apparent intervals between them at the borders, and the angular diameter of the whole group, it would appear that many clusters of this description must contain at least *ten or twenty thousand stars*, compacted and wedged together in a round space, whose area is not more than a *tenth part of that covered by the moon*." Now let us consider that there are several thousands of these clusters stretching over the immensity of space, and that each contains as many or even more stars or worlds than are found in our *nebulae* or Milky Way which is about 20,000,000, and what an inconceivable magnitude—a vast and incomprehensible structure is the universe; far exceeding any thing that comes within the grasp of human computation, and setting the knowledge of man far in the back grounds, and stamping imperfection and finity upon his loftiest powers and faculties. When all this is contemplated—when we go out and endeavor to grasp in the universe—to number the worlds and systems which are outnumbered by the sands of the sea—to investigate their laws and motions—to catch the most distant glimpse of the Creator's kingdom, and find ourselves overwhelmed and astonished with the variety, and magnitude, and distances of each from us and from each other, and often feel our efforts baffled and shamed with our weakness, who can wonder that man should be awed and impressed with the feelings of devotion!

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

BY REV. I. WASHBURN.

The goodness of God is immutable and unchanging—it remains the same yesterday, to-day and forever. How different it is from the goodness of man; one, changing and partial; the other, immutable and universal—one, short lived and weak; the other, strong and eternal.

Though we are called to pass through many trials and afflictions—though friends grow cold and forsake us, and the hand which has ever grasped ours in friendship is turned to dash our cup of earthly happiness to the ground, yet the boundless goodness of our God remains the same.

How comforting is the thought to the Christian, when bowed down by the trials and sorrows of earth—when the world turns against him with scorn and derision to know that there is a being on whose unchanging goodness he can rely for support.

The thought adds new life and energy to his soul, and he looks upon affliction as a *mere shadow*, which for a season covers him with darkness, but at length it is dispelled by the sunshine of God's eternal goodness. That we may duly appreciate the goodness of our heavenly Father we must have unwavering confidence therein, we must feel that it is *not in the power of God to change*, for he is perfect in goodness, and therefore he must be unchangeably good; and with goodness united with justice and mercy, it is *impossible* for him to injure any of his creatures.

Petersham, Mass.



## A GOOD NAME.....NO. II.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold." SOLOMON.

In this language Solomon affirms strongly, that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," but it is no extravagant expression, no hyperbole. When we reflect how much, and in so many different ways, depends on the name we bear, its value must rise into unexpected importance. And, indeed, lightly as the world, if we judge from appearances alone, seems to regard it; yet the world does nevertheless prize it very highly. This you may see in the tenacity with which men cling to reputation; it is the last thing they would part with; dearer is it even than gold. For however low in society man may find himself; whatever may have befallen, or howsoever many friends may have forsaken him; every one evidently desires, and perseveringly exerts himself, to stand before the world blameless—to be regarded as an honest and true man. No thought strikes through the soul with such withering influence as that of a blasted reputation. "You may sell my goods," said one of olden times, "and confiscate my estates, and scatter my wealth to the wild winds;—this I can bear; my friends can bear it; for while my hands are left I can earn bread, and while this heart beats I can love my friends; but for my soul's sake—for the sake of my dear wife and children—in the presence of the gods, I conjure you, touch not, touch not my hard earned reputation." The great poet hath said the same thing.

"Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;  
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;  
But he, that filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that, which neither enriches him,  
But makes me poor indeed."

And who does not feel in the depths of his soul, that this sentiment was but the outspeaking of a noble feeling inwrought in the human heart?

But if we descend still further, and visit the courts of vice, where we should expect that even hope had become a stranger, we shall find the same thing true; for even there virtue commands respect, and "a dear good name is hugged as the hope of existence." Look around you and tell me where you can find the man so dishonest as to be willing to confess it, that he makes no exertion to produce the conviction that he is honest? Where the man so hypocritical, so deceptive that he does not wish to be considered as sincere? Where the man so dark a liar, that he does not labor to be received as a man of truth? Where the man, in a word, so abandonedly vicious that he has no solicitude to be regarded as virtuous by his fellow men? Does not man every where, in fact, prefer a good name to a bad one? And hence it is, that where the reality is wanting, such labored exertions as we often witness, are made to keep up the appearance of virtue. So highly is the thing itself prized, that even its image, its shadow is worshipped. Men want, they pant after the good opinion of others, their fellow beings; and if in some degree they can not have the assurance of it, peace gives them the parting hand. Happiness is a plant that will not thrive and bloom on the grave of buried reputation.

So highly is reputation valued, especially where men have made much observation in the world, or have had much experience in life.

What then, do you ask, is a good name rightly understood? The answer is, that reputation which a man builds up who cultivates in his heart those virtuous principles, drawn from the religion of Heaven, as the pure source whence flow all his outward actions, which always meet the approbation, enlist the sympathies, and draw out the expressed good opinion of the world. It must rest as its foundation, on virtue in the broad religious sense of that term. Those principles must be implanted and nurtured, which will influence to right action. The life, and the whole life must be sincere, must be true. And if I conceive rightly, Solomon makes it rest on true principles rightly cultivated and carried out—on individual and personal exertion, tempered and directed by the genius of Christian philosophy.

It is the fruit of something more than a quiescent passiveness, however innocent—no mere negative of evil, but the product of positive and active goodness. This appears from the comparison used in the passage at the head of this article; "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold." Now riches are the product of no passive state, for by much labor and hard toil are they produced. In making choice of riches we are to understand, not the wish, or desire only, to obtain them, but also that this desire must be accompanied with the right use of all just means within our reach, put forth to accumulate them. The means that will operate the end, must be employed; choice must be manifested by persevering industry and virtuous economy. Likewise is it in the acquiring of a good name. The person who would obtain and preserve it must act—must pursue the upright and virtuous course of conduct, the straight path of moral integrity, which is the foundation of all true greatness. As well might a man expect increasing heaps of shining dust by indolence and dissipation, as a true good name by inaction and ease, or indulgence in every species of vice. Indeed, what industry and economy are in the acquisition of wealth, true religion and persevering right action are in the building up of a good reputation.

And this same thing we find to be true in actual life. The man, who would have a desirable reputation, must earn it—must labor and put forth much personal and vigorous effort. He may sit down and sigh for it until his head is bleached by the elements of half a century, but it will not come, and the poor man will die at last without having tasted the sweets of fruition. To build up a valuable reputation is not the work of a day or a month; but of years,—of a life. Like wealth it is susceptible of indefinite additions—and like it, too, it may be dissipated in a moment. Would to heaven, that the living conviction of this truth might be ever present with us, striking out our path of duty as with shafts of sun-light, and leading us with ever-increasing glories to walk in its beautiful way.

"—Where duty is well done there's peace;  
And peace is but the shadow of Heaven's-born  
And peerless glory, falling softly on  
The soul from off the throne of love." H. B. S.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

Delightful theme! Sublime and exalted thought! What words more welcome to the desponding and desolate heart, than to be assured that our heavenly Father is good, and that this goodness will remain unchanged throughout time and eternity! What powerful and convincing evidences do we see scattered through all space, in attestation of this divine truth.

We behold his goodness in yonder twinkling orb on high—and we see it in the bright moon beam that cheers the heart of many a weary wanderer. We read his surpassing goodness in yon bright orb, that dispenses its fructifying rays so indiscriminately on the evil and on the good; and we discover it exhibited in an eminent degree in the refreshing rains that fall so abundantly on the just and on the unjust. Such is the sublime and eloquent language in which nature speaks to man of the exalted goodness of the Creator of all things. These sublime truths are reiterated in the volume of inspiration.

Notwithstanding these strong and insurmountable arguments that the Creator of all things is good, there are many in the world (I am sorry to say it) that disbelieve these strong testimonials, and would fain have us believe that our Father is a tyrant. Yea, if their system is true, a crueler tyrant than ever inhabited this lower world—one who has brought into being a race of intellectual creatures of his own good will and pleasure, for the sport of devils and damned spirits to all eternity. No wonder the eloquent Saurin exclaimed in contemplating this scene, "I find in the thought a mortal poison diffusing itself into every period of my life, rendering pleasure disgusting, nourishment insipid, and life itself a cruel bitter. I cease to wonder that the

fear of hell hath made some melancholy and others mad."

But such views are fast fading from the public mind, and those more congenial with the lofty desires of the human soul are beginning to dawn upon the minds of men long enslaved by creeds and traditions. The goodness of God, its nature and extent, is frequently delineated in the sacred Scriptures, and is set forth as an object of the greatest moment.

The Psalmist in discoursing upon this great attribute of God, exclaims in the overflowing gratitude of his heart, "The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works." "For the Lord is good, his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations." And again, "The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord."—Thus we perceive that the Psalmist had more exalted views of the Creator of all things, and did not wish to limit, like many at this day, his goodness to a particular few, whose hearts are so narrow that they can all be confined within the compass of a very small circle. He does not merely rest here, with this sublime truth upon his lips, but goes on to declare that this goodness never ends. For says he, "Why boasteth thou thyself in mischief, O mighty man? the goodness of God endureth continually." Thus showing conclusively, if God is good to all, and is to endure forever, that this glorious attribute of the divine perfection will never change in relation to his wayward children. For says God by the prophet, "I am the Lord, I change not, therefore are ye sons of Jacob not consumed." And to the same import speaks the Apostle, "Every good gift, and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

With these sublime declarations recorded in nature as well as in revelation, who can pass their allotted existence on earth in a state of despondency and gloom; when this ennobling theme, aside from the other abundant evidences of the final salvation of all from sin and misery, alone is sufficient to guide them safely through the shoals and quicksands of life, and open the portals of endless day for their admiration?

O happy thought! O theme divine!  
Which prophets sung in ancient time;  
When all nations of earth shall be  
Made free from sin and misery.

April, 1843.

N. S.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## PIETY.

BY REV. S. J. GIBSON.

There is nothing within the human heart, respecting which men are so liable to err while judging, as when contemplating the evidences of true and genuine piety. The pure principles of religion have, in a great measure, become dimmed to the sight of mankind, and in their stead we too frequently find the cold reserve of a studied pharisaical gloom; and so accustomed have people become to a manifestation of this, that it is looked upon as a sure indication of a truly pious and deeply religious heart. And then, they cast their eyes upon that man upon whose countenance are pictured the smiles of many joys, and immediately form the judgment, that he is a stranger to all the emotions of piety. This is the manner in which the world has long been accustomed to form an opinion, yet we would inquire if this judgment is based upon the immutable principles of truth? This we are fully persuaded is not so; but, that man, upon whose countenance at all times appear marks of that darkened gloom, occasioned by continually sighing over the sinfulness of human nature, is we believe, a being "righteous overmuch." One may, like those of olden time, enlarge the borders of his garments—make broad his phylacteries and pay tithes, of mint and annise and cummin; or he may be strict in his attendance at church—preserve the Sabbath day holy, and pay much to carry the Gospel to the poor heathen, and yet be very far from being a truly pious man.

True piety consists, not in that rigid austerity



which is a characteristic of too many of those who have made a profession of religion—not in that utter aversion to the innocent pleasures and amusements of the world; but in a compliance with the teachings of conscience, a faithful discharge of the moral duties set forth in the Gospel, and, in a word, not in a superstitious fear of God, but in supreme love to him, and a benevolence unbounded to the children of humanity. The truly pious man, in his progress through life, preserves a medium course. He descends not to the commission of those vices, which have a tendency to corrupt and sully the faculties of the mind—to strengthen the passions and lead them into their wild excesses; and on the other hand we see not those indications of disdain—those marks of abhorrence of all mankind, which we often behold upon the countenance of the professed religionist; but with a dignity which raises him far above the impurities of the world, and a benevolent spirit which looks with a compassionate eye upon those by whom he is surrounded, he at once enjoys a communion with the Creator which fills his heart with the pleasing emotions of love; and when among his fellowmen he mingles—his influence exerts a beneficial tendency—a superior place is cheerfully awarded him—he keeps an eye ever upon the morals of society and spares no opportunity to improve them, and thus does he become an ornament of that religion which has descended upon man, through the instrumentality of the Saviour.

But still, though such is the influence which this man exerts in the circle in which he moves, yet, by far too many, those actions are ascribed to some other cause, than the effect which is produced upon his heart by piety. He is not so strict as some, in relation to the duties of the sanctuary—he is not seen by man, offering up his long prayers before the throne of grace, and there is not in his movements an indication of that spirit which seems to say, "Stand by, come not near, for I am holier than thou;" and consequently he is not regarded as a pious man. That this judgment is erroneous, however, fully appears by a consideration of the fact, that when the scribe declared that to love God supremely and one's neighbor as himself, was more than all burnt offerings and sacrifices, it was affirmed of him, that he was not far from the kingdom of heaven, or that spiritual reign which the Saviour was to establish over the hearts of mankind, and in the which alone, consisted the principles of a pure and genuine piety.

Would that men, and more especially those who have made an open profession of religion, would look upon this subject in its true light—that they would let the sober second thought of the mind predominate, and then would heavenly piety which has been too long neglected, assert and maintain its peaceful sway—drive away the phrensy of superstition, and open upon community the principles of pure and undefiled religion. That this will one day be accomplished, we have every reason to expect; for improvement is steadily progressing, and people are every day being brought nearer to a knowledge of the truth. The time is not far distant, when the sickly professions of those who are imbued with no little superstition, will be seen in their true colors—when that rigid austerity now so prevalent, will no longer be regarded as an indication of deep and devoted piety, and then will the deeds of the hand form, as they should, a criterion by which to judge of the principles bearing sway in the heart; and then will the beauties of piety appear in their loveliness, and one devoted love—a love that bringeth life to the sons of men, forever encircle all.

Mourmelon, Pa.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### IMMORTALITY.

There is, to my mind, nothing incredible in the supposition that God, who is infinite in power, wisdom, and goodness, and before whom the past and future are as one continual and eternal now, should clothe man with immortality, and make him the recipient of his benefactions. The benevolence which is displayed by the God of nature in supplying the wants of his dependant creatures, and the

numerous exhibitions of his goodness, tend to inculcate this doctrine. Take a survey of the lower order of beings—beasts, birds, fishes, insects, and reptiles—they all find ample means for the gratification of every desire in the sphere in which they are placed. You will find that the smallest insect that there exists has within its immediate reach the means for gratifying its desires. Or if you dig down into the centre of the earth to the smallest creature that the eye of man is able to discover, its wants are also supplied. In short the desires of every being of the lower orders are abundantly provided for. Now has God so far departed from the rules of his government as to give man the master piece of his hand a desire which he did not intend to gratify? Did he give him this desire—a desire, which, when compared with his every desire besides, they sink into insignificance—to tantalize him, or was it with the benevolent design of giving him here a foretaste of those joys he has in reserve for him, and will ultimately bestow upon him? This desire is not confined to any part or portion of God's heritage, but, wherever man is found, whether civilized or uncivilized, savage or barbarian, its operations are discoverable by the most superficial observers turning his mind upward and still upward in search of something better and more elevated than earth can give. There is in the mind of every man an aching void, which earth with all her treasures can not fill. This desire which is as universal as man, did not originate in the Bible; for where the sacred volume was never seen, and where a Gospel messenger was never heard proclaiming "peace on earth and good will to men," it exists in all its strength; not having been contaminated by the doctrines and creeds of men, it recognizes a higher power than man—into their minds the dark and rayless belief of the Atheist hath never entered, but

"The soul uneasy and confined from home,  
Rests and expatiates in a world to come."

Again, when we survey the works of nature we can not fail to discover that intelligence is displayed in every thing we are permitted to behold, which indicates an intelligent Creator, an eternal self-existent Being. There are also natural laws in existence, which indicate a Law Giver, and man is the only being endowed with abilities capable of searching into, understanding, and profiting by them—the only being capable of progressing in knowledge and to an unlimited extent. Can it be possible, that this principle will ever cease to exist?—Can it be possible that it is confined to this earth, this state of existence? No, it can not be. This principle in God is infinite and immortal, therefore the stream must partake of the nature of the fountain, and

"Beyond the reign of sin and death,  
Beyond the precincts of the tomb,  
There is a bright and beauteous land  
Where flowers perennial ever bloom."

J. B.

Winfield, March 14, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### LETTER FROM BR. WHITCOMB.

Cortlandville, April 25, 1843.

BR. GROSH—It is truly encouraging to read the accounts recently published in the "Magazine and Advocate," of the progress of the cause of Universalism, in various places, in this state. The very large congregations to which some of our ministering brethren statedly minister—viz. from "five to six hundred," and from "three to six hundred"—but are we not very liable to be deceived, by this kind of wholesale estimate? and if so, will any permanent good result from such statements being published to the world? I have always deemed it prudent to be very careful not to overrate, in regard to these matters—and I have frequently observed, that these statements are written under great excitement, and sent abroad after some great doings, and would bear from twenty-five, to fifty per cent. discount—but if the statements are not exaggerated, the news is truly cheering.

Now as you wish for information, in relation to the progress and state of the cause, in various places, I will simply say, that we have a few faith-

ful, devoted friends in this place, who have done nobly in liquidating the debts of the Society, and endeavoring to sustain their preacher. They have had preaching every Sabbath for more than three years past—congregations from fifty to two hundred—and on some extra occasions, such as Christmas Eve, etc., we have had at least a thousand. We have a Bible Class respectable for numbers, and a weekly conference, which we find pleasant and profitable. Since my location here, (being on my fourth year,) I have lectured in various places in the vicinity, but during the past year, I have lectured every alternate Sabbath evening, at Truxton and Virgil Corners, to respectable congregations—so that we think that the cause is prospering moderately with us—and I believe Brs. Clark and Hayward are doing well.

Affectionately, THOS. J. WHITCOMB.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### THE OCEAN.

BY MISS. CELIA M. TIBBITS.

Who does not love the ocean—the dark, unfathomable, boundless deep, with its waves of starry brightness, and caves of light? How awfully grand! how fearfully majestic! How gracefully over its crystal surface flies the gallant ship, like some white winged bird of paradise, poising on each gem-like wave, as if about to soar away to its native skies. Ah, dearly do I love thee, old monarch; though thy locks are gray—ay, white as the hoar frost, and thy rage most terrible. Though thousands, millions of earth's children have gone down into thy strong holds, to return unto us no more; yet do I love thee, with a fervency which even thy despotism can never subdue. Ah, in the still night how have I dreamed of thee! and the deep murmur of thy minstrelsy came over me like the memory of days that are gone. Thy bright waves have rolled beneath me, I have plunged down into thy unmeasured depths and wandered amid its coral groves and pearly halls even to the mermaid's home. Ay, well do I love thee—not only when the wild billows have rocked themselves to sleep upon thy breast, and the cerulean skies are mirrored in thy clear depths—but when the wild storms are over thee—when the winds have crowned thy hoar locks with spray, and thunders are the music of thy revelry. When dark skies lower over thee, and thy waters flee away at the breath of the tempest—when each black wave is crowned with the lightning's wreath, then, O then do I love thee best!

A world of waters—of fearful gloom and mystery—the grave of millions—a world of brightness, and starry radiance—the home of unnumbered myriads—the sure treasury of the universe—such are thy strange and unexplored domains. Be it so! well have I loved thee—may my tomb be in thy unfathomed depths—thy wild storms my requiem.

Cowasalone, March, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### LETTER FROM BR. MACK.

I would here add, that our cause is onward in Northern Pennsylvania. Four individuals of the first standing in the Partialist ranks have within two weeks come forward, and united with our society, declaring themselves believers in the restitution. The excitement in this region is unparalleled; thousands are enquiring, and last Sabbath our meeting house was filled to overflowing. Nineteen united with the society. Truly it may be said, "The Lord is doing a great work in this region." Eighteen months ago our society only numbered 39, it now numbers 93, and I assure you we have reason to "thank God and take courage"—for the period is not far distant when the legions of darkness shall be put to flight, and the black flag of endless misery cease to flutter in the winds of fanaticism, or wave over the dilapidated walls of ceaseless damnation.

The book of life is a great work. Every year is a volume, every month is a chapter, every week a page, every day a paragraph. Study it well.



For the Magazine and Advocate.  
**GLORIFYING GOD.**

BY REV. WM. G. ANDERSON.

1st Question.—“What is man's chief end?”

Ans.—“Man's chief end is to glorify God, and to enjoy him forever.”—*Westminster Catechism.*

Man is a moral being whose intellectual nature is capable of degrees of progression in excellence, surpassing our comprehension. His mental powers and every other faculty which he possesses, were bestowed on him by an all-wise, and ever bountiful Creator, to the end that he should cultivate these principles, faculties, and powers in glorifying God; in benefiting himself, and in doing good to mankind. Yet how many are there even among those called by the Christian name; who utterly neglect to give those truths a place in the affections of their hearts. The feelings and desires of too many men are adverse to the expansion of benevolence, humanity, and goodness. They fail to cultivate these graces; “to give all diligence to add to their faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness,” because they do not know their value. They have no knowledge nor understanding, that the exercise of these cardinal graces, is emphatically, “to glorify God.” Hence multitudes among us suffer intense misery from a disregard of these facts. They live, but they die daily the death of sin; pleasure (so called), excess, revelling, intemperance, fraud, deceit, hypocrisy, lying, cheating, swearing, and other heinous crimes, that swell the black catalogue of human offences, are indulged in by them, without compunction, or remorse. Instead of training their minds to habits of sobriety, morality, and religion; they give licence to their passions and appetites; they are busily occupied in the abuse (not use) of the temporal and spiritual blessings which they are favored with.

One great cause, methinks, which has led to this, is, that they have heard from certain professed teachers of the Gospel, (alias Presbyterians, alias Episcopalians, alias Trinitarians, alias, so many aliases from Mahometanism to Mormonism,) that God, the only good Being, is cruel, instead of kind; malevolent instead of benevolent. They therefore do not “glorify God”—for a good reason; they can not, so long as they retain such views of his nature and attributes? Reader, how wretched is the state of such; how miserable! They see no beauty in the moral character or government of God; their state is a state of bondage,—a state of darkness,—a state of pollution,—a state of condemnation,—a state of doubt,—a state of misery;—a state of dissatisfaction,—a state of trial and continual pain.

On the other hand, the man who sets a proper estimate on the physical and moral endowments which the Almighty in the plenitude of his love has bequeathed him, will not fail to dedicate them to his service. He will offer up, on the altar of a pure heart, his ardent thanksgivings and prayers to God for making him what he is, an heir of immortality. He will endeavor to enlarge the sphere of his own usefulness in the world, “by doing good unto all men.” If he has received only one talent, he will not bury it in the earth; he will improve it for the “glory of God,” the service of religion, and the amelioration of the condition of mankind. How important, then, is it for every one whose lot has been cast in this land hallowed to liberty, (especially all such as adhere to the belief of the plan of God's universal grace and redemption,) that they should faithfully improve their time, privileges, and opportunities—that they should be up and doing—that they should have on, not only “the helmet,” but “the whole armor of God.” How inestimably precious are the temporal and spiritual comforts here enjoyed, contrasted with those of millions of our kind, (in other lands where we have been,) who have not yet tasted the “clear water of life,” and are consequently sunk in wretchedness and moral darkness. How infinitely great they appear, when compared with those of the priest-ridden Russian, the untutored Siberian, and untamed Cossack of Europe; the ignorant Hindoo, the

superstitious Chinese, the bigoted Turk, cruel Tartar, and wild Caffrarian of Asia; the uncivilized Moor, unchristianized negro, and demoralized Arab of Africa; the debased Peruvian, and vindictive Mexican of South America; together with the many wandering tribes of Indians and savages of this continent—numbers of whom drink each other's blood; drown their innocent offspring, or offer themselves as sacrifices with their dead on the burning funeral pile; are crushed beneath the ponderous wheels of Juggernaut, or immolated at the feet of the dumb shrine, to appease the wrath of some fancied deity.

Minden, Montgomery Co., N. Y., April 22d, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

**THE JUDGMENT OF GOD IN THE EARTH.**

“We are sure that the judgment of God is according to truth.” Rom. ii: 2.

“In the day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ.” Rom ii: 16.

“Now is the judgment of this world, now shall the prince of this world be cast out.” St. John xii: 31.

“As by the offence of one man, judgment came on all men to condemnation.” Rom. v: 18.

“The Father who without respect of persons, judgeth according to every man's work.” 1 Pet. i: 17.

“He is the Rock, His work is perfect; for all his ways are judgment.” Deut. xxxii: 4.

“Verily He is a God that judgeth in the earth.” Psalm lviii: 11.

“Thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon the earth.”

“I am the Lord which exercise loving kindness, judgment and righteousness in the earth.” Jer. ix: 24.

“Every transgression and disobedience received a just recompence of reward.” Heb. ii: 2.

“He shall not fail nor be discouraged till he have set judgment in the earth.” Isa. xlii: 1-4.

“Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that I will raise unto David a righteous branch, and a King shall reign and prosper, and execute judgment and justice in the earth.” Jer. xxiii: 5.

“Behold the righteous shall be recompensed in the earth, much more the wicked and the sinner.” Prov. xi: 31.

L. HORTON.

Clearfield, Pa.

**NATURE AND ART.**

AN EPIGRAM.

When Eve, the first of woman-kind,  
 As Queen of Eden roved,  
 Her thoughts were free as mountain wind,  
 And all who saw her loved.  
 The Eagle screamed a lofty note,  
 The Lion tossed his mane,  
 And e'en the Linnet's little throat  
 Essay'd a flatt'ring strain.  
 The eye—the lip—the soul-fraught face,  
 These won the first of men,  
 Each movement gave to life a grace,  
 To deck the mother of our race,—  
 There were no bustles then.

[OUR ANSWER.]

**CIVILIZATION AND ART.**

AN EPIGRAM.

When Eve through early Eden moved,  
 And tuned her maiden voice,  
 It was not strange that Adam loved,  
 He'd only Hobson's choice.  
 But when ten girls are found at home,  
 With chance for scarce two men,  
 Not idle grace, nor “Linnet's” hum,  
 Will catch the bean: to make him come  
 Each girl must “bustle then.”

We copy the following letter at the request of a subscriber, as well as for its own merits. It has lately been “going the rounds” in the paper, with the introductory remarks here annexed, and credited to the Southern

Literary Messenger. But its publication is by no means so recent. I believe this is the second appearance in the Magazine and Advocate, and I remember well reading it in a Universalist periodical published as early as about 1822. If I am not mistaken it was then prefaced with the remark that it had “been recently discovered,” etc. Wonder how long the discovery may remain recently! But the letter is truly Franklinian, and is worthy of being read every two or three years until it can be recited. A. B. G.

DR. FRANKLIN.

The following is a copy of an original letter from the venerable Franklin, to a minister of the Gospel in the southern part of New Jersey, which has recently been discovered there among some old family papers. It is a composition perfectly in the manner and style of that great and worthy man:

Philadelphia June the 6th 1765.

DEAR SIR:—I received your kind letter of the 2nd inst., and am glad to hear that you increase in strength. I hope you will continue mending until you regain your former health and firmness. Let me know whether you continue the cold bath, the effect it has. As to the kindness you spoke of, I wish I could have been of more real service to you; that you would always be ready to serve any other that may need your assistance, and so let good offices go round; for, mankind are all of a family. For my own part, when I am employed in serving others, I do not look upon myself as conferring favors but as paying debts. In my travels, and since my settlement, I have received much kindness from men, to whom I shall never have an opportunity to make the least direct return, and numberless mercies from God, who is infinitely above being benefited by our services. For these kindnesses from men, I can therefore only show my gratitude to God, by a readiness to help his other children and my brethren; for I do not think that thanks and compliments though repeated weekly, can discharge our real obligations to each other, much less to our Creator.

You will see in this my notion of good works; that I do not expect to merit heaven by them. By heaven we understand a state of happiness, infinite in degree, and eternal in duration; we can do nothing to merit such a reward. He, that for giving a draught of water to a thirsty person, should expect to be paid with a great plantation, would be modest in his demands, compared with those who think they deserve heaven for the little good they do on earth. Even the mixed imperfect pleasures, we enjoy in this world, are rather from God's goodness than our merit; how much more so the happiness of heaven? For my part, I have not the vanity to think that I deserve it, the folly to expect it, or the ambition to desire it; but content myself in submitting to the disposal of that God, who made me, who has hitherto preserved and blessed me, and in whose fatherly goodness I may well confide, that he will never make me miserable, and that the afflictions, I may at any time suffer, may tend to my benefit.

The faith you mentioned has doubtless its uses in the world. I do not desire to see it diminish, nor would I desire to see it lessened in any man: but I would wish it were more productive of good works than I have seen; I mean real good works, works of kindness, charity, mercy, public spirit, no holiday keeping, sermon hearing, or reading, performing church ceremonies, or making long prayers, filled with flatteries and compliments, despised even by wise men, and much less capable of pleasing the Deity.

The worship of God is a duty, the learning and reading may be useful; but if a man rest in hearing and praying, (as too many do,) it is as if the tree valued itself on being watered, and putting forth leaves though it produce no fruit.

Our good master thought less of these outward appearances than do many of his modern disciples; He preferred the doers of the word to the hearers; the son that seemingly disobeyed his father, and yet performed his commandments, to him that pro-



fessed his readiness, but neglected his work. The heretical, but charitable, but orthodox priest, and sanctified Levite, and those who gave food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, and raiment to the naked, entertainment to the stranger, who never heard of his name, he declares, shall, in the last day, be excepted, when those who cry Lord! Lord! who value themselves on their faith, though great enough to perform miracles, but have neglected good works, shall be neglected.

He professed that he came, not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance, which implied in his modest opinion, that there were some in his time so good that they needed not to hear even for improvement; but now-a-days, we have scarcely a little person who does not think it the duty of every man within his reach to sit under his petty ministration, and that, whoever omits this, offends God. I wish to such more humility, and to you health and firmness. Being your friend and servant.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

From the Central N. Y. Washingtonian.

### WASHINGTONIAN STATE CONVENTION.

The undersigned were appointed by the Washingtonian State Convention held at Utica, in June last, a Committee to prepare, publish, and circulate, a call for another convention, to be held in the city of Utica, on the second Wednesday in June, 1843. In pursuance of said appointment, and to carry out the declared wishes of said convention as embodied in the resolutions passed by it, we give notice that a convention of the Washingtonian temperance societies in this state will be held in the city of Utica, commencing the second Wednesday (14th) of June, 1843, at 11 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of mutual consultation on ways and means for the furtherance of temperance on Washingtonian principles, and perfecting the organization and operations of our various societies and conferences—of hearing and communicating the progress of the reform in the various sections of the state; and of performing such other business as may be laid before the convention by its regularly appointed delegates.

We earnestly urge on each Washingtonian society at or near the county seat of each county in this state, to call a county convention in each county as early as possible, for the purpose of appointing delegates to represent said county in the state convention. Send a delegation of good men and true—who will attend, and who will faithfully represent your wishes and feelings in this gathering of the brethren, and give a new impulse to the glorious reform in this state. Be particular to request each society to send to such county convention full and correct statistics of its origin, progress and present condition and numbers, and let such reports be embodied into one full grand report of the condition of the cause in your county, and be forwarded to the state convention by your delegates. This is an important and hitherto neglected subject. May we not hope that in every county convention it will be fully attended to? We also respectfully request of each society located at or near the office of any newspaper, to procure at least one insertion of this call in such paper, that it may be generally known and attended to. We hope there are few editors in the state so unfriendly to this great and benevolent cause, as to refuse so slight a favor to our and their friends.

BRETHREN—WASHINGTONIANS—the time is near at hand, be ye therefore “instant in season,” that it may find you ready—prepared with delegations to represent you, and serve the cause. From the London of America to the City of the Lakes—from Ontario and St. Lawrence to the Pennsylvania line—come one, come all, to the gathering of the Washingtonian clans, strong in the might of clear reason and cold water, and glowing with the spirit of love and kindness. Our brethren and sisters in the Central City will give you a warm welcome, and hundreds of warm hearted Washingtonians will wait on your exhortations and cheering tidings with listening ears. Remember to send

your county delegations to the state convention of Washingtonians, to be held in Utica, on the second Wednesday (14th) of June, 1843.

A. B. Grosh, Wm. Allen, John F. Seymour, George Tracy, Utica; Wm. Charles, Monroe county; Alexander Welch, New York city; Robert Jarvis, Montgomery county; H. W. Durnford, Syracuse; T. J. Goodrich, Chenango county; John R. Daboll, Seneca.

P. S. Editors please copy.

## MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry.

UTICA, FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1843.

### PUNISHMENT.... NO. II.

It was in relation to the divine dealings that the Apostle Paul wrote as follows:—“Furthermore, we have fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence: shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits and live? For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure; but he for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness.” In this passage the nature of punishment is correctly defined; and we are conclusively shown, that the design of God’s chastenings is, to reform the chastened—to turn them from their evil ways, and make them partakers of the divine nature. And what other design could a wise and good Being have? What other possible object could a heavenly Father have in view in punishing his children, save the enhancement of their best and dearest interests—the bringing of the strayed ones back to innocence and joy? We have seen with what object an earthly parent punishes—it is not for the gratification of a malevolent disposition—not for the sake of producing pain—not because he delights in the suffering of his child—but because he is interested in his welfare, and would make him obedient, and turn his feet in the ways of peace. And shall mortal man be more just than God, shall a man be more pure than his Maker?

With God, as with an earthly father, punishment is only a means for the accomplishment of an ultimate object—and that object is the reformation and reconciliation of the sinner. It is an evidence of God’s mindfulness of us; “for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.” And hence we must believe that punishment is not vindictive in its nature, but reformatory; being designed and instituted for the humbling of the proud, the conversion of the sinful—the bringing back of the wandering, and the turning away of the wicked from their evil doings.

To render the fact still more obvious that punishment is not an end in the divine economy, we may consider, that such a supposition conflicts with the will of God. The end contemplated in this is salvation—not for a few but for all. “For this,” said an apostle, when enforcing the duty of universal prayer and supplication—“For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour, who will have all men to be saved, and come unto a knowledge of the truth.” It matters not, so far as our present argument is concerned, whether the will here spoken of be expressive of determination or only of desire—the salvation of all men, and not the punishment or misery of a part, is set forth as the end contemplated by it.

This same great and benevolent end stands forth conspicuously in the revealed purpose of God, which is, “that in the dispensation of the fullness of times he might gather together in one, all things in Christ.”—The ingathering of a lost world, according to this, is the contemplated result in the determinate counsel of the Almighty, and not punishment.

And so in relation to the object of a Saviour’s mission—he came to set despairing prisoner free—to loose the bands of every captive—to destroy sin and transgression, and reconcile the whole world to God. The heathen were given him for an inheritance, and the uttermost

parts of the earth for a possession; and he was invested with the mediatorial dominion, that he might subdue all things to himself, and cause every knee to bow, and every tongue to confess him Lord to the glory of God the Father. Salvation—reconciliation and happiness, then, form the great object and the ultimate end of the reign of Christ. Punishment has no place here—it may be, and is a means for the attainment of this end—but forms no contemplated final result in the economy of divine grace.

This adds additional support to the truth, that punishment, in the government of God, is disciplinary in nature—is designed to reform, and hence must be limited in duration. If it be not an end—and we have shown that is not—then it must be a means in the hands of a good Being for the accomplishment of good in behalf of his creatures. And what this good is, which is set forth as the designed and purposed result of the just and fatherly chastisements of God, is clearly manifest—it is reformation, reconciliation, and salvation.

Endless punishment has ever seemed to me to be a contradiction in terms—for being set forth by justice for correction and amendment, when this is accomplished, punishment in the very nature of things must cease. But have we any assurance, it may be asked, that punishment will attain its designed end and object? To this we reply, that to suppose it will fail, is to call in question the wisdom of God; for being instituted by him for the purpose already named, we must either suppose that it will accomplish the object designed, or that God has erred in his choice of means. Which of the two suppositions is the most preferable and consistent you must decide for yourselves.

That the designed object of punishment will be secured, and by the co-operation of the other means of grace, the reconciliation and salvation of the world be effected, is shown by the prediction that Sodom and Samaria shall return to their former estate, together with their daughters; when Jerusalem shall be restored. The cities here referred to, and their inhabitants were swept away by the hand of the divine justice for their wickedness; and the prophecy goes forward to a time, when the judgments of God having produced their intended effects, they shall be again restored.

It was in relation to the Jews that the Saviour said: “O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! which killeth the prophets, and stoneth them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate: and verily I say unto you, Ye shall not see me, until the time come when ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.” The Saviour saw the impending calamities that were about to fall upon the Hebrew people. He saw that their city and nation would be destroyed; and that they should be scattered and dispersed throughout all the world. But his vision was not interrupted here—he saw the punishment inflicted on them accomplishing its object, and as the end, he contemplated them, as coming out from the darkness of unbelief, as arising from a state of moral death, and with full hearts exclaiming—“Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.”

A. C. B.

### THE RESTITUTION.... NO. IV.

“God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus, every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father.” Phil. ii: 9, 10, 11. In this passage, as in the others, Professor Stuart affirms that the phrase “things in heaven, earth, and under the earth,” mean the universe—so that it is evident the apostle was speaking of all men. Besides, notice the word “every.” That word embraces every person or thing, about which we may be writing or telling. If I say of a crowd, every person hurraed, I mean every one in that crowd. So the word every embraces all the persons about whom the apostle was writing—viz., the universe—the knee should bow and the tongue should confess—



of every person in the entire family of rational beings. What were these persons to do? They were 1, *To bow the knee*. This expression refers to the custom of bending the knees before kings, as an act of homage, especially when favors were besought. What would a king think, if he knew that an individual who was bending before him, hated his person, despised his authority, and only wanted an opportunity to engage in rebellion?—would he not despise such hypocritical homage? And will the Saviour be pleased with the homage of millions, whom, he knows, disobey his laws and despise his government? Nay!—he will accept no other homage but that which is sincere. 2, *“Every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.”* Can any one seriously believe, that it would add to the glory of God, to have the Saviour tread millions beneath his feet, and force from them the acknowledgment that he is Lord? The bare statement refutes itself. That the worship will be sincere, is evident from the fact, that Professor Stuart has proved that the worship will be *“spiritual and divine.”* And had he not so proved, the apostle sets the question at rest, by saying, that “no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Spirit.” 1. Cor. xii: 3. Consequently, the worship is *sincere*; and if sincere, then those making it, must be holy and happy. And if the universe is joined in this worship, then the doctrine of the Restitution is true beyond a question.

G. W. M.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## CONFERENCE IN LITTLE YORK.

Brother Grosh—After so long a delay, I have so far conquered my inclination to silence, (as to corresponding,) that I have started my pen to communicate some notice of our Quarterly Conference in this place, (Little York,) held last January. Notwithstanding the tremendous thaw which preceded it, and swept away the snow and some bridges, which prevented several preachers who intended to have been with us, we had five—viz., Brs. Sias, Hull, Squires, Abbott and Swan—four of whom were only two years in the ministry, yet our friends here and from adjacent societies unanimously decided that the discourses were exceedingly well chosen, and well delivered. There were quite a number of Christians of other denominations who attended, and among them a Methodist and a Baptist preacher, both of whom took part in the services. Several of our brethren thought it was the best meeting they ever attended.

Our young ministering brethren are deserving praise for their chaste and liberal language in their discourses—the hateful word *Partialist* I believe was not made use of. Let bigots and hypocrites of other denominations call Universalists hell-redemptionists and infidels, and the like, if they will; but let not the lovers of truth and of all mankind indulge in calling their fellow Christians nicknames, or names which they do not adopt.

I will also mention with gratitude the fruits of our good meeting. A few weeks subsequently my kind friends, (here, and at Hatesborough and Gouverneur,) joined in a donation, and brought to us the substantial tokens of brotherly kindness, food and clothing with a quantity of other needed articles. May they find that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Yours truly,

A. Wood.

Fowler, April, 1843.

## REPLY.

Dear Brother Wood—I am almost as loth to oppose you in your feelings and remarks, as you appear to be in regard to our *Partialist* brethren, as I term them; and therefore hesitated long about replying thus publicly to your otherwise very acceptable letter. But, on the whole, I have concluded that you will think none the worse of me, if I speak the truth to you in all plainness, provided it is also spoken in love.

I am much pleased to hear that our young ministering brethren succeed so well in their labors; and as I know them to be men whose feelings agree with their speech, I agree with you that they deserve praise for

their chaste and liberal language—not for the language in itself, but for the feelings of which it is the sign.

But it appears that you were particularly pleased with their omission of one word—“*Partialist*.” I hope they did not omit the *idea* that word is intended to convey whenever rightly used; that is, if their subject rendered any mention necessary of those who believe in the salvation of but a part of the human race. If they omitted the *idea*, when necessary to be used, they were more unfaithful than I have ever known them—and if they used the *idea*, I can not imagine what you are so thankful for—unless you suppose the word “*Partialist*” to mean something very different from the meaning I have always attached to it.

This, it appears to me, you do; for you plainly intimate that those of us who use it are “bigots and hypocrites,” and use it with a meaning as wide of correctness and truth, as are the terms “hell-redemptionists” and “infidels,” when applied to us by “the bigots and hypocrites of other denominations!” I am very sorry (if this is your meaning; though I can not really believe you did mean what your words seem to insinuate,) to find you, while so pleased at the omission of one name which you deem a hard one, dealing out others that are certainly not any softer. Those who call us hell-redemptionists and infidels would rather be call “*Partialists*” than “bigots and hypocrites;” and most certainly I would rather be called an infidel and a hell-redemptionist by them, than have you insinuate that I am either a bigot or a hypocrite—and that, too, merely for using a name as expressive, and designed to be no less courteous and respectful to our opposers, than is the word *Universalist* when applied by them to us. For by “*Partialist*,” I mean, and only mean, “one who believes in the salvation of only a part of the human race, or, in a partial salvation of mankind”—and by “*Universalist*,” they mean “one who believes in the salvation of the whole human race, or, in universal salvation.” They deem our faith wrong and pernicious, and mean to designate us as believers in it; and we believe their faith to be wrong and injurious, and mean to designate them as believers in it. We use not the word *Partialist* as a term of opprobrium or reproach, however; but merely as a defining term; precisely as they use the word *Universalist*.—And the *idea* we intend to convey by the word, we can not do without—we want to use and express it, whenever we desire to speak of those who believe that only a part of mankind will be saved—and this *idea* we can not express without using one or more words which shall stand as the sign of that *idea*. I prefer one word to a number of words, or a circumlocutory phrase, which, after all, only means the same thing. But every one to his taste; only do not condemn me for expressing the same meaning you do, simply because I do not express it in just the same words.

In conclusion I would remark, my venerable brother, that I am willing to adopt any word which shall expressly designate all who believe in but a partial salvation of mankind. If our opposers do not like the expressive and (meant to be) respectful word “*Partialist*,” let them give us any other, and I will use it, and urge others to use it. But the *idea* I can not lay aside. As long as the dogma of endless sin and misery exists in the minds of men, I must wage uncompromising war against it, and shall want some term to denote its believers, that I may be understood—that I may distinguish between the *believer* and the *belief* in dishonesty, candor, and Christian charity for him, and fidelity in hating and opposing his error. And I am certain that every honest *Partialist* will appreciate my motives, and respect me the more, the less I possess of a man-pleasing, man-fearing spirit; and the more I manifest a desire to establish what I believe to be truth in doctrine, charity in feeling, and righteousness in practice among Christians of every creed and name.

With much esteem I am truly and affectionately your younger brother in the Gospel,

A. B. Grosh.

H. Fitch, Esq., is our agent at Pittsford, N. Y., in place of E. Beers, resigned.

## ATONEMENT.

How hard it is to reconcile human creeds with the testimony of Holy Writ—especially when the former are as directly contrary to the latter as is the popular to the scriptural doctrine of the atonement. The following instance in point is taken from an old number of the New York Watchman, a Methodist paper. It speaks for itself, as to the circumstances that produced it.

## REV. L. KING'S QUESTIONS.

Quest. 1. By what Scripture is it proved that the death of Christ was designed to *reconcile his Father to us*? Reconciliation is to be effected in a party that is hostile to another. Man is at enmity against God, but may be reconciled through the death of Christ. But God is said to be angry with sinners—his wrath abides upon them. This must be removed, and what is this but a reconciliation? Now, Paul says expressly, Rom. v: 10, “When we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son.” Reconcile here can not refer to man, i. e. removing our enmity, for it is said to be while we were yet enemies. It can, therefore, only refer to a change in the divine regards to man, effected through the death of Christ, rendering him propitious to us. In Cor. v: 19, it is said, “God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself, *not imputing their trespasses unto them.*” Sin must exclude us from any favorable regards from God. But this being atoned for he is reconciled, and does not impute our trespasses, but in the riches of his grace seeks to reconcile us by destroying the enmity of our hearts. For a full view of this subject see Watson on Reconciliation.

Can it be possible that the person, who answers the Rev. L. King's question, did not see and feel that he was giving a direct contradiction to the plain, obvious, and express meaning of the very passages of Scripture he quoted to prove his contradiction of them. “We [not God] were reconciled to God, [not God to us,] by the death of his Son,” this sage logician explains to mean the very reverse of what it says! And the reason he gives for his explanation is one of very sage profundity and force—“for it (the reconciliation) is said to be done while we were yet enemies.” Wonderful! Where else would this Methodist expounder have a reconciliation effected? After we had ceased to be enemies?—when we had become friends? There would then be no need of our being reconciled. But he says that for the reason (?) he gives, it must have been God, and not we, (as the apostle declares,) who was reconciled. Was God an enemy? If so, then it could not be God, “for it....was done while God was our enemy!” It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. So much for Methodist logic.

The truth is, the doctrine that the atonement consisted, in reconciling God to man, is not only contrary to the immutability of God's nature and attributes, but it is also a contradiction of the express and repeated teachings of Scripture. In every case, men are said to be reconciled to God, and not God to men, as the creed books teach. “God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself”—not himself unto the world. “By whom (Jesus) we (not God) have received the atonement,” says Paul, who was far from holding the popular dogma of reconciling God to man. “We pray you therefore, be ye reconciled to God”—not God to you, as modern divines would teach. And in accordance with this plain and positive testimony we are assured that God loved (not hated) the world while it was dead in trespasses and sins—that “God's goodness leadeth men to repentance;” not that man's repentance leads God to goodness—that “we love God because he first loved us;” not that God loves us, because we first loved him—that, “after that the love of God to man appeared....he saved us;” not that we were saved before God could love man. All these writers of the New Testament must have been sad heretics, if Methodism is the standard of Orthodoxy; and we marvel greatly that Methodist divines do not discard them utterly as leaning to Universalism, even as some of them are discarding their great Commentator Dr. Adam Clarke, because he chimes in with so many of our interpretations of Scripture.



Reader, which will you believe—the Methodist who has answered Mr. King's question by perverting Scripture as above shown; or, the Scriptures themselves? There can be no doubt that one is diametrically opposed to the other in sentiments, so that you must give up one or the other. You can not believe *both*, unless you can believe contradictions. Which, then, will you believe? That the atonement (or reconciliation) effects the change in God? or, that it was made to, and changes the sinner? If the latter—if you believe that "when *we* (not God) were enemies, *we* (not God) were reconciled by the death of his Son," as the Bible, and reason, both declare, then, *look out!* one prop that holds up the fabric of popular error on the sandy foundation, is taken away in your mind, and vicarious atonement, infinite satisfaction, the deity of Christ, the doctrine of the trinity, and a host of other popular absurdities, paradoxes, mystical moonshine, and Babylonian jargon will fade away after it, as wreaths of smoke and fog before the light of the sun. Stand firm under! for the whole fabric of error must fall before awakened reason, when it receives and is guided by the plain teachings of God's word.

A. B. G.

THE CENTRAL NEW YORK WASHINGTONIAN; a temperance newspaper in folio form, some weeks since entered on its second volume, somewhat enlarged in size, with a handsomely engraved title (or head,) and Wm. Allen, Esq., of this city, its first Editor, at his post again. The Washingtonian is a good paper, of the right stamp, and breathing the true spirit of the Washingtonian Reform. It is published every Friday, in Rome and Utica simultaneously, by J. P. Fitch, Esq., of Rome, at only one dollar per annum in advance. We wish it great prosperity, and abundant success in its labors of love and reason. God bless the Washingtonian cause, and keep it ever free from the blighting influences of political strife and sectarian bigotry.

A. B. G.

REMOVAL.—The Office of the Magazine and Advocate has been removed from 41 Genesee street, to the opposite side, No. 32, corner of Genesee and Whitesboro streets. The room is in the second story, rear room on the left hand side of the hall.

The Editor's residence is at 68 Broadway, a little north, and nearly opposite the Utica Female Academy.

N. B.—We hope, by another week, to be settled, when we shall endeavor to make up for any lost time or neglect occasioned by our removals.

A. B. G.

REMOVALS.—Br. B. B. Bunker has removed from Alexander, Genesee county, to Lockport. This society has sustained meetings the whole time one preacher or no preacher, and are now determined to have a settled pastor to preach to them every Sunday. Br. S. R. Smith has removed from Albany to Buffalo, and wishes to be addressed accordingly.

DEDICATION.—The Universalists of Poughkeepsie some time since purchased the Baptist meeting house, which was centrally located, and refitted it at an expense of about \$4000 including the purchase, making of it a new house. It was dedicated during the late extra session of the New York Association held in that place last week. Sermon by Br. Thomas, of Brooklyn.

ORDINATION.—Our worthy brother and late associate Editor, Br. A. R. Bartlett, was ordained and installed Pastor of the society in Poughkeepsie, at the same session of the New York Association. Sermon by Br. W. S. Balch, of New York city. Br. L. B. Mason, pastor of the 5th society in New York, was ordained at the same time.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## AN AWFUL THOUGHT.

To think that a portion of our fellow creatures—creatures susceptible of almost infinite happiness or misery—creatures of a moment, destined to live but for an hour in the fleeting and transitory world—to think that such are to suffer through a long and never ending eternity, is a thought fraught

with something awful beyond the power of language to express. Ceaseless anguish! endless woe! Black despair, where no gleam of hope or mercy can ever come. O who can bear the thought? Who can say in view of such a doctrine, "Lord, it is enough. I am satisfied with the dispensation of thy providence?" Who can say, and feel what he says "Thy will, O God, be done." But awful as it is, how many, yes, alas! how many there are who expect to be wailed to the fair climes of endless bliss above, while others are to wail with ghosts and damned spirits world without end.—With another, I have long ceased to wonder that the fear of hell hath made some mad and others melancholy. If any one cause has a tendency to dethrone reason, and deprive the mind of all hope, it is this sad sickening thought. It is this that has rendered this world to many, truly, a "wilderness of woe—a vale of tears." It is this that has filled our world with weeping, mourning, and lamentation. How many kind mothers and doting fathers have taken the last sad farewell of the dearest objects of their affection, with the thought lingering about the recesses of the soul, *my* child has gone to hell. But glory be the name of God, that "news from the regions of the skies" declares the doctrine as false as it is wicked.

R. B.

Fowler, April, 1843.

Br. Tompkins—Credit Mr. Prescott, Litchfield, N. Y. \$2.00 for Repository, ordered by Br. W. H. Ryder, and charge us. Discontinue Repository, to Phebe Betts, Gouverneur, N. Y., at the close of the present volume. Also, Miss A. Bardick, Sand Bank, N. Y. Also Miss H. S. Remington, Spruce, N. Y.; and send March (last) No. which she did not receive.

## MARRIAGES.

In Clarendon, Orleans county, January 22d, by Rev. L. L. Spalding, Mr. ELIAS COY, of Victor, Ontario county, to Miss HARRIET COLLINS, of the former place.

Also, by the same, March 6th, Mr. HENRY MCLEAN, Jr., of Middleport, to Miss JULIETT COLLINS, of Clarendon.

Also, by the same, in Ogden, Monroe county, March 16th, Mr. LAWRENCE COMSTOCK, of Sweden, to Miss MARY GOODRIDGE, of Ogden.

Also, in Clarendon, Mr. MORRIS DEWEY, to Miss MARY TURNER.

## DEATHS.

In Florida, near Braman's Corners, April 12th, Mrs. SARAH ANN LYON, wife of Rev. H. Lyon, aged 27 years.

In the death of sister Lyon, a husband has been deprived of an affectionate companion, three small children of a kind mother, and a wide circle of friends of one greatly endeared to them by her many virtues. Firm in the faith of the ultimate salvation of a world from sin and death, and the reunion of friends in the spirit-land, she was prepared to die; and bidding her weeping friends be of good cheer, she fell sweetly asleep in Jesus. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

A. C. B.

\* \* Union and Trumpet please copy.

In Minden, March 11th, JACOB G. SNYDER, Esq., aged 51 years. The deceased at the time of his death was a member of the Lutheran church, but near the time of his departure acknowledged himself a believer in the doctrine of the Restitution. His funeral was attended, and the consolations of the Gospel administered to numerous friends, and a large and sympathizing audience, by

A. C. B.

In Norway, on the 19th inst., Mrs. MARION, wife of Warton Weeden, aged 34 years.

Sister Weeden was a member of the Universalist society at Middleville; and she gave ample testimony, as she declined in death, of the sustaining principle of her religion, and of its sufficiency to cheer the soul in the dark hour of dissolving nature. Funeral in the Universalist church at Newport, on the 21st. Sermon by

M. B. SMITH.

Near Magnolia, Putnam county, Ills., March 20th, Mrs. SYLVIA GAYLORD, consort of Lemuel Gaylord, aged 74 years.

Mrs. Gaylord suffered much from ill health for several years previous to her death, yet she bore it with that fortitude and resignation that becometh the Christian. She was a firm believer in that free salvation so fully taught in the Gospel, having embraced this faith in her earliest years. The consideration that God is immutable, that he is "good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works," she

observed to her friends, was to her a source of unflinching dependence, the prop on which she leaned for support, a present help in every time of need. These views of the character of God enabled her in her last moment to triumph over the king of terrors, and to resign her spirit without fear into the hands of him who gave it. Truly may it be said that these views, and this faith only, "can make a dying bed as soft as downy pillows are," and enable the dying one to exclaim in the words of the apostle, "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!"

Our community sustain in the death of sister Gaylord, the loss of an exemplary Christian, and the Universalist society here, of a valuable member. The friends and relatives were addressed on the occasion, by the writer, from Luke ii: 29, 30.

O. M. HOUGH.

## RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching on the second Sunday in May, by Br. GROSS at Little Falls.

There will be preaching on the third Sunday inst., by Br. ANDERSON in Frankfort, and Br. SKINNER, at Fordsbush at half past 10 A. M., and in Southville at 2 P. M.

There will be preaching on the first Sunday in June, by Br. J. A. ASPINWALL in Leyden.

The Quarterly Conference of Madison County will meet in Bridgeport, on the second Wednesday and Thursday (10th and 11th) of May. A general attendance from all parts of the county is urgently solicited. Ministering brethren are particularly requested to attend.

Wm. J. Goss,

Standing Clerk.

THE NEW YORK STATE CONVENTION OF UNIVERSALISTS.—The State Convention of Universalists will hold its annual session in the village of Cooperstown, Otsego county, on the last Wednesday (31st.) of May and the following Thursday (1st.) of June, next. The following are the delegates who have been chosen by the several Associations.

ASSOCIATIONS.	MINISTERS.	LAYMEN.
Allegany,	G. S. Gooddy, N. Adams,	S. R. Crittenden, L. Graves,
Black River,	S. Jones, G. Swan,	Thayer, French,
Cayuga,	A. Peck, T. J. Whitcomb,	W. Berry, O. Drake,
Central,	D. S. Morrey, T. Clowes,	D. Owens, A. Scott,
Chautauque,	S. Adams, J. Simonds,	E. B. Poor, L. Pullman,
Chenango,	A. O. Warren, J. T. Goodrich,	A. Tillotson, T. G. Lamb,
Hudson River,	C. F. Le Fevre, J. A. Aspinwall,	J. Ogden, D. M. More,
Mohawk,	J. D. Hicks, P. Hatheway,	A. Gale, L. Eaton,
New York,	I. D. Williamson, W. S. Balch,	W. Howe, L. Seymour,
Niagara,	J. M. Cook, C. Hammond,	E. P. Davis, W. W. Ruggles,
Ontario,	S. Miles, D. K. Lee,	E. Cook, N. Peet,
Otsego,	A. C. Barry, D. Pickering,	N. Stephenson, J. Devendorf,
St Lawrence,	S. W. Squire, J. F. Briggs,	D. Mack, S. Walrath,
Steuben,	[No return in the Minutes.]	

## LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P M, Norwich, [Ct.] for E P—P M, Richfield Springs, for A F—P M, Homer, for E S, G T, G M, A R and C A—P M, Tioga Centre, for A D and E H S—P M, Perry, for E B and D T—S L S, Exeter—P M, Willink, for N S—P M, Big Straw Point, for E T and J D M—P M, Riga, [O.] for self and J S—P M, Bellevue, [Mich.] for N S B, A G A and C W—P M, Rootstown, [O.] for F J W—P M, Rush, for J M and D M—P M, No. Chili, for B H—P M, Manlius, for A M, S G, A D and H E—R B, Fowler, for C B, R C, T F and A G—P M, Triangle, for G B—P M, Hamilton, for D S, C S, I S and E D W—A O W, McDonough, for B H, H B G, C B and R R—P M, Champion So Road, for self, E P, N R and W T—P M, Butternuts, for S H A, H R, A T and W B—P M, Branchport, for P H B and G W—P M, Moreland, for W S B—P M, So Lansing, for A H, A H T, I W, V R C, E L and A O Jr.—P M, Pavilion Centre, for M D, J T, J S and J S—P M, Gorham, for S A, A Y, T K B and L G—P M, Peterboro, for G W E—P M, Livonia, for J T—P M, Fort Plain, for D S, H B, R P, J I B, G W and G L—P M, Cincinnati, for R D and J R—S J G, Monroton, [Pa.] for E C K, J P S, J M, W J M and J T—P M, Hartland, for D C—P M, Philadelphia, for L B, H W and S M,



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## SONNET—TO MY MOTHER.

BY REV. J. S. KIBBE.

Long ere my eyes beheld the light of day,  
Or infant lips could lip thy tender name,  
Or I knew aught from whence my being came,  
I was beloved of thee. And while I lay,  
All cradled on thy bosom soft to rest,  
Like some lone bird within its downy nest,—  
If e'er my restless breathing caught thy eye,  
Maternal care and love sought out relief,  
And watched my growing years. And ever nigh,  
To keep me from the snares of life—its grief,  
And image Heaven on my tender heart,  
My mother stood. And thus to what I was to be  
I grew beneath a parent's fostering art,  
And what I am, or e'er shall be, I owe to thee.

## YOUR FATHER IS A MAN AGAIN.

BY JOHN NEAL.

Oh, mother! mother! tell me pray,  
What mean the people when they say,  
Dear father is a man again!  
We heard them while we were at play,  
And brother, as he turned away,  
Grew pale, as if with pain.  
And dearest mother, tell me why  
You look so happy when you cry?  
And why you don't complain?  
And why to-day, your pleasant eyes  
Are just the color of the skies,  
After a pleasant rain?  
Hush, mother! hush! what's that I hear?  
Sweet music answering thee, my dear;  
The tread of happy men!  
The Washingtonians are out!  
In all their strength!—I hear a shout,  
Your father is a man again!

## A TALE OF HORROR.

A recent traveller gives the following as one of his experiences of foreign enjoyments. He had gone to sleep in one of his Indian tents, and continues:

"I might have slept perhaps for some four or five hours, and a dreamless and satisfying sleep it was; but certain it is—let Sciolists say what they will, and skeptics throw doubts by handsfull on the assertions of metaphysicians—that before I awoke, and in my dreamless slumber, I had a visible perception of danger—a helpless cognizance of being bed-fellowed by peril—a consciousness of the hovering presence of death.

"How to describe my feelings I know not; but as we have all read and heard that if the eyes of a watcher are steadily fixed on the countenance of a sleeper for a certain length of time, the slumberer will be sure to start up, wakened by the mysterious magnetism of a recondite principle of vision; so was it, that with shut eyes and drowsed up senses, an inward ability was conferred upon me to see, though blind, the formless shape of a mysterious horror crouching beside me; and, as if peril that was my night mate was of a nature to be quickened into activity by any movement on my part, I felt in my very stupor the critical necessity of lying quite still; so that when I awoke, and felt that as I lay with my face towards the roof, there was a thick, heavy cloud, creeping then upon my chest, I stirred not, nor uttered a word of panic. Danger and fear may occasionally dull the senses and paralyse the faculties, but they generally sharpen both; and ere I could twice wink my eyes, I was broad aware that, coiling and coiling itself up into a circle of twists, a huge serpent was on my chest.—When I felt you that the whole of my breast, and even the pit of my stomach, were covered with the cold scaly proportions of the reptile, you will own that it must have been one of a considerable size.

"What my thoughts were—so made up of abhorrence, dread, and the expectation, nay, assurance of speedy death that must follow any movement on my part—I can never tell in language sufficiently vivid to convey their full force. It was evident the loathsome creature had at length settled itself to sleep, and I felt thankful that, attracted by my breath, it had not approached the

upper part of my throat. It became quite still, and its weighty pressure—its clammy chillness at first becoming gradually (as it seemed to me) of a burning heat—and the odious indescribable odour which was exhaled from its body and pervaded the whole air, so overwhelmed me, that it was only by a fierce struggle that I prevented myself from shrieking. As it was, a cold sweat burst from every pore—I could hear the beating of my heart—and I felt, to my dismay, that the palsy of terror had begun to agitate my limbs. 'I will awake,' thought I, 'and all is over.'

"At this juncture something—it might be a wall lizard, or a large beetle—fell from the ceiling right upon my left arm, which lay stretched beside me. The snake, uncoiling its head, raised it with a low hiss, and then, for the first time, I saw its head, the fearful crest glittering in the faint light—it was a *cobra di cappello*!

"Shutting my eyes to exclude the dreadful spectacle, I lay almost fainting, until all was again quiet. Had its fiery glances met mine, all would have been over; but apparently it was once more asleep, and presently I heard the Lascar moving about, undoing the fastenings of the tent and striking a light. A sudden thought struck me, and with an impulse I could then ascribe to nothing short of desperation, though its effects were so providential. I uttered in a loud but sepulchral tone, Kulassi! (Lascar.)

"'Sahib!' was the instantaneous response, and my heart beat quicker at the success of my attempt. I lay still again, for the reptile, as evidently aroused, made a movement, and its head, as I suppose, fell on my naked arm. O, God! the agony of the moment, when suppressed tremor almost gave way to madness.

"I debated with myself whether I should again endeavor to attract the attention of the kulassi, or remain perfectly quiet; whether it would not be better than either to start up at once, and shake the hideous burden from me. But the latter suggestion was at once abandoned by the assurance I felt that it would prove fatal. Impeded by the coils of the creature, and weak and nerveless from excitement, I could not escape its fangs.—Again, therefore, I spoke in the low but distinct tone which arise from the throat when the speaker is afraid to move a muscle—'Kulassi, chiragh!'—'Lascar, a lantern.'

"Again the cobra moved, and again, thank God! the ready Lascar replied—

"'Lata hou, sahib!'—'I am bringing it, Sir.'

"There was then a sound of clanging metal; light advancing flashed across the roof of the verandah; and at the noise of quick coming feet, lo! one after one its horrible coils unwinding, the glistly monster glided away from my body, and the last sounds that struck my sense of hearing were the 'Ya illahi samp'—'O God! a snake!'—of the Lascar, for I fainted away for the first time in my life."

## CREDULITY OF "MILLERITES" IN 1712.

In the year 1712, Mr. Whiston having calculated the return of a comet, which was to make its appearance on Wednesday, the 14th of October, at 5 minutes after 5 in the morning, he gave notice to the public accordingly, with this terrifying addition: *that a total dissolution of the world by fire, was to take place on the Friday following.* The reputation that Mr. W. had long maintained both as a divine and a philosopher, left little or no doubt with the populace of the truth of his prediction. Several ludicrous events took place in consequence. A number of persons in and about London, seized all the barges and boats they could lay their hands on in the Thames, very rationally concluding that when the conflagration took place, there would be more safety on the water. A gentleman, who had neglected family prayer more than five years, informed his wife that he was determined to resume that laudable practice the same evening, but she having engaged a ball at her house, persuaded her husband to put it off till they saw whether the comet appeared or not. The South Sea stock immediately fell to 5 per cent, and the India stock to 11. The captain of a Dutch ship threw all his powder into the river, that the ship might not be endangered.

The next morning the comet appeared, according to prediction, and before noon the belief was universal that the day of judgment was at hand. About this time of the day, 123 clergymen were ferried over to Lambeth, it was said, to petition that a short prayer might be penned and ordered—there being none in the church service on that occasion. Three maids of honor burned their collection of novels and plays, and sent to a bookseller to buy each of them a Bible, and Taylor's Holy Living and Dying. The run upon the Bank was so prodigious, that all hands were employed from morning till night in discounting notes and handing out specie. On Thursday, considerable more than 7000 mistresses were legally married, in the face of several congregations. And, to crown the whole, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, at that time head director of the bank, issued orders to all the fire offices in London, requiring them to keep a good lookout, and have a particular eye on the Bank of England.

## A SCHOOL IN THE TREADMILL.

The Boston Transcript says that a jailor in England has devised an improvement in the treadmill. The prisoners, at every step they take, call up to view a letter or word, and are thus taught the alphabet and reading whilst they are at work. In this way they, by degrees, become able to read a chapter in the Bible.

We do not know who is the ingenious inventor of the Tread Mill School, but whoever he may be, he deserves the reward which the fellow got who invented the brass bull, for the convenience of roasting prisoners, so that their groans might issue from the mouth of the image, and sound like the roaring of a real bull. He was complimented for his ingenuity, and rewarded by being placed inside, while the executioner built a clear fire below the bull.

A man upon the "treadmill," learning to read the Scriptures, is a poor illustration of the doctrines of the holy book. Better, by far, to renew the whipping post, and marking iron, than to mingle the acquisition of religious knowledge with such infernal machinery. Let the culprit be punished. We entertain no morbid sensibilities for the scoundrel who disturbs society by his thefts, his libels, or his forgeries; but do not bring contempt upon the word of inspiration, by making its acquisition depend upon a renewed turn of the rack, and tighter twist of the cord, or another revolution of the wheel.

Let the man be punished—let him endure the severities of the law's penalties; but when he sinks away in solitude and anguish, and the "flesh quivers where the pincers tear," then let the ministrations of that word come with healings on its wings. The literary knowledge acquired by the treadmill, must be so associated in the mind as to create disgust; and the heart would be hardened against every precept and promise of the Gospel, that would be opened by a small increase of horizon, acquired by mounting a new step on the revolving torture machine.

It is the light of religion that brings comfort. Its healings are to be applied to the bruised and crushed, and not unfixed with the wounded. It is the acceptance, too, and not the knowledge, that gives efficacy to biblical truths. It is not personal torments that make us receive. Men do not gain by threatening. The wise man who would win souls, knowing the terrors, persuades men.

Let us hear, then, no more of treadmill Scripture learning. It is a mockery. It is an almost blasphemous misapplication of that sacred remark, "I was sick, and in prison, and ye came and ministered unto me."—[U. S. Gazette.

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# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."....."PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, MAY 12, 1843.

NO. 19.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### AN IDEA OF THE UNIVERSE....NO. IV.

BY REV. J. S. KIBBE.

We were last speaking of the *nebulae* found in the heavens, the number of stars and magnitude of each contained in one of them. We are not yet through contemplating these. As I said, by the aid of powerful glasses there have several thousands of these clusters been discovered, and it is a probable supposition that each contains at least as many, if not more stars than our nebulae or Milky Way, which are computed at 20,000,000. Then, what an inconceivable number would these 20,000,000 make multiplied by the several thousand nebulae, and then consider that each of these starry worlds from their immense distance from us, must be many thousand times larger than the sun. From the observations made by Sir J. Herschel of some of the more distant nebulae, he is of the opinion that our nebulae, or the Milky Way is *not* the most considerable in the universe; and he points out some very remarkable nebulae which can not be less but are probably *much larger* than that of which our sun and system form a part.

"Now, upon these grounds, let us consider what must be the extent and magnitude of only the visible universe." There have been more than *three thousand* of these nebulae discovered. Suppose, for instance, that the number of stars of the Milky Way be only ten thousand (half the number before stated) and that each of these nebulae, at an average, contains the same number; suppose farther that two of the three thousand nebulae only can be resolved into stars, and that the other thousand are only shining fluid not yet condensed by the fiat of the Almighty into luminous worlds—then the number of these stars or *suns* comprehended in that portion of the firmament alone within the reach of the telescope, would be *twenty thousand millions*, that is, twenty millions of times the number which the naked eye can grasp. Now add to this number those which are visible to the naked eye, and to this, the probable millions on millions which the most powerful glasses ever constructed are not able to reach and what an overwhelming idea we have of the extent, magnificence and grandeur of the creation. But great and overwhelming as all this is, yet, we should not forget that these vast assemblages of systems may be no more than one nebulae to the whole creation; or even as a particle of sand to the whole earth, when compared with what lies beyond the range of finite powers to explore, extending inconceivably onward and upward far into the unexplored and boundless regions of space immeasurable, where is still but the hiding place of the Creator's supremacy and might. Beyond the confines of all that will ever be visible to the inhabitants of earth, an infinite region exists, in which it is not unreasonable to believe that the Deity sits enthroned amidst his own glory and all the grandeur of his overflowing benevolence and omnipotence, presiding over systems on systems of worlds far exceeding the magnificence of what the "eye hath seen" or the most brilliant faculties of mind can conceive. We should not forget that it would not be paying either the Almighty, or our own minds, a very great compliment to suppose that the powers of the Creator are "exhausted at the very point where the efforts of human genius and art can no longer afford us assistance in tracing the footsteps of the Almighty through the mysterious regions of infinitude;" nor should we ever harbor the idea that man placed on this diminutive

ball, comparatively speaking, and with such finite and limited powers, "will ever be able to grasp the dominion of Him who fills immensity with his presence, and 'whose ways are past finding out.'"

We will continue our survey a little farther, and then come to a close. There is an other species of nebulae called the *planetary nebulae*, which are said to be round, compact bodies, like planetary disks when viewed through a telescope. What the nature or destination of these bodies may be, it is difficult to conjecture, but the magnitude of some of them is prodigious. One of these nebulae, it is said, situated in the constellation of Andromeda, is so large that according to the computation of Sir J. Herschel, "it would more than fill the whole orbit of Uranus," which is "three thousand six hundred millions of miles in diameter." Such a body would contain more than twenty four quartillions of solid miles, being sixty-eight thousand four hundred millions of times more than the cubical contents of the sun. And we are told that there are hundreds of these nebulae which the most powerful glasses invented can not resolve into stars. It is thought by some that these may justly be considered as species of luminous matter gradually condensing into solid globes. For they are found to all appearance to be undergoing the various stages of condensation. Some have the appearance of obscure homogeneous masses of matter in a kind of chaotic state—others of a gradual condensation and superior intensity of light about the central part—and others still, so condensed and brilliant at the center as to present the appearance of a star surrounded with a faint nebulosity. One of the largest of this class of nebulae, and which is almost visible to the naked eye, is found in the sword of the constellation Orion.—This extraordinary object, which has never been resolved into stars, is computed to be, two millions, two hundred thousand billions of times larger than the sun. What an immense computation is here! It would require more than 300,000,000 (three hundred millions) of years for light, which flies at the rate of twelve millions of miles every minute, to pass from one side of this nebulae to the other.—This may serve to give us some idea which should be attached to the peculiar expression found in the book of Job and the prophecy of Amos, where the Almighty is represented as "making the seven stars of Orion." It is by no means inconsistent with any thing we know of the perfections of the Creator, to suppose that these immense masses of matter, according to certain fixed and immutable laws, are gradually progressing, under the superintendence of the great Jehovah, towards the formation of new systems for filling up the voids of space, for displaying his boundless wisdom and perfections to beings which may hereafter be brought into existence—and that this condensation of matter from dark chaos up through the various stages to solid systems, may continue to progress forward for replenishing the infinite fields of space, through-out the successive revolutions of eternity.

Such are a few rude ideas respecting the universe. "In the present state of the moral world, when every thing appears to be converging towards some grand consummation, it appears that God in the course of his providence, beginning to unveil the glories of his nature, and the grandeur of his empire, by the discoveries which he has led the human mind to achieve; and future generations may acquire still more ample views of his infinite attributes, and the unbounded splendor and 'glory of his kingdom.'" But all the grand and overwhelming objects to which you have been adverted, numerous, magnificent, inconceivable as they are in extent, and overpowering as they are, are by no means the *great universe*. They are, at best, but

a few detached portions of it, and perhaps bear no more comparison to its whole extent, than does a single twinkling star in the midnight sky, to the whole myriads of stars that may be grasped in the whole range of telescopic view. It can not be expected that the universe in all its extent, as it really exists—in all its grandeur and magnificence as it does appear to the higher orders of intelligences, will ever come within the reach of finite man, so that he will ever be able to form an adequate conception of—a conception which would reflect due honor upon—its Maker. Nay, it is not at all improbable to suppose that even of the highest order of created beings, there is not one acquainted with the whole region of *universal nature*, and the objects its contains; and that none are acquainted with but a little portion of creation, its scenery, movements and various inhabitants, while the rest is known only to Him who formed it—fills it with his presence—and rules it with the uncontrollable energies of his *physical, moral and spiritual omnipotence*, if I may thus express myself.

There might much more be said in reference to the universe—the motions of these suns revolving around suns, and systems around systems—motions, too, which in every instance are several thousand miles every minute, but I have extended these articles to considerable length already, and in my next I will make such reflections as I think the nature of the subject suggests.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### PROFANITY....NO. III.

BY REV. S. J. GIBSON.

The class of people who indulge in the use of profane language which we shall mention at this time, is composed of those who consider the habit an evidence of true gentility. Surprising as it may seem to some, yet it is nevertheless true, that many use profane words, because they consider such a proceeding a characteristic of the *gentleman*! An oath to them, gives a kind of sounding turn to a period, and conveys to the minds of others, an idea that the speakers are men of consequence. And to a certain extent this may be true; for the practice may induce people with minds like their own, to believe them in possession of high standing; but to the man of good sound sense, it comes with a far different import.

Let a young man set out in the world with a determination to swear himself into consequence, and he will find at last that he has failed—if not from a lack of stock, it will be for the want of the right kind, which must render his situation still worse. He may indeed satisfy people that he is an adept in his art, but they will look upon him as being deficient in other and more essential qualities. They will look upon him as the subject of a delusive idea, which even he might behold, were he to reflect soberly awhile.

There is within the mind of such a one, a strong desire to be considered a gentleman—a man of importance—and that others should regard him in this light, he stands out and violates the commandments of his Maker—takes the name of the Deity in vain, and then rests from his labors and persuades himself, that he has ascended somewhat in the estimation of the public! But do others award him the praise which he vainly supposes himself entitled to? No! The very means which he employs, defeats that purpose which he would wish accomplished. The candid part of the community will regard him as one wanting in perception, and one that might accomplish more, even with his present abilities, were he to abandon the habit, and speak alone the words of sobriety.



There may be, however, nothing very vicious in the intention of the individual who acts upon such motives; or at least not so much so, as there is in that of him who uses profane language to satisfy his desire for revenge, but still he will receive an adequate reward for the pains which he has taken, and that reward will be his losing, to no small extent, the good opinion of the candid and virtuous, which he otherwise might possess. For let that man who would be considered a gentleman, and who would secure the good opinion of others, set out with a determination to use no language but that of candor and sincerity, and he may rest assured that mankind are not so far lost to the beauties of virtue, that they will neglect to bestow upon him the honor of being in this respect, a *gentleman*!

Such being the opinion which we think every one must form, during his reflective moments, the reader will permit us (if he is one who practices this habit, because he considers it an evidence of gentility) to urge him as a friend to abandon it, for he may be fully certified that if he does not, it will be long ere he will rise in the estimation of the public, like the man who is a stranger to profanity.

Monroeton, Pa.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### LETTERS OF THE NEW-ENGLAND SPY.....NO. III.

—, Feb., 18, 1843.

MY DEAR F.—In my last letter I stated that humanity in its progress *needed* something more—that the world was yearning for something *better*. And by the world in this connection, I mean the best hearts in it. In my second epistle I spoke more directly to the question propounded by you relative to the Roxbury Community. And in that letter it was intimated *where*, in a social point of view, and in the opinion of your humble correspondent, we are to look for this something for which the purest hearts are longing, and after which the loftiest souls are yearning. To the suggestions there thrown out, a hundred objections perhaps would arise in the mind at once, every one of which would seem at first thought to condemn it as impracticable. At least such was the case with me when I first began to read upon this subject. And a large number whom I have conversed with on the subject, I have found labored under the same misapprehensions with myself, until they became acquainted with the real doctrines of Association as advocated by the friends of Attractive Industry at the present day. Owenism, Fanny Wrightism, and all the other *isms* founded on the entire *depravity* or eventual *nothingness* of human nature, have immediately risen up in the mind and condemned it. And then again, the Quaker communities, with all their eccentricities and alleged want of success, have been urged as evidence palpable and strong that the thing, if not entirely visionary, is at least entirely impracticable. And then again, all other communities, whether of ancient or modern times, (*except it be that of the primitive Christians*;) and indeed every thing that has borne the name of community, whether honorably or other wise, has been adverted to as evidence of failure, should an attempt be made to establish its practicability.

Now I do not pretend to be well versed in all of the doctrines of Fourier and his followers, or the doctrines of Association as at present advocated; yet I have examined into them far enough to satisfy my mind, sceptical as it was on this subject, that Fourierism and Owenism are as far apart as the East is from the West, or as two doctrines can well be; and that the doctrines of *communities* of this age or any other, (always excepting the one above named,) are far, very far from being identical with the common doctrines of Association as I understand them. For instance, Owenism was founded upon nothing, and ended in the destiny it held out to man, in *absolute nothingness*. It made man a *brute*, and his destiny *dust and ashes*. Whereas, Association is based upon the innate divinity of human nature, and its infinite and endless progress in the career of goodness and knowledge. It makes man of noble origin, his soul of immense value, and his destiny a godlike one. Thus far of Owenism.

And communities in any sense, differ very materially in their details from Association as I understand it. Hence their failure is no evidence of the impracticability of the doctrines of Association.

But I must not dwell in detail. Suffice it to say, that I believe there are no real and substantial objections against the system here adverted to. If there are I should be pleased to be made acquainted with them. For one, I have exalted views of man's ultimate destiny, both as a social and religious being. And as the destiny of man determines his duty, I can not but think that the duty of man is a high and holy one. I have undoubted *faith* in human nature; and as certain as human nature is any thing,—as certain as it can be trusted, and as certain as it can not be redeemed without trusting in it and having faith in it, in short, as certain as man's origin is a noble one and his destiny a high and holy one, so certain is it to me, that the fundamental doctrines of Association are in the highest sense practicable and true. The great error of the ages past has been, their low views of human nature. Mankind have had no *faith* in human nature; they have not trusted it; they have based their views and their actions to a great extent upon the entire depravity of human nature; they have not sought to wake up its latent energies; they have not appealed to the divinity within; they have not sought to touch its silken chords; and not only religious systems but social systems have been based, and are now based upon this absolute depravity and entire worthlessness of poor, despised and down-trodden human nature.

Hence our systems of soulless competition and heartless antagonism. Hence, too, the maxim that seems to govern trade at the present day; to-wit: *You have cheated me, and I will cheat you; or you will cheat me if you can, and I will cheat you if I can.* Now what we want, and must have to *hold the world together*, is *ATTRACTION*. Every thing should be made attractive. Religion should be made attractive; and industry must be made attractive. God has been *feared* long enough, it is time he were now *loved*. And mankind have labored for fear of starving and freezing to death, quite too long. It is time labor were dignified and made attractive. It is time men worked because they love to, and because labor is honorable, and because God made them to labor a reasonable portion of the time. In a word, it is time people *come out from all this antagonism and repulsion* that now make up our social system, and associate themselves together for mutual protection and benefit, and establish of themselves a social system that shall have at least some attractive features about it. Do not, then, my dear F—, entertain for a moment the thought that men can not associate themselves together for social purposes as well as religious.—Rather let us look upon the doctrine of Association somewhat as we do upon a church well united and connected together in love, for mutual benefit and religious profit; and rather than believe in this impracticability, let us look forward to the time when Associations for *social purposes* shall be as plenty as the churches are now among the hills and valleys of their own much loved New England!

Thine truly,

THE SPY.

P. S.—In my next I will endeavor to show you *what a jewel consistency is*. I shall pursue the same general subject; but shall perhaps speak no more of Association as a distinct system, unless at your request. If you have any inquiries to make, I will endeavor to answer as well as my information will permit. I have a great many things to say to you yet. This world is a large one, and there are a great many "*spots*" on our *philanthropy* as well as our "*feasts of charity*." So adieu till we meet again.

THE SPY.

### CONFERENCE AT EAST CAMBRIDGE.

Conference holden in the Methodist Meeting-House; profitable meeting; Rev. S. W. Wilson (Methodist clergyman) present; his excellent spirit; Orthodox and Methodist church members addressed the meeting; Rev. Mr. Lambert (Unitarian) addressed the meeting; the spirit of his remarks.

On Tuesday of last week, a joy-inspiring and profitable Conference meeting was holden at East

Cambridge in the forenoon, afternoon and evening. Believing from the beginning that the Universalist Chapel in that place would not be large enough to contain the people, the brethren made application for the use of the Methodist meeting house, which was at once cheerfully granted. For this act of Christian kindness and liberality, the Methodists of that village are worthy of our gratitude; and we trust their example will be followed by many others, and especially by Universalists, whenever their houses are asked for by the members of other denominations.

When we entered the house in the morning, Br. Brooks, the resident pastor, was opening the meeting with an address. (Some brother had previously prayed.) Br. Brooks welcomed the congregation to that place. They had been induced to obtain this house, because they knew the Universalist Chapel would not contain the people. The Methodists, moved by Christian love, had granted their request. And now he wished to say that he welcomed them to that house. He wished them to feel *at home* in that place. He had been there before; he had worshipped God at that shrine; it was a place of prayer and praise; and he prayed that the same spirit which had blessed them aforesaid might bless them now. He desired that this might not be a meeting of controversy. We did not come for *such* a purpose. Christians of different denominations were present, he said; let every thing be done in charity. Let there be nothing that could wound the feelings of any believer in Christ. At the close of his remarks, we sung a few verses of the hymn on "loving kindness," (Conference Hymns, p. 50,) and the sentiment of this hymn seemed to give a character to the whole service.—A layman from Boston offered a few remarks on the same subject, and then came another verse of the hymn. Br. Whittemore, of Cambridgeport, hoped the whole spirit of the meeting would be "loving kindness." He referred to the remarks of Br. Brooks; he also hoped nothing would be said or done, that would give just cause of offence to any believer in Christ. He spoke of our late Br. Fuller, of Philadelphia, and of his happy death.—The last words he pronounced in this world, were a verse of the very hymn we had been singing:

"Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;  
O! may my last expiring breath  
His loving kindness sing in death."

Another verse of this hymn was sung, and then Br. Manning (layman,) made an address. (Singing.) After him Father Ballou spoke. He carried out this principle of loving kindness, and dwelt richly on that theme. He was in favor of permitting loving kindness to do its full work in the soul, in spite of all creeds and prejudices. (Singing.) Br. Partridge, of Watertown, addressed us. (Singing.) Br. Adams, of Malden, invited our attention to the same great subject of "loving kindness." This love, in our hearts, was the truest sign that we had been born of God. He related a conversation he had with a Methodist brother on this point. The Methodist wished to know his views of the new birth. "Well," said he, "that I may not be suspected of being governed by the wisdom of this world, I will give you the answer in the very words of God's book:—'Every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God. He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love.' Those, (said Br. A. to his friend) are my views of the new birth." "Amen," said the Methodist, "I am with you." How then could we refrain from singing a few verses of that excellent hymn, by Rev. S. Lovell, entitled "God is love," on the 57th page of Conference Hymns?

But we are appropriating too much room to this forenoon meeting. Br. Willis, of Cambridgeport, addressed us. (Singing.) And then a prayer; (singing;) then an address from Br. Strickland; (singing;) then an address from Br. L. R. Paige; (singing;) then Br. B. Whittemore addressed us; (singing;) then Br. Rust (layman) again; and then Br. W. Hastings (layman.) So passed the forenoon. The meeting was truly good and profitable.



But if the forenoon meeting was good, what shall we say of the services of the afternoon? On entering the house (a few minutes after service commenced) we found Br. Chapin leading in fervent prayer. We were happy to see Br. Wilson (the Methodist preacher) in the chancel, with several of our clergy. Br. Brooks made the opening address, repeating in part the remarks made by him in the morning. (Singing.) Father Ballou followed, and expatiated upon the words of Jesus, "If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink." If any man thirst, no matter who he may be, let him come to Jesus. Let him not go to any other source; let him not go to any human means; but come to Jesus. He showed what it was to come to Jesus; and he showed what is the water of life. (Singing.) He was followed by Br. Chapin, on the proper way of living in Christ—and the spiritual nature of his religion. (Singing.) A layman then spoke; (singing;) and then Br. Streeter, of Boston, on the power we have to fix our attention on divine things, and also on the socializing tendency of meetings of this kind. He spoke too of the purifying and sanctifying influence of such meetings. (Singing.) Here Br. Wilson of the Methodist denomination arose. He was in feeble health; (on the previous Sabbath, as we had been told, it was with difficulty he got through the services.) There was languishing in his looks. He desired to add his testimony to what had been said of the great importance of religion. He had been brought to acknowledge all men as Christians who showed the spirit of the Master. Formerly he had some doubts on this point. There were certain signs or *Shibboleths* once, which if not pronounced just to suit his ear, were regarded as radical defects. But his mind was now different. Wherever he saw the spirit of Christ he must own it. He expected to meet the good of all denominations in heaven. So all Christians said; but some were not willing to meet the good of all denominations on earth. For his part, he wanted to try and see if he could not find out what heaven is, while here on earth. Just try it a little; let us have the communion of saints here. He wanted a taste of it, before he went over Jordan. What harm can it do to have heaven below—a heaven to go to heaven in? Let us then all strive for the spirit of our Master; and think less of the *Shibboleths*, and more of the image of Christ. These ties of Christian love were very strong; they were the strongest of all ties. He hoped love would continue to grow, and banish wrath and strife; and then we should have even here on the earth, a prelibation of eternal joys. (Singing.) The sentiments of Br. Wilson were responded to in a very affectionate manner by Father Ballou and Br. Chapin. (Singing.) Here a Methodist lay brother made a very appropriate, discreet and fervent prayer. Br. Willis, of Cambridgeport, addressed us; and after him a gentleman, standing in the aisle, commenced to speak. He had accidentally heard of this meeting and come in. After some general and excellent remarks, on the subject of religion, he said some would be surprised to learn that he was a member of an Orthodox Congregational Church in Boston. He did not know of this meeting in the morning, but he heard of it at noon. He was glad he had come; he had never attended exactly such a meeting before. He bore his testimony fully, that the spirit of Christ was there. "Why (said he) how little my Orthodox brethren know of Universalism. If this is Universalism, let it spread; I say Amen to it. You have here the spirit we all ought to have; and the spirit which is to convert the world," etc. etc. This address produced a great effect. (Singing.) Br. Whittemore, of Cambridgeport, addressed the audience; (singing;) and after him Br. Otis A. Skinner, on the tests of Christian discipleship—how a man shall know he is a Christian, and how the world shall know he is a Christian. The test is LOVE; and he spoke at large on the power and tendency of love. (Singing.)

Here an aged Methodist brother arose in the gallery, and addressed us with good effect. He spoke first of the excellence of religion; and he was glad to see so much of it here. He did not see why it wasn't a happy meeting, bless the Lord. He was

happy; he knew the spirit of Christ was here. So far the meeting would do good. This spirit was fast converting men, bless the Lord. And now, said he, let us go on trying to convert men to holiness; and let every Christian do his duty, and the time will come, soon, bless the Lord, when we shall not say one to another, know the Lord, for all shall know him from the least to the greatest. (Singing.) Br. Randolph, from Alstead, N. H. was present, and made some very forcible and profitable remarks. Several of the speakers mentioned the fear, some had expressed, that these meetings might result in extravagance. But it was allowed, there was no danger now; there had been, however, danger from indifference. We know we have been too indifferent; but we do not know that there is any danger to apprehend from our present course. We know that certain good results follow these meetings. We were particularly pleased with the remarks of Mrs. L. Willis, W. B. Randolph, and W. Hastings (layman,) on this point. On the layman being called upon, a very impressive address was made by Br. J. Howlett, of Cambridgeport. Br. Johnson, of Lynn, and others, also addressed us in profitable exhortation. The meeting was closed by a fervent prayer from Br. Wilson, the Methodist pastor, and by singing Lenox, "Let earth and heaven agree."

The house had been well filled through the day; but in the evening it was crowded full, aisles, singing gallery and every part. We commenced with the excellent hymn from the Methodist Hymn Book, by Charles Wesley—

"I want a principle within,  
Of jealous, godly fear," etc.

Br. Henry Jewell prayed, and Br. Brooks made the opening address; (singing;) and after him Br. Whittemore, of Cambridgeport, spoke at length; (singing;) then Br. Eaton (layman,) of East Cambridge, gave us profitable admonition. (Singing.) After him we were addressed again by the Orthodox church-member who had spoken in the afternoon, and who had brought with him this evening a brother of similar faith. They spoke of M. H. Smith's book, which they had read, but never could believe; and now they knew it was false.—They had regarded Universalists as robbers and pirates; their prejudices had been very strong, but they repented of their evil sayings and doings, and wished us God speed in all that is good. (Singing.) The Methodist brother spoke who addressed us in the afternoon from the gallery. He said Universalists had by some been regarded as robbers; we are all robbers. We have robbed God—we have robbed him of his glory, of the obedience which is his due; and he spoke with feeling on this subject. We have not room for a sketch. (Singing.) Br. Sherman, who has been a Christian Baptist clergyman, addressed us. (Singing.) Br. Lemuel Willis addressed us again, (singing,) and then a stranger spoke well. He said he had "looked round the verdant earth, for unfading joy," but had never found it, till he found the Gospel. Br. Locke, (layman of East Boston,) spoke of the great importance of religion. He quoted several verses of the hymn, "Religion is the chief concern;" and illustrated its excellence by a striking anecdote.—Br. W. B. Randolph spoke again; and after him Br. Smith, a member of the Fifth Universalist Church in this city; and after him our Rev. friend and brother, Mr. Lambert, pastor of the Unitarian Church and Society at East Cambridge. He made a proper distinction between faith in mere theology, and true Christian feeling. To be religious there must be feeling. He was happy to be present, and to show his sympathy in the object of the assembly. He spoke in a kind spirit; and his remarks were received with devout attention. At the close he led the meeting in prayer; and asked the divine blessing on all the exercises.

It was announced, at the close, that the next Social Conference Meeting will be holden at the Second Universalist meeting house in Boston, on Tuesday the 4th of April.—*Trumpet*.

The self-wise are always ignorant of themselves.

☞ We wish our friends at the West, especially in Ohio, would not send us *Michigan* money, as the best of it, (viz., "Bank of St. Clair" and "Farmers and Mechanics" of Detroit) is 10 per cent discount, and notes on all other Banks are good for nothing here, as nobody will take them at any price. Some of them send us small Pennsylvania notes, which are from 12 1-2 to 20 per cent discount. Those who send us such money, when they can send better, will be charged with the discount. Good Ohio notes we can get rid of at a loss of 5 per cent. Send Ohio then, when you can not obtain New York or New England money in place of Michigan or Pennsylvania.

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#### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P M, Waterloo, for A G S—P M, Leyden, for T B and J T—P M, Vama, for J B—P M, Moriah, for J T and G T B—P M, Jacksonburgh, for self and P S—P M, Baldwinville, for S W—P M, Collins for J T, W R, T C, T B, L P and H L—P M, Eaton, for J F—P M, Ledyard, for I P—P M, Wolcott, for S M and J O W—P M, Woodwardsville, for A H—S M, Lowell, for R D M, J B and J M—P M, Henrietta, [O.] for S W and W B—P M, Brame's Corners, for J B, J K, D C C, E F, C F and J S—P M, Potsdam, for J L H, P S, N P, A B, C W, M R, J M and J M—P M, Boston, for N A, B R and E C—P M, Gustavus, [O.] for P G, and D S—P M, Cabotville, [Mass.] for A C—P M, Knowlesville, for W C R—P M, Perry, for H O and F W—P M, Eaton, for E F W—P M, R, Eaton, for N B and R M D—P M, Nashville, for A S—P M, Poland Centre, for N E C and A F—P M, Weedsport, for H B D and J S E—P M, Schenectady, for A B Q and S L—P M, Mendon, for J H and M C—W M D, Binghamton, for J J, S L B, E K, T L, R A, N B and J B G—P M, Hopkinton, for J S R and J P—T A G, Champion, for self, N H, A S B and J M—P M, Fairfield, for A C—P M, Watertown, for W C B—E B, Messina, for A G and I B—P M, New Haven, [O.] for L H—P M, Norwalk, [O.] for J F O—P M, Chenango, for J H S—P M, Tully, for J W and H C—W F G, Auburn, for E W, D C C, L P B, H Mc M, H B, I C, H D, C B and C W H—P M, Athens [O.] for E C C.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## SONNET—TO THE SABBATH.

BY REV. J. S. KIRKE.

Blessed Sabbath day—thrice welcome thou again  
To this glad heart! With thy first moments rich begin  
To shed thy holy calm down deep my soul within—  
Let no delusion dark as false, and vain,  
Intrude upon thy sacred time of rest.  
But let my soul at Heaven's high behest  
Lift up itself in humble prayer to meet its God,  
And crave of Him a blessing—and a light  
To beam upon the path where holy feet have trod,  
Which leads to realms all fair, and ever bright.  
Then round my life up to its latest breath,  
Shall circle there a Spirit all divine,  
Imparting peace and joy—and yet in death,  
Shall seek my whole existence to refine.

March, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## A GOOD NAME.....NO. III.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold." SOLOMON.

A good name is necessary to personal influence. It is the conviction that a man is upright, true and honest—that he is what he professes and appears to be, that induces us to repose confidence in him; without which no man can gain upon us, even for an hour. Talent may have its weight, by itself considered; and personal beauty its charms; but neither of them when associated with a false heart, when desecrated by a lying tongue, when darkened and disfigured and rendered "hugely ugly" by vice; can excite our sympathies, warm our souls into friendship, or command our esteem. On the contrary, indeed, we rather dread talents when under the dominion of vice; we fear the exercise of that power when it may be brought to bear against our interests and our happiness.

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
That to be hated needs but to be seen."

Mark that business man yonder; with bright prospects he begins; flattering hopes glitter, rainbow like, on the front of his future heaven—a reputed good name, "by vice not touch'd nor falsehood dimmed," gains for him the confidence of the community, and secures a generous and increasing patronage. Friendships are contracted and associations formed, which, like the cords of being, bind him to society. But anon—in an unexpected, unthought-of hour—truth, which "confined however strong will burst the bars," breaks its way through the smothering folds, and the man proves to have been a wretch, a vile-hearted hypocrite, whose seeming honesty was a stolen garb, and whose professions a false light which, like the *ignis fatuus*, flickered but to deceive. From some distant corner of the land, the place of his nativity or his late home, the ever tell-tale winds bring the sad history of vile deeds and dark crimes. How suddenly, and what a change comes over the spirit of that poor man's dreams! Friends vanish from his presence like morning mist from the presence of the sun. Support disappears almost in a night; and shunned and hated, he is left alone like the prisoner in his dark and iron-grated cell, to struggle with *infamy*. This is no tale of fiction—the man yet lives, and is vainly and madly endeavoring to drown his woe in the intoxicating bowl. Nor is his a solitary case—the names of thousands are festering in corruption, and will die only when they shall be lost amid the rubbish of the past. I am not here saying whether the course generally pursued by society in such cases, is right; but so it is—as soon as a man is suspected of dishonesty or crime, that part of the world whose good opinion he most desires, begin to shun him, to look coldly, freezingly upon him.

It is vice, after all, that men chiefly dread; and hence though they may be vicious themselves, they demand virtue in others. Nor can outward circumstances entirely change our estimate of character. It is said, I know, that we tolerate, nay even respect vices and follies in rich men which we loudly and unmercifully condemn when met with in the

vale of poverty. It were nearer the truth to say that, though we love the wealth of the rich man, yet we despise, we hate his vices—though we pity the poor man's poverty, yet we love his virtues and covet his good name.

As then you would secure social influence, that which involves your temporal welfare and peace of mind, look well to the virtue of your ways and the sacred uprightness of your life; for "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold."

Again:—reputation, the good opinion of mankind, social esteem is necessary to the perfection of human happiness. And there is nothing save religion which can be substituted in its stead; but religion is implied in the possession of a good name.—Wealth which is generally thought to come the nearest of anything, will not meet the great and urgent wants of the human heart. We may possess wealth; in massive heaps of golden glitter, or in broad stretching lands, we may behold our earthly treasures; but they meet only a part of the wants of this ever wanting being. They possess in themselves no attribute of intellectual or moral character—they have no sympathy with mind or affection. True, and far be it from me to detract from their positive value, they may feed and clothe the body, and as a means may serve us in a thousand ways—still there is a region beyond them, and elevation above them which they can not reach. And dead must be that soul to all the nobler and loftier aspirations of mind, that can wrap itself in a garment of gold, though sparkling with jewels, and sit down in the dusky gloom of solitude, where bloom no fragrant flowers of affection—where flow no living, refreshing streams of heart-inspiring, social joy—where no bright, hope-kindling star lights up with its mellow beams, the vast and lonely firmament of the mind. Envy not that man the refinement and elevated purity of his pleasures. No; the truth is, the soul pants after the sweet, almost angelic music of social good will. The voice of friendship has a music in it which "the gingle of yellow metal" can never reach, and touches a cord deep in the heart, thrilling the soul with emotions of indefinable pleasure. And hence we would have every eye that meets us, look kindly on us, and every face beam with affectionate regard. To be friendless, is to be miserable. To be alone, ah, who that hath felt its power; that, though in the midst of infinite systems of beauty and grandeur, there is no kindred spirit near that feels for his woe, does not shrink back from the thought as from the gulf of annihilation, exclaiming in the wild accents of an anguished spirit, Oh God! whatever else must go, leave me my friends! As then you love your happiness, live worthy the esteem and affectionate regard of mankind—so live as to secure and preserve a true good name; for it "is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold."

H. B. S.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## PRAYER.

BY MRS. S. ELIZA GIBSON.

Is there one in all Christendom, that has ever heard of and believed in the existence of the "One, ever living and true God," who has not at some time, asked through the medium of prayer, for His guidance, protection, or benediction? It may be true that there are many who have never been seen bowing at the public or private altar, or been heard lifting their voices in petition to "our Father in Heaven"—and it may indeed be true, that there are many who have never bowed the knee to him in any place, yet we dare hazard the opinion, that there "is not one, however vile, who has not at some time in his life, sent forth from the deepest and silent recesses of his heart, the sincere and devout whisperings of prayer.

Indeed, an inclination to pray seems to be a part of man's nature, and though prosperity, a course of transgression, or some other external cause, may for a time check its yearning aspirations, yet when trials, difficulties, and perplexities, from which the puny arm of flesh can not redeem them, are placed

on every hand, they will turn and ask aid from Him who is mighty to save. And there are none we believe, who have experienced the kindly influence which such a *heartfelt* devotion ever exerts—none who have ever known the childlike confidence which an earnest and sincere prayer ever inspires, will ask a labored argument to prove that it is an indulgence conducive to happiness and purity.

But it is not my intention to pen, at this time, a long dissertation on the use and object of prayer, but to notice in particular one passage in that perfect example—the Lord's prayer, namely, "forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors;" or, in other words, forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. This seems to be nothing more than a different mode of expressing that one great principle which our Saviour inculcated throughout his whole doctrine—the forgiving of our enemies, and dealing by others as we wish to be dealt by.

But when we take this petition upon our lips—when we ask our Father in heaven, to deal by us as we deal with those by whom we are surrounded, do we ask it in all sincerity and earnestness? Let us examine ourselves and see. Have we at all times been kind and affectionate to our friends, ever willing to participate in their toils, and sympathize with them in afflictions—have we done all in our power to assist the needy, relieve the necessities of the poor, and to alleviate the pains of the sick—have we fed the hungry stranger, visited the widow and orphan in their affliction, and endeavored to pour the oil of consolation into their bereaved and sorrowing hearts—in short, have we done by our fellow men, all that the Gospel of Jesus requires of us? Happy mortals are those who can conscientiously answer these questions in the affirmative; and thrice happy are those who in faith and sincerity can say, "deal with us, O our Father, as we deal with those by whom we are surrounded!"

There are those, however, who by their conduct, have shown themselves to be our enemies—those who have trespassed on our rights, and on many occasions sought to do us harm, and those towards whom it may be hard for us to quell the angry feelings of resentment. But let us reflect a moment—have not we, too, gone many times contrary to the just requirements and holy commandments of God—have we not trespassed "many times and oft," by stepping aside into forbidden paths? Yes, we have all sinned and gone out of the way; and can we ask for kindness, when we are so unwilling to bestow it upon those who have sinned against us? Let us then keep this sentiment forever within our minds—let us strive to practice in its light, that when we ask for forgiveness of our many trespasses and manifold transgressions, we may in all sincerity and fervency pray, "Our Father," to forgive them "as we forgive those who trespass against us."

Monroeton Pa.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## VIRTUE.

While reading a secular paper a few days since, we came across the following; "*Virtue is a rare plant; it seldom blooms in the garden of civilization, and whenever found, it is as soon as possible destroyed.*" We know not the author of the above sentiment, nor have we any right to tell his character; but if we might be allowed the remark, should say that one giving utterance to such a sentiment must be either the cold misanthropist, who is wrapped in the narrow sheet of selfishness and destitute of all the pure feelings so bountifully lavished by kind nature, or just debased enough to cruelly trample down the few tender twigs of virtue that lie along his pathway.

He must have known only the vicious of our race; never have seen the outgushing of a full heart in sympathy for others' woe; or the gentle hand extended to relieve the distressed: must never have experienced the joys arising from the possession of true and valued friends, or heard the simple but earnest "God bless you" of the tearful



eye and grateful heart pronounced upon himself; and if such is his character, if he has lived regardless of all the beauties of earth and sky, or without ever devoting a moment to the worship of his Maker, he might well say there is no virtue in our land. We well know there are many, very many who assume the garb of virtue, and under its fair, alluring guise will practice the vilest of deeds; and those who judge on a superficial view of things might conclude that all wearing a similar garb belonged to the same family, and we have to regret that too many affect the virtuous not for its own sake, but as a passport to what they would call "good society." May we not hope that such will learn to love it for its own sake, and that those who think it "a rare plant" will cherish it with untiring solicitude—will transplant it from soil to soil, and from clime to clime, until it shall not only bloom in the "garden of civilization," but where ever there is a hand to act, a voice to speak, or a heart to feel.

But no virtue say you? Hast thou seen that young man, God-like in form, with rosy health upon his cheek, eyes that reflect the pure soul and noble intellect, with a countenance in all its forms bespeaking energy and activity, and an arm which would bid defiance to every approach of foes, leave the rougher duties of life to attend at the bed-side of a sick and dying mother? See how gently he smooths the fevered pillow, administers the soothing cordial, or holds the aching head? So well is it done, that even the most experienced nurse could not do it better, and certainly could not so effectually; and when the last word is spoken, when the big tear rolls down his manly cheek at the final adieu, and as the cold clods fall over her last remains, he feels to still love her, to remember her counsels and instructions, and that all earth's treasures or alluring guise will never be sufficient to efface her memory, there is no virtue there? If there is no virtue, there is religion there—religion, such as angels might embrace and the God of heaven sanction.

But the very virtues of that mother are to be the young man's guide o'er the rugged path of life; and whenever any of the thousand vices attempt to entice his inexperienced feet, her voice like a guardian angel, silent though powerful with kindness and entreaty, speaks to him, "do not thus, my son." Who can tell how many have been turned from the debasing scenes of vice, and induced to learn wisdom's ways, and to walk therein by the recollection of the virtuous dead!

Poor fellow, who ever thou art, go warm thy cold heart with the feelings of philanthropy, drink a little of the milk of human kindness, pour the oil of consolation o'er a wounded spirit, and assist with a cheerful hand thy needy, suffering fellow mortals; then shalt thou no longer have occasion to utter a sentiment like the above; then shalt thou find that the few "rare plants" of virtue which "bloom in the garden of civilization," are to be transplanted from this uncongenial soil to a fairer clime, to where flowers never fade or fruit never withers."

May 2, 1843.

LETITIA.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## SALVATION FROM SIN....NO. II.

BY O. WILCOX.

"Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins."

It has been shown that Jesus' people were sinners, and that his work was to save them and make Christians of them. It has been also shown that all are his by purchase, and that when the text is fulfilled they will all be his by practice. But I wish to take a different course with this subject, in order to reach the different capacities of all before whom this may come.

It will be admitted that God had a design in sending his Son into the world. To deny this, would be to charge God with folly, and destroy the foundation of all gratitude to God for the gift of his Son. For if he did not design it for our good, then if it accidentally terminates in good, we can not feel grateful to God for the result, but must attrib-

ute it to our good luck, independent of the design of God, or to our wisdom in turning it to our advantage. And in either case, we should have no reason to be grateful to God for the good result of what he never designed should take place. But it will be admitted that God did design good in sending his Son into the world and that his design was to save man, as the text says, from sin. It will also be admitted that he designed to save all from the same evil, or only a part. If he designed to save a part only, when he could as well save the whole, then he was limited in this good design, and richly deserves the name of a partial God. And his partiality is only feebly represented by a father that had a family of children all in the same state of poverty and starvation, while he has in store an abundant supply for all, but he selects a few, and feeds and pampers them; but leaves the rest to perish while he, rather than bestow the remainder of his provisions upon them, suffers it to lie in his storehouse till it becomes mouldy, and then throws it away. My God! what folly will people swallow if it comes from a man in black, standing, (shall I say?) where he ought not! Do not our spiritual guides tell us, that the store house of God's mercy and goodness is abundantly sufficient for all his children who are famishing for that bread which alone can give life to their souls? And will they still say, that he never designed that the whole should be benefited by this grace which they so much need? But what will they do with the remainder? will these elect ones devour the whole, or will it be entirely lost? But perhaps it will be denied that God's grace and goodness are sufficient for all, by those that would say that he never designed that all should be saved by them. If this is the case, they have as good reason to be offended when we tell them that the last prodigal shall be admitted to the table of their God, as the elder brother of the prodigal would have had, when he was informed that his brother was sitting at his father's table, if he had really believed that there was no more provisions in his father's storehouse than would satisfy his hunger. But by the most of our Christian friends it will be admitted that God designed that Christ should benefit all by his mission, for they will wish to avoid the cruel partiality of the opposite supposition. And they will see that if God did not design to have pity on all by the gift of his Son, then those whom he did not design to benefit, are under no obligations of gratitude to God for this gift to others, which he unfeelingly withheld from them.

But let us examine the doctrine that admits that God designed to save or bless all, by saving them from (not endless misery, but) sin. Did he design to save those that he knew from all eternity he himself should deliver over to the devil, to serve him eternally? This is impossible; for it supposes that God can design to do the opposite of what he knows absolutely he shall do. Hence we must come to the conclusion, that if God designed to save all, he did not know that he should not accomplish it. And if he did not know this, he could not make a revelation of what he himself did not know.—Hence those who admit that God designed to save all, must acknowledge, that if they have found out that he will not, they have found it out independent of the revelation of God, and that they know more upon this subject than God did when he sent his Son with a design to have him save all from sin. Our opposers can choose which of the false and ridiculous systems they please; but I must say that if I was determined to cling to either with the grasp of a drowning man, I would take the one that held forth the barefaced partiality of a partial design, but gave God power and decision enough to have him carry into effect his own will and purpose?

It is too late to say, he came to make it possible for them to save themselves on conditions; for the declaration of the angel is positive, "he shall save them from their sins." And to talk of God's making a thing possible, is a contradiction; for that which was once impossible, can never become possible; hence if it is now possible, it was never impossible with God. But if God designed to save all by delivering them from the last enemy, and

fails at last, it must be because he did not sufficiently count the cost when he laid the foundation, to see whether he was able to finish the work on so broad a plan. And his building can not be the one spoken of by Paul in Eph. xi: 21, which is "finely framed together," but this will be lacking in studs, braces, posts, plates and rafters—and the builder will probably be mocked eternally by that subtle serpent who has defeated him, saying, you "began to build, but was not able to finish." But I must close this article by saying, that I believe in and worship a God that will carry into effect and accomplish all his will and pleasure, which is, to "have all men to be saved" by bringing them to the knowledge of that truth which maketh free indeed.

Ellisburgh, April, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## STEBEN ASSOCIATION.

BR. GROSH—Since the appearance of the address to the societies and friends in the bounds of the Steuben Association, published in the Magazine and Advocate, No. 35, Vol. 13, I have seen no notice of any proceedings of this body. Our Conference met at Howard, according to appointment, of which I expect you have been informed. I never witnessed a more interesting season, especially during our consultations in council. Several resolutions were passed, and every movement in devising ways and means, after social, friendly and earnest deliberation, was unanimously agreed to.

Some time previous to the above mentioned meeting, I made up my mind to have the Conference adjourn to the village of Hornellsville. This was a place, by the bye, where preaching of our order had seldom been heard, the people were unacquainted with our doctrine, and also with our manners and customs when assembled at our two-day meetings. There was high probability that something might be done here if we could bring things about so as to get an appointment. Under these circumstances, you know, Br. Grosh, what my first business would be. I was acquainted with several persons in that place, anti-Partialists, but not Universalists. There were some two or three, however, to whom the latter name would apply. The residue of my acquaintance in that place would come under the names of Presbyterians and Methodists, each church owning a meeting house. Of the latter I know some to be of a liberal mind, and as the greatest share of their house was built by Universalists, anti-partialists, and nothing-arians, I presumed it would be no hard matter to secure the use of the house for two days.

The promise of the house was obtained, and other matters standing all in sunlight for the time being, the meeting was appointed at Hornellsville, on the 11th and 12th days of January, 1843.

The time arrived, but to our disappointment the great thaw that occurred at that time, had rendered roads, bridges, etc., in many directions totally impassable; so that the meeting was not attended by friends from a distance as we expected. Information had reached me for two or three weeks previous to the time of meeting, from all quarters, and to the distance of more than 30 miles in some instances, that they were coming by sleigh loads. I informed the few liberal friends of these things, gave them to understand what our visiting friends would expect, urged them to make the necessary preparations, get as many as they could to assist, of their relations and friends, and if they were like to fail, let me know, and I would procure the additional assistance from our society, about 10 miles distant. (That is, to the centre, or place where we usually meet for worship.)

O, Br. Grosh, you can hardly imagine how highly I was gratified in this case. There were provisions for hundreds more than came to the meeting. The providential occurrence was a general disappointment and regret—not regret at the dealings of our heavenly Father, but, that our meeting had not been a week sooner.

It would have been amusing to you, brother, I am sure, had you been there. You would have



witnessed something new to you. Did you ever attend a Universalist Conference, where there was no society of our order? In the first place, I did not know of more than two or three, to whom I thought proper to communicate my plan. But when the time so long anticipated arrived, I found many liberal friends. The villagers, of both sexes, exhibited such a friendly and earnest anxiety for somebody to go with them. "I want you to go with me"—"You must go home along with me"—"Mr. U. can not you send somebody to our house; I am really afraid I shall be wholly disappointed after all." These expressions would be heard from a dozen at once. It did not disturb me, but in your place it would probably be called confusion. Well, our friends would not be satisfied until we agreed to appoint another Conference before the annual meeting of the Association. This done, our Conference adjourned. Particulars will be noticed in another place.

But my story is not all told. It appears that some of our ministering brethren heard our cry for help, and came along to see what it all meant. Br. T. C. Eaton preached at the village of Hornellsville, about the middle of December, and left an appointment for Christmas Eve. The Methodist house was illuminated, and what was still better, it was filled to overflowing. Br. Whitney of Rochester, tarried a few days after the Conference meeting, preached in the village—also in adjoining towns, Canisteo, Howard and Dansville. Br. Eaton passed along again in the latter part of January—preached several times in the village and around about, and so the chapter ends.

At the Conference in Howard, where we met to mature measures for supplying destitute places with preaching in the Steuben Association, we received a satisfactory evidence, from many places, of an interest in our cause. But to gain a more full information, we appointed a travelling committee to visit the different parts of the Association, and report thereon at our Conference in Hornellsville, or, as soon thereafter as may be. I have received no report yet. I have heard that Br. Cheney has been preaching in the section assigned to him, but have heard nothing of the result. From Mrs. Roberts and Bullard, the other two members of the committee, I have heard nothing. I hope we shall hear something on the side of prosperity, by the time our next Conference or Association shall meet.

The Dansville society, as usual, small but steadfast. Sixteen members—enjoy occasional, but support no stated preaching.

The Conesus society, received into fellowship last summer, I can give no information of it, pro or con. The remaining societies—those that have been in fellowship with this Association, have not yet re-organized to my knowledge.

Thus, Br. Grosh, I have given you all the information I can, of the standing, prospects, and progress of our cause in the Steuben Association. Hardly worth noticing, you will think, in your list of statistical information.

ASA URSON.

Hornellsville, April 30, 1843.

## MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry.

UTICA, FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1843.

### PUNISHMENT... NO. III.

Whatever the course of discipline through which we may be called to pass—whatever the punishments God may see fit to inflict on his sinful children,—whatever the chastisement or correction they may receive at his hand—we have every assurance that all shall finally eventuate in the accomplishment of the greatest possible good—the salvation of the erring and the lost.—No punishment or pain is to be final—for death is to be swallowed up in victory, and tears are to be wiped from off all faces.

The end as contemplated in all the plans and purposes of God is thus beautifully set forth by an apostle: "Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered

up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority and power. For he must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet.....And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto Him that put all things under him, that God may be all."

In this eloquent passage, we have the grand consummation—the final result—the ultimate end, set forth. The object of punishment, and of the mediatorial reign accomplished, and all the means of divine grace proving effectual, we have as the winding up—the triumphant termination, a world of human intelligences subdued unto Christ—he made subject unto the Father—and God all in all! There is no misery here, for its cause is removed—sin is destroyed—death has lost its sting and the grave its victory. Punishment hath ceased, because no longer needed—justice is satisfied with the perfect obedience of every heart—and mercy rejoices that all the lost have been found, and that the last tear of sorrow has been wiped away!

The same closing scene in the great drama of human redemption, was beheld by the Revelator, in his vision on the solitary ocean isle. He saw the whole purchased possession of the Redeemer gathered in one vast assembly; and he heard them all saying, "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever!" Oh, where will be pain!—where will be tears, when this vision comes to pass. There will be no motherless children, nor childless mothers then! There will be no starving prodigals, nor broken hearted parents then! There will be no minds darkened with ignorance then! There will be no error to fetter down the soul then! There will be no discord nor strife then! But the fulness of Him who filleth all in all shall crown the redeemed family of man, and heaven's high arches will ring with the shouts of joy!

To suppose an end, or consummation of the redeeming plans and purposes of God, like that contemplated in the popular sentiments of the day, is to suppose, that heaven is a place where all sympathy is unknown; or a place of endless woe. That it is not the former, we know from the fact that the angels are represented as rejoicing at the repentance of a sinner. Heaven is a place of sympathy then. The saved will carry with them those feelings of affection which bind them so strongly to their kind; and that love which makes them like Christ and like God, and renders the sight of human misery infinitely painful. Now, suppose endless punishment to be an end contemplated in the Gospel plan—that a part are to be cast off into deep and utter woe, and you suppose that which will produce universal misery, and flood even heaven with tears.

I know we have been told, that the saints in the future world would rejoice over the agonies of the lost; but it can not be so: for being as the angels, they must sympathise with the suffering; and nothing can give them fulness of joy, save the repentance and salvation of every sinner. This we believe will be accomplished. Christ came on earth to save sinners—not from punishment, but from that which brings punishment; and we have every assurance that he will not fail in this work, but will carry it on to completion—swallowing up death in victory, and wiping the tears of sorrow from every weeping eye. The Saviour has mercy—he has love—he has power; and he will hear and answer the cries of the perishing—he will set the mourning captives free—he will bind up the broken hearted—he will make an of sin, and effect the great object of his mission, by effecting the salvation of the world.

"On that bright prospect may we rest,  
Till this frail body dies;  
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,  
To endless glory rise."

A. C. B.

### UNION CONFERENCES.

A number of our readers have requested us to copy some of the accounts of these meetings to which we have several times alluded. We have not room for them, without crowding out a number of articles fur-

nished by correspondents; and, besides, we doubt whether the descriptions will be as generally satisfactory, as they would be had our readers seen and felt such meetings themselves. All such reports must be unsatisfactory—a mere notice of the subjects spoken and sung; for as in our best Washingtonian meetings, which these Conferences resemble in their manner and measures, there are many speakers and much singing. However, anxious to oblige, and believing that the account itself may do some good, we have selected an account of what we deem the best one held, and give it in this day's paper.

It may be proper to remark that these Conferences were held only one day each—one a week only—and that there was nothing in measures or action to distinguish them from our ordinary Praise meetings, save the numbers congregated, by the union of a number of Universalist societies, and the attendance of many of our Partialist brethren on them, and taking part in their exercises. Their effect, if prudently managed, and not too frequently repeated or prolonged for too long a time, must be salutary not only on our own denomination, but also in removing prejudice and ill-will against us from the minds of our opposers. Indeed, the Washingtonian meetings in this section which have been attended and participated in by our Universalist clergy and laymen, have done a great deal toward removing prejudices against us, and in breaking down a narrow, illiberal and bigoted sectarian spirit generally. I refer thus to our Washingtonian meetings, because they resemble most nearly these Union Conferences of any thing we have in this section.

A. B. G.

### THE EASTERN ROSE BUD.

This is the title of a Sunday School monthly, published by Br. Colasworthy, in Portland, Me. We notice it now on account of its embellishments—particularly on account of what purport to be likenesses of three of our preachers, which a friend sarcastically suggests should be purchased by Br. Tompkins for the adornment of the next Rose of Sharon, and for after publication in the Ladies' Repository!—the latter, as many of its present readers have never seen them, and the rest would undoubtedly be rejoiced to see them again!

But that our readers may partly understand the grievance of which we complain, I will state that the Rose Bud before us contains an old, but tolerably fair copperplate engraved portrait of Sir Ralph Abercrombie.—What he has ever done for Universalism, or Sunday Schools, or any thing else, to entitle him to such a distinguished station before our Sunday schools, I can not imagine. How eminently distinguished he is above even our preachers, will now appear. Next follows a most vile, temple-shaved, bewiskered, sharp-and-hard-faced, hemlock-wood or brick-bat cut, labelled, "Rev. Walter Balfour, of Charlestown." What! that miserable thing, Br. Balfour? Why, it has not a single lineament of that venerable, warm-hearted-old man's good-humoured countenance; and the circulation of this misrepresentation (it has no resemblance at all, and can not, therefore, be termed a caricature, even) among our children, is an outrage on the feelings of all Br. Balfour's friends, and a libel on himself which should entitle him to far heavier damages than have ever been awarded to Mr. Cooper against those who have called him "the handsome Mr. Effingham." Next is a sandstone cut, labelled "Rev. Hosea Ballou," which has barely resemblance enough to the original, to entitle it to the name of a caricature of that venerated Father in Israel. And lastly follows a tolerably good looking face, though a poor wood cut, labelled, "Rev. H. Ballou 2d, of Medford"—which resembles the excellent "Cousin" no more than it does any other human being of about his size and age. If such are a sample of the portraits intended to be circulated by the Rose Bud, we sincerely hope that its temporary suspension may be continued unto a perpetual sleep.

These remarks may be considered severe. They are intended to be, for I think they are merited. would not have a friend's countenance thus misrepresented,



and circulated in society, without condemning the man who did the grievous wrong—especially when (*as is the fact in this case*) he repeats a wrong previously committed by another, after that other had been rebuked, and compelled publicly to apologize for it. And Br. Colesworthy owes it to his readers, and to the brethren thus misrepresented, to issue a circular, stating that they are not likenesses of those three brethren. If he wants an apology for issuing those cuts, he may use the following anecdote which we once heard in relation to their first appearance, and which is doubtlessly as near the truth, as the cut for Br. Balfour is near being his likeness!

"Three notorious pirates, or felons of nearly equal enormity, were to be executed in one of our eastern cities. A newspaper editor, anxious to gratify the morbid tastes of the public, procured wood cuts of their countenances for his columns. But they were so vilely executed, and were such caricatures of the felons, that he dared not publish them. A Universalist Editor hearing of them, and thinking that what was not good enough to represent three pirates, might, with a little alteration, do to be palmed off as portraits of three of his most able and venerated brethren in the ministry, purchased them, and after altering them with his pen-knife, published them accordingly." These cuts afterward found their way to Portland, (for the people of Massachusetts would not allow them to remain in that State after,) and were used by Br. Colesworthy for the Rose Bud. That will do. A. B. G.

## SYRACUSE.

After changing places wherein to hold our meetings, for a number of weeks past; the society in this place have now rented, for one year, the beautiful and spacious Hall, in the fourth story of Larned and Granger's new block. The hall has been enlarged, and beautifully finished off, and seated with comfortable settees. We have succeeded in securing it permanently for half the time, with the privilege of getting it for a greater proportion of the time if needed. Our regular meetings, from henceforth, will be held there on the first and third Sundays in each month, until further notice.

This special notice is rendered the more necessary, because for a number of weeks past, the state of the roads has prevented the attendance of many of the friends from the surrounding country and villages, until, probably, they have lost "the run" of the appointments. If they will lend their countenance and aid to the meetings in Syracuse, by uniting with and supporting the society, undoubtedly a good society can be built up there, and much aid be rendered to the cause in all that region. For by so doing, an acceptable pastor may be settled in that flourishing place, as soon as one can be procured, and a house of worship be built. But without such concentration of numbers, influence and aid, all that region, with its numerous Universalists, must be left destitute of the preached word. We hope these few facts will be borne in mind constantly by all who commenced, and thus far have aided in the good work. The first difficulties—especially the great difficulty of procuring a place in which to hold our meetings—have at last, after a few fluctuations, been overcome. The Hall, though elevated, is a beautiful one, capable of being well ventilated in summer, or warmed in winter—it is easy to speak, sing and hear in, and will seat very comfortably a large audience—say 600 or 700 persons. Let a good choir be organized, a judicious pastor be settled, and a firm resolution be manifested by the friends, and the Hall can easily be filled, not only twice a month, but every Sunday. A. B. G.

Br. Whittemore—Send next volume Trumpet to John B. Gilman, Binghamton, Broome county, N. Y.; Credit him \$2.00, and charge us \$1.88. Twelve and a half cents postage. Also Credit D. Kimball, Lakeville, N. Y., \$1.00 for one half current volume Trumpet, and transfer the paper to Joseph M. Pine, same place, charge us.

We would call the particular attention of our readers to the prospectus of "FROISSART'S CHRONICLES" to be issued by the "New World" newspaper. See third page.

## RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching on the third Sunday inst., by Br. ANDERSON in Frankfort, and Br. SKINNER, at Fordsbush at half past 10 A. M., and in Southville at 2 P. M.—Br. W. H. RYDER in New Hartford.

There will be preaching on the first Sunday in June, by Br. J. A. ASPINWALL in Leyden.

The Central Association meets in Morrisville, Madison county, on the first Wednesday and following Thursday (7th and 8th) of June next. Each society will remember to select two lay delegates who will attend. Without order, A. B. G.

A Conference of the Steuben Association will be held in South Dansville, on the first Wednesday and following Thursday (7th and 8th) of June next, at the Baptist Meeting house.

The Steuben Association will meet in annual session at Springwater, on the first Wednesday and Thursday (5th and 6th) of July next.

Our ministering brethren knowing our wants, will, I am sure, attend our meetings if practicable. Therefore, to them I repeat not the usual formality of invitation and request.—To our lay brethren, I should perhaps use a little more persuasion—especially to those within the limits of this body. Come up, then, brethren—let us hear from all, without reserve. Assist in our deliberations, that we may ascertain whether we shall stand or fall.

Those from a distance, who will attend the Conference, enquire for J. H. Stevens, J. Phelps, J. Goodno, J. Healy, where they will find feed for their horses, and something (not bread alone) for themselves. I am not acquainted at Springwater, therefore can give no directions. But I will venture to say, enquire for friends, and you will find them there. A. UPSON.

N. B.—Messenger and Luminary please copy.

A Conference of the Hudson River Association will be held at Braman's Corners, the second Wednesday and Thursday in June. Services will commence Wednesday morning, at half past 10 o'clock. An invitation is extended to the friends of the cause generally, and to all who can consistently be with us. The ministering brethren of the Association will of course feel it to be their duty to be present if they possibly can.

N. B.—Those who come by Rail Road or Canal, will be met by friends at Port Jackson, (opposite Amsterdam,) prepared to convey them to the place of meeting.

J. A. ASPINWALL, Standing Clerk.

\* \* Messenger and Union please copy.

THE NEW YORK STATE CONVENTION OF UNIVERSALISTS.—The State Convention of Universalists will hold its annual session in the village of Cooperstown, Otsego county, on the last Wednesday (31st.) of May and the following Thursday (1st.) of June, next. The following are the delegates who have been chosen by the several Associations.

ASSOCIATIONS.	MINISTERS.	LAYMEN.
Allegany,	G. S. Gooddy, N. Adams,	S. R. Crittenden, L. Graves,
Black River,	S. Jones, G. Swan,	—, Thayer, —, French,
Cayuga,	A. Peck, T. J. Whitcomb,	W. Berry, O. Drake,
Central,	D. S. Morey, T. Clowes,	D. Owens, A. Scott,
Chautauque,	S. Adams, J. Simonds,	E. B. Poor, L. Pullman,
Chenango,	A. O. Warren, J. T. Goodrich,	A. Tillotson, T. G. Lamb,
Hudson River,	C. F. Le Fevre, J. A. Aspinwall,	J. Ogden, D. M. More,
Mohawk,	J. D. Hicks, P. Hachewoy,	A. Gale, L. Eaton,
New York,	I. D. Williamson, W. S. Balch,	W. Howe, L. Seymour,
Niagara,	J. M. Cook, C. Hammond,	E. P. Davis, W. W. Ruggles,
Ontario,	S. Miles, D. K. Lee,	E. Cook, N. Peet,
Otsego,	A. C. Barry, D. Pickering,	N. Stephenson, J. Devendorf,
St Lawrence,	S. W. Squire, J. F. Briggs,	D. Mack, S. Walrath,
Steuben,	[No return in the Minutes.]	

A punctual attendance is requested from the Delegates. Ministering brethren and friends are cordially invited to attend. The Occasional Sermon will be preached by Br. E. M. Woolley. The Standing Clerks of the several Associations are desired to send in as full and accurate reports as possible. G. W. MONTGOMERY,  
Standing Clerk.

## N. Y. U. S. S. ASSOCIATION.

This body will hold its annual Session in the village of Cooperstown, on the same days of the meeting of the N. Y. State Convention. By the 4th Art. of the Constitution, each Universalist Sunday School in the state is entitled to two delegates—these, together with the Pastors of Universalist societies having Sunday Schools, shall compose the Association. The 5th Article makes it the duty of each School to forward to the Annual meeting, through its delegates, full reports of its condition. A full representation from all Schools is earnestly desired. A. C. BARRY, Sec.

\* \* Union and Luminary please copy.

## MARRIAGES.

In Binghamton, March 22d, by Rev. Wm. M. Delong, Mr. ISAAC WARN, of Fairport, Chemung county, to Miss SOPHIA ADAMS, of the former place.

April 20th, 1843, by Rev. J. S. Flagler, Mr. JEROME SUMNER to Miss CLARISSA BENTLEY, both of Darien, Genesee county.

Also, April 26th, by the same, Mr. SAMUEL TANNER, of Barre, Orleans county, to Miss SARAH MULLET, of Darien.

In Lawrence, by Rev. S. W. Squire, Mr. DANIEL HARRIS to Miss CHRISTIANA LONG.

## DEATHS.

In Ellisburgh, Jefferson county, March 19th, of apoplexy, Mr. EPHRAIM POTTER, aged 69 years. By this sudden dispensation, his wife and children have been deprived of a kind husband and father, society of a valuable member, and our denomination of a bright example and ornament. Possessing a mind of more than common vigor, well stored with general knowledge for one who labored constantly as a farmer, and especially well instructed in religious truth and the holy Scriptures, he was able in defending his faith on all occasions, and careful to enforce it by his example. The breath of slander never dared to assail his character.

His departure is felt by a large circle of friends and relatives, who will long deplore the breach it has made in society. Funeral on the 21st, at Mansville, attended by a large concourse. Sermon by Br. O. Willcox.

JACOB SAX.

In Hanover, April 20th, of consumption, Mr. ISAAC VAN CAMP, in the 84th year of his age.

His sickness, though painful, was endured with patience and Christian resignation. Mr. Van Camp was a member of the Congregational church of Forestville, and dearly beloved for the consistency of life. His end was peace.—Mr. Van Camp was a soldier of the Revolution. His sermon was preached from Isa. iii: 10, 11, by the Rev. I. S. Emery, of Forestville.

In Amity, March 2d, LOUISA, companion of Wm. Sanford, in her thirty fifth year. A lady of true benevolence and genuine piety, universally respected and beloved by a large circle of friends and relatives, by whom her death was severely felt. Funeral ceremonies by her request were performed by the Rev. I. B. Sharp, on the 4th.

Also, in Farmersville, March the 2d, Mr. JOSEPH MILLS, aged 77 years. Br. Mills was a firm believer in the final restitution of the whole human family, and had remained so for the long term of 40 years. He was one of the early pioneers of the western wilds, and has always been respected, loved and revered by all who had an acquaintance with him; as was truly shown by the large concourse of people that attended his funeral obsequies. Sermon by I. B. SHARP.

In South Dansville, April 8th. Mrs. LUCINDA ROBINSON, consort of Elisha Robinson, aged 49 years. In the death of sister R. a husband, and large family of children, and numerous other connexions, are left to mourn their loss.

Sister R. was an amiable member of community—much respected by all who knew her. She united with the Universalist society in this place when it was first organized, in 1822—a convert from the Baptist church—and has always maintained the character of a Christian. Strong in the faith of universal salvation, obtained by a diligent search of the Scriptures, she lived devoted to the cause of truth in which she professed to believe. As a society, we deeply mourn the loss of so bright an example of faith and practice. Long will be remembered the virtues of the worthy departed—May our bereaved brother receive the consolations of the spirit of truth to comfort and cheer him during his pilgrimage—and may the relatives enjoy the blessed hope of the Gospel. Funeral on the 10th. Sermon from 1 Cor. xv: 49, by A. UPSON.



## THE PANTHER'S LEAP.

A WESTERN SCENE.

"Oh! how the mother loves the child she nursed."

It was a fine morning in August, when little Samuel Eaton was about seven years old, that he was making a dam in the brook that ran before his father's door.—He was an only and beautiful child, his mother almost idolizing him. There he was with his trousers tucked up above his knees, working like a beaver, his mother's bold eye gleaming out from beneath his sun-burnt hair, and with some of his father's strength, tugging at a large stone in the bed of the stream.

"Sammy, you'd better come in, hadn't you?" said Hannah, in a tone half mother and half mate.

"No-o-o, I guess not yet," replied Samuel.

An acorn came floating down the water. The boy took it up—looked at it—was pleased, and "reckoned" in his mind there were more up the "gully," and when his mother's back was turned, off he started for the acorns. The gorge of the mountain into which he was about to enter, had been formed (the work of centuries) by the attrition of the stream he had just been playing in—and walking on a level that bordered each side of the water, he boldly entered the ravine. An almost perpendicular wall or bank ascended on each side, to the height of a hundred feet, composed of crags and rocks, fritted by decay and storm into fantastic shapes and positions. A few scattered bushes and trees sought nourishment from the earth that had fallen from the level above, and, excepting their assistance, and the unseen surface of the rock, this natural parapet seemed inaccessible but to bird and beast. About an eighth of a mile from the entrance, a cataract closed the gorge, throwing up its white veil of mist, in seeming guardianship of the spirit waters. The verdant boughs, hanging over the bank, cast a deep gloom upon the bed below, while so lofty was the distance, they seemed to grow out of the sky, blue patches of which were to be seen peeping between them.

Hannah Eaton soon missed her boy, but as he had often wandered to the fields where his father was at work, she concluded that he was there, and checked coming fears with the hope that he would return at the hour of dinner. When he came, Joseph, nor any of the men, knew where he was. Then the agitated mother exclaimed, "He's lost, he's lost! and my poor boy will starve and die in the woods!" Gathering courage, she hastily summoned her family around her, and despatched them all but her husband to search in different directions in the neighboring forest. To him she said, "Scour every field you call your own, and if you can't find him, join me in the gorge."

"He wouldn't go into the gorge, Hannah."

"He would go any where." She knew not why, but a presentiment that the boy had followed the course of the stream, dwelt strongly on her mind.

"I can't find him, Hannah," said the husband, as he rejoined her not far from the mouth of the gorge.

An eagle flew past the mother as she entered the ravine. She thought to herself, the dreadful birds are tearing my child to pieces; and frantic, she hastened on, making the walls of the cavern echo back with the scream for her offspring. Her only answer was the eternal thunder of the cataract, as if in mockery of her wo, and flinging its cold spray upon her hot and throbbing temples. "Fool that I am, how can he hear me!" She strained her eyes along the dizzy height, that peered through the mist till she could no longer see, and her eyes filled with tears.

Who but a mother can tell the feelings of a mother's heart? Fear comes thick and fast upon the reeling brain of Hannah. "Oh, my boy—my brave boy will die," and wringing her hands in agony, she sunk to her husband's feet.

The pain of "hope deferred," had strained her heart's strings to the severest tension, and it seemed as if the rude hand of despair had broken them all.

The terrified husband threw water upon her pale face, and strove by all the arts he knew to win her back to life: At last she opened her languid eyes, and stared

wildly around, and rose trembling to her feet. As she stood like a heart broken Niobe, "all tears," a fragment of rock came tumbling down the opposite bank. She looked up. She was herself once more, for half up the ascent stood her own dear boy.

But even while the glad cry was issuing from her lips, it turned into a note of horror—"Oh, mercy—mercy!"

The crag on which the boy stood, projected from the solid rock in such a way as to hang about twelve feet over the bank. Right below one of the edges of this crag, partly concealed among the bushes, crouched a panther.

The bold youth was aware of the proximity of his parents, and the presence of his dangerous enemy, at about the same time. He had rolled down the stone in exultation, to convince his parents of the high station he had attained, and he now stood with another in his hand drawing it back and looking at them, as if asking whether he should throw it at the terrible animal before him. Till then, the mother seemed immovable in her suspense, but conscious of the danger of her son, if he irritated the beast, she rushed some distance up the rock, and motioned with hand and head that he should not throw. Yet, with the feeling mind of childhood, and temper little used to control, he fearlessly threw the fragment with all his might at the ferocious beast. It struck on one of his feet. He gave a sudden growl, lashed his tail with fury, and seemed about to spring.

"Get your rifle, Joseph!" The poor man stirred not. His glazed eye was fixed with a look of death upon the panther, and he appeared paralyzed with fear. His wife leaped from the sand, and placing her hands on her husband's shoulder, looked into his face and cried, "Are you a man, Joseph Eaton? Do you love your child?" He started as if from sleep, and ran with furious haste from the ravine.

Again the mother looked towards her son. He had fallen on his knees, and was whispering the little prayers she had taught him, not in fear, but an indefinite thought came across his mind that he must die. The panther was upon his feet. He stooped to spring.—The distracted mother could keep still no longer. She rushed up the steep ascent with the energy of despair, reckless of danger, thinking only of her son. The rocks crumbled and slipped beneath her feet, yet she fell not. The sharp rocks cut her flesh, but she heeded it not. On, on she struggled in her agony.

The ferocious creature paused for a moment when he heard the wretched mother's approach. True to his nature, he sprang at the boy. He barely touched the crag, and fell backward, as Hannah ascended the opposite side.

"Ah!" said she, laughing deliriously, "the panther must try it again before he parts us, my boy; but we won't part;" and sinking on her knees before him, she folded him to her breast, bathing his young forehead with her tears.

Unalterable in his ferocity, and the manner of gratifying it, the panther again sprang from his former situation. This time he was more successful. His fore-foot struck the edge of the crag. "He will kill us, mother, he will kill us!" and the boy nestled closer to his mother's bosom. The animal struggled to bring his body on the crag—his savage features but a step from the mother's face. "Go away! go away!" shrieked Hannah, hoarse with horror. "You shan't have my child." Closer—still closer he came, his red eyes flashing fury, and the thick pantings of his breath coming in her face.

At this awful moment she hears the faint report of fire arms from the gulf below—the panther's foothold falls, his sharp claws loosen from the rock, and the baffled beast rolled down the precipice at the feet of Joseph Eaton.

The sun's last rays gleamed brightly on a little group at the mouth of the gorge. They were on their knees—the mother's bleeding hands over the head of her son, and the voice of prayer going to their Guardian for His mercy in thwarting the PANTHER'S LEAP.

## NEW-YEAR'S NIGHT OF AN UNHAPPY MAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RICHTER.

An old man stood in the New Year's Night at his window, and looked with a glance of fearful despair up to the immoveable, ever-blooming heavens, and down upon the still, pure white earth, on which no one was so sleepless and so desolate in soul as he. For his grave stood near him; it was covered with the snows of old age, not the green foliage of youth; and he had brought out of a rich life nothing but errors, sins, and disease; a wasted body, a desolate soul, a breast full of poison, and an old age full of remorse. To-day, the beautiful hours of his youth re-appeared like spectres, and re-conveyed him to that lovely morning when his father first placed him on the cross-way of life, which leads on the right by sunny paths of virtue, into a large quiet land, full of light and harvests; but on the left, plunges down into the mole-walks of existence, and a black cave, full of distilling poison, hissing snakes, and dark sultry vapors.

Alas! the snakes were hanging on his breast, and the drops of poison were on his tongue; and he knew not where he stood. Distracted with irrepressible grief, he called to heaven: Give me back my youth! Oh, Father!—place me again on the cross-way that I may choose aright!

But his father and his youth had long since gone.—He saw the ignis-fatui dancing upon the marshes and disappearing upon cemeteries, and of which he said:—These are my foolish days. He saw a star flying from heaven, and glittering in the fall, vanish upon the earth. Thus am I, said his bleeding heart, and the snake's teeth of repentance probed still deeper into his wounds. His flaming imagination showed him flying ghosts (*nacht wandler*) upon the roofs; the wind-mill lifted its threatening arms for destruction; and a skull having been left behind in the dead house, assumed gradually his features. In the midst of the struggle, the music of the new year flowed down from the steeples like far-off church melodies.

His emotions began to soften. He looked around the horizon, and abroad on the far extended earth, and as he thought of the friends of his youth who, now happier and better than he, were teachers of the earth, and fathers of happy children, and blessed men, he said: O, if I might also like you slumber with dry eyes this first night of the year. Alas my dear parents! my dear parents! I should now be happy had I followed your precepts.

In the feverish remembrance of his youth it appeared to him as if the skull with his features, in the house of the dead, upraised itself, and at length, by the superstition which in the New Year's Night sees spirits of futurity, became a living youth.

At last he could look upon it no more. He covered his eyes, a thousand hot tears streamed and vanished in the snow; he sighed in accents scarcely audible: Return youth, return!

And it *did* return.—It was a horrid dream. He was yet a youth; his errors, only, no vision. But he thanked God that while yet young, he was able to shun the loathsome walks of vice, and turn into the sunny path which leads to the land of harvests. Return with him, young reader, if thou art standing with him in the way of error. This terrific dream would become thy future judge. And if thou shouldst call, Come back, beautiful youth, it would no more return.

CAUSE OF THANKFULNESS.—A minister was once speaking to a brother clergyman of his gratitude for a merciful deliverance he had just experienced. "As I was riding here to-day," said he, "my horse stumbled and came very near throwing me from a bridge, where the fall would have killed me, but I escaped unhurt."

"I can tell you something more than that," said the other. "As I rode here to-day my horse did not stumble at all." We are too apt to forget common mercies.

When we feel a strong desire to thrust our advice upon others, it is usually because we suspect their weakness; but we ought rather to suspect our own.



# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."....."PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, MAY 19, 1843.

NO. 20.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### AN IDEA OF THE UNIVERSE.....NO. V.

BY REV. J. S. KIBBE.

Having extended these articles as far, perhaps, as may be profitable or desirable to the reader, I will now come to a close after making a few reflections which the nature and importance of the subject suggests to my mind. A volume might be written without exhausting the subject, but I can only specify a few particulars.

1. I will begin by saying that all the vast systems which have been alluded to seem to claim some infinite and eternal Being as their author, whose glory and perfections are displayed in their workmanship and various revolutions. It seems impossible that such an amazing universe, arranged in such perfect order, and all the bodies it contains moving on in such regular and harmonious motions, "could have formed itself, or have been produced by a fortuitous concourse of atoms." Such an idea is contrary to the first principles of reasoning, which assert that every effect must have a corresponding cause. That such a notion should ever have found a place in minds of rational beings, is astonishing, especially if such persons had ever spent a moment in contemplation of the vastness of this material universe, with all its appendages.

2. This magnificent universe claims the serious consideration of every rational being, and more particularly of the enlightened *Christian*. "It contains a sensible adumbration of the divine attributes"—of the might and supremacy of the eternal God—of his omniscience, omnipresence, omnipotence, wisdom and benevolence presiding over all these scenes and movements. To overlook these things, is to disregard and refuse to acquaint ourselves with the work of our Maker. "Hearken unto this, stand still and consider the wonderful works of God"—and "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty"—are words of inspiration. No Christian can consistently set aside the study of the works of the Creator. For by contemplating the mighty universe as one element of his religion, the great object of his worship becomes more vivid—his mind becomes expanded—his devotional feelings rendered more rich and elevated.

3. The contemplation of the Creator through the medium of the universe, teaches us that notwithstanding the greatness of God's kingdom, he does not overlook the minutest objects or concerns of any part. The aptness of our minds at first view, to imagine that we shall be overlooked in the boundlessness of the universe, and immensity of God's works, arises from a consciousness of our limited powers and capacities. But as our minds expand, we take in the idea that the Creator superintends all his works—that his eye rests on the humblest and minutest objects as well as the largest. Every creature is continually supported by his power, and its thousand wants provided for by his overflowing goodness. Man shares in common with the higher orders of intelligent beings, the beneficence of God's blessings. The happiness bestowed on the myriads of beings which people his domains, can never diminish the resources of Him who has the mighty treasures of creation at his disposal, and who is the great center of all felicity. "Within the range of the moral government of God—if he is obedient to his laws—every intelligence may rest secure and confident," that he is not overlooked and forgotten amidst the vast concourse of worlds and beings. The presence of the Deity pervades the infinity of space, and his knowledge extends to the

remotest corner of both the material and moral systems. This is an attribute, as are all others, peculiar to the Most High, which flows from the immensity of his nature, and the boundless knowledge he has of all his works, and which gives to us a more glorious and sublime idea of his character, than could possibly flow from any confined supervision of some department of his creation. And herein is the Divine Being immensely separated from man, and we may say of all created intelligences, in the display of these incommunicable attributes exercised in their interminable variations.

4. I am aware that some good, and perhaps well-meaning Christians, betray an extreme proneness to skepticism in regard to much that has been stated of the magnitude, magnificence and grandeur of the universe and all its attending movements. And I confess I am at a loss to account for it, only upon the ground that, in their estimation, the facts enumerated are wholly beyond the reach of human intellect to fathom or bring to light, or else beyond the power of Omnipotence to create and arrange. But to my mind, one thing is certain, which is, that such a universe as has been described, and such an one alone, is consistent with the character of an all-wise God, to whose omnipotence there is no bounds. And this is but the echo of revelation. For we read—"Who can utter the mighty operations of Jehovah, who can show forth all his power?"—"Canst thou by searching find out God?"—"Canst thou find out the Almighty's perfections?" "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the glory and majesty; for all that is in heaven and earth is thine, and Thou art exalted above them all." "He doeth according to his will in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of earth, for his kingdom ruleth over all." "Great is our Lord, and of great power; his greatness is unsearchable." Here are some of the sublimest conceptions of our wonderful-working God. A universe, vast and unbounded—incomprehensible and eternal—is just such a one as we would naturally expect from a Being possessed of such a nature and character as the God of heaven and earth. We may turn our eyes to whatever point we please, and we shall find the Creator ever acting consistent with himself, and in no instance, perhaps, is it more strikingly manifest than in those orbs which wind their courses in the eternal fields above. "So nature, revelation and our abstract views of the material system, all conspire to show the harmony and consistency of the Creator in all his ways and works."

5. This subject affords a striking illustration of the wonderful condescension of the Divine Being, in reference to his intelligent creation, making visible his power, and might, and majesty, and sending his Son to make himself farther known to his creatures—elevate their worship above blind stupidity, and give them some long-looked-for intelligence as to man's final destination. While man was groping his way in darkness—fearing that death might not reveal a brighter existence—and fearing, too, that even while this life's feeble flame should burn, he might be forgotten amidst the immensity of God's works—oh, amazing condescension to relate!—the joyful announcement was made to mankind—"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish but have everlasting life." This was indeed love and mercy in their purest forms. They more forcibly urge upon us the declaration of the apostle to the Gentiles, when he said there is "a height and depth, breadth and length in the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, that posseth all knowledge."

6. There is much consolation for the devout

Christian, to be derived from a consideration of the immensity of the universe, its splendor and magnificence. Because it forcibly occurs to his mind that if the Creator has reared so vast and magnificent a fabric, "there can be nothing too hard for Him to do"—and that he is able to perform in the behalf of intelligent creatures for more than they can ask for, or even more than they can conceive or desire. He is reminded that all God's gracious promises shall be accomplished, and that no obstacle can interpose to the frustration of his wise and benevolent designs. His power is irresistible, his wisdom is unerring, and the bright emanations of goodness extend over all his works.

7. From a consideration of this subject, we learn that it is both our duty and interest to learn to yield a willing obedience to the laws of Him whose universe we have just been contemplating. The moral laws of God are intended to promote the happiness of his sentient creatures, and preserve the universe in harmony and order, and that all the violators of the laws of God must suffer punishment in some shape or other. All the laws of the Eternal are fenced by a moral sanction; and who can resist the power of Him who rules the universe and all its inhabitants! "His counsel shall stand, and he will do all his pleasure. He will cause his works to praise him with endless praises—he will open every mouth with thanksgivings, when all shall be made acquainted with his boundless perfections and goodness. No tongue shall be silent, no heart be tuneless in the great assembly in a world of redeemed spirits, when they shall gather around the throne of the Eternal Father, to go out from his presence forever. Let the people rejoice with exceeding gladness, for they have the Almighty framer of this boundless universe for their Father—their everlasting Friend—their exceeding great reward, and their portion forever; and he is eternally filling, equaling, bounding all, and they eternally filling up unto the fulness of God.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### PROFANITY.....NO. IV.

BY REV. S. J. GIBSON.

There are people educated to this worse than useless habit, who use the words in a thoughtless manner. They commence the practice when young; before they were of age sufficient to be aware of its evil tendency. Then they heard people who were older than themselves, employing profane language with impunity; and, with not a solitary vicious thought, they commenced acting in the same manner, until at the years of understanding, they have found the habit exerting such a power upon their minds, that it is almost an impossibility for them to abandon it. For these we have more charity than for many others, for there appears to be no evil intention, within their minds by which they are actuated, but so far have they become given to the practice, that many times they are not aware that they have used the offensive words, until reminded of it by the kindness of a friend.

But I am compelled to say, that frequently youth learn to use profane language by listening to discourses from the sacred desk; from whence there should only come lessons of virtue and morality. Let it not be understood that I am charging those who occupy the pulpit, with the *intention* of encouraging this habit. This we trust is not so; but many from a want of reflection, and a proper knowledge of human nature, strengthen the very evil which they are endeavoring to destroy. There is too frequent repetition of the name of the Deity, and other words, which constitute the vocabulary,



of profanity, and the child of seven, eight, and ten years perhaps, does not possess the power to distinguish between such a proceeding and that of a man swearing in the streets. As an instance in point I would say, that within the circle of my acquaintance, I have seen a boy of some five or six years old, upon a Sabbath permitted to attend meeting, which to him was something unusual, as his parents resided some distance from the village. Upon his return home, he was interrogated respecting the meeting, and he recollected very distinctly two things—he said they had singing there, “and the preacher swore like fury.” These being to him the two most important and novel things that he had witnessed, it was but a short time before he was trying his hand at them, with pretty good success, and but for the prompt correction of his parents, from that single circumstance, would undoubtedly, have become addicted to the habit of profanity.

Too great a familiarity in the use of the name of the Deity, is an impropriety into which many who occupy the sacred desk in the capacity of teachers, have fallen; and it always to a greater or less extent, exerts an evil tendency upon community—destroys partially that reverence which should fill every soul at the mention of Him who is clothed with infinity. It was but a few weeks since that I took up a paper containing a sermon by one of our ministering brethren, and though it was an excellent production in other respects, yet in no more than five and a half columns, I noticed the name of the Supreme Being above eighty times repeated! Now if we are endeavoring to persuade our fellow beings to abandon their evil habits, we must, in order to be successful, correct our own faults—we must employ the utmost care in the selection of our language, and not put it into the power of the profane man, when he is spoken to respecting the habit, to answer us, that we are more to be blamed than himself, because he became addicted to the practice by listening to the discourses of the pulpit.

But to return more directly to those who indulge in this habit from a thoughtless motive, I would say that it does seem to me, that when such men soberly reflect upon the subject, they can but form a strong resolution to abandon it forever. Let them consider one moment the situation that men sustain in the world—surrounded by childhood and youth, whose minds have not arrived at maturity, but highly susceptible of lasting impressions by external objects; and every word which we speak serves but to mould and bias those minds, whose influence may live and exert its power upon society years to come—even when we shall have been long mouldering in our graves. How necessary then that each man guard well his language—that he thus keep an eye upon the morals of youth and enable them to escape the influence of evil habits.

And to you who use profane words, from mere thoughtlessness; though there is no evil in your intention, yet we beseech of you to reflect once upon the evils which the habit exerts upon the morals of the community—the deleterious tendency which it may have upon those who look up to you for counsel and instruction, and may you ere long form and strictly adhere to a resolution to employ alone the words of virtuous refinement.

Monroeton, Pa.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### KNOWLEDGE OF GOOD AND EVIL.

On hearing a discourse not long since in which the speaker represented Adam before the fall, as being in a perfect state, that as he was made in the image of God he must, consequently, have been, in degree, like him in his perfections, knowledge, wisdom, holiness, &c., I was led into the following train of reflections. How wise must Adam have been, prior to his first transgression? And what an exhibition of his perfections was this to transgress the very first command of his Maker? It would seem that he had no practical knowledge, at least; else what necessity for transmitting to him the statement of facts, which we find recorded in Gen. i: 27-31? Yet this preacher seems to imag-

ine Adam to have been ushered into existence a perfectly wise being, possessing an immeasurable degree of knowledge. Also, that his first sin produced all the evil which human nature is heir to. But did Adam's sin create the elements? Though the elements are good in themselves, and for the benefit of man, yet if they be not kept within their proper sphere, they may be converted into evil. Fire, for example—how much comfort does man derive from its influence? yet if it gain the ascendancy, how much pain and misery does it produce? So of the others. Man has no faculty which is not beneficial if not suffered to transcend its proper limits. It is by suffering them to digress from the strict rules of reason and prudence, that they produce sin and bring pain. Good and evil, if we believe the text, seem to have been so intimately connected, that they are represented as being the fruit of one tree, which we consider an evidence that they both existed prior to Adam's first transgression, Gen. ii: 17. “But of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it,” etc. iii: 1. “But of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die.” iii: 6, 7. “And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also to her husband with her, and he did eat. And the eyes of both of them were opened,” etc. It appears that they had been as one blind or sleeping previously,—which we think is evidence that their knowledge was very limited. A thirst for knowledge, seem to have been implanted in the very nature of man, which, together with circumstances, led the primeval pair on to transgress the command of their Maker. We do not ask why man was constituted as he is, but we would ask what possible advantage it could have been to man, that good existed in the world if he might never arrive at a knowledge of it? It would also seem that to obtain a knowledge of good, he must necessarily become acquainted with evil, as they are represented as being the fruit of one tree. It is necessary that man should know the evil and the good which exist in the world, that he may learn to refuse the one and choose the other. The above is our view of the subject, we leave it for others to draw their own conclusion.

DOROTHY.

Lyme, Feb. 27, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### INFLUENCE.

BY REV. A. W. BRUCE.

In this world we have a standard for the admeasurement of character—I allude to *influence*. A man's intellectual, moral, political or literary character, is known by the amount of influence he is capable of exerting in the departments of morals, politics and literature. If character is dearer than life, for which a person will give “all that he hath,” the subject of influence is before us in an imposing attitude. A field is opened for the noblest ambition. Men are great among their fellows, and “great before the Lord,” in proportion to the degree and kind of influence they exert. And I may add, an unambitious Christian there can not be. He whose admiration can not be excited by the lovely, the sublime and glorious, in nature, providence and redemption—in whose breast there is no response to the manly virtue and lofty enterprise of prophets and apostles, fired by the love of their Lord, “the Prince of peace”—but who sinks indifferently upon his couch, content to live like an oyster in his shell, after a survey of all the good and ill on earth, and all the glories of heaven; I say, “The love of God dwelleth not in that man.” None can be a true believer without sympathising with the high and holy activities of God, and good men in heaven and on earth.

But the main thought forced upon us by our subject, is, that influence, being our most valuable possession, is the property of Messiah; and that he will institute the severest inquisition concerning its use, of any other item of our inventory. We need not here enter into an examination of the philoso-

phy of this argument. It is sufficient for us to know the truth. Influence is the richest yield of the intellectual, moral, and social machine, and God claims it as peculiarly his own. Indeed, a hasty glance at all the matters embraced in the Bible, will suffice to assure us, that he places a high estimate upon human influence. He instituted our nature and the laws of its operation; he gave it its supremacy among terrestrial creations; he ennobled it, and it alone, by committing to men his will; he has glorified it by permitting his councils to be in any measure swayed, and his measures in any thing directed by our prayers; and above all, he has stamped upon it great value in incarnating his Spirit in the prophets, apostles, and Christians, and a manifestation of HIMSELF, in his Son, who was the son of a woman, that he might work according to the laws which regulate the sympathies of human beings. The most exquisite sensibilities of nature's Maker, and nature's Lord were seen in tears shed by the “man Christ Jesus.” The compassion—the love of God flowed in human tears. Nor can we cease with this observation. God has not only chosen the channel of our nature to disclose “the brightness of his glory and express image of his person,” but he has ordained that by the same means, “through lips of clay,” the story of redemption should be told, and the work of salvation effected to the end of time.—And as language is the means of communication among men, he has selected it as the medium through which to transfer the powers and benefits, and exhibit the glories of the Gospel to them. Yes, the voice, the sympathies, and the intelligence of men, are constituted instrumentalities of the divine operation to salvation.

It certainly can not be necessary for me to show that in matters of religion, one man can influence another—that the parent controls in some measure the character and destiny of the child. All the operations of society turn upon this pivot, and to deny it, would be to hang weights upon all improvement.

Courteous reader, it appears to the writer, that the most profitable use of these premises, would be to inquire how far our conduct agrees with these ideas of responsibility. To the wealthy we might turn with the inquiry, how have you appropriated that portion of God's bounty, which he has been pleased, for a time, to put within the compass of your control? Has your distribution of it been for the well being of society? How many dollars have you expended to gratify the lusts of the flesh, of the eye, and the pride of life? and how many to train the human mind and heart for usefulness, for happiness, and for God? Can you enjoy the comforts of home, and the luxuries of commerce, without giving a *per cent.* of your income, to carry the blood-bought message of salvation to the door and the ears of your fellows? The aggregate wealth of our common heritage, (though our societies are composed mostly of the “poor of this world,” as was the case always), is sufficient to double its influence in a campaign of twelve months. It is but necessary for us to see and feel our duty on this subject, for the world to see and feel the power of the truth.

God governs men chiefly by this feeling of responsibility. Indeed, it is the foundation of human government, and no greater calamity can happen to any people, than for the rulers and the ruled, to cease to feel, each the responsibility of his station. The spiritual growth, and success of the Gospel of salvation, depend upon the existence of a healthy tone of the disciples. We need only compare those bodies, whose peculiarity is the denial of this great truth, and those which are filled with worldly minded, contentious, and self-conceited members, with the infant Christian kingdom, described by the beloved physician in Acts, to see this remark fully illustrated and verified. The tendency of enlarged views of human, and Christian responsibility, is humbling; the sentiment assigns man his proper place, not in the dust of degradation, but in the field of humble, active exertion in the cause of universal salvation. The subject of this sentiment would not wish to feel otherwise than he does; he



would not be spared the pains and anguish of spirit, arising from a consciousness of his boundless indebtedness to God, in favors from him, and duties to him, upon any compromise short of spiritual improvement! Knowing that he is not his own, but is bought with a price," with a spirit most opposite to servility, he "therefore glorifies God in his body, and his spirit, which are his." Love and gratitude, are the fountains of his moral existence.

Let those, then, who wish to see a healthy and vigorous action established in the body ecclesiastic, labor to diffuse a sense of responsibility to God, in all the offices and relations of religious society especially. Does money give influence? Then let the monied Christian exert himself accordingly. Does literature? Then let every chaste and classic thought, and every sparkling gem of oriental rhetoric, be consecrated to the upbuilding of truth in the spread of the Gospel.

Society is bound together by innumerable influences, somewhat analagous to the nervous, and arterial systems of the animal body, and in relation to these, both in the corporeal and social arrangements, every impression and motion affects in some measure its well being and destiny: Christianity, with its help-meets, those popular forces, the social affections, is intended by its Author, to be signalized before all other forces which impel the mind and heart of man. The precious deposit is with Christians, and what the Lord Jesus said to his chosen twelve, "Go, teach all nations," is virtually said to every believer, father, son, matron and maid, without changing in the least, those, and the other relations of life.

The Saviour once said—and the remark will apply with force to our subject—that the men who seek their reward elsewhere, than in religion, "are wiser in their affairs than the children of light"—It appears almost a paradox—darkness wiser than light! But the wisdom of either party, is in the use, the *diligent* use of the resources of the theatre of his choice. The one has chosen, as his all, this world; here his aspirations seem to end—the other "seeks the things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God;" yet instead of the Christian's zeal excelling the worldling's thrift, his devotion too seldom gains an advance upon his own earthly attachments. This is religious folly, and beyond a certain point, is incompatible with eternal life; "Ye can not serve God and mammon;" fealty to two masters, is an absurdity.—Earth and heaven are too far apart to keep a hand on each. Learn, then, dear reader, that "the beginning of wisdom is the fear of the Lord."

Madison Indiana.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### A GOOD NAME.—NO. IV.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold." SOLOMON.

Again: a good name can not consist with ingratitude to parents; one of the most common and lamentable errors of the young. Youth is one of the most illusive periods of "the seven ages of man." We begin the world with no established characters, and experience has shown—often but too sadly—that even the best and wisest can not predict unerringly from the youth alone, what the man will be. The gentle disposition of the child, and the integrity of the youth, kindle in the future heavens the bright bow of hope; on the beauties of which the parent and the friend dwell with the intensest delight. But, alas, for human hopes!—for how often is that bright bow dissipated, and the parent's heart "smitten with wo," by the cruel ingratitude, the reckless follies and imprudencies of both son and daughter. The prospect of "a good name" with all its blessed consequences, which the devoted father had hoped would be the firm staff that should support him in his declining years; and the fond and tender mother, the ministering angel that should stay her tottering steps; cheer the slow-passing hours of her fading life, and, at last, close her dim eyes in death—that bright hope, how often has it sunk quickly in darkness, and been followed by the awful night of despair!

Ah! little do children know how much their parents' happiness is bound up in their welfare; how deep is the love they bear them; how strong is the solicitude that follows them through the day and watches over them when wrapped in forgetful slumber. For them, in summer's heat and winter's cold, for months and years, does that kind father sweat and toil; for them, through many, many years, does that mother, who gave them being, care and labor, weep and suffer; and shall we repay them for all this labor and love, with inattention, disobedience, coldness, and ingratitude! Are these the returns parents are to receive from children? Think, I beseech you, young man and young woman—think how many weary steps, after they were already worn out with labor, you have caused your parents. Look into their faces and behold the care-worn brows and deep furrowed cheeks, and read *there* the histories of what you have caused "a father good and mother true;" and can you still be unkind, ungrateful to them!

But even the best of us as children, how ungrateful we are—how soon forget the home that reared us! A few months or years absence from that home, and we think but seldom of that mother who remembers us in every morning chant and evening prayer. No day with its engrossing cares rolls by, but they think and talk of us around the blest altar of that once loved home; but do we think of them? are they in our hearts and upon our lips thus often? O ye, who are children, blest with parents still living, let me beseech you truly to honor them; for all the love and kindness and filial gratitude you can show them, will never pay them half the debt you owe. Forget them not in any circumstances; utter no rude or unkind word; disregard not their wishes or injunctions; treat not lightly or disrespectfully their feelings or views; for they are your parents, the protectors of your infantile, helpless years, who furnished you with the home of your thoughtless childhood, and are even now bending over you with blessings. Though their forms and features have changed, and perhaps also their outward possessions, yet their hearts have changed not, save only as they have grown strong and devoted in their love. Clouds and sunshine alter the appearance of the sky, but the stars remain forever the same. So with our parents; whatever may be their or our outward condition, their affection burns on, pure and changeless, and unaffected by any circumstances of our worldly estate. Love them, then, I repeat, and honor them, that you may prove yourselves worthy that good name which is rather to be chosen than great riches, and that you may reap the blessings of that loving favor which is more valuable than silver and gold.

"When God shall guide my soul above,  
By the soft cords of heavenly love—  
When the vain cares of earth depart,  
And tuneful voices swell my heart—  
Then shall each word, each note I raise,  
Burst forth in pealing hymns of praise—  
And all not offered at His shrine,  
Dear parents, I will place on thine." H. B. S.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### DISCUSSION IN TABERG.

DEAR SIR—At the request of some of our friends, and for the information of those abroad, I take the liberty to give you a short history of a discussion we have had in this place, on the question, "Is the doctrine of endless misery true?" and wish you to publish it if you think proper.

It took place in the latter part of March and first part of April, and was continued for six nights. The question originated in the Lyceum in this place, and was introduced by the advocates of endless misery. Some of our friends, not wishing to discuss it in the Lyceum, opposed its reception, and succeeded in laying it over for consideration; but at our next meeting it was called up and adopted, and the disputants left to take sides as their feelings dictated.

The superiority in point of numbers, was against us; eight in affirmative and six in negative. On the first evening, we met at our usual place, but it was soon found unable to contain all that wished

to hear; and after the first night, it was held at the Methodist chapel in this place, which was kindly granted for the occasion. It was discussed by the members of the Lyceum, for the first two nights, after which it was thrown open to all who wished to take a part. On the third night Br. R. Queal spoke for the first time, taking up the arguments of the affirmative, tearing them into shreds, and scattering them like dust before the tempest; and giving the opinions of Partialist commentators on the disputed passages, in support of his positions. Some of the audience already (to appearance at least) began to fear, that their idolized belief would turn out to be a fable of modern origin. As all the orthodox clergy in this place (six or seven in number,) had as yet stood aloof from the arena, although urged to take part by their friends, it was proposed by a highly respectable Methodist Brother, to procure some heavier artillery from a distance to meet Br. Queal; which was assented to by him, and accordingly, on the last night, the Rev. Mr. Wheeler, (Methodist,) of Delta, appeared in the lists, armed to the teeth with essay and argument. The fourth evening was spent in skirmishes by the outposts of each side, and amounted to but little; but on the fifth evening, the Rev. Mr. Hodges, (Presbyterian,) of this place, opened his fire upon the Universalists, killing none, wounding none, and aiming at any thing but the question; and was finally called to order by the president, for asserting that "Universalists were furnishing the victims" for his fabled infernus. Br. Queal replied, and quoted a large number of texts to disprove the affirmative by proving the opposite true.

On the last evening, (the discussion being limited in extent to this night,) the gentleman expected, Rev. Mr. Wheeler, appeared, but unfortunately for him he came in at the eleventh hour—all the ground having been previously traversed. Notwithstanding, he proceeded to read a well prepared and labored essay, and to extemporize, as it was called for by the replies of Br. Queal. But it was too late. The citadel was already battered down, and the ruin could not be rebuilt with any prospect of rendering it tenable, in one short night; yet he labored hard, in a gentlemanlike manner, and with a zeal worthy of a better cause. But it was of no avail; for the almost unanimous voice of the public has given a verdict in our favor. The President, J. C. Thorn, Esq., presided in an able and dignified manner, and took till the next meeting of the Lyceum to give his decision; but on his request, was excused; the public having already decided.

Throughout there was a large and respectable audience in attendance, who by their silence, patience and deep attention manifested the intense interest they felt in the discussion. We believe there will much good grow out of it; for it has excited a spirit of inquiry whether these things are so, that we hope will not slumber until truth stands forth conspicuous above the fogs of superstition and error, in her own native beauty and grandeur. We think we hazard nothing, taking into consideration all the attendant circumstances, in saying, that no triumph was ever more complete, or victory more surely won. It was not a contest between learned critics, and consequently we had to depend on reason and revelation. Very little bitterness was engendered, and that little has passed away and been forgotten. The main dependence of the affirmative was the 24th and 25th chapter of Matthew. The arguments of the negative were hardly noticed by the affirmative; and a well written original essay for the occasion, not noticed at all. Yours in the soul-cheering faith of a world's salvation.

Taberg, May 6th, 1843.

OBSERVER.

Will our agents and friends forward what monies they have collected on our account, without delay, for we are sadly in need of it. We wish all who have an opportunity, would send by our preachers when they attend the Convention at Cooperstown, if they do not get one before. Do not fail us.

A small quantity of Miller's Phantasy exposed, by Br. S. P. Skinner, of Boston, Mass., just received. Price 12 1-2 cents.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## THE SPIRIT LAND.

BY MISS C. M. TIBBITS.

That land—O who its mysteries shall tell—  
Proclaim the secret of its joy or woe;  
Who shall unlock its portals strange and dim,  
That we its deep dark labyrinth may know?

There, shall we meet the loved, the loved and lost;  
Who have fled from us to a brighter strand—  
There do they wander 'neath the whispering shade,  
Of emerald branches by the zephyrs fanned?

There, do they love us still, and watch our way?  
Do they hang o'er us in the still lone night?  
O, do they guard us in life's darkened hours,  
And shed around us dreams of rosy light?

There, is each tempest hushed no more to rise?  
Does there no shadows wreath the dreamer's soul?  
Does the rich music of celestial throngs  
Through Heaven's eternal vault unceasing roll?

There, is all sadness banished—all the woes  
That circle round us in our earth's dim home?  
Does no remembrance of the far off past  
With its dim shadows o'er the spirit come?

There, shall we meet the loved ones of our youth,  
And see united love's dissevered chain?  
Will they look on us in other days—  
O, will youth's trustfulness return again?

Will there be none to hate—to fill our souls  
With all the deepening anguish of despair?  
Can we look forth upon each joyous scene,  
Nor fear that storms will gather darkly there?

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## PARTIALISM AND UNIVERSALISM AT THE DEATH-BED.

The self-styled orthodox have a morbid appetite for publishing horrid death-bed scenes and conversions of Universalists. It is a pathognomic or characteristic symptom of *all* believers in Partialism. It often devolves upon the medical practitioner to witness the melancholy scene of departing man, to his final and eternal home. I have been engaged in that practice for several years. My opportunities for witnessing the last hours of those that have been called hence, have been somewhat extensive.

Being a believer in the glorious doctrine of the Restitution, and not altogether an idle observer, I have sought to fathom the boasted superiority of *Partialism* in the last hours of man's existence. If I should be allowed to generalize, or draw a deduction from my observations, I would reverse the latter portion of the old axiom, "That Universalism will do to live by but not to die by," and the least I could say of Partialism would be, that it is neither fit to live or die by. If the limits of this letter would admit, I might narrate several horrid death-bed scenes of believers in Partialism—believers, too, so perfect as to be honored with the epithet of *saint*—but I have neither time nor inclination, so to do. I always view the publication of such horrid scenes of an excited or diseased imagination, as a mark of weakness in the doctrine and minds of our Partialist brethren. I can not stretch my mind to such a height of credulity, as to believe that they in candor resort to such sophistry and subtlety, to demolish the temple of Universalism. Grant for a moment that there have been instances of death-bed renunciations of Universalism, I ask what has that to do with the Bible? or with any established truth? They can not even solve a common problem in Mathematics with their *death-bed conversions*; yet notwithstanding, they can interpret the mysteries of Heaven.—A strange solecism indeed!

All persons possessed of common sense do know, or ought to know, that the peculiar state of man's mind, in the last hours of his earthly existence, is no evidence in support of Universalism, and especially none in vindication of Partialism.

The human system is so organized and constructed, that if disease invades any one organ or faculty, the diseased action is immediately communicated to the rest of the system, through the medium of

the nerves and circulation of the blood; all febrile affections, more or less affect the mind. Diseases which have their seat within the cranium, impair or destroy the healthy harmony of the human intellect. If any person doubts the above physiological facts, let him give me the *rational* of the ravings and delirium of a person laboring under acute Encephalitis! I also would refer him to persons laboring under the following mental derangements, viz., Fanaticism, Hypochondriasis, Melancholy, and Misanthropy, which are species of insanity caused or produced by the withering sting of disease. I ask what individual is ready to sanction as *law* and Gospel, the wild fancies of a diseased or excited imagination? I will venture to say he is not to be found. Yet notwithstanding, the bigoted believer in the corrosive doctrine of endless misery, assails the Universalist with arguments and evidence, the emanations of a misguided or diseased understanding! Man is a fallible being, and to err is human; God is immutable. The voice of inspiration declares that "God will have all men to be saved;" Partialism declares that God will save only a part of the human family. Whose veracity shall we dispute, God's or man's?

But, I am wandering too far from the object of the letter. When I took my pen in hand, my intention was to give you a succinct account of Partialism endeavoring to convert a Universalist upon his death bed. To the circumstances of this disgraceful attempt to convert a dying mortal from the "hope that is as an anchor to the soul," I was personally an eye witness.

Not many months ago, I was sent for, to visit Nehemiah Platt. The messenger supposed he was dying. I with all possible haste repaired to his residence, some four or five miles distant. I found him laboring under a severe attack of cholera morbus.

From the previous debilitated state of his system, the severity of the morbid action, and the present exhaustion, my prognosis naturally and necessarily would be unfavorable. I prepared and administered some medicine. Apparently it made no impression upon the disease. I tarried with him several hours, in order that whatever the exigency of his case would demand, might be supplied. It now was evident that he soon must bid adieu to all earthly things, and yield to the power of death. Strange to say, his mind during his sickness was calm and composed. He seemingly was conscious that his "body soon must return to dust, and the Spirit to God who gave it." He expressed a wish to get well, but felt disposed to submit to the decrees of Providence. Many of his friends and relatives had collected, all anxious for his recovery. I informed them that it was not possible for him to recover; despair usurped the throne of hope, and the most heart-rending drama commenced that I ever beheld.

From this time forward the dying man was molested with imprecations, interrogatories and exclamations. A complete description of this dramatic scene, together with a repetition of the many unnatural expressions, I must acknowledge is altogether out of the sphere of my mental capacity.—However, I must give you a sample of the comfort that was administered to the dying mortal, by self-styled and infatuated orthodoxy.

"Nehemiah do you pray? Nehemiah you are a going to die, you must pray! Nehemiah you must pray to God to pardon your sins? Why don't you pray? Pray all the time, for you are dying! God will forgive you your sins if you will only pray! You never will get to heaven if you don't pray?" with these and numerous other expressions, the dying man was haunted, to say nothing of the horrid gesticulation and physiognomical expressions.

In this company of soul-savers was also a Methodist clergyman. He desired me to tell Mr. Platt of his approaching death, and the necessary preparation for another world, which I declined. But this storm of despair which was in consequence of fear that Mr. Platt should go to *hell*, assumed such a fearful aspect, that I concluded I had better inform him of his probable fate. I approached his

bed-side, and commenced talking. Whilst I was speaking there was a profound silence. I took a glance over my congregation; their countenances plainly betrayed their feelings as to the nature of my conversation. Up to this critical epoch they were ignorant as to my being a Universalist. Neither did I know that Mr. Platt was one. Suffice it to say, that my talk was not as their talk. Why? because I quoted from the Bible—I quoted 1 Tim. ii: 3-6; iii: 9, 10; Rom. vi: 23; Isaiah xxxv: 10; lxx: 22-24. From the nature of these passages of Holy Writ they learned that I, also, was a great sinner. No sooner had I left the bed-side than the Rev. Gentleman spoke, "Let us pray." Here, brother Grosh, is something again, which is out of the power of my intellectual faculties to describe. The sage Theologian called it prayer, but my English, Latin and French dictionaries have no names for such mental abortions.

Mr. Platt formerly belonged to the Methodist Church. Through the agency of some Universalist he obtained some Universalist books, which he read; by reading these works he was led to search the Scriptures more closely. I was informed that he had said, the more he had studied the Bible, the less he cared for Methodism. Mr. Platt was a man respected and beloved by all who knew him. Dignity, and integrity and his ever readiness to oblige and forgive, were his peculiar characteristics.

Notwithstanding the great exertions made by the Orthodox to deprive him of his faith, he died confiding and trusting in Him who came to seek and save those which were lost. Thus it is shown, and conclusively proven, that Universalism rightly understood and practiced will do both to live and die by. Yours, etc., JOSEPH WALRATH, M. D.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## MEMORY OF A DEPARTED PARENT.

It was sun set, and night was throwing her dark mantle over the earth, hiding the habitations of men from the passing traveler's view; and the hitherto cloudless canopy of heaven was being over-spread with clouds, and all nature presented the appearance of an approaching thunder storm. Such were the external circumstances on a memorable evening, in the spring of 1840, as I was proceeding on horse-back from the pleasant and delightful town of L—, to the bleak and rugged hills of the town of F—; expecting to be overtaken by the tempest, long before reaching my place of destination. But it seemed as if the raging elements had been delayed on my account. I urged on my way-worn animal through the surrounding darkness, which I was enabled to penetrate by the frequent flashes of vivid lightning, giving, for a moment, all surrounding objects the appearance of one continued mass of fire. Proceeding in this manner, till at length passing around the brow of a hill, a long stream of light proceeding from the window of a dwelling not far distant, burst upon my anxious vision, and told me that my journey was nearly ended. This light came from my once happy home, which in former days I had visited so often with feelings of the most pleasing character. But how different were my thoughts at this time on approaching the parental dwelling. A sad change had taken place. An untimely messenger had made a long expected though sudden visit; and one from the once happy circle had obeyed his call. *Death*, "the king of terrors," had been there, and I was about to witness its ravages. Gladly would I have delayed this interview; but the raging storm pursuing me close, I was obliged at once to introduce myself to the melancholy group within. But what a meeting was that! Surely I was received with the tenderest affection, and a hearty welcome:—but where was the lively conversation and hilarity with which we used to spend the flying hours on such occasions? All were exchanged for the melancholy realities of the house of mourning. Every countenance bore the impress of the deepest sorrow, and a heaviness of heart which I had never before witnessed. All seemed lost in meditation. The once pleasant and happy family circle, was now depriv-



ed of its brightest ornament. And, thought I, am I always to witness such scenes as these on visiting my parental roof? If so, how can I ever enjoy the peace and happiness that usually spring from the recollection of home and friends? Such were the thoughts that were passing in my mind, when, being conducted into an adjoining room, I beheld the cause of all this unhappiness. There, by the dim light of a lamp I was enabled to behold the pale and stiffened corpse of my once dearly beloved mother; now wrapt in that sleep from which no human being ever awakes. Oh! what a moment was that! What being in all the universe could describe my feelings! It seemed that my heart was dying within me. There lay the ever idolized form of a parent, wrapt in the cold embrace of death; she that had watched over me in childhood, and turned my unguarded steps when well nigh in the slippery paths of vice; she that was my soother in affliction, my comforter in sickness, and in short, under all circumstances, my most affectionate friend on earth. She had gone to be with us on this earth no more for ever. I gazed on the form before me for a short time, but could not withstand the sight. I was forced to leave the room, and give way to a burst of grief, which with me is indescribable, and which feeling I have to the present day, when memory makes me a spectator of that heart-rending scene.

I soon after retired to rest, but no rest could I get. The house-clock told the hour long after midnight, before sleep (that soother of all sorrows) visited my eyelids. On the following morning the sun had commenced his apparent course in the skies, long before I was delivered from the strong bands of slumber, or made conscious that I was still an earthly being. This was the day, that I for the first time in my life, was to attend the funeral of a near connection. I prepared myself for it with feelings "at once awful and tender." But I forbear giving particulars; suffice it to say, that the services being over, a melancholy group were seen wending their way to the silent church yard, there to deposit the last remains of an inhabitant of earth, to moulder and mingle again with their native dust. Such were the appearances while I was following to and standing by the narrow habitation of a departed parent. Things went silently but *rapidly* on; the coffin being lowered, the grave was soon filled, and covered with neatly cut turfs, which formed a sort of grassy mound over the relics of the departed. Then came the trying time of leaving my mother's grave. I lingered, while one and another left the place; till I stood solitary and alone. Oh! I could have drenched the turfy mound with my tears. I seemed riveted to the spot; and could not bear the idea of going back into the world, (for it seemed to me while standing there, that I was beyond the precincts of mortality,) without the tender advice, and soothing consolation of the dear departed. But summoning all my resolution, I turned from the spot in all the agonies of grief, to follow the mournful company to our once pleasant but now desolate habitation. At this moment something seemed to say, in a small but *audible* voice; "why all this sad lamentation? hast thou no hope?—yes, I know thou hast."—This seemed to break the spell, and I found myself again on earth, with feelings much more pleasant, and a mind perfectly settled and serene.

Yes, dear mother, I have a hope,  
And ever true to that hope I'll be;  
With superstition and error I'll cope,  
Assisted by God, and the memory of thee.

Clinton Liberal Institute, April, 1843. AMICUS.

Easton, Md., April 24th, 1843.

DEAR BR. GROSH—After a long absence from home, and friends, and parent, I will break the silence by offering an article for publication. Should this meet a kind reception, you shall hear from me again. I have many things treasured up which, if communicated, might be useful to your readers.—As I pursue my *travels* South, where the name of "Universalist" is scarcely known, opportunities will be offered for witnessing prejudices. In subsequent numbers I may relate instances which have already come under my observation. [Send them

on Br. Perry—they will add much to our needed variety.] Yours, W. PERRY.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### FILIAL LOVE A CHRISTIAN DUTY.

BY REV. W. PERRY.

It is mentioned by Miss Pardoe that "a beautiful feature in the character of Turks, is reverence for the mother. Their wives may advise or reprimand unheeded, but their mother is an oracle consulted, confided in, listened to with respect or deference, honored to the latest hour, and remembered with affection and regret even beyond the grave. "Wives may die," say they, "and we can replace them—children may perish, and others be born to us—but who shall restore the mother when she passes away and is seen no more?" The above beautiful extract contains sentiments of the most chaste and holy nature; they can only be appreciated by those deprived of a home, and then only by the feeling heart. Long years of toil and study are forgotten, and the varied changes I have witnessed, the gilded castles hope has reared up, the thousand attachments and dear ties of friendship, sink to insignificance as that sweet word "MOTHER" wakes the slumbering memories of my childhood. Mental triumphs, with the long list of honors won, the trumpet tongue of fame and the thundering applause elate the heart—charitable acts winning the approval of the world and its Creator, may speak peace to the soul—memory may be flooded with a life of honorable and noble actions; but all will fail to inspire happiness as full, emotions as pleasing, opinions as exalted, as FILIAL LOVE. Other love is attended with regret—other affections create anxiety; but filial devotion and regard only throw care and perplexity aside, and open the way to God. Like the sun of heaven it sheds around our path a brilliant light which makes our footsteps sure and our earthly pilgrimage pleasant. It is the germ of all that is great and noble—adding lustre to actions recognized as graces among the most enlightened of savage nations.—It is the nucleus from which human greatness borrows its brightest glory. It is the only affection capable of perpetuating tranquility, and handing our names down to posterity unblemished with the charge of ingratitude. It is a love every person in Christendom should cherish, to show that the doctrines of Jesus inculcate as pure virtue as the Koran. Every thing sacred enjoins the duty upon Christians. Blessed with a revelation from the Almighty, and a country teeming with tokens of a father's regard and benevolence—with a government bounteous as Providence, privileging us to go out to study the great volume of the world and creation as free unshackled mind may dictate. Thus carrying revelation in one hand, and the light of nature in the other, we find a right interpretation of both—and both lead us to lay upon the altar of filial love the heart's best affection. None can realize the strength of filial love, until he leaves his home and mother, to wander in distant climes. Then often, as I do, he will turn back the page of life, to read the kindness beaming in the eyes and countenance of his absent parent. Though I continue to wander over the fields of this transitory globe in quest of wisdom, and hide my sadness from the world, I shall ever turn from my pursuit to think of thee, my mother. 'Twas but last night, in troubled dreams I saw thee, and joy lighted thy aged brow. I fancied the wanderer had returned to his home, fondly enjoying the bright smiles of an only parent. I knew my father and brother, and three sisters, had gone to God on high. But I found others that filled their places. The thought passed through the mind, and a deep melancholy brooded over me, and nature was fast yielding her charms, as a realizing sense was given, that one dearer than all others must follow. "Who shall restore the mother when she passes away and is seen no more."

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### SUSTAINING THE CAUSE.

What an impetus might be given to our cause, if every professed Universalist would cast in their

mite in sustaining the nearest preacher to them—and as far as possible, attending on his ministrations during the coming year. Brethren, the "time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." We have the promise of seed time and harvest, and the "Bow" has been set in the heavens, as a pledge that our earth shall be no more deluged by a flood. Miller's day of probation has passed, and we have no good reason to believe, that the material universe is to be destroyed. This is a good time to form new resolutions for the future, and put them into execution—to break off from bad habits, and form those which shall benefit ourselves and the community in which we reside. The preachers in your vicinity, would be much pleased with your presence in church—they need your countenance and support, and you would be wiser, better and happier for time to come. The cause which you profess to love would be greatly benefitted by this course, and you would show to those who differ from you in sentiment, that respect for *Truth*, which would win their respect for *you*, and the cause you have espoused. Whoso readeth let him understand. T. J. W.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### THE WORLD AS IT IS.

BY MISS CELIA M. TIBBITS.

Reader hast thou ever known the world as it is? not astronomically, geologically, or physically, but morally? Hast ever heard of man, endowed with most noble and god-like capacities? of disinterested benevolence; unchanging friendship; deathless love, and a thousand other most beautiful fancies? Ay, very possibly heard of them; but hast ever met them? not in the pages of a novel, or a silly girl's dream of life; but in thy own, actual, everyday intercourse therewith? Ah, methinks I behold thee seated by thy quiet fire-side, with thy head resting upon thy hand, scanning most rigidly the annals of the past for an affirmative answer to my question. List to me, my good friend; thou hast *not* found them, nor wouldst, though ages should roll over thee, till thy years were like those of Methuselah, and thy hairs white as the blossoms of the almond tree. Dost start at the assertion? Yet 'tis even so. The world is a lie;—man, the noble, the gifted is, Oh how great a lie! Woman is a lie—the heavens stretched over us—the earth beneath us—the winds that blow around us, are all a lie. Hast ever listened to their tales in youth? did they not promise pleasure? Behold thee, friend, didst find it in after years? Hast ever loved—and felt that peace, happiness, ay life itself, depended upon some frail being, fickle as the ever changing wind? and didst not recover from the blighted hopes occasioned by her inconstancy, and love again, and again, with the same intensity!—Ah, was it not a lie? And lastly, friend, hast never met with those who talked of all the sacrifices they would make for thy advancement—and learned in the sequel 'twas their own interests, and not thine, they sought? Was't not a lie?

Cowasalone, Feb., 1843.

### MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry.

UTICA, FRIDAY, MAY 19, 1843.

### ADAM'S IMMORTALITY.

The common opinion, that Adam and Eve were created with immortal constitutions for their earthly existence, is nowhere supported by Bible testimony. God created them male and female, and ordered them to be fruitful—to multiply and replenish the earth—thus plainly showing that their descendants might have room to live on the earth. For had none of mankind ever died, and had this command been obeyed, the earth would soon have become, or would yet become, over-run with inhabitants.

Is it urged that immortal beings need no food, and therefore my argument is unfounded? I admit that



immortal beings do not need food; for there can be no waste or decay where there is no final dissolution—and on this ground, I argue that Adam was created mortal; for in Gen. i: 29, 30; God expressly declares that he created the herbs and fruits to be food for them. This implies that there were the elements of decay in their constitutions, so that if the waste had not been replenished by sustenance, they would have wasted away by famine, and died. And on this very fact, is based the command of God in Gen. ii: 16, 17—and the duty assigned to man, to dress, and till, and keep the garden.

Another proof that man was created mortal at the first, is found in the sentence pronounced on Adam.—He was to eat of the fruit of the ground in sorrow all the days of his life—implying that his natural life had a limit. Is it argued that his life was thus limited because he had sinned? I answer, Not so; for in Gen. iii: 19, it is expressly declared, that he should eat bread till he returned to the ground; and the reason given, is not, "for thou hast sinned;" but, "for out of it thou wast taken—for dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." Hence, man is to return to dust, not because he had sinned, but because he was created of the dust—he is earthly by creation, and all that in him is earthly, must, of course, return to earth again.

I must also state my belief, in accordance with these arguments, that natural death, of itself, formed no part of the sentence pronounced on man. Natural death is made the limit of the sentence; but is no part of the sentence itself—"in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life"—here is the duration of the penalty. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground"—here is the limitation of the penalty; and it agrees exactly with the duration of it.

I admit that transgression, and its consequences, by embittering existence, may shorten life, or violently terminate it; and, in this case, natural death becomes a portion of the penalty; but as may be seen, in the sentence pronounced on Adam, in the penalty named in Gen. ii: 16, 17, natural death is not the penalty of the command. So, also, is the common notion false that endless, or, (as it is called) eternal death is a part of the penalty. This is evident from the fact, that natural death is the limit of the penalty. This is evident from the fact, that natural death is the limit of the penalty—that natural life is its utmost duration.

I may also state my opinion that the fall of our first parents is figuratively described, and is emblematic of the fall of each of us from purity and happiness, into sin and misery. The serpent, I consider emblematic of the cause of temptation and sin—whatever that cause may be—and consider the common view of a war in the eternal heaven, the change of a perfectly holy angel of God into a personal immortal devil, and the devil's using the body of a toad, or a snake, as Milton represents, or of a monkey or orang outang as Dr. Adam Clarke declares, to be a mere poetic fiction, unsupported by Holy Writ, and having its origin only in the wisdom of this world. I have not time now to give my reasons in full, for these opinions—nor is it necessary; for no proof of such notions can be adduced that is not capable of a more easy, rational and Scriptural explanation; because whatever may be meant by the serpent, or the word devil, in the Bible, it will be destroyed, and cease to exist as a cause of sin. Heb. ii: 14. Suffice it then to say, that St. James declares most positively, that "every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed. Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death"—the death named in our text. St. Paul also declares, "to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." And again—"The wages of sin is death." I am aware that this last passage is urged in proof that the wages of sin is "eternal death" in the immortal state, because it is contrasted with "eternal life." But as the phrase "eternal death" is not in the Bible, we regard it as an invention of man's wisdom, and not God's; and as the "eternal life" is to succeed, or follow after and terminate this death, it must, of course, be a death limited in duration.

And though the words, devil, satan, etc., are used in different senses to denote a deceiver, a false accuser, a slanderer, an adversary, yet the flesh, the works of the flesh, the carnal mind, the lusts and animal propensities are well personified by those terms, and the subtle serpent is a good emblem of them all.

What, then, is the meaning of God's commandment, and the nature of the penalty? "Of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." What says common sense, in view of the fact that a loss of innocence, and that guilt, remorse and shame are called death in the Bible?—in view, also, of the fact that our first parents did not die a natural death in the day they partook of that fruit?—in view, also, of the admission that Adam and Eve are not considered as being endlessly miserable? In view of all these things, I again ask, what does common sense understand of this passage of Holy Writ? What says the Bible itself, of the meaning of this passage? The context contains a detailed account of the feelings of the guilty pair—of God's examination of their conduct—of the sentence he pronounced upon them, the penalty of the law he inflicted on them—and of the duration, limitation, and nature of that penalty, and the reasons for inflicting it.—See Gen. iii: 7-20.

Here you have the whole law and penalty, as suffered by the guilty, as explained by the Lawgiver; as pronounced by the Judge, and as inflicted by the Executive. And what is there in it, about "death temporal, death spiritual and death eternal," declared by the wisdom of this world as the meaning of God? What is said about man's "falling under the wrath and curse of God, and becoming liable to all the miseries of this life, to death itself, and to the pains of hell forever?" My beloved friends, I beg of you not to become wise above what is written—not to depend on the commandments of men—but to adhere to God's own explanation of his meaning. Our first parents died a moral death in the very day of transgression—they died to innocence, purity, peace, and the enjoyment of God's favor and blessings. They were driven forth from the garden of peace and joy, and subjected to shame, remorse and the cares that attend conscious guilt.

But God did not curse them; but only the ground for their sake—God did not cease to hold communion with them—and God expressly limited their punishment and its consequences to the days of their mortal pilgrimage. "He remembereth our frame, that we are but dust," says the Psalmist.

We notice, then, that God's command and penalty embrace three special points—1. Death—death to innocence, and to that enjoyment of God's favor and blessings which innocence and obedience only can give.—2. Death in the day of transgression.—3. A certainty of death as great as that they have eaten of the forbidden fruit—"thou shalt surely die;" or, as the Hebrew has it, "thou shalt die—die"—or "dying thou shalt die"—an intensive form of expression in all primitive languages, denoting greatness, positiveness, or certainty.

A. B. G.

#### RELIGIOUS NEWS.

REMOVALS.—Br. M. E. Hawes to Sippican, Mass.—Br. R. S. Sanborn to Claremont, N. H. Br. J. M. Day from Pavillion to Morgansville, Genesee county. Br. D. H. Plum from Westport to Berlin, Conn. Br. H. G. Smith from Berlin, Conn., to Lynn, Mass. Br. C. Damon to Holliston, Mass. G. W. Quimby, to Saco, Me. Br. J. P. Weston from Waterville to Gardiner, Me. Br. J. J. Locke to So. Kingston, N. H. Br. John Gregory from Quincy to Fall River, Mass. Br. A. A. Davis from East Lexington, Mass., to Providence, R. I. Br. W. N. Barber from Guilford to Dummerston, Vt. Br. W. S. Ballou to Brattleborough, Vt. Br. B. Whittemore from So. Boston to Lancaster, Mass. Br. J. Gilman to Atkinson, N. H. Br. S. Barden from So. Reading to Orleans, Mass. Br. G. Bushnell from Dana to Philipston, Mass. Br. Joseph Baker to St. Albans, Vt. Br. J. B. Morse from Oxford, N. H., to Stratford,

Vt. Br. Alson Scott from Colerain, Mass., to Northfield, Vt.

INSTALLATIONS.—Br. S. C. Bulkeley was installed pastor of the society at Danvers New Mills, Mass., on May 3d. Br. H. G. Smith was to be installed pastor of the First Society in Lynn, Mass., on the 18th.

NEW SOCIETIES.—A new society has lately been formed in Camden, Me. One society of ten members, and another of twenty members, have lately been organized by Br. J. R. Johnson, in Waldo, Delaware county, and in Caledonia, Marion county, Ohio.

NEW CHURCH.—The church in Belfast, Me., was recently recognized—thirty four candidates were received by baptism.

NEW PREACHERS.—Br. David Tate, near Rome, Ind., has commenced preaching to good acceptance. Br. Perry Philleo, formerly of the Clinton Liberal Institute, commenced preaching at Canillus, to good acceptance, a few weeks since.

The Universalist Palladium, of Portland, Me., has been suspended for the want of support. Whether it will be revived again, depends on an increase of subscribers to its list.

#### BORROWED BOOKS.

I have loaned my books freely to persons asking for them—there are a few of my books that I have refused to lend to any one—but few persons indeed have ever been refused the loan of the remainder. But not as freely have they been returned in all cases. Some volumes have been out for years—I know not where. I have purchased a duplicate of some, and in some cases that, and even a third copy, has gone after the first, to return no more. In this way, I am deprived of more than a hundred volumes that cost me money, and which I now need. Can not some of them, at least, be regained? Must the total loss be added to the past privation? I hope that those who have borrowed books from me, will take the pains to look carefully over their book cases, &c., and to lay aside for an early return whatever volumes of mine they may thus discover in their possession. Carelessness in returning borrowed property can be excused—and thus far, I believe it is only carelessness;—but detain that property altogether from its owner, and the act becomes morally worse than carelessness. Will a word to the wise be sufficient?

A. B. G.

#### LIST OF BOOKS

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

No. 32, Genesee street, (up stairs).

Life of Rev. John Murray, Biography of Winchester, Pro and Con of Universalism, by Rev. George Rogers, Causes of Infidelity Removed, by Rev. S. R. Smith, Practical Hints to Universalists, by Rev. J. G. Adams, Ballou on Atonement, Ballou's Select Sermons, Do. Notes on the Parables, Do. Nine Sermons, Balfour's Second Inquiry, Sawyer's Review of Hatfield, Duties of Young Men, by Rev. E. H. Chapin, Discourses, by do. Christian Comforter, by Rev. H. Bacon, Law of Kindness, by Rev. G. W. Montgomery, Universalist Manual, by Rev. M. Rayner, Universalist Belief, by Rev. A. Moore, Sermons, by Rev. O. A. Skinner, Voice to Youth, by Rev. J. M. Austin, Illustrations of the Parables, by Rev. T. Whittemore, Christian Visitant, 3 vols. in one, by Rev. A. E. Grosh, Streeter's Hymns, (large and pocket,) Ancient History of Universalism, Modern do. do. Convention Sermons for 1841, Universalist Register and Almanac for 1843, Catechisms for Sunday Schools, Hymns of Zion, by Rev. A. C. Thomas, Gospel Harmonist, by Rev. T. Whittemore, Paige's Selections, The Universalist's Guide, Polyglott Bibles, Also, a few copies left of the Rose of Sharon for 1843.



## RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching on the fourth Sunday in May by Br. RYDER in Bridgewater, and Br. WOOLLEY in Litchfield.

There will be preaching next Sunday by Br. RYDER in New Marlford—Br. MONTGOMERY in Syracuse and Br. GROSH in Auburn.

There will be preaching on the first Sunday in June, by Br. J. A. ASPINWALL in Leyden.

The Pennsylvania Convention of Universalists will meet in Catawissa, Columbia county, on the first Wednesday and following Thursday in June.

CONFERENCE.—The annual meeting of the Niagara Association will be held on the first Wednesday and following Thursday in June, (7th and 8th,) at the Universalist Meetinghouse, in Middleport, Niagara county, N. Y. Societies are requested to send two Delegates each, to attend the session. We hope ministering brethren from other Associations will meet with us. A committee will be in waiting at the church to entertain such visitors and friends as wish to attend the meeting. Those wishing to come by private or public conveyance, will be cordially received, and accommodated in the vicinity of the village. Introductory Sermon by Br. J. M. Cook. The council will meet at 9 o'clock, and services commence at 10 1/2 Wednesday morning.

C. HAMMOND, Standing Clerk.

THE NEW YORK STATE CONVENTION OF UNIVERSALISTS.—The State Convention of Universalists will hold its annual session in the village of Cooperstown, Otsego county, on the last Wednesday (31st.) of May and the following Thursday (1st.) of June, next. The following are the delegates who have been chosen by the several Associations.

ASSOCIATIONS.	MINISTERS.	LAYMEN.
Allegany,	G. S. Gowdy, N. Adams,	S. R. Crittenden, L. Graves,
Black River,	S. Jones, G. Swan,	—, Thayer, —, French,
Cayuga,	A. Peck, T. J. Whitcomb,	W. Berry, O. Drake,
Central,	D. S. Morey, T. Clowes,	D. Owens, A. Scott,
Chautauque,	S. Adams, J. Simonds,	E. B. Poor, L. Pullman,
Chenango,	A. O. Warren, J. T. Goodrich,	A. Tillotson, T. G. Lamb,
Hudson River,	C. F. Le Fèvre, J. A. Aspinwall,	J. Ogden, D. M. More,
Mohawk,	J. D. Hicks, P. Hatheway,	A. Gale, L. Eaton,
New York,	I. D. Williamson, S. Balch,	W. Howe, L. Seymour,
Niagara,	J. M. Cook, C. Hammond,	E. P. Davis, W. W. Ruggles,
Ontario,	S. Miles, D. K. Lee,	E. Cook, N. Peet,
Otsego,	A. C. Barrat, D. Pickering,	N. Stephenson, J. Deverdorf,
St. Lawrence,	S. W. Squire, J. F. Briggs,	D. Mack, S. Walrath,
Steuben,	[No return in the Minutes.]	

A punctual attendance is requested from the Delegates. Ministering brethren and friends are cordially invited to attend. The Occasional Sermon will be preached by Br. E. M. Woolley. The Standing Clerks of the several Associations are desired to send in as full and accurate reports as possible.

G. W. MONTGOMERY.

Standing Clerk.

## STATE CONVENTION.

The undersigned Committee of the Universalist society of Cooperstown, hereby extend a cordial invitation to ministering brethren and friends to meet with them at the coming session of the New York State Convention of Universalists. Come, brethren—let there be a general attendance from all parts of the State, and we will have a rich repast of love, a pure Gospel feast. You will find us, as a society, united and prosperous, and glad of an opportunity to extend to our visiting friends, those rites of hospitality which should ever characterize Universalists.

Our brethren in the vicinity of New York city, by taking the boat for Albany, on Monday, may be in Cooperstown the next afternoon. Cooperstown is 22 miles from Fort Plain, (the nearest point to it on the Rail Road and Erie Canal,) and 38 miles from Utica. A stage leaves Fort Plain daily at noon; and Utica, daily, in the forenoon, (on the arrival of the cars East and West, at each place,) for this village. Extras can also be had at either place, on moderate terms if a full load can be made up.

Friends will please call, on their arrival, at the Universalist church, where the Committee will be in attendance to receive them.

W. H. WHISTON, JOSEPH BENNETT, SETH DOUBLEDAY, LEVI WOOD, JAMES I. PAUL, HARVEY CLARK, HOLDEN CORY, Committee.

Cooperstown, April 20th, 1843.

N. B.—There will probably be three daily trains of cars, and two daily packets, running East, and the same number West, by that time.

A. B. G.

The Central Association meets in Morrisville, Madison county, on the first Wednesday and following Thursday (7th and 8th) of June next. Each society will remember to select two lay delegates who will attend.

Without order,

A. B. G.

A Conference of the Steuben Association will be held in South Dansville, on the first Wednesday and following Thursday (7th and 8th) of June next, at the Baptist Meetinghouse.

The Steuben Association will meet in annual session at Springwater, on the first Wednesday and Thursday (5th and 6th) of July next.

Our ministering brethren knowing our wants, will, I am sure, attend our meetings if practicable. Therefore, to them I repeat not the usual formality of invitation and request.—To our lay brethren, I should perhaps use a little more persuasion—especially to those within the limits of this body. Come up, then, brethren—let us hear from all, without reserve. Assist in our deliberations, that we may ascertain whether we shall stand or fall.

Those from a distance, who will attend the Conference, enquire for J. H. Stevens, J. Phelps, J. Goodno, J. Healy, where they will find feed for their horses, and something (not bread alone) for themselves. I am not acquainted at Springwater, therefore can give no directions. But I will venture to say, enquire for friends, and you will find them there.

A. UPSON.

N. B.—Messenger and Luminary please copy.

A Conference of the Hudson River Association will be held at Braham's Corners, the second Wednesday and Thursday in June. Services will commence Wednesday morning, at half past 10 o'clock. An invitation is extended to the friends of the cause generally, and to all who can consistently be with us. The ministering brethren of the Association will of course feel it to be their duty to be present if they possibly can.

N. B.—Those who come by Rail Road or Canal, will be met by friends at Port Jackson, (opposite Amsterdam,) prepared to convey them to the place of meeting.

J. A. ASPINWALL, Standing Clerk.

\* \* Messenger and Union please copy.

## N. Y. U. S. S. ASSOCIATION.

This body will hold its annual Session in the village of Cooperstown, on the same days of the meeting of the N. Y. State Convention. By the 4th Art. of the Constitution, each Universalist Sunday School in the state is entitled to two delegates—these, together with the Pastors of Universalist societies having Sunday Schools, shall compose the Association. The 5th Article makes it the duty of each School to forward to the Annual meeting, through its delegates, full reports of its condition. A full representation from all Schools is earnestly desired.

A. C. BARRAT, Sec.

\* \* Union and Luminary please copy.

## LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

S G, Bristol, for C S, Z W G and G P—O A, Geneva, for R P, W G and N R—I P, Geneva, for W H C, L W and J M S—O R, Lakeville, for D K and E C M C—P M, Concord Center, for C T and E S—P M, Lebanon, for J P and J L—P M, Milan, [O.] for I L B and W H—D B, Harpersville, for E K, C H, A B, T K, A B, P M W and N B—P M, Sempronius, for J M—P M, Perrinton, for J L, J A, J C E, H J and J A—F R, Webster, for J F W, E C, B C, P Van A, J R and H J—B B B, Alexander, for self, N P H, B L, A H, C R and W M—T J S, North Bloomfield, for E D W and A B—A T, Adams, for J L G, A B, A C and B H—W M D, Binghamton, for J M [all right]—P M, Heuvelton, for self, L H, J B F, S W, R F and L P—P M, Erie, [Pa.] for B G—P M, Howard, for self and D W—P M, North Reading, for L A and A A—P M, Oran, for S H, E H, A S, E T, W C W and J S—P M, Natural Bridge, for J W—P M, Litchfield, [Mich]—A W, Antwerp, for L W, B B, E M C, A H, F, E G T, E F and D S B—P M, Pekin, for L B and J S—P M, Sandusky [O.] for C S, J H, T J, A S and S A,

## DEATHS.

In Sodus, Wayne county, April 28th, of consumption, Mrs. ELIZA, wife of Joseph Proseus, aged 38 years. During the protracted fanatical excitement, which was kept alive by Millerism, it was stated by ministers in the pulpit, and laymen in the streets, that Universalism would not do to die by, or go over Niagara Falls with; and that all Universalists renounced their belief on their death beds.—Fruitless attempts were made by a few officious persons to proscribe the deceased during her sickness. They told her that she must renounce Universalism if she wished to die in peace; and if she did not, she would be endlessly miserable. She said her faith had cheered her in the hours of sorrow and affliction, and she felt that it would enable her to triumph over the sting of death; and she could not give it up. Three hours before she died, she requested her husband to send after one or more of those, who tried to persuade her to give up her hope; that she might testify that Universalism was good in a dying hour; "and if I do not see them again," said she, "tell them that I found Universalism good to die by." Her husband told her that he could not send that evening, but would send early in the morning. "Then," said she, "it will be too late; for I shall be in heaven singing praises to God and the lamb, with the angelic hosts, before another day dawns upon this earth."—She requested her funeral sermon to be preached by a Universalist minister, and soon after fell asleep in the arms of her Saviour, like a confident child on the bosom of its mother. Br. N. Sawyer, of Wolcott, cheerfully obeyed the request, and tendered the consolations of the Gospel to the afflicted mourners and sympathising friends. We would tender our thanks, in behalf of the Universalists of Sodus, to the Episcopalians, for the liberality they exercised in opening their church for us on the above occasion. If any of those who have told that all Universalists renounce their faith on their death beds, should see the above, may they hereafter learn to tell the truth, and "go, and sin no more."

C. L. C.

In Perrinton, April 12th, of epidemic sore throat, Mrs. MARY BLANCHARD, (formerly the wife of Mr. Hanford, who fell in the struggles of the Revolutionary War,) aged 94 years. "Strange that a harp of a thousand strings should keep in tune so long," when millions of our kindred nature have fallen on her right hand and on her left. She was sick about three days, which closed up the scenes of time, and opened her way to a higher, holier, and happier world. She has left two sons to mourn and lament her death.

The old lady never united herself to any sect or denomination of professed Christians. She trusted alone in her dear Saviour, in whose arms she fell asleep to wake and rise to everlasting bliss. May God, our common Father, bless all the surviving friends of our kind and Christian mother.

S. MILES.

In Massena, Oct. 10th, 1842, LAURA, eldest daughter of Enos and Diana Beach, aged 8 years, 2 months and 4 days. She was truly a lovely child. Never has it been my lot during my short ministry, to meet with one so young, who seemed to possess the holy principles of religion so understandingly as she did. Often has my heart burned with inspiration of Heaven's love as I have conversed with her about her Sabbath School, and the things associated therewith.—But she is gone, and she is the third child which they have lost in a short time. Though they are often called to mourn, they mourn not as those without hope. In this hour of grief and affliction I led them in imagination, saying as they gazed upon her features still lovely in death,

Laura, round thy lips are blending  
Smiles, though death his seat has set;  
While around thy coffin bending  
We in sorrow linger yet.

O! we loved thee much, but how soon  
From thee, dear one, we're called to part;  
But thy loved image ne'er can fade  
So deeply shined within our heart.

Thy years on earth but few have been;  
Yet lately pain thou too hast seen—  
But freed at last from pain and sin,  
Thou art with sisters welcomed in.

Thy body in the grave must sleep,  
While we for Laura lonely weep;  
But Emeline and Josephine  
Thy soul now greets its home within.

Farewell! ye lovely girls, farewell—  
With us you would no longer dwell;  
Yet hope we there with you to tell  
That Jesus hath done all things well.

S. W. SQUIRE,

[A number of obituary notices unavoidably crowded out—will appear next week.]



The following little poem from the pen of Lieut. PATTEN, entitled "The Seminole's Reply," struck my mind so forcibly, that I have been compelled to copy it for the gratification of such of the readers of the "Star," as admire such pieces. I admire it, especially, for the strength of the language-used, and the well sustained expression of the Indian's feelings of determined bravery, revenge, scorn, hate, defiance, etc. The piece is copied from the "American Magazine," for May, 1836—p. 313.—[Star in the West.

Blaze! with your serried columns,  
I will not bend the knee!  
The shackle ne'er again shall bind  
The arm which now is free:  
I've mail'd it with the thunder,  
When the tempest muttered low:  
And where it falls, ye well may dread  
The lightning of its blow.

I've scared ye in the city,  
I've scalped ye on the plain,  
—Go, count your chosen where they fell  
Beneath my leaden rain—  
I scorn your proffered treaty,  
The pale face I defy;  
REVENGE is stamped upon my spear,  
And "BLOOD!" my battle cry!

Some strike for hope of booty,  
Some to defend their all—  
I battle for the joy I have  
To see the white man fall!  
I love, among the wounded,  
To hear his dying moan,  
And catch, while chanting at his side,  
The music of his groan!

Ye've trail'd me through the forest,  
Ye've tracked me o'er the stream,  
And, struggling through the everglade,  
Your bristling bayonets gleam:  
—But, I stand as should the warrior,  
With his rifle and his spear:  
The scalp of vengeance still is red,  
And warns ye—"Come not here!"

Think ye to find my homestead?  
I gave it to the fire:  
My tawny household do you seek?  
I am a childless sire.\*  
But should you crave life's nourishment,  
Enough I have, and good:  
I live on HATE—'tis all my bread,  
Yet light is not my food.

I scorn ye with my bosom,  
I scorn ye with mine eye—  
And I'll taunt ye with my latest breath,  
And fight ye till I die.  
I ne'er will ask ye quarter,  
And I ne'er will be your slave:  
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter,  
Till I sink beneath its wave.

\* It will be remembered that many of the Seminoles killed their children; they being considered an incumbrance in the war.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

Br. Grosh—As variety renders a paper more interesting to many readers, I have concluded to send you another extract from my diary, which I shall call

#### THE BAPTIST DEACON'S EXPERIENCE.

While I was teaching school in the State of Connecticut, and "boarding round," it happened to be my lot to spend the Sunday with a close communion Baptist deacon, by the name of Caleb D—. After the exercises of the morning were closed, he took a seat by my side, when the following conversation took place.

Caleb. There are a great many denominations in the world which will come short of heaven, without they repent and be baptized or immersed. The Bible says, "repent and be baptized." It does not say any thing about sprinkling. All those societies who do not baptize by immersion may as well join the Universalists, because they will all go to hell together. The Presbyterians perform the solemn mockery of sprinkling infants by way of baptism! They might as well go to a den of black snakes, take and baptize them, as to baptize in-

fants; because infants are no more nor less than vipers.

Roland. How such sentiments would agonize the bosom of the fond mother, as she wipes the death damp from the brow of her dying child! Yes, they would touch a chord that would vibrate in the deepest recesses of her heart with intense misery, as she bends over, and imprints the last kiss on, the pallid cheek of her darling infant, ere the cold earth covers its lovely form forever from her sight. How very different such sentiments are from the opinion our Saviour expressed, or heaven must be a miserable place.

C. How so? Did not Jesus say, "ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?"

R. Our Saviour was addressing Pharisees and hypocrites then, and denouncing them for their self righteousness and hypocrisy, and showing them that they could not escape deserved punishment; which was fully verified by the calamities which afterwards befell them. The same threatening would be applicable at the present day, to those self righteous denominations, who think that all others who do not believe and perform as many ceremonies as they do, will go to the regions of endless despair. Jesus said, "suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

C. Hem!—Hem!—What book have you?

R. A Grammar.

C. I do not allow any other book but the Bible, or some religious book or tract, read in my house on Sunday. If you wish to read, here is Haynes' Sermon against Universalism. It may do you good; for I should judge by your quotations of Scripture, that you were inclined towards that damnable heresy. Before you commence reading it, I will relate my experience, that you may see what various means God employs to bring the sinner to repentance. I used to be a very wicked and mischievous young man.\* Several years ago, while on my way to a protracted meeting, on a very cold day in the month of January, I caught a blue jay, and picked off all its feathers except from off its wings; I then let it go, and it flew up, towards heaven, crying, *Caleb!—Caleb!—Caleb!* It sounded my name so distinctly, that it produced conviction on my mind that I was a sinner. When I arrived at the meeting-house, the minister had just commenced his sermon, which was directed particularly to impenitent sinners. He was describing the situation of the damned in eternity. He pictured out hell in all its horrors. It appeared to me that I was standing on the very brink of hell, with its liquid and fiery billows rolling beneath my feet. It seemed as if I could hear the shrieks and wailings of damned souls as they gnashed their teeth and gnawed their tongues in bitter agony. I thought if God had dealt justly with me, I should have been in that direful abode long ago; but thanks be to God, his mercy interposed and snatched me, as it were, a brand from the burnings; for as soon as the minister invited sinners to come forward to the anxious seat, I went there, and got religion that very day, and went home rejoicing.

R. You did not love God, then, because he first loved you; and you were not led to repentance through the goodness of God, or because the kingdom of heaven was at hand. It appears that your conversion was all brought about through the fear of an endless hell.

C. There is more of your Universalism! Let me tell you, Sir, the love of God may be preached to all eternity to sinners, and then they would not repent.—The only way to bring sinners to repentance, is, to preach God Almighty's wrath, the endless misery of the damned, and their awful situation throughout a long and never ending eternity, if they do not flee from the wrath to come. I do not wish to have any more conversation with you till you have read that sermon. ROLAND.

Sodus, Wayne county, N. Y.

\* "Thinks I to myself," you hold your own well, if I am permitted to judge you by your fruits. R.

A friend who would tell a falsehood, to exterminate your faults, is an enemy to himself, to you, to mankind and to God.

#### FOR YOUNG MEN AND YOUNG WOMEN.

We find the following excellent article in "The Offering," edited by the Factory Girls of Lowell, Mass. It breathes the right spirit—every mother and daughter, father and son, should read it. We would advise the beaux who are taking the preliminary steps for entering the married state, to cut it out and hand it to their intended. There is too much ignorant prejudice in certain circles of society, against honest labor—a prejudice which must be eradicated from the minds of intelligent people. Health, long life, and happiness are the companions of industry.—[Bradford Argus.

"From whence originated the idea that it was derogatory to a lady's dignity, or a blot upon the female character, to labor? and who was the first to say, sneeringly, 'O, she works for a living?' Surely, such ideas and expressions ought not to grow on republican soil. The time has been, when ladies of the first rank were accustomed to busy themselves in domestic employment. Homer tells us of princesses who used to draw water from the springs, and wash with their own hands the finest of the linen of their respective families. The famous Lucretia used to spin in the midst of her attendants; and the wife of Ulysses, after the siege of Troy, employed herself in weaving until her husband returned to Ithaca. And in later times, the wife of George III, of England, has been represented as spending an evening in hemming pocket handkerchiefs, while her daughter Mary sat in a corner, darning stockings. Few American fortunes will support a woman who is above the calls of her family; and a man choosing a companion to jog with him through all the up hills of life, would sooner choose one who had to work for a living, than one who thought it beneath her to soil her pretty hands with manual labor, though she possessed her thousands. To be able to earn one's living by laboring with her own hands, should be reckoned among female accomplishments; and I hope the time is not far distant when none of my country women will be ashamed to have it known that they are better versed in usefulness, than they are in mental accomplishments."

#### CARE OF THE HUMAN FIGURE DURING INFANCY.

The beauty of the human figure depends essentially on skilful and careful nursing during infancy. At this delicate period, the bones are soft and the joints easily displaced; and therefore, deformities and dislocations are frequently occasioned, for which no subsequent care or skill can offer any remedy. In passing along the streets, how continually is the eye offended and the heart pained at the contemplation of objects whose life is rendered miserable by the unpardonable carelessness, or even wanton cruelty of nurses? How often does it happen that accidents, which immediate surgical skill might have remedied, are kept secret from parents, merely to screen some domestic from well deserved censure, until they assume a character in which all knowledge is quite unavailing for the purposes of cure? Care is necessary to guard limbs and vertebrae against heedless and unnatural exertion; as the body may easily (if not actually humped) be stunted and dwarfed in its full growth, and limbs misshaped and weakened by too much walking or standing before the bones become sufficiently hardened and consolidated to endure pressure. Whenever fatigue is produced either to the infant or the nurse, no more rational or beneficial plan can be adopted than the Indian fashion of laying the child on the mat or on the floor, where it may roll about at pleasure, bringing all the muscles and joints into healthful and natural action.

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# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."....."PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, MAY 26, 1843.

NO. 21.

## CONFERENCE AT WEST CAMBRIDGE.

This interesting meeting was holden on the 2d inst., in the new and beautiful Universalist Meetinghouse at West Cambridge. The day was clear, and there was but one circumstance to mar the joy of the occasion, viz., the sickness of Br. Waldo, the resident pastor, who was too unwell to leave his house through the day. The services consequently were led by Father Ballou, who a little before 11 o'clock opened the meeting. He referred to the sickness of Br. Waldo, which he said had been painful and apparently dangerous; but he was convalescent, and he entertained the hope, that he might be present in the afternoon; [a hope, however, which was not gratified.] Br. Waldo had requested him (Father Ballou) to welcome the friends to West Cambridge, and to wish them a joyful meeting. He then read the 55th chapter of Isaiah, after which the hymn commencing, "When sinners quit their wicked ways," was sung by the congregation. Br. Fay, of Roxbury, addressed the throne of grace in solemn and devout supplication. Father Ballou called the attention of the brethren to the particular design of this meeting. It was free to all, young and old, rich and poor; all had liberty to speak; it was free to all sects; he wished all to feel at home. The laymen were specially invited to take part in the meeting;—and they must not seek to make great speeches; but to speak out, without ornament and without restraint, words of Christian experience, exhortation and love. After singing,

Br. Whittemore, of Cambridgeport, addressed the meeting, referring to the exhortation of Br. Streeter at the late meeting in Roxbury, that we should all come prepared to speak, that there might be no delay. He proceeded to speak of the history of Universalism in West Cambridge. He remembered the state of the cause there twenty-one years ago, when he used to preach each alternate Sabbath in an obscure hall. After many years of indifference, the brethren here had come forward to the enjoyment of their high privileges, and were now in a truly prosperous state. They have shown what a few men can do, when moved with zeal and love. From these circumstances he proceeded to a series of profitable moral reflections. After him, Br. Cunningham, layman, of Boston, arose, and showed that the influence of the Gospel was to wean us from the world,—to convince us that while we remain in this world we are not at home, but are pilgrims and sojourners. Our home is beyond the tomb. There dwells the Father that loves us, and nothing can separate us from his love, neither death, nor life, nor principalities, etc., etc. Although so young, he had seen much sickness, and he knew the value of religion in times of sorrow. He commended it to the young with deep feeling.

After Br. Cunningham, Br. Adams, of Malden, took the floor. He came to enjoy a lively, profitable, elevating occasion. He wanted heart to meet heart, and soul to meet soul. He made an allusion to the chapter read at the beginning of the service, especially the 10th and 11th verses, in which the prophet compares the word of God to the snow and rain. He thought the comparison beautiful.—What do we learn from the rain? 1st. God's impartiality. 2d. The rain is beyond the reach of human control. Man sometimes murmurs at the scantiness and sometimes at the profusion. But God's ways are best. Just so with God's doctrine. It is above human control. In Christ's day, God had his own way in the establishment of his truth upon the earth. 3d. God has a definite object in sending the rain—to fertilize the earth. So with his doctrine. He sends it to fertilize the barren

mind. The grace of God is rich and full; and when poured out upon the heart, produces the happiest effects.

The dews and rains in all their store,  
Drenching the pastures o'er and o'er,  
Are not so copious as that grace,  
Which, sanctifying, saves our race.

Have you faith in this doctrine? If so, what shall you do? Will you wait for God to do every thing? No, you must do something. Look around, and see the farmers all at work. God gives them the sunshine and rain, but still they must work, or they can reap no good harvest. So in regard to spiritual things—we must make use of the means of grace, or we can derive no spiritual advantage.

Br. Fay, of Roxbury, had been thinking particularly of the remarks of Br. Adams. He had been thinking too of the first verse of the chapter. The broad invitation, and the freeness with which all might come, and buy wine and milk without money and without price. The farmer does not purchase the rains and dews; still without them he could have no harvest; and thus we see that our greatest blessings are free—altogether so,—without money and without price. Just so with the Gospel, it is free. If we thought of these things as we ought, we certainly should feel gratitude. How often the farmers forget what great blessings the sun and rain are. Are we not also forgetful of our spiritual blessings? God has given us spiritual powers, free, unasked; these are capacities from which we derive much happiness. It is a great blessing, that our highest happiness is consistent with the most faithful discharge of our duty. The speaker's whole object was to show that all our greatest blessings are free. Let us awake and enjoy these blessings. If we would do this, ten thousand sources of joy would be ours, which we now do not know. If the worst man in existence could see God as he is, he would love him.

Br. Allen, a young layman, from Waltham, said he was much interested in this meeting. He thought there was no need of being afraid of each other.—There is such a vast difference between ourselves and our Creator, that all smaller distinctions are lost. This idea was referred to and farther carried out by Br. Whittemore of Cambridgeport, and Willis, of South Reading. The latter closed by saying, that God was indeed above us, infinitely so; yet we are not neglected by him. Take the microscope and look at the myriads of beings we can not discover with the naked eye; none of them are neglected; not the least is forgotten. Take also the spiritual telescope—faith. O look and see what glorious scenes arise to view. After Br. Willis had closed his interesting address, we sung the hymn, "Sweet the moments rich in blessing," and closed the forenoon service.

### AFTERNOON.

The services were commenced by singing the hymn,

"Happy is he whose early years,  
Receive instruction well," &c.

Br. J. G. Adams, took the lead in prayer, after which, Br. Partridge, of Watertown, spoke, and gave an account of the rise and excellent effect of the Conference Meetings in Providence, R. I., at the time he was a lay member there;—and endeavored to impress upon the audience the excellent effect of Conference Meetings in general. After singing the verse,

The sorrows of the mind  
Be banished from this place, &c.

Br. Waite responded to the sentiment. Do Universalists realize the advantages they have over all others in regard to the sorrows of the mind? Is there any thing in pure religion to destroy our

peace? The Psalmist said concerning Jehovah, "My meditation of him shall be sweet;" and he proceeded to show, that with correct views of the divine character, meditation is always pleasant.—Br. Cunningham (layman,) said he had a desire to commend religion to the young. It was true as the poet said,

"Religion should our thoughts engage,  
Amid our youthful bloom,  
'Twill fit us for declining age,  
'Twill fit us for the tomb.

"She guides the young with innocence,  
In pleasure's path to tread,  
A crown of glory she bestows  
Upon the hoary head."

He illustrated the truth of his positions, by a reference to his experience as a young man.

Br. Sherman took up the theme of the morning again, and spoke of the Gospel as compared to snow and rain. He referred to Paul's admonition, "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." This, he said, was our duty. Remember the language of the prophet,—"Then shall ye go forth in peace." The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing. Is there any doctrine that will give peace like that of the world's salvation? When Br. Adams spoke, he referred to the rains and dews. We read of a little cloud about the bigness of a man's hand. Murray saw it. So it was seen in Elijah's day. It gave great joy to those who saw it. There is a little cloud now in this region, giving signs of abundant rain.

Br. Whittemore, of Cambridgeport, addressed the meeting on the testimony which had been given by old and young this day to the excellence of religion. The youth had spoken, and given us the experience of youth; and the aged, who embraced religion in youth, and who had tried it both in youth and old age, had also spoken. And what did they say? It is good for all, in every season of life; in sorrow and in joy. He here dwelt at some length on the excellence of religion; on its complete adaptation to meet all the spiritual wants of man, to guard him in danger, to fortify him against temptation, and lead him onward in the way of virtue.

Father Ballou, having been referred to by the last speaker, arose and made reference to his early life. He had professedly lived a religious life from his youth; and when he looked back upon it, all he had to regret was his omissions and short comings. He never had been sorry that he had made the religion of Jesus his guide; but he was sorry he had come so far short of living agreeably to its injunctions. In his youth, he was a Baptist, and a member of a Baptist church; and he had one thing then which he had endeavored to cherish ever since.—What was it? It was love to God, love to Christ, and love to all men. His love of Christ made him love all men; and his love of all men prepared him to embrace Universalism. Now, as to encouraging youth to embrace religion—it was right; he wished ever to do it. Suppose a large company had agreed to set out on a journey from New England to the far West. To the place whither they are bound, there is an open highway, a delightful road, lovely and pleasant, roses blooming on either hand. Shall we say, we will not go into the road now; we will wander along the crags and steep places, we will ford the rivers, and wade through the bogs; and seek to penetrate impervious swamps; this course will be the best for the present; but we will be sure to get into this good road by and bye, just before we come to the journey's end? Would this be wise? No. Travel always in that way which is pleasant, and in that path which is peace.



Come into the good road now. The spirit saith unto us, *to-day* is the time. A day lost is lost for eternity. That day can never be regained. *Now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation. Pursue wisdom, give your heart wholly to it, and you shall be happy all the journey through.

At this point, Br. Fay, of Roxbury, arose, and said, our blessed doctrine teaches that at last all shall be reconciled to God and made holy and happy in his presence forever: and when I reflect, said he, on the ways and means Providence has appointed to bring this about, it seems to me Universalism contains the means of producing that result. It contains the spirit of love, and by that spirit all must be touched, before they can be converted.—He once had some misgiving in regard to Conference Meetings; but having given more thought to the subject, he now believes them beneficial, inasmuch as they promote Christian union. The great difficulty in the way of Christian union is the difference of opinions among the different sections of the church. Such things have much force. We must endeavor to get down to the great platform of Christian love; not love to a sect, but love to all sects. Social meetings are the means in the hands of God of bringing Christians together. Let us send our invitations to others; they will come in by and bye. The disciples said to their Master,—“Thou hast the words of eternal life.” There was an affinity between their desires and the doctrine of God. All men have the same moral wants; and different sects may therefore meet and dwell on those great moral truths which are so deeply needed by all.

Br. J. G. Adams followed. He had been deeply moved by what the youthful and the aged have said this day. Let us take their words into our souls. He rose principally to speak of the power of the sentiments we hold. We even are not aware of it,—we do not see it. What shall we do? Talk well? tell what a good meeting we have had? what raptures? We must do more than this. Every one must see to it that he is right; that his state is what it should be; he must apply the Gospel to his heart. Every individual must do this.

Br. Whittemore, of Cambridgeport, carried out more fully this principle of individuality; and after him, Br. Eaton, of Waltham, arose. He could not, he said, sit still any longer, and therefore he was not to be blamed for getting up. He loved the cause of Christ; we do not yet see the whole glory of it. We see now in part. One Br. had said, we only had one eye open. But remember, we see through a glass darkly; and if we look through such a medium with one eye only open, our sight must be dim indeed. But the comparison is made, between our poor perverted vision in this world, and the perfect sight of eternity. If seeing now only in part we behold so much glory, O what will it be, when we see without a cloud, face to face. He had been recently to see Christ preaching to the multitude, and also to see him on the cross; the blood trickling from his hands, and feet, and side. O it was an impressive scene; but it was a mere representation in wax. He silently prayed to his God while viewing that scene, that he might be more like his Master. He wanted to see Christ nearer. But there is something better even than that, viz., to see Jesus in our lives. We should seek to be like Christ; we should seek to serve God. The Christian looks first for the praise of God; but the worldly man looks first for the praise of men. This, he said, was having both eyes closed.

Br. H. Ballou, 2d, next took the floor. There had a series of thoughts passed through his mind as others spoke, which he was afraid he should not bring properly together. It had been insisted upon by all, that there was a great moral power in Universalism. It was this, love to God and love to man. We are in the habit of expatiating on this topic; but we know but little of the matter. Did it ever strike us, that the only power in the universe is love? i. e., the only permanent power. God is love, and he is all the power in the universe. Jesus Christ is the power of God, and the wisdom of God. Do we want to see the power of God? look at Jesus, gasping on the cross; there is God's omnipotence.

This is not deception, but solid truth. In the eyes of man, when Jesus prayed, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,” there was but slight exhibition of power; but omnipotence was then at work. The enemies of Christ thought that hour to be the expiring hour of Christianity; but Christianity did not then die. The power of God has worked; and Christianity is spread over half the globe.

Bring this down now into the sphere in which we act. How little we think of the power of love! We are apt to think we can do more with fear, in driving men from sin; but this is wrong. Where love has been tried, it has been efficacious. He referred to the Washingtonian reform, as an exhibition of the power of love. It was once believed that the confirmed drunkard could not be saved; he must, it was thought, be given over to destruction. They had tried terror upon him, and produced no effect. As soon as love was applied, it was seen to be the power of God. This is fully proved by the operations of the prison discipline societies. Even the worst of criminals are moved by the power of love. He referred to the experience of Howard; and more especially to that of Mrs. Fry, of London, whose labors in Newgate prison produced surprising effects. She used only gentleness and love; and she performed literally miracles in the way of regeneration. All religion should be based on love.

After Br. Ballou, Br. Usher spoke; but our attention being taken up at the time in the selection of a hymn, we were able to get but few notes of his address. At the conclusion, the tune Ganges was sung with the hymn of Newton,

“Lord, thou hast won, at length I yield.”

with great effect. Rarely have we ever heard any thing sung better. The Second Book of Conference Hymns was used. The Orthodox clergyman of the town was present, and gave devout attention to all that was done; but he took no active participation in the services. We ought to observe, that all the services were interspersed, in the customary way, with singing, and were opened and closed with prayer.

#### EVENING.

The exercises commenced by singing the hymn,

“Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews.”

Prayer was offered by Br. T. Whittemore. Father Ballou repeated what he had said in the morning, and invited all to participate. He spoke of our following Christ. Many were desirous to witness the scenes of the Saviour's ministry—to behold the brook Kedron, to ascend Olivet. It would be pleasant and exciting, as we looked on those scenes, to know, that Jesus walked in them. But there is something far more important; and that is to follow Christ in his holy walk in life. Walk with him in the valley of humility; follow him in the paths of wisdom; remember that these are the paths in which he walked;—and then we shall have Jesus present with us. Let us endeavor to love like him; for love is the essence of all pure religion.

Br. Cunningham, (layman,) spoke on Christ's going about doing good; showing that active benevolence was the distinguishing trait in the Saviour's life.

Br. Sweetser, (layman,) of South Reading, spoke. He pointed out the contrast there was, between the spirit that reigned in this meeting, and the spirit which prevails generally in the world.—O what scenes of contention, ambition, cruelty and wrong we see. What a grand object is it to meet together to cultivate the good spirit as we do here. He recommended prayer as a means of grace and improvement, and spoke of his own experience in this particular.

Br. Waite said there were two ways of determining what is good; one is our reason, and the other our feelings. He gave rather a preference to the latter. He went on to speak of taste as a criterion. The Psalmist says, “O taste and see that the Lord is good.” The moral appetite is at times depraved,—but when the tone is good, and the appetite right, the Gospel is sweet. Present the true Gospel to a person in such a state, and is it not good?

Let both preachers and hearers take the hint from this. He spoke also of the benefits of partaking of Gospel food.

Br. Partridge referred to the fact, that Gospel food could never waste. It was like the meal in the house of the woman of Zarephath, who fed the prophet Elijah,—it could not be consumed. He spoke also in favor of prayer. Prayer, he said, would make us cease sinning, or else sinning would make us cease praying. He gave illustrations of the benefit of prayer. We then sung that truly appropriate hymn,

“What various hindrances we meet,  
In coming to a mercy seat,  
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,  
But wishes to be often there.”

“Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.”

Br. Sherman said he had been thinking that God had a great demand upon us for the many blessings we have enjoyed. “We are a happy people; we have many privileges; we enjoy great prosperity; for all this God has a demand upon us. We ought to be grateful that we have this opportunity of Christian improvement. What have we come here for? To do good. In the places where these Conferences have been holden, people have been converted. Let it be so here. Shall we not have a heaven here below?”

Br. Stevenson repeated the question asked by the last Br. Now, said he, “will we serve the Lord?” “Will we break off our sins?” Let us form good resolutions and live up to them. It will not do to trust too much to mere feeling—we must be governed by enlightened reason and the word of God.

Br. Willis, of South Reading, spoke further on the subject of prayer; and illustrated the benefit of it by an incident that occurred to certain travellers in the Western country.

Br. Usher, of East Lexington, followed on the same theme. All who believed in God and in Christ, must be persuaded of the importance of prayer. He spoke of the Lord's prayer, and the sentiments it contained. Jesus also enjoined it upon us to pray for our enemies. If we pray for them, shall we not love them?

Br. J. G. Adams desired to speak a few words on prayer and a few on love. The object of prayer is, to lead us to live quiet and peaceable lives in all godliness and honesty. There is too much indifference in this matter.

“Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;  
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;  
And Satan trembles when he sees,  
The weakest saint upon his knees.”

We want praying Christians, and then we shall have no dead, dull meetings. Why should men neglect prayer? Some think they can not pray, because they have not the gift of speech.

“Have you no words? ah! think again,  
Words flow apace, when you complain,  
And fill your fellow creature's ear  
With the sad tale of all your care.”

“Were half the breath thus vainly spent,  
To heav'n in supplication sent,  
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,  
Hear what the Lord has done for me.”

He spoke also of love. Love is the greatest of all the Christian graces, or fruits—sweeter than faith, or hope. Without it, the Christian is nothing.

Father Ballou followed on the subject of prayer. His words were words of deep admonition. We must, he said, cultivate a praying spirit. We must pray without ceasing. We must not offer a vocal prayer at a particular time, and then go away and forget all about it; but we must live constantly in a sense of our dependence upon God, feeling grateful for all his mercies, and desirous to do his will.

Br. J. H. Willis related a thrilling incident that he witnessed, and that illustrated the power of the Gospel over the youthful mind to give comfort in the hour of death. It being now somewhat passed nine o'clock, it was thought proper to bring the meeting to a close; which was done by a very appropriate prayer from Br. Hosea Ballou, 2d.



This meeting at West Cambridge was a good meeting. It was largely attended, especially in the afternoon and evening. At the last service, the venerable Mr. Damon, pastor of the Unitarian Society, was present, and his son, also a clergyman of the same faith. They made no address; but the elder was pleased to express his approbation after the benediction, and to observe that he had spoken, it would have been only to approve in the main the sentiments that had been advanced. There were three applications for the next meeting, viz., one from Woburn, one from Waltham, and one from South Reading. The preference was given to Woburn, because it was thought the meeting was most needed there; and in all probability it will subsequently go to Waltham and South Reading. We opine, that the meeting at South Reading will be a *peculiarly* interesting one—we hope it will be equally so at the other two places. It was at first thought the next meeting would not be holden under a month; but so long a delay was not consented to; and let it be remembered, that the next Conference will be holden at Woburn, on Tuesday next, May 16th, commencing at half past 10 o'clock, A. M.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## IDENTITY IN HEAVEN.

BY REV. Z. BAKER.

Man is an inquisitive as well as curious being; he is ever prying into or desirous of knowing the future. Such desires are accordant with his nature. "If a man die, shall he live again?" is a very natural query. Nor is the mere fact of another life sufficient. The condition and circumstances of that existence are matters of thought and deep emotion to many anxious souls. The ties of nature, the "one blood" relation, being very strong, induce anxious inquiries in regard to the welfare of departed spirits. When a friend leaves us, the first and most natural question is, whither has he gone? Is it a healthy country? Will he find friends with whom he can associate—in whom he can confide? If we can assure ourselves that enjoyment will be the lot of our departing friends, we become reconciled to their departure; but if otherwise, nothing will pacify the soul; an irresistible fate may fix his poisonous fangs upon the heart, and shroud the soul in black despair too deep to be washed by tears, but hope anchors not that soul, nor will her frail bark find a haven in such views.

Grave questions have been raised touching our future life, and among the more important may be classed our identity. Some have argued, or tried to argue, that we shall not know each other in heaven—no, nor even ourselves. It is supposed we forget all the past, and enter upon an entirely new existence. But how are we ever to know that it is *ourselves* that exist in the new state, if we are totally unconscious of having ever lived? How shall we praise God for forgiveness of sins we are not conscious of having ever committed?

It does appear, if there is a heaven for us mortals, in which we are permitted to hope through a faith in the Gospel of our salvation, then, there we must be conscious of our identity, else we no more exist there than if there were no heaven. It is through consciousness that we recognize ourselves here, from some body else of like form and feature. If we do not recognize ourselves in heaven, salvation is a delusion—heaven less than an idle dream. If we recognize ourselves, we may know others known to us here. Abraham, David, Isaiah, in short, all will "know even as they are known."

Some are fearful that a recollection of all that has transpired of our lives here, will so much mar the serenity of heaven as to militate against, if not destroy, all enjoyment. This is a groundless fear or assumption, forgetful alike of divine forgiveness and redeeming love. The thought or reflection of evil doing enhances every emotion of the redeemed soul. A forgiven sinner is, at the Lord's table, received and treated as though he had never sinned. Every remembrance of his evil acts is no more named; and all are placed upon equal footing in the presence of the divine Father. Therefore the

sinner feels that all his debts are swallowed up or cancelled in the book of God's remembrance, and guilt ceases to corrode the mind, and praise and thanksgiving fill the whole soul. It is a false theory that accords to sin a power to eternally paralyze the affections. Man is proved to be as capable of love after profligacy, as before. Who knows but the talent of a Hawkins is to be found in that inebriate who is now vainly trying to raise himself from the filthy gutter? Who can tell but that same being that is to-day uttering the most cruel and bitter imprecations, may to-morrow praise God and invoke the richest of Heaven's blessings upon the now devoted victim?

If correct views of forgiveness and divine love were more prevalent, men would not be so reluctant to admit a perfect identity in the immortal world. It is so perfectly obvious that, in so far as the forgiveness and the salvation of the Gospel is concerned with us here, we are rendered the more happy by a conscious identity: it would seem no one would dream of the same cause producing misery in the immortal world, where God is better known and redeeming love the theme of the great song of the Universal Heart.

So far as this subject has engaged my thoughts, I must say I can see no reasonable objection to a full and perfect identity; the preponderance of argument is so entirely upon this side of the question. Heaven is but carrying out and perfecting our destiny. The mind is but partially developed here; those ennobling powers and faculties, God has given to man, are seen here only in their embryo state. This life is a beginning, but not an end of man; and this beginning, making part of the whole, must be connected to form that whole. But certain it is, there is no connexion if *this life*, sinful though it be, is *forgotten in the next*! What individual, personal comfort can there be in the idea, that somebody will live somewhere else than here, in the full enjoyment of angelic powers, providing we can not assure ourselves that that somebody is our identical self. Such a doctrine is too visionary to merit attention on its own account. It is for the adherents or votaries of such notions, that these few thoughts have been penned.

There is ample scope in every department of divine providence, for the full and free exercise of reason; and may we not hope this divine attribute in man will have a more full and perfect control of the mind? Does not it teach us, our destiny is in God as conscious beings?

Canterbury, Ct.

## ELDER KNAPP'S RETRACTION ENDORSED.

It will be remembered that in Elder Knapp's retraction in reference to the bold and gross public declamation against Mrs. Handy, of this city, he implicated another individual. He says that the "statement" made by him "at a public religious meeting, from the pulpit," was made "on information received from another person." We stated that that person was a Baptist clergyman of this city, and his name may now be given—Rev. T. C. Jameson. The friends of Mrs. H. and the public papers demanded an honorable retraction from him, and she was perfectly just to herself and family in insisting upon his giving a written document testifying the falsity of any "information" on which any statement such as Elder Knapp made could be made. Mr. Jameson was informed by Mrs. H.'s legal adviser, that a complaint had been legally lodged against him, and asked his attention to it. He subsequently called on Mrs. H. and very freely declared that he knew nothing against her character, and that he simply remarked to "Br. Knapp" that *he understood she was an excluded member from an Evangelical Church, because, as he supposed, she had become a Universalist*. This was all he said, and did not dream that Br. Knapp would use it in the pulpit. He was unwilling to give a written statement to that effect, because the Universalists would use it against Br. Knapp, and it would "injure the cause of Christ!" He was very earnest in this matter, and declared he would suffer martyrdom before he would

do any thing more than say what he then had said. But what is a Baptist minister's *say* as a retraction of a libel on a Universalist? Who among our opponents would believe the report? And how easy it is to *qualify* such a *say* as one pleases afterwards. The writing, therefore, was insisted upon, calmly and courteously. At last he was respectfully informed that the law must take its course unless he should give the required document previous to the first day of May. The next day after the transmission of the note, an answer was received from him. The following is a true copy:

Providence, April 27th, 1843.

To Mrs. S. A. Handy:

Madam—Your note was received last evening. In reply I can only repeat what I have frequently told you—that I have never known or said ought that in the least impeaches your moral character.

Having incidentally stated to Br. Knapp that you had been excluded from an Evangelical church, (because, as I supposed, you had changed your religious opinions,) as soon as I had learned that I had been led into a mistake, I promptly informed him and cheerfully on several public occasions corrected the impression which had gone abroad. I see no other reparation in my power to make.

Respectfully yours, T. C. JAMESON.

To Mrs. S. A. Handy, Providence, R. I.

This certainly does not place Elder Knapp in a very enviable light, and we do not believe that "the cause of Christ" will be injured by telling the truth respecting him, however the cause of Baptist proselytism may suffer. It will be noticed that Mr. Jameson certifies that he *incidentally* stated to the Elder that Mrs. H. "had been excluded from an Evangelical Church, because, as he supposed, she had changed her religious opinions." This is what the Elder styles *information* on which he made the gross and libellous statement which he did make "at a public religious meeting, from the pulpit!" It certainly shows very plainly, how a slight *incidental* remark in reference to a Universalist, will fire the Elder's imagination, and make "something as black as a crow" to be a real flock of terrible black crows!

We are pleased with the emphasis of Mr. Jameson's testimony that a person's moral character may be above reproach, although a change of religious opinions may have taken place to the conversion of a Baptist to a Universalist. We regret that he did not give this writing some time since, but the whole case is an illustration of the defective morality of Partialism, and that in order to produce a just result, judgment must be brought near. We nail the whole with the Scripture—Prov. xxv: 8—"Go not forth hastily to strive, lest thou know not what to do in the end thereof, when thy neighbor hath put thee to shame."—Gos. Mess.

## "THE EXPOSITOR."

As the brethren who last conducted the Expositor have failed to continue it for five years, as they proposed, the work, of course, falls back into the hands of the original proprietors of fifty shares, and as one who had two of those shares, and being extremely anxious to see the work revived, I propose that the publication of it be resumed on the following plan.

Let there be fifty shares, as before—every person who takes a share bind himself to one fiftieth of the pecuniary responsibility of carrying the work through ten successive years—if the sale of the work should not meet the expense of publication, let the deficiency be made up by an equal tax on the shares.

As a help to start the work, five dollars should be paid upon each share—in advance. Br. Ballou, 2d, should be engaged as Editor, as heretofore. I will take two shares upon the above plan. I know of many more who would do the same. Let their names be sent to some of our newspaper offices, as soon as convenient, that it may be known who will engage in the enterprise. We hope the Expositor will be revived forthwith.

Universalist Editors by copying the above will oblige  
Z. BAKER.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## A GOOD NAME.....NO. V.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold."—SOLOMON.

The subject which, in the preceding numbers, we have been considering, appeals to the young as one of great importance to their earthly welfare. I have read somewhere, substantially, that in the commerce of life a good character is essential to significant and ultimate success. To those who are to make their own way either to wealth or honor, a good reputation, resting on virtue as its basis, is as necessary as address and ability. Though human nature is often degenerate, and corrupts itself by many inventions, yet it usually retains to the last an esteem for excellence. "Bad as the world is, respect is always paid to virtue." But if it were possible for us ever to arrive at such an extreme degree of depravity as to lose our native reverence for virtue, still a regard for our own interests and safety, will lead us to apply for aid in all important transactions, to men whose integrity is unimpeached. When men choose an assistant or partner, their first inquiry is concerning character. When they have occasion for a counsellor or physician, whatever themselves may be, they always choose to trust their property and their lives to men of the best character. When they fix on a tradesman who is to supply them with the necessities of life, they are influenced by fair reputation and honorable dealing.

The young therefore, whose characters are unfix'd as they are untarnished, and who, consequently, may build them up a reputation just such as they like, ought to pay the utmost attention to the first steps they take on entrance into life. But, alas, such is not even generally the case! Usually they are too careless and inattentive to such matters. Elate with youth's illusive hope, they strike out their plans and pursue them with ardor, but neglecting the opinions that others entertain of them; and not infrequently is it the case, that by some thoughtless action, they suffer a mark to be imprinted on their character which no subsequent merit will entirely erase. By the invidious it will now and then, be pointed out to them in after life, and the tell-tale blush will reveal their feelings.—Every individual will meet with some mean spirits, who, though they are not always professed enemies, yet regard him with jealous feelings; and who will exult in reviving any tale that will stir up hated recollections and excite injurious prejudice.

But if these indiscreet steps are not taken, these consequences will be avoided. But they are often taken; and even more perilous ones, which are followed by more lasting evil consequences, sometimes darken the page of the history of the young.

Look at that young man yonder, jeered and scorned by all who know him. Why is it thus? But a few days ago and he was the innocent and loved child, playing the sunny hours away around the hearth-stone of "sweet home"—listening to the hallowed accents of a mother's song as she strives to gladden his little heart; or to the soberer instructions of a father, teaching him wisdom's ways and the blessedness of its peace. But little time has stolen away since he was moving in respectable circles, beloved, gay and happy. Then he lifted up his head and was proud; then he commanded attention and had influence; then, indeed, by some he was even envied for the high social station he was reaching, and the growing popular influence by which he was lifting himself up. But look at him now, the scorned, the despised! ah, how changed his fortune. Those eyes that once beamed kindness and affection, now look daggers that shiver contempt. And the hand that used, but little while ago, to give his the hearty shake, is now coldly and even exultingly withheld. No longer is he admitted to the social circle where he used to charm with his grace, or captivate with his conversation. Piteable man!—but why is he thus? A brief tale his. He listened to the syren of vice—he gambled—became inebriate—committed crime—and has just returned from paying the penalty of his dark

deed within the cold prison walls. And what, think you, reader, he would not now give for the "good name" which once was his—that gave him admittance to the world's favor and enabled him to bask in its smiles? Ah, it were worth more to him "than great riches, and loving favor than silver and gold."

But look again, and see that female, neglected and passed by. It was not always so. Once she was the brightest ornament of a delightful and happy home. She was beautiful; possessed a warm heart, and was admired and praised. A large circle sought her company as the most agreeable pastime. She lived in a world of action and excitement. But how altered now!—her head droops; her eye is sunk and set in sadness; the bright hue of her cheek has faded into paleness; melancholy is written on her brow; and floods of seething tears have left the sad traces of their deeds on her countenance. For her, her father has wept, and her mother is broken-hearted. Forsaken, she sits in solitude and wears out the slow drudging hours of a cheerless life.

And how brief the history of the cause of all her woe. She listened to the deceiver's song—she stepped aside from virtue, and her "good name" vanished from her grasp; and by an unrighteous custom of society, she is doomed to life-lasting disgrace and perpetual exclusion from the social world. Go ask her the wealth there is in "a good name;" and would she not tell you amid gushing tears, that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold"?

As, then, we love our own welfare, let us who are young, see to it that our ways are ordered aright; that we resist every temptation; that by a virtuous course of conduct, we secure and preserve that which is above all price, a spotless reputation.

But I must bring these articles to a close; and in fine, I would say that this subject of reputation appeals to all.

If what I have said be true, that "a good name" is the result of strictly virtuous conduct and right moral feelings, then it is incompatible with vice in any form. No intemperate man can long wear this crown of glory; "a good name" is virtue's reward, but virtue never revels at the intoxicating bowl. It does not agree with a lying or tattling tongue; they are both mischief-makers; they stir up strifes and dissensions. Not so virtue; she is a lover of truth and maker of peace. Neither does a good name consist with profanity. Profanity is no flower that blooms in the garden of moral beauty. It bears no kin to virtue; for *virtue never swears*. Virtue is too pure, too holy, too god-like to stoop to profanity. A true "good name" is the crown of glory which virtue bestows, but profanity is not a gem that glitters there.

I ask you to pause, readers, and think of the station you hold in the universe of being, and I beseech you not to treat it lightly. Remember the dignity of your nature, and the great interests of life, and live worthy of them. Remember that the station you hold, however humble it may be, is yet stamped with weighty responsibilities and pregnant with long-lived influences. You are surrounded by a generation of youth; and among them, perhaps, your own children; all eager to catch your example and follow in your footsteps. Do you wish them well? would you have them enter on the theatre of active life, with spotless characters and good and happy influences? would you secure them weal and avert them from woe? Then guard, I beseech you, your heart and your life, your speech and your actions. Remember that you can not talk or act before the rising generation, that are gazing at you with intense and never-weary interest for your instructions and example, without touching some chord which may vibrate long after your voice is hushed in silence, and your head rests in that "deep urn" where dust mingles with its kindred dust.

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, that moves,  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,

Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

H. B. S.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

LETTERS OF THE NEW-ENGLAND  
SPY.....NO. IV.

—, Feb., 28, 1843.

MY DEAR F.—I again resume my pen to say something more to you relative to the general subject of these letters. I feel my incompetency to discuss properly such a subject; for of all subjects that ever engrossed the attention of the good and wise, that of *human suffering* and the *destiny of our race*, is the most important. But I am satisfied that you will not expect of me what I can not perform, and therefore I write as I am moved to write, and with all freedom.

He who sets himself up as a critic and makes it his business to find fault with every thing around him, is certainly engaged in no very honorable employment. But he who, with his friends, speaks confidently, yet with regret, of the great crying evils around him, and deplores deeply their existence, is to be set down not in the category of soulless and merciless critics, or the fault-finding, properly speaking. Hence you must not suppose that I am given to fault-finding, because I dwell so exclusively upon such topics in these letters. You must bear in mind that I have assumed the character of a *Spy* in this correspondence, and hence must endeavor to carry it out, at least to some extent.—But to the subject promised you in my last. I am to show you, then, to use the language of that letter, *what a jewel consistency is*. To the work, then.

Mr. N. is a great Anti-Slavery man. He is not merely an Abolitionist, but he is a downright *fanatical* Abolitionist. He can not fellowship common, rational anti-slavery men, who feel that slavery is a dreadful evil, but who nevertheless have not forgotten that there are other evils in the world besides domestic slavery. If he hears a sermon, it must be an abolitionist sermon. If he hears a Temperance lecture, it must be an anti-slavery lecture. And if he attend a charitable gathering and the speaker by any means neglects to speak of the "poor slave," he feels himself quite enraged. In politics he is equally rigid and exact. If an *over-seer of roads* is to be voted for, he must be an Abolitionist—genuine and true, else he can not have Mr. N.'s vote. In short, Mr. N. is what is sometimes called a *red-hot Anti-Slavery man*; he seems all absorbed in this one subject.

Well, this same Mr. N. has, living with him, a *white girl* of some thirteen or fourteen years of age. This girl he makes work in the garden with a *wheel-barrow*, without any sleeves to her dress, in the summer; and with no shoes to her feet in the fall, when vegetables are to be collected. He makes her *black the boots and shoes of the family when they are on*, and while they are sitting at their ease.—He makes her *carry all the water used by their own family and one or two of their neighbors*, pumping it herself, and carrying it some distance. He makes her *load hay and stow it away*. When an Abolitionist lecture is to be delivered in town, he lights up the house; and on such occasions they are often seen crossing the road together, he carrying the lamp-filler, and she the ladder. He never sends her to school a day; nor does he allow her any society whatever, but confines her at home exclusively, unless sent on errands. In fine, Mr. N. makes of his *white servant girl* a worse slave than nine out of ten of the southern slave-holders would think of making of their *black slaves* of such an age and sex, even allowing them to be as cruel as they are represented to be sometimes, by their enemies.

Now I have no disposition to apologize for slavery any where or in any sense. As an individual I am opposed utterly to slavery of all kinds, and among all kindreds and colors, and in every nation under heaven. I am opposed to it in this world and the next, among the white population and the black, in the north or the south, any where and every where, and over body or mind. But how



can men expect to benefit the cause of Abolitionism while practicing such gross and iron-souled inconsistencies as we have set forth in the above faithful picture? While practicing such inconsistencies, need Abolitionists wonder that they sometimes meet with such language as the following, as a too often deserved rebuke? The passage alluded to is from the pen of a deep thinker; it is as follows: "If an angry bigot assumes the bountiful cause of Abolitionism and comes to me with his last news from Barbadoes, why should I not say to him, 'Go, love thy infant; love thy wood-chopper; be good natured and modest: have that grace; and never varnish your hard, uncharitable ambition with this incredible tenderness for black folk a thousand miles off. Thy love afar is spite at home!'"

I say this is too often a deserved rebuke, although it may be taken as the sneer of an enemy. The truth is, there is a great deal of such inconsistency as we have in the above outline. Mr. N. is not the only inconsistent man in the world, nor is Abolitionism the only thing that men are inconsistent about. The world is full of *jewels* of the above description; and happy are we if we are without them. Adieu.

THE SPY.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## RESPECT YOURSELVES, AND OTHERS WILL RESPECT YOU.

BY REV. T. J. WHITCOMB.

If all professed Universalists would but do their duty to themselves, and the cause they profess to love, by a regular attendance on the preached word; if they would but show a proper respect for themselves, by openly avowing and sustaining what they believe to be truth, the opposition they meet with from unbelievers, would not prevent the progress of the cause. If any of the members of your family do not agree with you in sentiment, treat them kindly, and oblige them in every way, consistent with the duty you owe to yourself, to your conscience, and your God. Meet them half way; but do not so far make a compromise with what you deem to be error, as to sustain it by your presence every Sabbath, for the sake of popular favor—or, on the contrary, by remaining at home, for the sake of peace—for if you pursue this course, you may be assured you will finally lose the confidence and respect of all. Neither your wife nor your children, can have much respect for you, or your sentiments, if they discover on your part, an indifference, whether you lend them your countenance and support, or not. Let love be the governing principle, in all you do—love God and the religion you profess, too well, to be afraid, or ashamed to openly avow it, "for fear of the Pharisees," or lest you should be "put out of the synagogue." In this way, you will enjoy the love of God, and the respect and confidence of all good men—and the cause of righteousness and truth will be onward!

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## PROFANITY.....NO. V.

BY REV. S. J. GIBSON.

In former papers, having spoken respecting the different classes of profane men; or the causes which prompt them to indulge this habit, and leaving it for the reader to say to which, if to either class he belongs; I shall now pass to a consideration, more directly, of the evils arising therefrom. This object I am aware, might have been accomplished in the preceding numbers, but a desire for brevity in each, to prevent tediousness, is the reason that the subject has been thus divided.

In the present instance, then, let us consider that profanity, and especially when it is the offspring of heated passions, serves to cultivate and increase ones' temper, until at last he becomes in possession of a vicious and revengeful disposition. There is that within the mind of almost every individual, which is not disposed to bend quietly to an insult from an other. And when thus assailed, the first thought is one of a revengeful nature—the only inquiry is, how there may be meted out to the offender an award, not equal to the act merely, but far

beyond it, with seemingly but little if any regard to the consequences which are to follow therefrom. When in truth the man should only adhere to the second and more candid thought, which generally is a desire for the amending of the matter—the bringing of the offender to a proper knowledge of the injustice of his action—the proper atonement made, and the former good feeling restored between the parties. A proceeding like this, is of a nature calculated to subdue the passion of anger in both the offender and offended—to destroy the enmity existing within the mind, and is productive of the most pleasing result. It enables one in that hour when his bosom is unruffled by passion, to rest under the agreeable satisfaction that he has acted in agreement with the requirements of justice, and as one citizen ever should act towards another.—It also speaks powerfully to the heart of the individual who has been so unwise as to treat a neighbor with injustice. He compares the sentiments and feelings which prompted the offensive deed, with the kindness which he has received in return, and while in reflection upon the contrast thus exhibited, he firmly resolves to "go and sin no more."

But generally, a course far different from the one mentioned above, is pursued by the man who uses profane language. While the first burning thought is raging within the mind—before he indulges a solitary reflection respecting the consequences which are to result, or thinks a moment upon the cause, which induced his supposed enemy thus to act toward him, he opens his mouth and pours out his store of hard sayings—belabors the offender with his crooked sentences and knotty epithets—traduces him in the most unmeasured terms, until at last all self-command is nearly or quite lost, and one beholding him, would almost believe him to be a maniac. Under such a system of cultivation as this, his temper increases and gathers strength daily, until he soon becomes in possession of a sour and revengeful disposition—lost to the kind respect of many, and furnishing us with a melancholy instance, that by far the best course to pursue, is to speak alone the language of sobriety.

Reader, are you aware of the progressive manner in which one's passions daily gather power; and would you wish to be at all times in a situation to exert over them a proper control? If so, guard against the indulgence of this evil habit, for in this manner you will be greatly aided in maintaining a proper government over all the passions of your mind—you will be saved the evils arising from a vicious temper if you have the proper care respecting both thoughts and words, and never will experience any regret that you shunned the habit of profanity.

## MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry.

UTICA, FRIDAY, MAY 26, 1843.

## LEARNING—WISDOM—CUNNING.

There is a vast difference between being learned and wise, as there is also between wisdom and cunning.

Learning, properly speaking, relates merely to the theoretical knowledge of things—of many things, too, which are unimportant and unessential in the great pursuits of mankind. But wisdom is practical knowledge—the judicious application of learning to the various emergencies and wants of man.

Cunning is the wisdom of idiots and of brutes—the discretion of instinct, but the folly of learning. As it is the creature of instinct rather than of rationality, so like instinct it is short sighted, regarding the present time—confined to the little and limited sphere of present exigency, and blind to the distant and wide spread regions of futurity.

But wisdom, the child of cultivated reason and the provident director of science, learning and knowledge, unites in its most salutary embrace the source and the end—the beginning and termination of all acts, and de-

signs, and events. It avails itself of all the cautions of rationality and of all the lore of practical knowledge, and looking beyond the boundary of present events, it sees with clear-eyed ken the contingencies that may arise, and coolly and composedly it prepares and awaits their (to her) terrorless approach.

Hence, if these definitions be correct, the fool may be cunning and the learned man may be a fool while the ignorant may be wise, and the unlearned possess a directory in action far above any which the schools can furnish or science bestow. It is true, the learned may also be wise—but his learning will not be the source, but only the auxiliary of his wisdom. For the wise man, however ignorant or learned he may be, will consult his reason and avail himself of the aid of every store which education has laid up for his use—but he will consult learning only as the assistant, not as the master of his wisdom. He will also discard cunning, base, low-born, selfish and grovelling, from his councils, while he blends the fears and hopes of present events with all the advantages of future consequences.

Remember then that a cunning man is not a wise man—for though a wise man possesses knowledge more than sufficient to be cunning, yet if he be merely cunning—if he practice on the dictates of cunning in preference to wisdom he is not wise—he is foolish—and that rod for transgression which his own acts will infallibly bring down in chastisements, must and will bring him to see this fact and to put cunning far from him. A. B. G.

## BONDAGE IN ERROR.

How many are in bondage to the most torturing fear, and the most palsyng hatred, through ignorance of the character of God! From early childhood, they have heard of him only as a being of wrath and vengeance to the great world of mankind, and of partial and exclusive love to his few peculiar favorites—as a being more fit to call upon to curse men, than to pray to for blessings on our race. In words, they may speak of his infinite goodness; but in their hearts they conceive of it as a goodness entirely different in kind and character from all they call goodness in other beings. Or if, for a moment they admit God's goodness to be really and truly goodness—the same in kind as any other being's goodness—they limit its infinity—they confine its exercise to a few general, temporal blessings in this life so far as mankind in general is concerned—and suppose that all other goodness—endless, spiritual goodness is extended only to a few chosen ones of our race—to those who have complied with certain so-called conditions of salvation.—Such persons do not realize the force of the endearing appellation "Our Father who art in heaven"—the title by which Jesus has taught us to address God. They talk about our heavenly Father, but they do not feel the sentiment in their souls,—their misconceptions of his infinite and adorable character, prevent them from sensibly realizing that God is, in very truth, the Father of every created spirit—that all men are, indeed, his offspring, the children of his infinite, unchanging and most tender affection—for "God is love." They are ignorant—greatly ignorant of these views of God's real character—they see in him a mingled stream of light and darkness—of hatred and love—of good and evil—because they look at him through the medium of mingled truths and falsehoods that compose their creeds—and hence it is that such a mingled sensation fills their souls whenever they fix their minds on their Creator. They are anxious to love him; for though they do not in fact think him lovely, yet in words they have always been taught he was lovely, and in words they declare that he is supremely so. But, alas, they also desire to love him; for they are solemnly assured that if they do not, he will consign them to an endless hell, fill them with unutterable despair, fix them in endless unholiness, and pour out upon them the fiercest fires of his insatiable and endless wrath. And this reason—this infinitely solemn reason why they should love God, sends a bolt of ice across their soul's warm affections, and convulses them with horror, and though in words they say they love God, they feel that it is not with any affection like that



with which they love any other holy, benevolent and lovely being. And thus dreading God's wrath—flattering themselves that they believe God is good, and that they truly love him—they go through life, with no real love for Him—no submission to his will—no warm delight in obeying his commands—no joy in his worship, and no rational faith in his infinite goodness! How many—alas, greatly too many! there are among professing Christians, who are thus held in bondage to ignorance of the lovely character of our Father and God!

Some of these feel the bondage daily, and would gladly be freed from it, but fear that to doubt is to be damned. Others there are who, with the Jews, boast of their freedom while they are servants to error. And a few others there are who at times break free from the awe that holds them in restraint, and neither loving nor fearing God, they work all iniquity and uncleanness with greediness—hating God and defying man.

Now from all these slavish doubts, and errors, and fears and desolating vices, the truth only, can make us free—free indeed. God is infinite, truly infinite in all his attributes and perfections. He is not love to one, and justice to another, and mercy to a third, and holiness to a fourth; but he is a God of justice, mercy, holiness and goodness to each and to all his intelligent creation. His whole nature is goodness—Good is his name, and his very essence is described by LOVE, LIGHT, TRUTH. Of course, such being his entire nature, there can be in him no malice, no darkness, no falsehood—no attribute, in short, which can be evil in itself, or the cause of evil in its operations, or the producer of evil in its results.

It follows, then, as a necessary consequence, that the more we see, and learn, and know of our heavenly Father, the more lovely he will appear to us—the more lovely he appears, the more will we love him—the more we love him, the more readily will we keep his commandments; and the more willingly we keep God's commandments, the more will we realize that in keeping of them there is *great reward*. A. B. G.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

BR. GROSH—Do you suppose our Saviour ever organized a church as an ecclesiastical body (earthly in its nature, of course,) to do that kind of business which is transacted in our ecclesiastical councils and churches (legislation?) Does not the expression, "my kingdom is not of this world," forbid such a course? Is not his kingdom of a purely spiritual or intellectual nature? Z. B.

#### REPLY TO Z. B.

I can not find that Jesus "organized" any "church"—using "organize" and "church," in their most common meaning—that is, I do not suppose he united his followers in a body under a written compact, or by any peculiar form designating such union. And the reason why he did not, may have been, and probably was, that his kingdom on earth had not been established as a distinct kingdom. He had called his apostles, and gradually instructed them in the nature of his mission and kingdom—and disciple after disciple learned along with them, and embraced and professed the truth as rapidly as it became unfolded to their minds—but neither apostle nor disciple fully understood the nature of that kingdom, until after the ascension of the Teacher; when, on the day of Pentecost, the holy spirit of love and truth enlightened their minds and warmed their souls. And even after this, they did not yet seem to understand clearly the extent, or means of extending, the kingdom. They probably supposed that the Gentiles must first be proselyted to Judaism, before they could enter into the kingdom of heaven under Jesus. At all events, Peter had to be taught by a vision, that what God had cleansed, was not unclean—that Gentiles could become Christians without first undergoing a *legal* purification—and then, only, were the others instructed in the same lesson by Peter. And yet, it was many years after that, before the Gospel was proclaimed to Gentiles generally, and churches organized, or (as we might say) "*assemblies of believers*" gathered together for instruction—for the word "church," in the New Testament, frequently,

if not always, means no more than assembly or meeting.

The first assembly or church of Christians, was undoubtedly the believers in Jerusalem. Their meeting was not a formally organized society, but a gathering or assembly of believers, (more or less in number, and frequently changing,) drawn together when, and as, convenience and inclination permitted them to assemble. Probably, also, many of the other and later churches were gathered or constituted in the same way.

In regard to the legislation part, it appears that even that first church or assembly in Jerusalem, *did* legislate on spiritual and temporal matters. They directed Gentiles what to eat, or, rather, to abstain from eating.—They also appointed certain officers to attend to the poor. They also, among the Gentiles, took up collections of money to aid their brethren in Judea. And certainly, while the church in Jerusalem possessed all things in common, there must have been some common direction (or legislation) in regard to the use and disposal of their lands, houses, goods, and money.

That the kingdom of Jesus is wholly spiritual, is undoubted—but it is to be advanced by beings in material bodies, and by the use of their material means. We must have meetinghouses, at least, to meet in; and their use, alone, involves the necessity of raising money to erect and furnish them; and of societies, and society legislation, to take care of them. But in regard to the doctrines and precepts (or principles) of that spiritual religion, and the forms of its worship, I think that the better we understand the principles, the simpler and the fewer will be the latter. Such, at least, is my opinion—and I would extend this characteristic of purity and simplicity to our organizations and discipline, and legislation—bringing *all* to the nearest possible conformity with the principles of Christianity, and the correctness of its *practice*. A. B. G.

#### WASHINGTONIAN STATE CONVENTION.

We hope that our readers who are Washingtonians, (and we earnestly wish *all* were such,) will not forget that this interesting and important meeting is to be held in this city, on the second Wednesday (14th) of June next. It is recommended that, in all counties where the society at the county seat does not call a County Convention, *each society* select and send two or three delegates—and these several delegations of each county will undoubtedly be received as the delegation of such county, the same as if they had been selected by a County Convention. Remember this—make it known to your societies—for it is *very important* that a full representation be present from *every part* of our State. A. B. G.

BR. JUDAH BABCOCK.—A friend in the West writes us for information respecting the nature of the charges which, some time ago, one of our Associations in this State, gave notice had been preferred against Br. B. I never knew, or even *heard* what those charges were, and can not therefore answer the inquiries. Probably, by addressing the Clerk of the Association, the required information could be had. A. B. G.

"ODD-FELLOWSHIP: Its character and tendency. A public Address, delivered before Oneida Lodge, No. 70, I. O. of O. F., in the Bleeker Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Utica, February 28th, 1843. By Rev. Br. A. B. Grosh. Printed at the Observer Office."—Pp. 22, 12mo.

We notice this pamphlet, (though we neglected to do so earlier,) to say that it is for sale at this Office, the Office where it was printed, at Tiffany's Bookstore, and probably in some others. The proceeds of sales, after paying expences of its publication, will go to the Widows and Orphans Fund. A. B. G.

THE UNIVERSALIST AND LADIES' REPOSITORY.—This excellent monthly, edited by Br. Henry Bacon, and published by Br. A. Tompkins, 38 Cornhill, Boston, begins a new volume in July. It contains more interesting and useful matter to interest a religious minded female, than any work of the kind now issued from the press;

and we are certain no Universalist lady will regret the two dollars per annum it will cost her to obtain it. Subscriptions received at this office. A. B. G.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Br. D. K. L. will gratify us much by sending those articles—they are needed, and will do good.

Sister F. M. Baker has our thanks for her unexpected favors. We hope she will surprise us again.

We have several excellent articles from our female correspondents, which we have delayed from week to week preparing for the press. We hope they will not think the delay is caused by any supposed want of merit in the articles themselves. The cause is wholly in ourselves and the printers, moving, etc.

#### TO OUR READERS.

It is perhaps just to *suspected* persons, to say that the "Letters of the New England Spy" were not addressed originally to this paper—but were handed us for publication, by a friend to whom they were (and probably will continue to be) addressed by the writer. The author's name does not appear on the MSS., though confided to us by our friend—the title is of our own invention, and given for convenience in making out our index at the close of the volume.

WONDERFUL APPEARANCE IN THE HEAVENS.—The following is going the rounds.

A Mr. Blindman, pilot on a flat boat on the Ohio, recently saw a most wonderful sight in the heavens. He was watching, eagerly, the comet's tail, when all at once, he saw the tail curl up, and form in big letters the word

#### PAY

He didn't pay much attention to it; but in a few minutes he looked around again, and saw distinctly in the same place, the word

#### THE

Astonished at this, he ran below to inform the captain, and when he got back, and looked up at the tail, he found that it had changed again, and had formed the word

#### PRINTER.

Whereupon he and the captain marvelled greatly, and did resolve instantly to heed the admonition, and as soon as they got home to pay the printer. And we take the liberty to add that it would be *very* gratifying to us, if some of our delinquent subscribers who have neglected us for two or three years, would chance to have some such sight meet their eyes, and cause them to pay us our due. If they do not, may they imagine that they see on every evening sky, the word *honesty* written for their special gratification. PUBL.

Br. Whittemore—Credit W. A. Bacon, Paris, Ky., for volumes 14 and 15 Trumpet, \$4.00. Charge us.

Br. Tompkins—Discontinue Repository, to Miss Wealthy Holly, Warsaw, N. Y., at close of current volume. Will pay what is due soon. Credit Mrs. Portia Gage, Chicago, Ills., \$2.00 for volume 12 Repository. Charge us.

A small quantity of Miller's Phantasy exposed, by Br. S. P. Skinner, of Boston, Mass., just received. Price—12 1-2 cents.

#### "NEW WORLD" PUBLICATIONS.

IN ADVANCE.—Blackwood's Magazine for May has been received. It is an excellent number; "Amnatat Bek," the most interesting magazine story now in course of publication, increases in incident. "Dumas in Italy" is a capital article, and "Leap Year" a delightful tale. "Caleb Stakely" is concluded in the present number. "Reynold's Discourses," and "Poems and Ballads of Schiller," are particularly interesting. In short, Blackwood for May fully sustains its reputation—that of being the best magazine in the English language.

TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, for one copy—Five dollars for three copies—Eight dollars for five copies—and \$15 for ten copies—payable in advance. Single copies 18 3-4 cents.



Any Postmaster, or other person, who will obtain 10 subscribers, and remit \$15 therefor, shall have an extra copy gratis. Subject to newspaper postage only. Address J. WINCHESTER, Publisher, 30 Ann street, N. Y.

An original novel—entitled *KATE IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND*. By A LADY CHRYSALIS.

This counterpart to "Cælebs in search of a Wife," contains many stirring incidents. By land and sea, in city and country, in fashionable and humble life, Kate seeks a husband—and finds him. Young ladies in like search, may learn something from her experience; and young gentlemen who are sought, or would be found, may read with profit.

TERMS.—12 1-2 cents single—11 copies for \$1—\$8 per hundred. Address, (post paid,) J. WINCHESTER, 30 Ann street, N. Y.

### LIST OF BOOKS

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

No. 32, Genesee street, (up stairs).

Life of Rev. John Murray, Biography of Winchester, Pro and Con of Universalism, by Rev. George Rogers, Causes of Infidelity Removed, by Rev. S. R. Smith, Practical Hints to Universalists, by Rev. J. G. Adams, Ballou on Atonement, Ballou's Select Sermons, Do. Notes on the Parables, Do. Nine Sermons, Balfour's Second Inquiry, Sawyer's Review of Hatfield, Duties of Young Men, by Rev. E. H. Chapin, Discourses, by do. Christian Comforter, by Rev. H. Bacon, Law of Kindness, by Rev. G. W. Montgomery, Universalist Manual, by Rev. M. Rayner, Universalist Belief, by Rev. A. Moore, Sermons, by Rev. O. A. Skinner, Voice to Youth, by Rev. J. M. Austin, Illustrations of the Parables, by Rev. T. Whittemore, Christian Visitant, 3 vols. in one, by Rev. A. B. Grosh, Streeter's Hymns, (large and pocket,) Ancient History of Universalism, Modern do. do. Convention Sermons for 1841, Universalist Register and Almanac for 1843, Catechisms for Sunday Schools, Hymns of Zion, by Rev. A. C. Thomas, Gospel Harmonist, by Rev. T. Whittemore, Paige's Selections, The Universalist's Guide, Polyglott Bibles. Also, a few copies left of the Rose of Sharon for 1843.

### MARRIAGES.

In York, Livingston county, April 25th, by Rev. M. Taylor, Mr. LEVI TALLMADGE, of Putnam, Monroe county, to Mrs. EUNICE COOK, of the former place.

At Butternuts, May 14th, by Rev. D. Pickering, Mr. BENONI HANDY, to Miss CAROLINE E. PICKERING, all of that place.

In Bouckville, Madison county, May 7th, by Rev. C. S. Brown, of Marshall, Mr. NATHANIEL COOK, Jr., to Miss MARY ANN MAYNARD, both of Bainbridge, Chenango county.

Also, by Rev. S. W. Squire, Mr. DARWIN CLARK, to Miss ANN KELSIE.

### DEATHS.

In Hornellsville, March 11th, Mrs. MINERVA FAIRBANKS, consort of John Fairbanks, aged 38 years. Funeral on the 13th at the Methodist meetinghouse. Sermon (from Rev. xxi: 4, middle clause,) by the writer.

Also, in the same place, March 14th, Miss ANA STEPHENS, daughter of Erastus and Mary Stephens, aged 15 years.—Funeral sermon on the 16th, by the writer. A. U.

In this city, on the 19th inst., after a long and protracted illness, which she bore with Christian fortitude, Mrs. ELIZABETH JONES, aged 45 years and 6 months.—[Oneida Whig.]

In Carroll, Chautauque county, N. Y., on the 17th ult., after a long and painful sickness, SALLY, daughter of Mr. Charles Russell, in the 19th year of her age. Thus has the cold frost of death withered another intellectual blossom,

just as it began to fully expand and develop those latent beauties which were calculated to adorn and bless humanity. She was a youth of buoyant and cheerful temperament, of pleasing and fascinating demeanor, and unblemished character—one who would make friends, and secure their attachment. Through most of her sickness, until a short period before her death, she manifested a strong desire to recover; life had its thousand charms, and afforded many promises to her youthful imagination. Still she had not been thoughtless on the subject of religion; and for something more than a year past, she had been a very diligent reader of the Scriptures, and had made many interesting inquiries in regard to their great doctrines; and shortly before her death, her mind became tranquil, satisfied, resigned and happy.

There were, at the time of her decease, some twenty persons present beside her parents. She saw her end fast approaching—she called her parents, brother and sister, and all present, separately to her, took each by the hand, conversed with them, and bid them farewell. She then expressed her full resignation, her firm belief in the universal goodness of God, and her faith in the final salvation of the whole human family; this, she said, she believed the Scriptures taught, as far as she understood them; and this, her faith, she wished should be made known.

She then requested a young man, an intimate acquaintance, indeed a companion of her youthful diversions, but now a theological student, to pray with her. He complied. She then requested them to sing a hymn, which was done—then, by her request they sung another, and then another, and during the singing of the third, without a struggle or a groan, she sweetly entered upon the enjoyment of her spiritual existence.

Her funeral was attended on the 19th, and a discourse delivered to a numerous concourse of deeply sympathizing friends, by the writer. N. STACY.

Also, in Concord, Erie county, Pa., March 18th, THE-RESA SUSAN, daughter of Mr. Simeon Stewart, in the 17th year of her age.

She was a bright and promising bud, but she is transplanted to blossom in a more congenial soil. And, blessed be God, her parents are not among those who mourn without hope.

Her funeral was attended on the 20th, and a discourse delivered by the writer. N. STACY.

In Darien, of quick consumption, April 1st, Mrs. MARIA A. HARPER, wife of N. P. Harper, aged 25 years.

Mrs. Harper has left a child 10 months old, bereft of the greatest earthly blessing, a mother's care; and an affectionate husband who deeply feels his great and irreparable loss. But he has the true Christian comfort, that though he is deprived for a little while of her company here below, yet she has gained a home—a world of light, where disease can never fade the beauty with which his companion is now favored. In view of such a world, well may the Christian exclaim:

"Farewell, conflicting joys and fears,

Where lights and shades alternate dwell;

A brighter, purer scene appears:

Farewell, inconstant world, farewell." B. B. B.

In West Edmeston, Mr. SALMON FARRAR, Jr., aged 36 years—a man universally respected by all who knew him. C. S. B.

Also, March 24th, Mr. LILLIS WALKER, aged 53 years—one who bore affliction with patience, looking forward to the fulfilment of the promises, when all our heavenly Father's children shall get home. Sermon by C. S. B.

### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. S. J. HILLYER will preach at Richfield Springs, on the fourth Sunday (28) inst.

There will be preaching on the first Sunday in June, by Br. J. A. ASPINWALL in Leyden—Br. DOLPHUS SKINNER at Little Falls, and Br. WARREN SKINNER, at German Flats.

There will be preaching on the second Sunday in June, by Br. MOREY in Oran.

The Pennsylvania Convention of Universalists will meet in Catawissa, Columbia county, on the first Wednesday and following Thursday in June.

CONFERENCE.—The annual meeting of the Niagara Association will be held on the first Wednesday and following Thursday in June, (7th and 8th,) at the Universalist Meetinghouse, in Middleport, Niagara county, N. Y. Societies are requested to send two Delegates each, to attend the session. We hope ministering brethren from other Associa-

tions will meet with us. A committee will be in waiting at the church to entertain such visitors and friends as wish to attend the meeting. Those wishing to come by private or public conveyance, will be cordially received, and accommodated in the vicinity of the village. Introductory Sermon by Br. J. M. Cook. The council will meet at 9 o'clock, and services commence at 10 1/2 Wednesday morning.

C. HAMMOND, Standing Clerk.

The Central Association meets in Morrisville, Madison county, on the first Wednesday and following Thursday (7th and 8th) of June next. Each society will remember to select two lay delegates who will attend. Without order, A. B. G.

A Conference of the Steuben Association will be held in South Dansville, on the first Wednesday and following Thursday (7th and 8th) of June next, at the Baptist Meetinghouse.

N. B.—Messenger and Luminary please copy.

The Ontario Association will hold its annual session in Newark, Wayne county, on the second Wednesday and Thursday (14th and 15th) of June next. Ministering and other friends are invited to attend. A Committee will be in waiting at the church, on Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning, to direct visitors to places of entertainment.

\*\* Union and Luminary please copy. D. K. LEE, Standing Clerk.

The Mohawk River Association, will meet in annual session, in the Universalist church, in the village of Newport, Herkimer county, the second Wednesday and following Thursday in June, at 10 o'clock A. M. The several societies within the bounds of the Association, are requested to send two delegates each, to represent them in council.—Occasional sermon by Br. D. Skinner. A general invitation is hereby given to all our friends that can, to attend; especially ministers who will not refuse to preach.

J. D. HICKS, Standing Clerk.

A Conference of the Hudson River Association will be held at Brame's Corners, the second Wednesday and Thursday in June. Services will commence Wednesday morning, at half past 10 o'clock. An invitation is extended to the friends of the cause generally, and to all who can consistently be with us. The ministering brethren of the Association will of course feel it to be their duty to be present if they possibly can.

N. B.—Those who come by Rail Road or Canal, will be met by friends at Port Jackson, (opposite Amsterdam,) prepared to convey them to the place of meeting.

J. A. ASPINWALL, Standing Clerk.

\*\* Messenger and Union please copy.

The Otsego Association will hold its next annual session at Fly Creek, Otsego county, on the fourth Wednesday and Thursday (28th and 29th) in June. The council will convene at 8 A. M., Wednesday—occasional sermon at half past 10, by Br. A. C. Barry. The usual invitation is cordially extended to ministering brethren and friends generally—they will find a committee waiting to direct them, at the Universalist church. O. WHISTON, Standing Clerk.

The Steuben Association will meet in annual session at Springwater, on the first Wednesday and Thursday (5th and 6th) of July next.

Our ministering brethren knowing our wants, will, I am sure, attend our meetings if practicable. Therefore, to them I repeat not the usual formality of invitation and request.—To our lay brethren, I should perhaps use a little more persuasion—especially to those within the limits of this body. Come up, then, brethren—let us hear from all, without reserve. Assist in our deliberations, that we may ascertain whether we shall stand or fall.

Those from a distance, who will attend the Conference, enquire for J. H. Stevens, J. Phelps, J. Goodno, J. Healy, where they will find feed for their horses, and something (not bread alone) for themselves. I am not acquainted at Springwater, therefore can give no directions. But I will venture to say, enquire for friends, and you will find them here. A. UPSON.

### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P M, Lima, [Ind] for J C K and D C—P M, Tolly, for H C—P M, Angelica, for D T, A B and H L—P M, Pavilion Centre, for self, S W B, E W and R C—P M, Ypsilanti [Mich] for D S, L O and W W—W E M, Chicago, [Ills] \$20.00—N H B, Chicago, for self, H L, C C, S C B, F C S, F A H and A S K—P M, Green, for E W, V W and M C—S W C—, LeRoy, for H F, K R and F F—P M, Shesheque, [Pa] for self and D B—P M, Sugar Grove, [Pa] for O W, \$3.00—P M, Pittsford, for S A, W A, S E and N N—P M, Batle Creek, [Mich] for A N.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## DEATH.

BY B. F. DENTON.

I've seen the babe with childish joy  
Unmeaningly caress each toy,  
The tender parent's gift!  
But visited by some rude blast,  
The happy child soon breathed its last—  
Its gentle spirit left.

I've seen proud beauty—at whose shrine  
All worship—at death's nod resign,  
And yield her mortal breath;  
Thus are the beautiful laid low  
By him who glut on human woe—  
The fell destroyer, death!

I've seen the youth in manhood's power,  
Yield to the tyrant in an hour,  
And sink in his embrace:  
All dreams of future fame have fled,  
Alone he rests in narrow bed,  
Perhaps saved from disgrace.

I've seen the man of vigorous frame  
Fall by the hand of death the same;  
Even he must yield at last;  
Though oft before as firm as rock  
He's stood unharmed by rudest shock,  
Of each tempestuous blast.

I've seen again, the trembling form  
Of age, (which shrank at slightest storm,)  
With scattered locks, and gray,  
Unmurmuring meet th' expected doom,  
Sink silently into the tomb,  
Thus, calmly pass away.

Death strikes alike, at old and young,  
Extends his ravages among  
The beautiful and gay;  
His hated presence ever near,  
Oft bows the timid heart with fear  
And dread of the coming day.

Though shunned by all, yet let us turn  
Redeeming qualities to learn,  
Nor direst foe condemn;  
For even death may justify  
His deeds against mortality,  
And seeming hate of man.

He's but the messenger of fate,  
Sent by the Deity, to wait  
Upon the parting soul,  
The body in his mournful trust,  
While time shall crumble it to dust,  
And age on age shall roll.

The prospect's gloomy to the sight;  
Yet far beyond, like beacon light,  
Which makes our pathway plain,  
Is the cheering hope to mortals given,  
Of future bliss, and joys of heaven,  
Released from care and pain.

We live to friends in memory,  
And dwell in immortality;  
No more is death our foe;  
But blessed in Christ's all-saving love,  
We soar on angel wings above,  
Freed from all human woe.

Syracuse, April 6th, 1843.

## THE USE OF LEARNING.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I'm tired of going to school," said Herbert Allen to William Wheeler, the boy who sat next to him. "I don't see any great use, for my part, in studying geometry, and navigation, and surveying, and mensuration, and the dozen other things I am expected to learn. They'll never do me any good; I am not going to get my living as a surveyor, or measurer, or sea captain."

"How are you going to get your living, Herbert?" his young friend asked, in a quiet tone, as he looked up into his face.

"Why, I'm going to learn a trade; or, at least, father says that I am."

"And so am I," replied William. "And yet my father wishes me to learn every thing that I can; for he

assures me that it'll be useful, some time or other in my life."

"I am sure I can't see what use I'm ever going to make, as a saddler, of algebra and surveying."

"Still if we can't see it, Herbert, perhaps our fathers can, for they are older and wiser than we are. And we should endeavor to learn, simply because they wish us to, even if, in every thing we are expected to study, we do not clearly see the use."

"I can't feel so," Herbert replied, tossing his head; "and I don't believe that my father sees any more clearly than I do, the use of all this."

"You are wrong to talk so," his friend said, in a serious tone; "I would not think as you do for the world. Our fathers know what is best for us; and if we do not confide in them we will surely go wrong."

"I am not afraid," responded Herbert, closing the book over which he had been poring reluctantly for half an hour, in the vain effort to fix a lesson on his unwilling memory; and taking some marbles from his pocket, began amusing himself with them, from the teacher's observation.

William said no more, but turned to his lesson with an earnest attention. The difference in the character of the two boys, is too plainly indicated in the brief conversation we have recorded, to need further illustration. To their teacher it was evident, in numerous particulars in their conduct, their habits and manners. William always recited his lessons correctly, while Herbert never learned a task well. One was always punctual at school—the other a loiterer by the way. William's books were well taken care of—Herbert's soiled, torn, disfigured and broken, externally and internally.

Thus they began life. The one obedient, industrious, attentive to the precepts of those who were older and wiser, and willing to be guided by them; the other indolent, and inclined to follow the leadings of his own will, rather than the more experienced teachings of others.

As men at the age of thirty-five, we will again present them to the reader. Mr. Wheeler is an intelligent merchant in an active business—while Mr. Allen is a journeyman mechanic, poor, in embarrassed circumstances, and possessing but a small share of general information.

"How do you do, Mr. Allen?" said the merchant, about this time, as the latter entered the counting room of the former. The contrast in their appearance was very great. The merchant was well, and had a cheerful look, while the other was poorly clad, and seemed sad and dejected.

"I can't say that I do very well, Mr. Wheeler," the mechanic replied, in a tone of despondency. "Work is very dull, and wages low, and with so large a family as I have, it is tough enough getting along under the best circumstances."

"I am really sorry to hear you say so, Mr. Allen," replied the merchant, in a kind tone; "how much can you earn now?"

"If I had steady work, I could make nine or ten dollars a week. But our business is very bad; the substitution of steam-engines on rail-roads for horses on turnpikes, has broken in seriously upon the harness making business. The consequence is, that I do not average six dollars a week the year round."

"Is it possible that railroads have wrought such a change in your business?"

"Yes—the harness-making branch of it—especially in large cities like this, where the heavy wagon trade is almost entirely broken up."

"Did you say that six dollars a week were all that you could average?"

"Yes, sir."

"How large is your family?"

"I have five children, sir?"

"Five children! And only six dollars a week?"

"That is all, sir. But six dollars will not support them, and I am in consequence going behind hand."

"You ought to try to get into some other business."

"But I don't know any other."

The merchant paused for a while and then said, "perhaps I can aid you in getting into something better. I am President of a newly projected railroad, and we are about putting on the line a company of engineers, for the purpose of surveying and engineering; and as you studied these sciences at school at the same time that I did, and I suppose have still a correct knowledge of both, if so, I will use my influence to have you appointed surveyor. The engineer is already chosen, and at my desire will give you all requisite instructions until you revive your early knowledge of these matters. The salary is one hundred dollars a month."

A shadow still darker than that which before rested there, fell upon the face of the mechanic.

"Alas! sir," he said, "I have not the slightest knowledge. It is true, I studied it, or pretended to study it at school—but it made no permanent impression on my mind. I saw no use in it then, and am now as ignorant of surveying as if I had never taken a lesson on the subject."

"I am very sorry, Mr. Allen," the merchant replied, in real concern. "If you were a good accountant, I might, perhaps, get you in a store. What is your capacity in this respect?"

"I ought to have been a good accountant, sir, for I studied mathematics long enough; but I took little interest in figures, and now, although I was for many months at school, pretending to study book-keeping, I am utterly incapable of taking charge of a set of books."

"Such being the case, Mr. Allen, I really do not know what I can do with you. But stay! I am about sending out an assorted cargo to Buenos Ayres, and thence around to Callao, and want a man to go as supercargo, who can speak the Spanish language. I remember that we studied Spanish together. Would you be willing to leave your family and go? The wages will be one hundred dollars a month."

"I have forgotten all my Spanish, sir, I did not see the use of it while at school, and therefore it made no impression on my mind."

The merchant, really concerned for the poor mechanic, again thought of some way to serve him. At length he said, "I can think of but one thing that you can do, Mr. Allen, and that will not be much better than your present employment. It is a service for which ordinary laborers are employed—that of chain carrying to the surveyor on the purposed railroad expedition."

"What are the wages, sir?"

"Thirty-five dollars a month."

"And found?"

"Certainly."

"I will accept it, sir, thankfully," the man said. "It will be better than my present employment."

"Then make yourself ready at once, for the company will start in a week."

"I will be ready, sir," the poor man replied, and then withdrew.

In a week the company of engineers started, and Mr. Allen with them as chain-carrier: when, had he, as a boy, taken the advice of his parents and friends, and stored up in his memory what they wished him to learn, he might have filled the surveyor's office, at more than double the wages paid him as chain-carrier. Indeed, we can not tell how high a position of usefulness he might have held, had he improved all the opportunities afforded him in youth. But he perceived the use of learning too late.

Children and youth can not possibly know so well as their parents, guardians, and teachers, what is best for them. Men who are in active contact with the world, know that the more extensive their knowledge on all subjects, the more useful they can be to others; and the higher and more important use in society they are fitted to perform, the greater is the return to themselves in wealth and honor.

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# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."....."PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY JUNE, 2, 1843.

NO. 22

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## ORIGINAL SERMON.

*Unity of spirit, and diversity of opinion.*

BY REV. A. B. GROSH.

Delivered on Communion day, in Utica, in October, 1841.

"Endeavoring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace," Eph. iv. 3.

The church at Ephesus embraced many, who, before their conversion to Christianity, had been sunk in the lowest depths of pollution and idolatry—also, others, who had been rigid in burdening themselves with all the rituals and observances of the law of Moses, until the things these ceremonials prefigured, were forgotten, and the foreshadow became to them the after-following substance. Thus made up of Jews and Gentiles, who came into the church often from the pressing haste of sudden impulse, it is reasonable to suppose, that each brought with him many of his former peculiar opinions and feelings, and clung to them as highly important in a religious point of view, if not essential to the Christian character. At first, when the church was small, and persecution raged with incessant fierceness, these differences of opinion might remain unnoticed, if not unknown; each believer being more intent on upholding and maintaining the great doctrine of the Messiahship of Jesus, and the resurrection of mankind to immortal glory, which was opposed on every hand; than he would be in maintaining doctrines supposed to be connected very remotely with this, or slightly involved in it.

But when the outward pressure which drove them into common fellowship from every side, was removed, and they were allowed time to look around them, the circumcised Jew, who still adhered punctiliously to many of the customs of his nation and the ceremonies of his law, beheld by his side, one whom he had ever been taught to despise and condemn; and beheld, too, with additional horror, that his Gentile brother in Christianity was partaking food, or performing acts, that must make a Jew totally unfit to mingle in society, or appear in the worshipping assembly! The Gentile, on the other hand, as soon as the common enemy of the cross allowed breathing space, beheld the Jew, whom he had ever been taught to consider a semi-barbarous, selfish, intolerant and superstitious bigot—a condemner of all religions save his own—and beheld him avoid him, as if contamination was in the Gentile touch or breath. Is it any wonder that, under such circumstances, ancient and long nurtured prejudices and animosities should arise between them—that the Gentile should recede from the side of the Jew, as readily as did the Jew from that of the Gentile—that old grudges and differences of opinion should be opened up between them, and be discussed with a firm determination on each side, not to learn some truth, if possible, but to maintain each his own opinion at all hazards—and that, consequently, in a short time there was great danger that the church would go to pieces from internal strifes, and its various factions devour each other? When we compare many of the Christian denominations at the present day with some of those primitive churches, we must be astonished at the forbearance which could forget the prejudices and enmities of a whole life-time, when less differences of opinion than then peaceably existed between strangers, now suffice to sunder brethren and sisters of the same family, and to divide them forever.—Yet attention of feeling did frequently occur, even in those primitive assemblies, which required all the eloquence, and argument, and affection of the apostles to subdue or restrain. The context and the text appear to be such an effort—and contain an

exhortation, to which all Christians would do well to take heed—especially all members of the same assembly, or congregation, or church.

Differences of opinion *will* exist among men.—Even matters of *fact*, are very variously apprehended by different minds: It is probably impossible for any one to state a proposition that shall be a matter of faith or opinion, in terms that will be understood alike by every intelligent or thinking mind. Words are understood in so many various senses—in such a great variety of shades of the same meaning—that the mere *words* in which a proposition is clothed, are often the fruitful causes of differences of opinion among men. But when we add to all this, the various constitutions and orders of mind, the great differences caused in mind by degrees of cultivation and habits of thought, and circumstances of training, it is surely little matter of wonder that men differ from each other on all subjects that are believed in the world. For it is not in *religion*, alone, that men differ. There is probably less difference of opinion in matters really pertaining to religion, than in any other matter that has been equally discussed and examined. Take the Constitution of the United States for instance—a very brief instrument compared with the Bible—and behold what a variety of political creeds have been framed out of it, directly and indirectly—positively and by inference—by teaching and construction—until it would puzzle a plain man to tell what was or was not constitutional.

Let those who are disposed to censure the Bible for ambiguity, sit down and frame a statement of twenty points of opinion in which all agree—then let them meet in a few weeks again, to discuss those subjects, or to give their views and reasons for belief of each point, and I venture to say, they will find a hundred shades of difference in their views on nearly every one of those subjects. And if they enter earnestly into the attack and defence of those differences, they will, in a short time, magnify them into great importance in their own eyes, and shame even religious fanatics with their intemperate zeal, fury and intolerance.

We see, then, the tendency of the human mind to seek out a path of opinion suited to its own constitution, habits and feelings. There is no remedy for it, but the long continued influence of reason, and the increasing benevolence, toleration and real utilitarianism of our race! These will bring men closer to each other in time. Nor can it be prevented. God made the mind free, and has here, at least, placed it in a free land. Nor *should* it be prevented, if it *could* be done. The enslaved mind can not worship God. He requires the free-will offering, only.

What, then, is to be done? Our text gives us the answer. "Endeavor to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." Endeavor not to trammel the mind and conscience—endeavor to give reason a fair field at all times—endeavor even to be so tolerant to what you deem error, as to give it a fair hearing; for without such a hearing, you can not easily and fairly answer it and refute it.—But, above all things, cultivate the spirit of love and kindness toward the errorist. Battle the *creed* as you may, but war not with the *man*. Even the sinner—the vile and abandoned wretch who deliberately and wilfully sins—is your brother, and you are commanded to love him, and to do him good as you have opportunity. How much more, then, should we be charitable in regard to differences of opinion; for the mind is not governed in its faith or disbelief by volition—we do not generally deliberately resolve what we will, and what we will not believe. Could belief be entirely regulated by the will, your speaker had never been a Universalist;

for so far from willing or desiring to believe it, he struggled against it, until he was overpowered by the benevolence of its spirit, the force of its arguments, and the number of its proofs. I have no doubt there are many here present, who could justly say the same thing. How wrong, then, to treat the errorist as a deliberate wrong doer—and especially to consider him an enemy because he believes not as we do! And how unwise, also, to refuse to hear the reason for the hope that is in him, when our doing so, might lead us further toward perfection in divine truth.

But it may be asked, whether we should be indifferent to matters of faith, or differences in opinion?—whether we should hold our own views loosely as a glove, that we may cast off or pull on at pleasure?—or whether we should be nothingarians, and have no opinions at all? By no means. Truth is the most important thing in the world, and should be sought with diligence, and held with tenacity, and advocated with zeal, and practised with fidelity—but all this should be done, remembering that "every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle"—that we are as frail, imperfect and fallible, as others—that, therefore, we *may* hold errors believing them to be truths. And above all, should we remember, that the most important portion of truth, is its *practice*—right *doing* is always more important than right *believing*. Charity, or the spirit of true Christian love, is declared to be greater than either faith or hope, and will abide when the former is swallowed up in knowledge and the latter in fruition.

I ardently desire that all who name the name of Christ should imbibe his spirit, obey his precepts, and follow his example;—that every sect and party in Christendom should learn what manner of spirit those are of, who forget that the Son of Man came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them—and that he did not allow a work of mercy to be stopped, merely because its doer followed not with him. But especially do I desire that *Universalists*, who have already so long led the van in religious liberality, may still keep in mind the great principles of religious freedom, toleration and charity they have asked for themselves, and which they have exercised among themselves and extended to others. In the liberal and all-affectionate spirit of the great doctrine of God, the universal Father of our spirits; of Jesus, the universal Saviour of our race; of heaven, the universal home and destiny of moral beings, we have enfolded as brethren and sisters those who hold almost every variety of religious faith and religious practice in Christendom. The Presbyterian, the Episcopalian, the Baptist, Methodist, Lutheran, Quaker, Moravian—all, have, at various times, embraced this great doctrine of the Gospel, and come into the open fellowship of the Universalist denomination. Each class brought with it, undoubtedly, many of the views and feelings previously entertained—and, perhaps, in casting off former errors, some ran into an opposite extreme, and inhibited others. But regarding the great doctrine of God's universal paternity and of man's universal brotherhood, as the most important truth, the belief of which could best sanctify the heart and direct the conduct of man, we have fellowshiped them as Christians and Universalists, even while many of us reject other opinions which they hold—and we claim all as Christians who have the spirit of the Master, and profess his name.

Various attempts have been made by our opposers, to turn us into ridicule, because these various opinions exist among us—and summaries of them have been arrayed in contradiction to each other, to prove us contradictory and inconsistent in our views—but instead of feeling disposed to quail un-



der such an exhibition, I the rather *glory* in it, and rejoice that we are able, in our numerous and widely spread denomination, to maintain mutual fellowship, and unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, in despite of these numerous minor differences of opinion and ceremonies among us.

Other denominations have had these same diversities of religious views among them, and have split asunder, in quarrels, and revilings, and persecutions that were disgraceful to them as men, and rendered them a reproach to all Christians.

The quarrels of the Friends or Quakers on the subject of the Trinity—those of the New School and Old School Presbyterians on the subject of Calvinism—of the Methodists on Church government and discipline—of the Baptists on the modes of immersion, or what day of the week is the Sabbath—of the Episcopalians on the High and Low of their Church—of the New School Presbyterians on Perfectionism—and a hundred other strifes and divisions that might be named, have certainly done more to disgrace Christianity, than our cultivation of unity of spirit in despite of all these and many other differences of opinion.

Take the two great divisions in Christendom—*Partialism* and *Universalism*—and what do you behold? One great division is rent and split into some 300 or 400 sects and parties—generally quarrelling “about words to no profit, to the subversion of their hearers”—constantly forming new sects and parties, because they differ on some minor doctrine or trifling ceremony—and thus waging continual war on each other. And some of the heated partizans choose to revile us—the other division of Christendom—because we have all the differences of opinion existing among us that exist among them, and yet we do not fight, and quarrel, and split up into hundreds of sects and parties about them! Poor fellows! they must be scarce in subjects for mirth, when they thus ridicule us for loving one another, and for “endeavoring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace!” Long may we continue *thus* to merit their ridicule and laughter, and may we be able even to increase it by a more zealous and earnest cultivation of the Christian graces among us—by cherishing more sedulously than ever, the Christian virtues, and exhibiting the fruits of the spirit in our lives and conduct. To do this, let us remember that we ask, each one of us, for the privilege—or rather, I (and you, and each) claim as a *right*, the privilege of reading the Bible for myself—of understanding its teachings for myself, of professing its teachings for myself, and of preaching what I humbly believe are its doctrine and principles. As the equal son of an impartial Father, it is my *duty* to allow to all others what I claim for myself—and not to damn as I would *not* be damned by others, for mere differences of opinion. In short, to do to others as I would be done by, is clearly my rule of right and duty. Do you hold a doctrine which I reject? It may be my duty to convince you if I can, that your doctrine is an error—is unreasonable, or unscriptural, or demoralizing in its influences and tendencies; but so long as you profess Christianity and manifest the spirit of Christ, it is not my duty to cast you off because I reject that item in your faith. And should you profess to belong to the great division to which I belong, so long as you maintain the doctrine of the final salvation of mankind from sin and death, and live what you profess, I am bound to accord to you the name of Universalist.

Nor does my duty end here. On the broad principles of Universalism, it is my duty to give you an equal privilege and right to defend your views, as I have to attack them—and leave God to give the victory to the right and the true—thus “endeavoring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.” And could this rule be extended throughout Christendom, and the right feelings be extended with it, there would soon be fewer angry quarrels—fewer divisions—and at last few differences of religious opinion and practice, among men.

One word more, and I close. Though a member of this church now about to commune by the administration of bread and wine among its members, I have never felt it my duty to partake with them

in that ceremony—deeming the ceremony virtually fulfilled and completed in the event to which it pointed, the second coming of Christ, nearly 1800 years ago; feeling that, as at present observed, to me it would answer no good purpose, and would even prevent, in a measure, the enjoyment of a communion with God and Jesus, which I already possess—and believing it injurious to many who now partake it, and as now administered. For these, and other reasons which I have neither inclination nor time even to name, I have always refused—and probably always shall refuse to partake myself, or to administer the bread and wine to others with that intent.

But while I claim for myself the right to abstain from thus communing with you, I am anxious that all who do deem such communion a duty, should be allowed to partake of it. My conscience in regard to all ceremonies, is for my own guidance.—Others have views and consciences for themselves, and I pray that they may not attempt to subject me to theirs, as I do not and will not attempt to subject them to mine.

And, particularly do I claim this at the hands of Universalists, who do not deem any ceremony *essential* to salvation, and can therefore allow others to omit or perform them as they please.

In thus allowing to each one his own views, and the practice or disuse of ceremonies, and avoiding censorious judgments, or ascribing wrong motives to each other, we shall best obey the text.

Br. Skinner will now, at the close of the hymn and benediction, proceed to the administration of what is called the Lord's Supper; and I pray God that all who partake, and all who abstain from partaking, may be blessed with a true, holy, and refreshing spiritual communion with God, and Jesus, and the whole church of God, and thus keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. Amen.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### ABUSE OF POWER.

BY REV. A. SCOTT.

“Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and we forbade him; because he followeth not with us.”—A disciple of Christ.

There appears to be implanted in the human system, a passion that causes man to seek after power, which, like all other passions, has its perfect and imperfect work. This love of power, when rightly used, is calculated to enhance the happiness of man; but on the contrary, when abused, it causes an immense amount of trouble.

This love of power to lord it over creation, I said, is a passion inherent in the nature of man, which will, unless restrained and kept within due bounds, grow with his growth and strengthen with his strength; and finally lead him to sudden destruction. This principle may be seen at work even in children, and is exercised over whatever comes in their way. Nor is this all, we discover it much stronger in some people than in others; still those whose passions for power is strongest, do not exercise it most, nor are they the most arbitrary; but on the contrary, they who give the loosest rein.—Here is one thing worthy of note, those who are the most given to rule over their fellow men, have the least control over themselves; hence it is we see so many who are unwilling that others should have the same privileges as themselves, which is too often the case.

The body is not the only part over which people desire to hold the reins of government. In many, far too many instances, they endeavor to lord it over the mind, laying down certain principles for others to receive and fellowship; and unless it is done, they hesitate not to denounce them as heretics, unworthy the care, protection and confidence of their fellows, beside being subjects, and fit ones too for the powers of an angry Deity and the fires of an endless hell. A usurpation of power is bad enough, let it be over what part of man it may; but at the present time I shall barely glance at that usurpation which many have endeavored to exercise in regard to religious views.

It is a fact well known to all, that ever since the

reformation, and even down as far as the time of Christ, one class have endeavored to rule the other. One has set himself up as being infallible; while all others are out of the way and are deserving of condemnation. This was plainly visible in the case of John Calvin, who exercised his lordship, or rather I might have said, endeavored so to do, over the whole Christian world. In compliance with that usurped power, he may be seen delivering Michael Servetus to be burned at the stake.

Our Pilgrim Fathers also, exercised the same unhallowed power, in hanging Baptists and Quakers for the honest convictions of their hearts. Yea, even now the same spirit is at work, and people continue to denounce all such as do not walk in *strict obedience* to their will, and *believe* as they teach. To so great a pitch is this spirit carried at the present day, that many refuse to acknowledge others as Christians, or fellowship them as such unless they believe as do themselves. I have at the present time a circumstance in my mind that will fully illustrate, or rather prove this fact. In a town where I have formerly resided, one of the members of the Baptist Church renounced her faith, and embraced the cheering doctrine of Universalism. The church in agreement with their rules, sent a committee to converse with the dissenting member, and to report at an adjourned meeting. They performed the duties assigned them; reporting that they believed the offending members was a Christian. In reply to this report the Pastor said, “We don't care whether she is a Christian or not, we want to know what she believes.” Times have altered sadly since Christ's day. Then, those who followed after the teachings of the Gospel, were acknowledged as Christians. He who performed works of righteousness was considered as righteous. But oh how changed! Belief is the watchword of the day, in consequence of which the Universalist is branded as a heretic merely because he believes in the final triumph of the Saviour over all sin. Formerly it was another class. It is but a few years since, and the Arminian was considered a devil incarnate on account of the liberality of his sentiments. Let us for a moment examine, and if possible learn, what is heresy and what is not—also what is best calculated to inspire good works.—Christ, it appears from the language of the angel to his mother, was sent into the world to save his people from their sins; from which, we learn that Christ's people are sinners. The same fact was taught by Christ in answer to those who condemned him for associating with publicans and sinners. “The well need not a physician, but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance,” plainly declaring that those he came to visit were sick. Again he says “the Father loveth the son and hath given all things into his hands,” which agrees perfectly with the words of prophecy, “ask of me and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.” Here we see all things given into the hands of the Son, and all are sinners; there not being a “just man on earth who liveth and sinneth not.” It is impossible that Christ's people should be any other than sinners; for “all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.” A question then arises, Will Christ save his people? In answer, the angel says “he shall save his people from their sins.” Christ also declares, saying, “All that the father giveth me shall come to me, of all that the father hath given me I will lose nothing, but will raise it up at the last day.” Says an Apostle, “Wherefore God hath exalted him and given him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, of things in heaven and things in earth and things under the earth, and that every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father.”

Nothing can be better calculated to inspire the heart with feelings of love to God and good will to all the creatures of earth, than this; still I would not censure those of a different faith. No, rather would I have compassion upon them, and pity their folly. No doubt they are sincere; which should cause us to exercise in an especial manner, towards



them feelings of love and good will. Instead of condemning them, our faith calls upon us to extend the hand of kindness and charity towards them—to bless and curse not. It is impossible for us to curse them only as we borrow curses from themselves, there being no curses in the *Universalist vocabulary*. Let us then cultivate towards all, the feelings of brotherly kindness; and instead of usurping authority over their minds, endeavor to lead them into the truth by the gentle cords of love, when we shall be enabled to reap in a golden harvest.

Northfield, Vt., May, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### STILL THEY COME.

**BROTHER GROSH**—With high emanations of joy I have recently learned the *fact*, that the very talented and popular Rev. John Barber, now of Harts-ville, Onondaga, co., N. Y., who for many years was a preacher of the Methodist denomination, and with whom I debated in February last, the subject of the Saviour's second advent; has fully embraced and is successfully preaching the *doctrine* of God's boundless benevolence, as resulting in the ultimate salvation of all human creation. Br. Barber is a gentleman of great research, possessing strong reasoning and speaking powers—besides, sustaining a spotless *moral reputation*.

He is determined to devote the remainder of his days, in support of Gospel truth and righteousness; which determination, may God strengthen by the holy influences of His love; and I trust Br. Barber and his *worthy* family, will deserve the confidence and support of our denomination—that he will be an ornament in *Zion*, by being prominently useful, in his day and generation.

Br. Barber will preach at Clockville, the *third Sunday in June*, (inst.) when he will present his reasons for renouncing the doctrine of endless punishment. W. J. Goss.

Kirkville, May 29th, 1843.

### AN INCIDENT.

"I understand," said I to Rev. Mr. B.—, "that young Mr. John Jones died suddenly last night." "There now," said he, "'twas but the other day I endeavored to reclaim him from his doctrine of Universalism—well, how true it is the Scriptures must be fulfilled: 'the wicked shall not live out half their days.'" At this time a messenger steps in, and says to Mr. B., "you are requested to preach at John Johnson's funeral to-morrow at 11 o'clock." "What do I hear?" said Mr. B., "is Br. Johnson dead? that good young man?" "Yes," replied the man, "he died suddenly last night." "Mr. Jones is not dead then," said I, "but Mr. Johnson." "Yes," said the man; so I mistook the name.—"Well," said Mr. B., "the righteous are taken from the evil to come—so it is with even brother J."

Struck with the two clashing remarks of Mr. B., I went home and took the Bible in hand, and discovered that the word "life," as well as "death," is used in a figurative sense. Jesus says, "you will not come to me that you might have life." This gives me to understand that the wicked are dead in trespasses and in sins, and that the followers of Christ, only, have life, that is, the enjoyment of the religion of Jesus Christ; and hence I concluded, that the wicked did not live out half their days, for the pleasures of sin are of short duration, in comparison to the time and severity the sinner suffers therefor. And, also, I found out, that not only the Jews, who took the advice of Christ, and fled from Jerusalem to the mountains, escaped a calamity to come, but the righteous, at all times, are taken from the evil that generally comes upon the wicked, in this life, to wit; death, the wages of sin, in the shape of unhappiness.—*Nazarene*.

### INQUIRY ANSWERED—SLANDER REFUTED.

**BR. GIBSON**—I have just seen a late No. of the 'Nazarene'—shown to me, by Br. W. D. Gallagher, of your City,—in which Br. J. L. C. Griffin inquires if it is true, that *dram shops* are made the

*depositories of Universalist publications in Louisville*, as asserted by Rev. Mr. Crane, of Richmond, Pa., and others.

I answer, *It is NOT TRUE*; but as false as falsehood itself.

The report, however, is not a new one—not 'got up' by Mr. Crane; but has been going the Orthodox rounds for some time. I saw it, last, in Matthew H. Smith's book of Twattle and slander. It originated thus: Rev. Mr. Peck, Baptist preacher in Illinois—(I think he was the man,) passing through the City, (of Louisville,) saw a Store, having for a sign, 'G. Chapin, Grocer,' and another sign, 'Universalist Books, and Agent for papers.' In relating this, in a sermon,—whence it has spread all over the land,—Mr. Peck, said he saw, in Louisville, on a certain corner, a sign,—'Universalist Books for sale,' and at the same place another—'Grocery:' and 'said he, with a knowing wink, 'you all know what a *grocery* is'—leaving it to be understood that it was a drinkery—groggery—dram shop; for that is the use of the word in some parts of the West.

Here is the truth: Our respected friend and brother, G. Chapin, keeps a small *grocery*, for the sale of tea, coffee, sugar, molasses, provisions, with some kinds of dry goods, and also keeps Universalist publications for sale; but this 'grocery,' is not a 'dram shop,' and *never was*; nor does he keep liquors to sell; for Chapin is a tee-total abstinence man—neither drinking himself, nor selling to others;—still, he keeps a 'GROCERY,' and sells Universalist books.

It may be asked, if there is not *another* place—a 'dram shop'—in the city, where our publications are kept. I answer, *No*; none such are known to us or to any Universalist in the City.

I have been thus particular in this explanation, that our friends everywhere may know how to correct this widely spread piece of petty slander, and that our eastern Editors may be able to contradict that particular *item* in M. H. Smith's *collection* of like stories. E. M. P.

Louisville, May 6.

### PREACHERS AND SOCIETIES.

It is known, to our readers that Br. I. D. Williamson, late of New York, has repaired to Charleston, S. C. for the benefit of his health. During his absence he has written a letter to the New York Society, which all Societies ought to see and regard. The following is an extract from it.

1. I pray you neglect not the assembling of yourselves together. The public worship of God is not only a duty that we owe to ourselves and to him, but it is the most important means of advancing the interests of your Society, and the cause of truth at large. No Church or Society can long prosper whose members habitually neglect the house of worship. Every member of a Society should hold it as a sacred duty to be always present in the sanctuary, unless prevented by some extraordinary event. Whoever is in the desk, the people should be in these places, and there is little less apology for them for being absent from their *pews*, than for the preacher for being absent from the *pulpit*. If the preacher engages to supply the pulpit, it is not to preach to naked walls and empty pews, but is under an implied obligation on the part of the people to whom he preaches, that they will be there to hear him. If they are not so, his energies are paralyzed, and he labors to no effect. Besides, the people do themselves a wrong.

There are two objects in view in attending church. The first is to *worship* God, and the second, to obtain religious instruction. Now it is not always that both these objects can be obtained. When you reflect upon the constant demands that are made upon the intellectual powers of a clergyman, and the duties that he has to perform every day, calculated to interrupt his mental labors, you will see at once, that a very profound or eloquent sermon is not always to be expected. No living man can give it. If a member of Congress makes one sound and effective speech in a year, it is as much as is expected. So if a clergyman gives you one powerful and profound sermon in a month, or in

three months, it is as much as ought to be expected. It will and must frequently occur that the preacher's sermons (whoever he may be) will be common place and tame, and from them you will derive but a small share of instruction; and thus you will in a manner fail of one object of attending church. But you need not lose the other. You can worship God, and commune with him from off the mercy seat, and thus call down his blessings upon your souls, and aid by your presence and countenance the cause of truth and righteousness. Cleave then, I pray you, to the altars of devotion, and forsake them not.

2. Be judicious in your choice of a pastor. I do not mean that you should seek for an angel, nor for the greatest or most eloquent man. One man may excel in public speaking, another in sermonizing, another in the pastoral relations and duties out of the pulpit, and all these are useful. But it is rarely the case that they all combine in an eminent degree in the same man. Indeed, generally, he who excels in one of these points will be deficient in another, and perhaps a moderate combination of all is best on the whole. Look not, then, for the highest attainments; for these are not always most useful. But look to the more substantial qualities of the man. See that he be a man of known and tried faithfulness, of sterling integrity, of substantial character, and of pure christian feeling: then if he be a fine orator or a beautiful writer, so much the better; but with moderate acquirements in these respects, he will succeed and build up. Let no minor considerations divide your feelings, but with one heart and mind give him your confidence, and esteem him for the work's sake, but still think more of the cool waters of life than of the pitcher from which you drink.—*Banner*.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE.

"Give the devil his due," is a trite and just proverb and one which perhaps has been disregarded to man's disadvantage, as much as any other. From a neglect of this injunction has sprung many of the errors and evils of the past. Men have supposed the devil to be their personal and perfect adversary, opposed to every thing good and infinite in evil. Upon this hypothesis, when anything sinful or corrupt was discovered among them, it was immediately charged to the devil, believing that he could not be accused of too much. If the church was annoyed by contentions, and its members disobedient—if the clergy became corrupt and licentious—if its members became backsliders, and it could gain no increase—in short, if any sin incident to human nature was committed, it was all charged to the devil, though in fact it was conceived, generated, and sprung forth from the accusers themselves, and they *alone* were the authors of the whole mischief.

This is not "giving the devil his due," but it is more—it is one of the thousand contrivances to screen men from the consequences of sin, and indeed it is curiously calculated to effect its design, by cheating them into the belief that the devil is all to be blamed, so their consciences may not be troubled.

I do not know how corrupt a being the devil is, but I honestly believe that if all would give him his due, and no more than his due, and take from him the curse of those sins of which *man alone* has been the author, he would make a much better appearance in the world, and perhaps would not be ashamed to be compared with some of its inhabitants! Notwithstanding it is so convenient for men to make him a scape-goat for all their sins, they profess to be great enemies to him, and constantly seeking his destruction, and I have even heard of large rewards being offered for his ruin.

Now I am seeking no reward, but I am quite sure that if every one would take from the devil what sin justly belongs to himself, and leave him only his due, he would at least be as naked as the daw when striped of her borrowed feathers, if she did not wholly disappear. Yea, I believe there would be nothing left of him. J. C. WILCOX.

Halifax, Vt., Feb., 1843.



For the Magazine and Advocate.  
HOUSEHOLD FOES.

BY REV. J. S. KIBBE.

"The greatest impediment our cause has to encounter, may be found in the conduct of some of its professed friends."—*Correspondent of the Magazine and Advocate.*

Who that has considered the matter at all, has any doubts, respecting the truth of the above remark? A secret enemy in the garb of a friend, is more to be dreaded and more to be detested than an open foe. He adds turpitude and treachery to criminality—he is base indeed. That there are many professed Universalists who are not Universalists in reality, admits of no doubt. And this class is of every grade and character, from the man who becomes enraged and refuses to lend his assistance to further Universalism, either by his presence or his bounty, because it may be he is not flattered in all his notions, and perhaps in his besetting sin, to the man who has not to stoop a great deal to perform the vilest act of treachery that ever disgraced the black catalogue. And there are the cold and indifferent—the man who has no sympathy with Universalism any farther than it goes to tear down orthodoxy. There are those in whom the spirit of Universalism can find no congenial soil—in whom it is dead—is not an active, living principle. And there are those who evince their particular regard for Universalism by condemning the members of other churches for their zeal and activity for what they have embraced as the truth. There are enough of these characters mentioned above, in almost every place; but you can find them in greater abundance in those places where Universalism has been in a manner built up, and then from some trifling cause or causes, has been suffered to die away, or been prostrated by the suicidal thrusts of its professed friends. They suffer acrimony and embittered feelings to usurp the place of religion. And they will begin to attribute the ill-success of the cause among them to the real or supposed injury it had received from others.

And, if there are any, (which, no doubt there are,) who helped to make up such a society, that escape the epidemic passion of fault-finding—of embittering their own feelings and those of others—and of attributing their decline in religious prosperity to evils remote from their own members—they are to be prized for their sterling worth. In every place where Universalism has flourished, but is now languishing or dead, and moves but slowly or not at all, under the efforts for its revival, the real cause may be traced to a want of harmony in feeling and tastes—to a want of union and efficiency in action—a willingness of each to do his part. There was much truth and philosophy in the remark of an ancient writer, that "No author was ever written down but by himself;" and it is no less true and philosophical, that Universalism was never put down in any place but by its professed—not its real friends. All that have looked into this matter must be aware of its correctness. It requires no great stretch of foresight to perceive the real cause of the languishing state of Universalism in many places, and the struggles it has to encounter in other places. It may be summed up in the simple unvarnished phrase—a want of harmony and action among its professors.

There are some in every place, perhaps, who are worthy to be called Universalists; and there are others—mere professors, to whom the name of Universalist would be as foreign as it would be to a Turk or heathen. Yet among this latter class you may find those who are loud in their professions, and who are ready to combat orthodoxy and argue Universalism in the highway and in the corners of the streets, and can be about all the week; but let an effort be made to sustain meetings, and they will be so unwell on Sundays that they can not get to church more than two or three times in the course of two or three months. Others there are, who can tell how desirable it would be if they could only have meetings; and when they have them, they might find it convenient to drop in two or three half days in seven or eight Sabbaths; and who can dress up their children and suffer them to

attend orthodox churches to hear that which they do not believe to be the truth—which too, caused them so much trouble when they believed it, if they were so unfortunate; and who would reply, should they be questioned as to the propriety of such a course, that young folks wanted to go where there were the most young people—and that nothing more could be expected of them—and thus flatter their child in a course which they and every consistent individual will say is not very commendable; deeming all the while that they are paying a very high compliment to the young. Others might be found who would be quite anxious that their preacher should attend orthodox protracted meetings and combat their teachers—disturb them in their worship—and create unpleasant feelings, and get the ill will of those who, if they are not our friends, can not say that we have made them our enemies; while these professed Universalists would rarely find it convenient to attend Universalist meetings, thus evincing that the greatest degree of what they have embraced as Universalism, consists in opposition to orthodoxy, instead of building themselves up in peace and joy in the truth. And others there are, who would think that they were paying the preacher, who should forego the privilege of laboring in a pleasanter field and engage to labor among such a class, a very high compliment if they should lend their precious presence at church once in three months. And still there are others, who had rather be relieved from any obligation than to go to meeting, but would rather lounge the Sabbath away in idleness and indifference. These are some of the characters that profess Universalism. And no one can be long in coming to the conclusion, that it would take as many of this mass of heterogeneous characters to make one real, consistent, living, practical Universalist, as it would of apple dumplings to build a stone wall! Here is a mirror in which some mistaken Universalists can see themselves at full length, neither too great nor too small—a perfect picture.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

PROFANITY....NO. VI.

BY REV. S. J. GIBSON.

Not the least of the evils arising from this habit, is the tendency which it has to render powerless and weak, the moral faculties of the mind.

If any have any doubts respecting this position, then let them bestow their attention upon the conduct of the boy of some five or six years of age, who has thus far received the proper instruction of his parents—into whose mind have been instilled the precepts of good moral counsel. In that mind we have a fair representation of the beauties and blessings of innocence—a fair sample of what man was, when he stood forth in the morning of creation from the plastic hand of his Maker, for we are even assured, that of such is the kingdom of heaven.—To day you observe him engaged with his play fellows, and probably influenced by bad example which has been set before him by others, and forgetful of the instructions of his parents, he for the first time in his life, makes use of an oath—immediately he starts back with astonishment, and exclaims, I swore! Yes, he swore; and why did he manifest so much surprise and horror on account of it? Because the act was shocking to his innocent sentiments—offensive to his fine and delicate feelings, and yet it sullied them in a measure; for tomorrow he makes use of an oath again, with far less surprise, and thus onward, until his fine moral sentiments become seared, as it were, and he indulges in the habit with but little if any care.

And as with the youth, so with the man. This practice ever throws a dark shade over the fair face of his moral faculties—sullies the finer feelings of his heart—renders his conscience less sensitive, and thus bereaves him of some of the most exquisite pleasure that mortals are permitted to enjoy in this lower world. And is it not surprising, that men should prove such enemies to themselves and to their own enjoyment? How illy are they rewarded for their actions! How many hours of pleasing reflection do they thus deprive themselves of, and

all too, but the result of a want of proper attention to the more exalted sentiments of their nature!—Far better for every one, to make it a study to preserve these untarnished. We should ever bear in mind that our moral powers, had their origin in the deep counsels of infinite and eternal Wisdom—that they were bestowed upon us for the purpose of guiding our feet in that straight and narrow path that leadeth to life; and hence, we should guard against every thing which has a tendency to weaken them, and especially so, against this useless and vulgar habit, which is so expressly forbidden by revelation.   
Monroeton, Pa.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

ONLY GOD'S MERCY AND GOODNESS.

BROTHER GROSH—The following incident is worth nothing more, than to show in what estimation the goodness and mercy of God is held by the "Orthodox." About eight months ago at the funeral of a widow lady held in the Presbyterian meeting house, the Rev. Isaac Todd, Pastor of the church of that order, pronounced the sermon on that occasion, in which he set forth a sentiment published, I think, by Dr. Doddridge, and observed that, that error had driven many to embrace the doctrine of Universal salvation, and they (the Universalists) predicate their hopes of eternal happiness upon the goodness and mercy of God; but, said he, (raising his arm and shaking his finger at the congregation.) "I pity the man—yea, I pity the man who has no better foundation for his hope of eternal salvation, than to depend upon the goodness and mercy of God."

A dash of rain coming up as the service closed, detained the congregation for some half an hour, in which time I made inquiry of the Rev. Gentleman whether I understood him right, respecting his words; he said I did, and he would repeat it again without repentance. I replied that repentance altered nothing in the goodness and mercy of God, and upon me. But, sir, your pity may fall, for I confess to you, and to this congregation, that I have no other hope of eternal salvation than God's goodness and mercy.—I also said, I had been recently called upon to subscribe for his support, but did not; believing the doctrine he taught could not be found in the Bible. I called upon the congregation to witness upon what condition I would pay him fifty dollars at the end of the year; which was that in that time he should bring me a text in the Bible, declaring the misery of the wicked to be endless, or that there would be a judgment day in the spirit-world, after the resurrection. He then promised that he would take some suitable opportunity and show me the text. The Rev. gentleman has not yet found that suitable opportunity; but he has yet four months to perform his promise in, and make me indebted to him fifty dollars. This contract was made before many witnesses, for as yet there had not one left the meeting house.   
Yours with esteem,  
Troy, Pa., May 20th, 1843.   
EZRA LONG.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

SOMETHING BETTER.

BY MISS CELIA M. TIBBITS.

Creation is a mystery—life is a mystery—and what a most inexplicable mystery is the human heart! From its first pulsation in the infant breast, to the closing scene in the grand drama of life, it is a mystery to itself—a sealed book of unuttered things—a land of alternate sunlight, and fearful, impenetrable gloom.

How ardently from the innocent pleasures of childhood, do we look through the vista of coming years, amid its twilight shadows, and sigh for—we know not what—an undefined good—something better. Youth succeeds—its brightness and rainbow effulgence is ours. We look back upon the past—it has left no sad traces of misspent hours; no dim haunting remembrance of the loved and lost; no yearnings for the departed who have gone from us to return no more. And before us is the future—the bright, untried, the bewitching future—with its sunlit skies; its summer landscapes; its



winds whose tones are music; a land of unalloyed bliss, of undimmed splendor, and perennial bloom. We gaze upon all the pleasures life has given, the many she promises at this brightest period of existence; and the unsatisfied soul still looks forward and exclaims is there nothing better? Ah, yes, a mystery—an unfathomed mystery is the human heart! How noble and god-like its capacities! How mighty its powers of thought, feeling and endurance! Yet "a breath—a tone of music—summer's eve, or spring, may wound, striking the electric chain wherewith we're darkly bound." Amid the hurry and tumult of life, from the realization of golden dreams, from overflowing coffers, and bright prospects of future gain, the man of wealth turns in disgust; and his soul sated with this world's good, recoils from its vain pageantry and sighs for something more enduring and satisfactory—a something better. The student pores over the unsealed records of other days; unlocks the hidden treasures of science, and dreams of "eternal honors to his name, of endless glory, and perennial bays." And perchance fame goes with him, and his pale brow is crowned with the laurel wreath which he has so long, so earnestly sought; yet does it bring with it the promised good? has it satisfied those yearnings which have ever been with him, even in his happiest hour? Does he say, lo here is peace? No—oh no! the aching void is still unfilled—the boon unfound; and from all that life gives, he turns in disappointment and exclaims *is this all? has earth nothing better? No, this is not all! it is no vain dream that has been over us, breathing of a more pure and exalted state of being. It is the natural aspiration of the immortal soul, for something more enduring than the transitory things of earth. We are created for something better; and in a future and better land our spirits will realize that which they have so long sought; they will grasp that undefined good which has so often hovered over them, like dim sad remembrances of some happier home, from which we have been driven forth mourners and exiles—wandering strangers in a strange land.*

Cowasalone, April, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### "HEAVEN IS LARGE ENOUGH FOR US ALL."

Such were some of the last words of Miss Minerva Kinney, of McGrawville—who departed this life on Sunday morning, the 7th inst. Her death was calm and pleasant as the unruffled lake. In my visits to this young lady during her short illness, I could not but be reminded of the sickness and death of Lazarus, and the grave of Jesus, when Mary and Martha, in much love and humble gratitude, came to embalm the remains of their friend. The scene produced in my mind a sort of pleasing melancholy—there was on her countenance such a sweet composure of mind, such confidence in God as her Father and Friend, that it buoyed my spirits up—and then, to witness the devotedness of her father and mother, brother and sisters around her sick bed, together with the affection and attention of other young friends; I could not but say within myself, O that my end, may be as tranquil and happy! On my last visit, (as she was supposed to be drawing near her end,) as I passed out of her father's residence, in the evening, there were several persons gathered around the house, waiting, seemingly with breathless anxiety to inquire if the spirit had departed? I thought to myself, this whole scene speaks a language not to be misunderstood; for be it known, dear reader, there were within and without friends of various religious opinions. Now this young lady was a Universalist—she was one of the few, who was not over-awed by popular favor—when it was possibly convenient for her, she was in attendance at church, listening to the glad news of a world's salvation from sin and death—nor could she be moved from her faith, although she was talked and written to on the subject. On Saturday evening at about eleven o'clock she fell apparently into a sweet sleep, and on Sunday morning at half-past two, her spirit took its departure for the "better land," or her "home" as

she called it. In her life she gained the love and respect of her numerous acquaintance—she always met them with a complacent smile, that bespoke a sweet welcome, so that her memory is precious to us all. The community at McGrawville and vicinity, by a large attendance, spoke in language louder than words, their sympathies for the bereaved friends, and respect for the character of the deceased, and are justly entitled to our gratitude and respect. May God abundantly bless them in every good word and work. The bereaved friends mourn and sorrow not as those who have no hope, for they remember the language of the deceased, when they received the last fond kiss, "weep not for me! your loss is my gain."

"Dearest sister, thou hast left us,  
Here thy loss we deeply feel;  
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,  
He can all our sorrows heal."

The following lines were sung at her grave.

"When the calmness of evening calls nature to rest,  
And the wild howling tempest now ceases to rave,  
Sure this is the season of others the best,  
To reflect on the cold silent night of the grave.  
Must we then yield to sorrow? oh! no, we'll rejoice,  
For though o'er her tomb the sad willow may wave,  
From the courts of high heaven, sweet whispers the voice.  
There's a morning that dawns on the night of the grave.  
Cortlandville, N. Y. T. J. W.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### THE SAVIOUR.

What a perfect pattern for imitation does the life of the Saviour exhibit! How admirable every trait in his character! How full of love and sympathy to suffering humanity! How compassionate to the frail and weak! Indeed, his whole life was spent in acts of kindness to the frail children of men.—Though sorely tempted, yet he never fell! Though persecuted by his enemies, yet how uncomplaining! Though condemned to the infamous death of the cross, and expiring in agonies, yet he still sustained the same purity of principle; manifested the same kindly benevolent feeling towards his cruel persecutors, who were causing him the most excruciating suffering. He raises his voice in their behalf—his last moments were spent in prayer for them. "Father (he cried) forgive them, for they know not what they do!" What love, what purity of principle, what firmness of purpose is here manifested! He came on a mission of love to man, and fulfilled the object of it. Is there one soul who can contemplate his character without admiration? Here is a pattern, kind reader, worthy our imitation. This same benevolent being is still our friend, nor can he ever become our enemy until the fountain from which sprang all this goodness, is exhausted! even that exhaustless ocean of God's love, which is itself boundless, though "it fills, connects" and bounds a universe. We think no believer in the Saviour will say that he will ever lose any of this benevolence of his nature. He wept over Jerusalem in view of her impending judgments—he wept in sympathy at the grave of a friend—and think you, kind reader, he would not still weep should one soul be left to groan and writhe in endless pain? DOROTHY.

March 3d, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### SHORT NOTES ON SELECT PASSAGES...NO. I.

BY REV. H. H. WATSON.

Matt. xvi: 26.—"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

This passage is supposed to teach the doctrine of ceaseless wo; and this supposition is derived from the phrase, "lose his own soul." But that the above doctrine receives any support from the text, is denied. It is stated, according to Dr. Adam Clarke, that the original word *psuche*, translated "soul" in our common English version, should have been rendered life; which would make the text read thus

—"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own life? or what shall a man give in exchange for his life?"

With these facts before us, and coming as they do from such a celebrated commentator, we discover that the text loses all the force which has been ascribed to it in favor of endless misery; and hence, if endless misery be true, it must be established by other testimony than this.

Matt. xvi: 27, 28.—"For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his angels, and then shall he reward every man according to his works. Verily I say unto you, there be some standing here, which shall not taste of death till they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom."

This passage concludes the chapter from which the foregoing one was taken, and is referred by many to a general judgment yet future. But by a careful examination of the text, it will be seen that it has no reference to such event, but that the event of which it speaks has long since transpired.

There have been some commentators, (believers in endless punishment,) who seemed to have correct ideas of the true sense of this passage, and accordingly they have referred it to the overthrow of the Jewish nation and polity; among these were Drs. Gill, Wynnan, Clarke, Cappe, Pearce, and Hammond. And this application is clearly sanctioned by the last clause of the passage—"Verily I say unto you, there be some standing here, which shall not taste of death, till they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom."

That there were those alive at the time Jerusalem was destroyed, that heard this declaration of Christ, is very probable; as it took place about 43 years after his death. And at least one of the disciples, (viz. St. John, the evangelist,) who lived 24 years after this prediction was fulfilled, and consequently must have been an eye witness of the truth of this prophecy; for he says—"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth;" (evidently alluding to the Gospel dispensation) "for the first heaven, and the first earth," (or Mosaic institutions and laws) "were passed away, and there was no more sea."

Venice, May, 1843.

### MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barray.

UTICA, FRIDAY, MAY 26, 1843.

### CHRISTIAN UNION...NO. I.

Much has been said and written, and is yet said and written, on the subject of a general Christian Union—an association of all sects and denominations, into one general denomination. And from time to time, efforts have been commenced to effect such an organization—a few of which, as samples of the whole, I will briefly mention.

The "CHRISTIANS," as they term themselves—Christians, as they are termed by others—are probably the most numerous class of those who have started to produce such a union. Their beginning promised fair; but performed not long in accordance with their professions. The Scriptures were to be their only rule of faith and practice—and any one who acknowledged Jesus Christ as the Messiah—the Bible as his creed, and led a pious and moral life in obedience thereto, was to be admitted to their fellowship, whatever might be his opinions on other subjects. They rejected all distinctive titles, and called themselves simply Christians, to denote that they belonged not to any particular sect, and were not, themselves, a sect among sects.

So far, perhaps, all was well, save that they assumed a stand which subsequent events prove that they were not able to sustain.

Obedience to Christ, was one of their requisites—but they took upon them to say what was the particular mode which constituted obedience, and in this first departure from the right of private judgment, they constituted themselves a council of popes, and became a sect



among sects. For instance—it was agreed by them, that Jesus commanded his followers to be baptised. Admitted, by all parties. Now, said the leaders and majority of these Christians, this baptism means *water* baptism. If any, in the exercise of their private judgment, received the Bible in a sense different from this, they were voted disobedient to Jesus, and disfellowshipped—not as from a sect; for they claim to be freed from sectarianism—but from Christian communion!

But may not a man be a Christian—a believer in, and a follower of, the Lord Jesus, without being baptised by water? Turn to Acts, 10th chapter, and read the conversion of Cornelius—and mark!—"While Peter yet spake these words, the holy spirit fell on all them which heard the word. And they of the circumcision which believed, were astonished—as many as came with Peter—because that on the Gentiles, also, was poured out the gift of the holy Spirit, for they heard them speak with tongues, and magnify God. Then answered Peter, Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptised, who have received the holy Spirit as well as we?" Now, notice—Cornelius was converted—he had faith in Jesus—he received the word preached—and, to add to all, he was miraculously endowed, (he and his fellow Gentiles) with the holy Ghost—yet, if this test may be received, they were not Christians, for they were not yet baptised *with water*!

But these anti-sectarians stopped not here. They decided that Jesus meant, not only *water* baptism, but baptism by *immersion*. And if any Christian, in the exercise of that Protestant and truly Christian virtue, the right of private judgment in matters of faith, presumed to suppose that any other mode would answer, he was declared disobedient to the commands of Christ, and disfellowshipped accordingly. In other words, as they were not a sect, but Christians, he was declared to be no Christian!

Those called sectarians, will frequently exclude persons from their denominations for not agreeing to its peculiar tenets, and still leave to them the general name of Christian; but this most liberal and tolerant no-sect, by calling themselves Christians, not as a distinctive or denominational name, but as their only and proper name, virtually declare all whom they disfellowship, to be infidels—not believers in or followers of our Lord and Saviour.

But this is not all. Their sectarianism—for it was and is rank sectarianism—extended to opinions. They understood the Bible to teach either the annihilation, or the endless punishment of the wicked; for I believe they have not, as a body, yet decided which. If any one understood the Bible to teach universal salvation, and dared to preach it—for *preaching* it, is, after all, the offence—he was disfellowshipped, and thus virtually declared to be a disbeliever in the Bible, and no Christian. In some cases, as if rather ashamed at retaining in their communion some, who it is well known believe quietly in Universalism, while they exclude those who honestly avow the same belief, they have urged that the latter were not *pious*, and that it was not on account of a difference of opinion, but for a want of piety, that they refused to them their fellowship. But from what I have said, you see at once that every sect in the world could as consistently claim that they were no sect—only Christians—and yet exclude, under the very same pretences, all who do not believe every tittle of their creed, and practise every one of their ceremonies. The Presbyterian may as well say, "I am no sectarian—I fellowship every one as a member of my church, who believes and obeys the Bible. But I understand the Bible to teach infant damnation, or the salvation only of elect infants, and any one who does not understand the Bible to teach as I understand it, does not believe the Bible, and I can not, therefore, fellowship him as a Christian." A. B. G.

#### THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

We rejoice in transferring to our columns, from the Western Luminary, the following "Fraternal Questions," by Brother J. Whitney—the more so, for their having first appeared in a paper pledged, to the defence

and inculcation of certain ceremonies, and the managers of which, it has appeared to me, (and to many who, like Br. Whitney are favorable to the observance of those ceremonies,) have not always manifested the most tolerant spirit in their inculcations. Br. Whitney manifests the right spirit—the only spirit, in fact, which can be successful in preserving union in our ranks and peace among our members. The ground implied in these questions—for their teaching, though interrogative, is hardly dubious—is the one that has always been advocated and inculcated in this paper; and, by the blessing of God, I hope always to maintain this spirit of charity and toleration toward all who differ from me on such subjects. The questions are, therefore, most affectionately commended to the attention of all who read—and especially to the practice of all who need their liberal teachings. May they tend to the enlargement of charity, the increase of liberality, and the proper regulation and direction of religious zeal among all—both of those opposed to the observance by others of these forms, and of those who would, by word or deed, set at naught any brother or sister who abstains from their observance.

It will be seen, by the sermon which we publish this week, that we held to these views at least as long ago as the fall of 1841—and those who knew us before and since then, know that we have *invariably*, since we entered into the ministry of reconciliation, held the general principles of liberality and charity therein advocated; and we yet retain them. And we do not despair yet of their becoming universal in our denomination—synonymous with our doctrine, and co-extensive with its profession. A. B. G.

#### FRATERNAL QUESTIONS.

1. In regard to the rituals of the church, is it not wise and prudent for us to "walk in the spirit" according to our own sense of duty, and let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind?

2. Why is a difference of opinion on forms and ceremonies the most prolific source of contention and persecution among Christian professors?

3. Since outward emblems do not form the only mode of induction into the kingdom of heaven, are we not the most safely employed in cultivating the virtues and graces of our divine Master?

4. Why should the writer, who believes in observing the Eucharist, be any purer at heart, than the brother who believes that our Saviour's last supper is not a perpetual and binding institution?

5. Can our minds be enlightened and renewed after the spirit of the inner man, by controverting a point of doctrine which was only intended to symbolize an inward work of grace upon the heart?

6. In differing with a brother about the rites of the Church, why is it that we indulge in so much bitterness of feeling, while we know that the peace and harmony of our order has been advanced only by preaching Christ and him crucified?

7. If we, who deem it a duty to observe the Eucharist, consider others reprehensible for neglecting it, are there not good reasons to suppose that we lack that spirit of charity and toleration which Christ inculcated and manifested?

8. If ceremonials are necessary, as thousands believe that they are, to perpetuate the memory of our ascended Lord, will not the incentives to imitate him be increased and strengthened by their observance?

9. Brethren, do we realize this spiritual benefit in celebrating the Lord's supper? J. W.

#### A WORLD OF CHANGE.

One of our brethren of the Western Luminary, thus feelingly discourses on *change* (not *changes*) in a late number of that paper.

In one of our exchange papers we notice a paragraph which commences in the following manner: "It is a world of *change* we live in." Now, we have abundant reason to doubt the veracity of this presumptuous statement. We have not received, seen, or heard of a dollar, or even less of the shining dust for a long time, and if our Br. Editor has, it must be he lives in a world entirely different from the one we have the pleasure of residing in.

Now we can not exactly sympathise (except in imagination) with our Brother of the Luminary; for a few weeks ago we were called on in a hurry to attend a wedding. The parties were from the country, and liberally rewarded my prompt compliance, and long walk, and valuable services, by giving me a one dollar bill, which without examination I safely stowed away in one corner of my wallet, where it remains to this day—for it is on the "Lapeer County Bank" of Michigan, and therefore, luckily for my spending propensities, not worth one cent! If my brother of the Luminary will send me one *bogus* half dollar he may have the note; and thus both of us can live once more in "a world of change!"

A. B. G.

#### TO E. A. G.

Your course has placed us in a very embarrassed and painful situation; and I hope, therefore, that you will immediately retrace it. If that *can* not be, write as soon as you see this, that I may know where to address a letter of explanation. If you will retrace your steps, however, all you desire can be effected in a way better for you, and pleasanter by far for all others concerned.

A. B. G.

Br. N. BROWN expected to start immediately on a missionary tour through the western and southwestern counties of this State, on the 1st of June, just passed.—He will preach to destitute societies on his route, and supply orders for the Scripture Compendium, or Universalist Looking Glass; a useful chart published by him, and favorably noticed by several of our papers.

#### COLLECTORS WANTED.

Two or three efficient and good collectors are wanted to go through nearly all the counties in this State and collect arrearages due for this paper for a number of years past to the former publishers. Young preachers, who have no families, and could make excursions of several weeks at a time, and occasionally preach and lecture on their routes would undoubtedly do well in the business, a liberal percentage will be allowed. Enquire at this office.

#### WASHINGTONIAN STATE CONVENTION.

We hope that our readers who are Washingtonians, (and we earnestly wish all were such,) will not forget that this interesting and important meeting is to be held in this city, on the second Wednesday (14th) of June next. It is recommended that, in all counties where the society at the county seat does not call a County Convention, *each society* select and send two or three delegates—and these several delegations of each county will undoubtedly be received as the delegation of such county, the same as if they had been selected by a County Convention. Remember this—make it known to your societies—for it is *very important* that a full representation be present from *every part* of our State.

A. B. G.

Br. W. J. Goss has made an engagement with the brethren in Lewiston, Niagara county, to preach with them all the time, commencing the third Sunday inst., and wishes all letters, papers, etc., addressed to him at that place.

Br. Tompkins—Credit Br. P. Morse, Henderson, N. Y., for volume 5 Light of Zion, \$1.00. Mrs. S. H. Morse, same place, \$2.00 for volume 12 Repository. J. E. Scott, Woodville, N. Y., \$2.00 for volume 11 Repository. Miss A. Hungerford, Henderson, N. Y., (now Mrs. A. K. Davis, Northville, Wayne county, Michigan,) \$2.00, for volume 12 Repository, and hereafter send to the latter address. L. Y. Avery, Salina, N. Y., \$2.00. Charge us \$9.00.

Br. Price—Credit W. Alverson, Henderson, N. Y., balance due on *Union*, and charge us 50 cents.

Just received, the Family Prayer book, by Br. O. A. Skinner, of Boston, Mass. It is neatly got up, and is withal just such a book as should be in every family of Universalists. Price 50 cents single, 7 copies for \$3.00. A liberal discount to those who buy by the dozen to sell again. Cash orders, only attended to.



**"NEW WORLD" PUBLICATIONS.**

MONTHLY SERIAL SUPPLEMENT TO THE NEW WORLD. Back numbers still supplied. This supplement contains four works by the very popular authors: Charles Dickens, (Box,) Charles Lever, Wm. H. Ainsworth, and Samuel Lover. Only one dollar per year.

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On the first of July next, will be published in a double extra New World, handsomely printed on elegant paper MARMADUKE WYVIL: or THE MAID'S REVENGE. By HENRY WM. HERBERT, author of "The Brother's," "Cromwell," etc., etc.

Price \$16 a hundred: 25 cents a single copy, and six copies by mail for \$1, on which the postage to distant places will not exceed 5 cents each. Address J. WINCHESTER, 30 Ann street, N. Y.

An original novel—entitled KATE IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND. By A LADY CHRYSALIS.

This counterpart to "Cælebs in search of a Wife," contains many stirring incidents. By land and sea, in city and country, in fashionable and humble life, Kate seeks a husband—and finds him. Young ladies in like search, may learn something from her experience; and young gentlemen who are sought, or would be found, may read with profit.

TERMS.—12 1-2 cents single—11 copies for \$1—\$8 per hundred. Address, (post paid,) J. WINCHESTER, 30 Ann street, N. Y.

**LIST OF BOOKS**

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

No. 32, Genesee street, (up stairs).

Life of Rev. John Murray, Biography of Winchester, Pro and Con of Universalism, by Rev. George Rogers, Causes of Infidelity Removed, by Rev. S. R. Smith, Practical Hints to Universalists, by Rev. J. G. Adams, Ballou's Atonement, Ballou's Select Sermons, Do. Notes on the Parables, Do. Nine Sermons, Balfour's Second Inquiry, Sawyer's Review of Hatfield, Duties of Young Men, by Rev. E. H. Chapin, Discourses, by do, Christian Comforter, by Rev. H. Bacon, Law of Kindness, by Rev. G. W. Montgomery, Universalist Manual, by Rev. M. Rayner, Universalist Belief, by Rev. A. C. Moore, Sermons, by Rev. O. A. Skinner, Voice to Youth, by Rev. J. M. Austin, Illustrations of the Parables, by Rev. T. Whittemore, Christian Visitant, 3 vols. in one, by Rev. A. B. Grosh, Streeter's Hymns, (large and pocket,) Ancient History of Universalism, Modern do. do, Convention Sermons for 1841, Universalist Register and Almanac for 1842, Catechisms for Sunday Schools, Hymns of Zion, by Rev. A. C. Thomas, Gospel Harmonist, by Rev. T. Whittemore, Paige's Selections, The Universalist's Guide, Polyglott Bibles. Also, a few copies left of the Rose of Sharon for 1843.

**MARRIAGES.**

In Dexter, April 13th, by Rev. G. S. Abbott, Mr. GEORGE H. KIMBALL, to Miss ELVIRA BAKER. Also, on the 16th, same place, by the same, Mr. JAMES A. BAYLEY, to Miss MARTHA ROCKWOOD, all of Dexter.

**DEATHS.**

In McGrawville, May 7th, Miss MINERVA KINNEY, daughter of Gilmore Kinney, Esq., aged 20 years. A notice of her character and her last moments will be found in another part of this paper. Her funeral was attended on the 18th inst. Prayer at the house, by the Pastor of the Presbyterian church—sermon in the Presbyterian meetinghouse, by Br. Whitcomb—concluding prayer by Elder Dye, (Baptist).

At the residence of Br. Charles Traffarn, Alden Creek, on the 13th inst., of consumption, Miss JANE MARIA WILLIAMS, aged 20 years and 11 months. Her life was that of a Christian, though her sentiments were not known, if indeed she had formed any relative to a partial or a universal salvation. A few hours before her death she called to her bed-side her relatives and friends, and informed them that her dissolution was at hand—took each by the hand and calmly bid them an affectionate adieu, adding that she was going to meet her friends in a better world, and the separation from those present would be but momentary, and that Br. Traffarn could not wish those of his friends to return who had gone before him—that she had no desire to live longer, and that she was happy. Truly she smiled at death's firm grasp, and hailed him as her deliverer from the bonds of earth, and as a sure passport to pure holiness and happiness, in that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. May the Father of all souls become the stay and solace to friends, and particularly to her two sisters who are the only two near relations left to mourn her decease, and may their lives and death be like hers. The consolations of the Gospel was tendered this day, (14th,) to a large concourse of people by Rev. E. Hunter, D. D., of the Congregationalist society of Boonville, in an impressive discourse from Romans viii: 18; and although some of the leading features of his own sentiments might be inferred, the spirit of kindness and Christian charity in which they were delivered won for him golden opinions of those who think differently from him. L. M.

In South Canton, April 5th, EURANA LETITIA, daughter of Mr. Eri Ames, aged 14 years, 5 months and 10 days.—Peace be to the ashes of this young and interesting girl, and the full consolations of the Gospel of a world's salvation, to the afflicted parents and kindred.

On Pierpont Plains, April 8th, Mrs. ALMEDA OLIN, daughter of Mr. Lyman Tupper, aged 38 years. The deceased was feeble for several years, but on the day of her death was not thought to be more than usually unwell. She took breakfast with the family in the morning, and at midday was a corpse. Verily, "In the midst of life we are in death."

In Parishville, May 1st, BETSEY, daughter of Mr. Asa Brownson, aged 17 years 4 months. Probably but few young persons were ever called from earth, more deeply lamented than this. She was an amiable and lovely daughter, a highly valued associate and friend, and her memory will long be fondly cherished. So much was she endeared to the hearts of others, that after the services at the church, almost the entire congregation must pass by the altar to see the corpse. We affectionately mingle our sympathies with the afflicted. W. H. WAGGONER.

**RELIGIOUS NOTICES.**

There will be preaching on the first Sunday in June, by Br. J. A. ASPINWALL in Leyden—Br. DOLPHUS SKINNER at Little Falls, and Br. WARREN SKINNER at German Flats—Br. SIAS in Montville—Br. GROSH in Syracuse—Br. N. BROWN in Conesus.

There will be preaching on the second Sunday in June, by Br. MOREY in Oran—Br. SIAS at Howlett Hill—Br. GROSH at Little Falls—Br. D. SKINNER at Perryville, (instead of Sullivan).

There will be preaching on the third Sunday in June, by Br. BARBER at Clockville, where he will present his reasons for renouncing the doctrine of endless punishment.

The St. Lawrence Association will meet in annual session in Potsdam, on the fourth Wednesday and following Thursday in June. Each society is entitled to two lay delegates, and we hope all will be represented.

W. H. WAGGONER, Standing Clerk.

The Genesee Association will hold its annual session at Aurora, Erie county, on the third Wednesday and following Thursday in June.

The Allegany Association meets at Yorkshire, Cattaraugus county, on the fourth Wednesday and following Thursday in June.

The Pennsylvania Convention of Universalists will meet in Catawissa, Columbia county, on the first Wednesday and following Thursday in June.

CONFERENCE.—The annual meeting of the Niagara Association will be held on the first Wednesday and following Thursday in June, (7th and 8th,) at the Universalist Meetinghouse, in Middleport, Niagara county, N. Y. Societies are requested to send two Delegates each, to attend the session. We hope ministering brethren from other Associations will meet with us. A committee will be in waiting at

the church to entertain such visitors and friends as wish to attend the meeting. Those wishing to come by private or public conveyance, will be cordially received, and accommodated in the vicinity of the village. Introductory Sermon by Br. J. M. Cook. The council will meet at 9 o'clock, and services commence at 10 1 2 Wednesday morning.

C. HAMMOND, Standing Clerk.

The Central Association meets in Morrisville, Madison county, on the first Wednesday and following Thursday (7th and 8th) of June next. Each society will remember to select two lay delegates who will attend. Without order,

A. B. G.

A Conference of the Steuben Association will be held in South Dansville, on the first Wednesday and following Thursday (7th and 8th) of June next, at the Baptist Meetinghouse.

N. B.—Messenger and Luminary please copy.

The Ontario Association will hold its annual session in New ark, Wayne county, on the second Wednesday and Thursday (14th and 15th) of June next. Ministering and other friends are invited to attend. A Committee will be in waiting at the church, on Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning, to direct visitors to places of entertainment.

\*\* Union and Luminary please copy. D. K. LEE,

Standing Clerk.

The Mohawk River Association, will meet in annual session, in the Universalist church, in the village of Newport, Herkimer county, the second Wednesday and following Thursday in June, at 10 o'clock A. M. The several societies within the bounds of the Association, are requested to send two delegates each, to represent them in council.—Occasional sermon by Br. D. Skinner. A general invitation is hereby given to all our friends that can, to attend; especially ministers who will not refuse to preach.

J. D. HICKS, Standing Clerk.

A Conference of the Hudson River Association will be held at Braman's Corners, the second Wednesday and Thursday in June. Services will commence Wednesday morning, at half past 10 o'clock. An invitation is extended to the friends of the cause generally, and to all who can consistently be with us. The ministering brethren of the Association will of course feel it to be their duty to be present if they possibly can.

N. B.—Those who come by Rail Road or Canal, will be met by friends at Port Jackson, (opposite Amsterdam,) prepared to convey them to the place of meeting.

J. A. ASPINWALL, Standing Clerk.

\*\* Messenger and Union please copy.

The Otsego Association will hold its next annual session at Fly Creek, Otsego county, on the fourth Wednesday and Thursday (28th and 29th) in June. The council will convene at 8 A. M., Wednesday—occasional sermon at half past 10, by Br. A. C. Barry. The usual invitation is cordially extended to ministering brethren and friends generally—they will find a committee waiting to direct them, at the Universalist church. O. WHISTON, Standing Clerk.

The Steuben Association will meet in annual session at Springwater, on the first Wednesday and Thursday (5th and 6th) of July next.

Our ministering brethren knowing our wants, will, I am sure, attend our meetings if practicable. Therefore, to them I repeat not the usual formality of invitation and request.—To our lay brethren, I should perhaps use a little more persuasion—especially to those within the limits of this body. Come up, then, brethren—let us hear from all, without reserve. Assist in our deliberations, that we may ascertain whether we shall stand or fall.

Those from a distance, who will attend the Conference, enquire for J. H. Stevens, J. Phelps, J. Goodno, J. Healy, where they will find feed for their horses, and something (not bread alone) for themselves. I am not acquainted at Springwater, therefore can give no directions. But I will venture to say, enquire for friends, and you will find them here. A. UPSON.

**LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.**

P M, New Marlboro, [Mass.] for C D P and S S—P M, Chaumont, for P P G—P M, Fairport, for P H W—P M, Le Royville, [Pa.] for D B—P M, Fort Plain, for J L and G D C—W V, Phelps, for J H, T V, E B, F V, jr, J W, J V, J D W and H B—D A, Perry, for S A, A H, D M, H G and G T—G S G, Yorkshire, for A C.

A small quantity of Miller's Phantasy exposed, by Br. S. P. Skinner, of Boston, Mass., just received. Price 12 1-2 cents.



For the Magazine and Advocate.  
WISHES.

BY MISS MARY E. TILLOTSON.

First, Washington's blessed tomb, would I survey,  
Where virtue's model slumbers in decay!  
Nought but it's clay shall sleep; it's model lives,  
While in freeman's heart memory survives,  
Or history speaks, or blooms Columbia's soil,  
Or Freedom's cherished flag floats in the gale!

Lone would I linger round the richest spot  
America can boast of. I would not  
A sound should there my meditation break;  
Or kindest voice profound devotion shake;  
Or eye perceive the tears shed o'er such worth—  
In grateful reverence shed, on hallow'd earth!

Then would I hear Niagara's distant sound,  
Approach and see the rushing torrent's bound—  
Muse on Bridgewater's midnight conflict, brave—  
The Christians, whose firm hands our land did save—  
The veterans who for freedom fearless fell,  
Niagara's thunder-roar, their dying knell!

Then, Bunker Hill's declivity would trace—  
In fancy see the Britons fly the place—  
See them recede before my country's power;  
Then breathe for Liberty an ardent prayer—  
Retire in silence from the battle shock,  
And place my feet on Plymouth's Pilgrim rock!

I'd hie the ocean o'er, the Thames ascend—  
To Westminster my course directly bend;  
Not for the king there laid, the ssepered dead,  
But those whose genius light on science shed,  
Around their tombs delight and knowledge blend;  
There, who'd not feel improved a day to spend?

One man in England would I glance upon;  
The Poet whose sweet lay the soul can chain—  
Whose inspiration bids the heart adore—  
In sympathy dissolve—in rapture soar!  
He loved his "Gertrude's" land, when weak and wild,  
It's daughters love in turn "O'Conner's Child!"

Istent I'd gaze the Alpine heights upon,  
And deem me blest to cross the honored Rhine—  
To see the relics of Rome's ancient pride;  
Nor would St. Peter's structure be denied;  
No, nor famed Etna—nor Vesuvius,  
Since on my way to ever-worshipped Greece!

Of vast extremes, the scene thou'st been, dear Greece!  
Now, shall thy infant Liberty increase—  
With Freedom's rise, science again shall reign—  
This be our wish—be "classic land" again!  
Expel pollution—Art's sublime unfold—  
Then blessed indeed, the eyes that thee behold!

And thou, Jerusalem! scarce do I know  
If view of thee could grant more joy than wo;  
'Twere bliss to scan thy "holy Temple's site,"  
If not degraded now, by Moslem rite!  
And to explore the land a Saviour traced,  
Could Calvary's scene from mem'ry be effaced!  
South Oxford, April, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

SPRING.

BY MISS C. M. TIBBITS.

Yes, there are voices in the merry spring,  
To breathe again the tones of early youth—  
To draw aside the curtained gloom of years,  
And bid us revel in its promised truth.

And whispered words in gentle tones are heard,  
Low soothing voices echoed from the past;  
Waking low music from the spirit's lyre,  
Of bright ideals in its dreamings cast.

O, there are voices in each forest leaf,  
That find deep echoes in the human breast;  
And mystic words in every gentle breeze,  
With might "to shake the mantle of its rest."

Each breeze comes laden with the tale of years,  
Its joys, its sorrows, all its early grief;  
With burning words of deep unburied wo,  
To read the secrets of each folded leaf.

In the low gushings of a singing rill,  
A voice may whisper of thy early home,  
And in the rustling of the forest boughs,  
A tone of sadness o'er thy spirit come.  
Cowasalone, April, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

SCENES IN THE DRAMA OF HUMAN LIFE.

BY MRS. F. M. BAKER.

SCENE FIRST.

Sarah C. was very beautiful. Few have ever dwelt upon this earth, where existed so much of the beautiful and lovely, more so than she was. And yet it would be very difficult for pen or pencil in sketching the picture, to show in what that beauty consisted: for writer or painter to so describe or delineate her form or features as to give a just conception of them. Still they were very perfect: but they were of a kind which must be seen in order to be felt.

I recollect it was a common expression among those who knew her, that her look, her expression was unearthly. And truly it was so; especially towards the close of her mortal career. In her girlhood she had been a gay, cheerful, happy creature. Although early left an orphan, yet she scarce felt the sorrows of her lot; for a kind relative, near her own age, took her to her own home and heart, and was all that parent, or brother, or sister could be to her. Nor did her kindness cease here; for almost her last request was, that her husband should ever continue a protector to Sarah. Within two years after, Sarah was his wife.

From that time she was a changed being. All noticed it, and attributed it to her deep love for her husband. Still scarcely more than a girl when she married, yet all her former gaiety was at once laid aside. A shade of thoughtfulness—yea, more, of seriousness settled upon her countenance; while her whole appearance became not only more dignified, but gentle and cautious. Indeed, to a close observer it was evident that something exerted a powerful restraint over her feelings. But very few ever knew the real cause of this change: So easily are the mass of mankind deceived; so much are they the dupes of external appearances. Mere superficial observers, they seldom read the heart or the thoughts, and scarce trouble themselves to guess the motives which actuate their fellows.

Sarah and her husband were praised for their pure affection and strong attachment for each other. He seemed to be actuated by the most devoted attentions to her welfare and happiness, while her love for him seemed little less than idolatry. And when, three years after, she was laid in her early grave, people wondered how death could have severed love so strong. She faded away so gradually, and sank so calmly to her last sleep, that few saw or dreamed of her passing, until she was gone forever.

Alas! still less did they dream that this was the first quiet rest the sleeper had enjoyed for long months. That she welcomed death as a kind friend, who would soothe all her sorrows, and the grave as her only resting place from which suffering could not rouse her. In secret had she struggled with and borne griefs, caused by him who should have been first to shield her from harm. And when he openly professed for her so much care and anxiety, she alone knew that it was but a veil to conceal his real feelings, which in secret were vented towards her in censures, repinings and cruelty. Nor must she by word or deed betray her own sorrows—but, must wear a cheerful smile, must seem a happy wife, while grief, like a canker worm, was gnawing at the very springs of life!

This it was which loosed the silver cords, which broke the golden bowl. To be the victim of him who had sworn to love and cherish through weal or wo; to feel that she was deceived; that when she gave her own heart in trust, it was only thrown back to her a crushed and slighted thing; was more than her timid, confiding spirit could bear. It sought a support to which it could cling: it found none upon earth, and gladly went home—to Him who gave it.

The guilty husband shed a few crocodile tears, which by the world were looked upon as precious drops wrung from a broken heart! But he soon mingled with the world and forgot all. Oh, thou hypocrite! will not thy sins rise in judgment against thee?

Canterbury, Ct.

THE OLD NEWSPAPER.

BY MRS. L. J. B. CASE.

Opening a small parcel the other day, that contained a few purchases from a dry goods store, my attention was drawn to the wrapper. It was a piece of torn newspaper, without title or date; but from the events mentioned in an article, headed, "Facts worth knowing," I gathered some idea of its age.

What a sermonizer is an old newspaper! What a homely doth it preach on man, and his pursuits! These "facts worth knowing" have gone out of our interest; others have elbowed them from their places, in turn to retire before the march of improvement. Though not much more than a dozen years old, how much of change is shown up in its "news"! Here is a long account of a distressing shipwreck. Where are those thankful survivors now? They have been but saved from the sea, for consumption, for fever, and perchance another shipwreck. Here is an account of the arrival of the servant of John Randolph, that meteor of the South, then our ambassador to St. Petersburg, with news of his ill health and speedy return. John Randolph and that faithful servant sleep almost unremembered among the woods of his own Roanoke. That late king of France, hath ceased to lament the successful attack on his divine right. He hath nothing further to do with earthly thrones, and the heir apparent of his successor hath as little also.

Under the "Literary Notices," firstly, are two works from the mighty magician of the North, whose broken wand lies hidden among the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey. These also belong to a day that is past. Then a novel is well puffed, that now rests almost undisturbed among the dusty shelves of the village library, a production of that celebrated author of "fabel stories and novels." Then a foreign work is pronounced "eminently ridiculous and trashy"—the truth, no doubt!

Then comes a column of foreign news—and all these as the things of yesterday! Verily, what a passing pageant is life, and how evanescent is all its interests! But a few years, and the events now being chronicled—so full of absorbing thought, will fall on the eye of some idle dreamer, with the reflections these have brought to mine! Truly may we say, "Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him!"—[Portland Amulet.

I AM ON OATH.—A Lawyer not over-young nor hand-some in examining a young lady, a witness in Court, made attempts to confuse her, and thus to render her testimony contradictory and unavailing. She, however, seemed to be calm, and proof against all frivolous questions put to her. At last, the lawyer determined to perplex her, said: "Miss, upon my word you are very pretty." The young lady very promptly replied: "I would return the compliment, sir, if I were not on oath." As may be supposed, the lawyer questioned her no farther.

Philosophers sport with the follies of mankind—tradesmen make money by them. Which is the wiser of the two?

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# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."....."PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY JUNE, 9, 1843.

NO. 23.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### "SPEAK NOT TO HIM A BITTER WORD."

BY MRS. S. ELIZA GIBSON.

A few days since in taking up a number of a periodical containing the index to a volume, my eye fell on the list of poetical productions, and my attention was arrested by the motto which heads this article. I do not remember of ever having seen the production referred to, but my thoughts immediately turned to the many in our world, to whom it would be better by far, if we were to heed the injunction—speak not to them a bitter word.

The parents of one already in the meridian of life, have reached an age from whence have fled all the ardent hopes and rapturous emotions of youth. The circumstances and promptings which once gave a zest to the employments of life, live now, only in the memory of days long since passed. The father looks back to the many days of toil, which were made cheerful by the consciousness of being the better prepared to bestow a liberal bounty upon the child of his care, and remembers the many midnight hours which have visited his pillow, ere the messenger of sleep had closed his eye-lids, while he was planning the advancement or indulging the joyous anticipation of the time, when that child should occupy an honorable place in society. The mother too, recalls the many times she has bent over her sleeping infant, while her heart swelled with emotions she could not express, and the hours of anxious and unwearied watchfulness she has passed at the bedside, when sickness had laid a heavy hand upon the one so dear to her—and both, even now, look with a deep interest on all the plans of their offspring. The heart of each thrills with pleasure at each new token of dutifulness or affection, and is wrung with anguish at every mark of ingratitude or expression of harshness. O children! know ye not that in thy parents' breasts are fountains of feeling which you alone can stir? Know ye not that there are chords of affection which at your touch will cause vibrations of overflowing delight, or pangs of bitter grief and sorrow. Oh! reflect upon this, and speak not to them a bitter word.

An orphan has been left to buffet with her single arm, the wave of misfortune, and to struggle unaided with the ills of life. Loneliness is her fortune, and poverty her estate; but deep in her heart flows, silently though it may be, affections as warm and thoughts as pure, as though she were the favored of fortune or the lauded of earth. Gladly indeed would she quaff deep and lasting draughts from the fountain of knowledge, but a barrier is interposed which nought but the most laborious and persevering industry can remove. Joyfully, too, would she climb to the temple of Fame, and twine around her longing brow the laurel wreath; for sweet to her ear is the voice of praise; but to her, far more rugged than to others is rendered the ascent, and more towering the height on which the fane is placed! Often in depths of night, has her pillow been bedewed with tears, and her sobs gone forth on the silent air, for the proud have scanned with haughty eye, her humble garb, and then passed her coldly by; and the unfeeling have looked upon her lowly occupation, and with sneer and cruel words, checked her ardent aspirations. With none to protect, none to aid, and none to encourage her, lonely and sorrowful indeed is the orphan's lot! Ye who bask in the smiles of parents and fortune, think of it, speak not to her a bitter word.

One there is, who once trod the path of iniquity. The scorpion sting, and heavy, galling load of sin were his; and still he hastened on, vainly supposing that the way he had chosen was one of pleasure. His friends forsook him, and the virtuous and pure in heart frowned on his conduct. But at length a kind voice reached his ear, and a benevolent arm was stretched forth to rescue him from ruin. His footsteps were arrested, and now would he turn to the way of virtue and life. But he needs encouragement and aid, that he may sunder the strong bands which habit has thrown around him, and be enabled to resist the entreaties of his former companions, to return to their haunts of vice. And more than all, he would have the evil of forgetfulness thrown over his past conduct, and feel that its darkness does not cast a blight or a shadow upon his present earnest and virtuous endeavors. No; he can not bear that the deeds of his past life should be associated with his present name, but he would have his treatment and reputation measured by the course he is now pursuing. Oh, then, aid and encourage him, that he may be constant in well doing, and above all speak not to him a bitter word!

A young bride has left the home of her youth, and the early friends of her girlhood, to share the joys and sorrows of one whose name she has adopted. She still remembers the sadness of the parting hour—the bedewed cheek of the mother, the tearful eye and quivering lip of the sister and brother, and the tremulous "God bless you," of the father, and feels certain that these were not feigned testimonials of their affection. Yes, there were strong ties, which bound her to her early home, but a stronger had been woven around her heart, and these were sundered. But husband! know you not that in your treatment, she expects will meet all the tenderness and affection which were bestowed upon her by those left behind; yea, know you not that she would spare no labor that would win from you a smile of approbation, and that each word or look of coldness or indifference, would send a pang to her heart, such as neither harshness or severity from others could produce! Value highly, then, that warm attachment which prompted her to relinquish home and all its endearments for you—reward her confidence and high appreciation of your affection, by attention and tenderness; and if she has faults, employ the language of kindness in correcting them; but oh! speak not to her a bitter word.

But we have enemies—those who have on many occasions, studied to do us injury. They have siezed upon each unfortunate event in our lives which could be turned to our disadvantage, they have misinterpreted our language, misconstrued our motives, and in not a few instances and with no little success, they have directed the poisoned arrow of slander at our reputations. But shall we in return improve upon their example? Shall we seek to do them harm by involving them in difficulties, by injuring their feelings, or sinking them in the opinion of those by whom they are surrounded? Shall we if opportunity offer, place obstacles in the way of their enjoyment, or do ought to embitter their happiness or peace? O no: this is not in accordance with that religion which teaches that we are all children of one Parent! This was not the precept and example of him who was pure in heart, and went about doing good! "Love your enemies," said he, "bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."—Let us then heed this injunction, and speak not even to them, nay; speak not to any, a bitter word!

Monroeton, Pa.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## SHORT NOTES ON SELECT PASSAGES.....NO. II.

BY REV. H. B. WATSON.

Mark x: 25.—It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

Many of the opposers of God's unlimited grace, seem confident that reference is here had to that cheerless system, endless punishment; and quote the text to sustain that position. But by a careful examination of the phraseology of the passage, it is confidently believed that it can be shown that it relates to no such event.

First, it will be necessary to show what we are to understand by the camel passing through the eye of the needle. Second, it will be requisite to show the meaning of the term kingdom of God.

1. The original word here translated camel, according to Whitty and Clarke, might be literally rendered *cable*; and would read—"It is easier for a cable to go through the eye of a needle," etc.—which is a very common proverb among eastern nations, and signifies an impossibility. A similar expression is to be found in the Koran, as follows—"The impious, who in his arrogance shall accuse our doctrine of falsity, shall find the gates of heaven shut; nor shall he enter there till a camel shall pass through the eye of a needle. It is thus that we shall recompense the wicked." See Al Koran of Mahommed.

2d. The term "kingdom of God" is used to denote the kingdom which Christ came to establish on earth. And hence to enter into the kingdom of God, or kingdom of heaven, (for the terms are synonymous) is to become a true disciple of our Lord Jesus Christ. See Pearce, Elsley, Lightfoot, and others, on the passage.

Therefore from the above explanation the following conclusion presents itself. That is, it is impossible for a man with his whole heart set upon riches, upon worldly grandeur and self-aggrandizement, to become a true Christian, a true disciple of Christ, and a member of the "kingdom of God," while he retains this desire for worldly honors, as it is for a cable or camel to pass through the eye of a needle. That this is a correct interpretation of the text, the language of Christ plainly shows; for he says to a rich man, verse 21 of this chapter—"go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come and take up the cross and follow me."

Mark xvi: 16.—"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

The above passage is very frequently quoted by certain religious classes of the day, to show the situation of mankind in a future state of being.—And this too, is done without any reference to the context, either directly or indirectly. In giving this brief explanation of the text, I shall with but one exception, confine myself to the Scriptures of divine truth; believing, that in all cases where they are definitely understood, that Scripture is its own best interpreter.

The exception alluded to is Dr. Campbell's remarks on the word *katakhrino*, here translated damned, which he says exactly corresponds with our English word condemn. But to the context. It appears that the disciples had no faith in the resurrection of Christ from the dead, although he had often told them that such would be the case; and although they had been told that he had been seen since his resurrection, and had been conversed with. Therefore in order to convince them that he had



risen, he appeared in their midst as they sat at meat and upbraided them for their unbelief.

Having convinced them that it was really their Master that stood before them, he then commanded them to go and preach the Gospel to every creature, telling them that—"He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved;" (that is, he that believeth in the Gospel, and on him as the risen Saviour, shall be saved,) "but he that believeth not shall be damned," or condemned for unbelief. That this is a correct view of the text, we have but to turn to John iii: 18, where it says—"He that believeth on him" (that is, Christ) "is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned," (or damned) "already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God."

Venice, May, 1843.

#### LETTERS OF THE NEW-ENGLAND SPY.....NO. V.

—, March 10, 1843.

MY DEAR F.—You would like to learn something in regard to New England Universalism.—"Is it spreading or not?" "Or is it declining rapidly, as has been stated in the papers?"—"What think you of its final prosperity?" "Will it ever become the popular doctrine of New England?" These are some of the questions you would have me reply to. And in doing so, you would have me strive to be as impartial as possible, that my statements may be those of truth, rather than those of party bias. Well, you shall be indulged in this respect, but I fear you will hardly believe what I write.

You wish to know the real state of Universalism in New England. Is it prospering? And in truth I must say, that it is. There is no denying this matter, or covering it up any longer. The fact is undeniable. *New England Universalism is in a very high state of prosperity.* No man with his eyes open can fail to see that this is the case, who resides long in different parts of New England.—Why, fifty years ago there was scarcely a meeting-house in all New England, that they could properly call their own. And now they are all over the hills and valleys of this new world! You can hardly get out of the sight of one of their churches, go where you will. Some of their societies, 'tis true, are not in as prosperous a condition as they have been. But still; whoever takes this as an evidence of the *general decline of Universalism* is mistaken. His judgment is regulated more by a desire to have things as he *would*, than to relate them as they are. I do not like this fashion of running down opposing sects by misrepresenting them. Let us have the real facts in the case, I say; no matter how melancholy they are, or discouraging they may seem. If Universalism is prospering, let us have the fact; for if it is a fact, it ought to be known in order to be properly met. Universalism can never be put down by representing it as declining, when it is rapidly spreading over the country. And here permit me to say that the *apparent* prosperity of Universalism as we have given it, is far short of what truth will justify me in saying, or the real fact in the case. There is a mighty *under current* of which I have said nothing. It is a silent, deep work. It is a work going on in the very heart of all the New England churches. The best men in them are beginning seriously to doubt what have been heretofore deemed the *fundamental* doctrines of those churches, respectively and collectively. And already there has been some wonderful changes, both in the tones from the desk and the hearts of the people. Already—I state what I know to be a fact—already there are large numbers in what are termed the Evangelical churches of New England, who have rejected the doctrine of endless misery, and secretly entertain the doctrine of the final restoration to purity and holiness of the whole human race. Besides, all the benevolent enterprises of the day are tending towards this same thing, and must eventually lead to it. Instance the temperance cause. What means this Washingtonian movement, which is making our country all over anew, if it does not tend towards that system of divinity which sees in

God a Father, in man a brother, and in Heaven a home for all men? What meaneth it, if not to establish the doctrine of the omnipotence of kindness, and the fact that the grace of God is sufficient to redeem a universe? A few years ago, Rev. Dr. Edwards of Andover, I am informed, stated publicly in one of his temperance lectures, that we must give the drunkard up—that we could not expect to redeem him; but that we must strive to enlist the children, the rising generation, and make them sober and temperate men. But what have the events of the last two years proved, if not, that the power of God is sufficient to redeem the worst inebriate that lives? Thus much of the temperance cause, on the Washingtonian basis, as tending towards Universalism, if not founded in it. The same is true of all the other benevolent enterprises of the day. Punishments are growing more humane; sympathy, the golden link which connects man to man, and causes him to feel for the wants and woes of others, is beginning to be respected as part of man's higher nature; the great heart of humanity is outgrowing that theology which has stood still since the days of Luther and Calvin; and the doctrine proclaimed by an African monk sixteen hundred years ago, is beginning to be very much disrelished here in New-England, at least.

I give it, then, as my opinion, that Universalism is in a very high state of prosperity. The very spirit of the age seems to be with it, carrying it along. And I think I hazard nothing in saying that it is destined, at no distant period either, to become the great popular doctrine of New England. As certainly as the temperance cause must eventually triumph; as certainly as slavery must finally cease to be known among a free and unfettered people; as certainly as capital punishment must ere long be erased from our statute books; and as certainly as the great doctrine of human brotherhood is to become a doctrine of the church, so certain is it, that the doctrine of a full and complete Savior, and of one destiny for the whole human race, is eventually to become the religion of beautiful and vine clad New England!

Yours as ever,

THE SPY.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### SALVATION FROM SIN.....NO. III.

BY REV. O. WILCOX.

"And thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins."

It has been proved that Christ Jesus came to save all from sin, and that he will finally accomplish this glorious work, as surely as he proves faithful to his trust. And now I wish to show in what way it appears to me this work is to be accomplished. But first, it is necessary to understand clearly what is the fountain from which sin springs; for if we can drain the fountain, the streams will then dry up of themselves.

Sin, then, is clearly stated to be the transgression of the law, and the law is fulfilled by love, and love only, although there are many duties stated in the law which we owe to God and man, they are only the natural streams issuing from the fountain of love to God and man, upon which the law and prophets rest. Matthew, xxii: 36-40. Romans, xiii: 10. From this reasoning and testimony, we are able to see clearly that the fountain of sin is hatred to God and man; for if the law is fulfilled by love, and love only, it is clear that it is disobeyed by the opposite principle, which is hatred; and that this hatred constitutes the fountain from whence all will feel disobedience to the outward duties of the law springs.

The question now to be settled, is, whether Christ can remove this hatred in the breast of each, and plant in the same place that love which alone is the fulfilling of the law, and which will "work no ill to its neighbor." It is clear that he has this power if he has power to fulfill the law; and that the law can never be fulfilled by each, till each loves God as the law requires; for if the law is fulfilled by love, it can never be fulfilled by confining a subject in a situation where he can never love, but on the contrary, where he must hate God and his law eternally. All that is necessary, then, in

order to accomplish this work, is for the Redeemer to present God in such a light as to have him appear amiable and lovely to each and all. Hence it is, that it is the "love of God that leadeth to repentance;" and if love leadeth to repentance, hatred can not accomplish the same work, for too directly opposite causes can not produce the same effect.

But it is admitted that what will be sufficient to lead one to repent and love God, may not reach the heart of another and melt it into love and obedience, but it is because, for the time being, he does not see it in the same light. But let the most hardened and rebellious have their eyes opened to see the full blaze of God's love shining upon them, above the splendor of the sun at noon day; let them learn that it was love that gave them being at first, that love has caused God to watch over them with infinitely more benevolence, than the mother watches her infant babe; let them see that it was the love of God that caused him to send his Son, clothed with his own mild and heavenly spirit to look for man while in his moral wanderings from God, and in a state of moral ignorance, death and starvation, and that he gave his Son the power to search them out from all their hiding places, and bring them back to their Father's table, and feed them with the rich dainties of his infinite love and goodness; let them see that the hatred, the insults and abuse of the murderers of Christ, were not sufficient to change his love into hatred, and his blessings into curses; and then let them see that in truth he was no respect of persons, but that he loves them with the same love, and that he died to confer a blessing on them while they were yet enemies; let them see this as clearly as Saul saw it, when he was on his way of persecution and death; and they will come to the ground as soon, and submit to the all conquering power of God's love shining on them through the Son, by which he is in truth taking away the sin of the world, reconciling it unto himself, by causing them to see him in such a light as to cause them to love him with the whole heart. And may the God of all grace and giver of all good, speed the day when we shall see, and feel, and rejoice in this love, that God, who is love, may in truth be all and in all, for ever and for ever.

Ellisburgh, May, 1843.

#### DANGERS TO WASHINGTONIANISM.

We have looked with interest upon the cause of temperance as connected with the Washingtonian movement. We refer to this movement in particular, because we believe this alone to be founded on principles that can give it success. The world has been longing for reform in various particulars for many a year, but never has it, in modern times, sounded the note which called forth a simultaneous response, until the trumpet of salvation was heard, calling those dead in sin to newness of life. Its success has been unexpectedly and surprisingly great. Its praise is upon all our tongues, and its very name has come to be to us a holy word. But I fear lest the purity of the cause should be lost—lest its sacred name should be prostituted—lest it should be sounded as a catch-word with which to rally other forces that make quite other principles their ground of reliance. It is no guaranty of success that the multitude should raise the Washingtonian cry, if at the same time they neglect and despise the Washingtonian principles. The energy, the vigor, the true life, lies not in the name, but in the principles which the name designates. If these be supplanted, the name is little worth.

That there is some danger that these may be supplanted, I have long been convinced. Among those claiming to be Washingtonians, there are some who make the law their van-guard, and visit its curses in the severest manner upon the head of the transgressor, especially if his transgression consist in retailing the destroying beverage. "The law has condemned the inebriate," say they, "in times past, why should it not now thunder its condemnations in the ears of the drunkard maker? It is no more than just. The inebriate should now be left free, and his seducer should be made to suffer."



Thus they pretend to reason with themselves, and find a justification for substituting force for moral suasion with this class of opposers of the temperance movement. They seem blind to the fact that the law has never been able to reform the inebriate, and can evidently do no more for the retailer than for him. They forget that the very corner-stone in the true Washingtonian temple is a repudiation of force, and a Christian-like reliance upon truth and love. Now it is not enough that the principles of Washingtonianism are applied to one class of transgressors, when they may with equal propriety be applied to all classes. It is not the assumption of a name, but the living of the principles that makes a Washingtonian indeed; and he who has progressed no farther in this work than to labor in love with the inebriate, has need yet to be converted more fully to the truth.

I would not by license laws give support and permanency to the traffic. No; all countenance from this quarter should be taken away, and the retailer should be left to bear, by his own strength, the accumulating burdens of the public voice, and his own personal guilt. Let the "truth spoken in love" be held up before them as a mirror, in which they may see what manner of business they are engaged in, and be induced to abandon it at once and forever. In this way the energy of kindness will not be destroyed by the mingling therewith of the waters of malevolence, nor will the door be open for the taking of revenge under the pretended sanctions of justice.

I may recur to this matter again, and notice other dangers in the path of Washingtonianism.—*Star of Bethlehem.*

#### MINUTES OF THE PROCEEDINGS

*Of the Universalist Convention of the State of New York.*

Met according to adjournment in Cooperstown, May 31, 1843, and after prayer by Br. J. K. Ingalls, chose Br. W. Burbank, Moderator, and Brs. A. C. Barry, and T. J. Whitcomb, Clerks.

Read the names of delegates appointed by the Associations, and after receiving credentials of the substitutes, found the following delegates present at the session:

Associations.	Ministers.	Laymen.
Allegany,	G. S. Gowdy,	None.
Black River,	Pitt Morse,	B. Thayer.
	S. Jones,	E. Palmer.
Cayuga,	T. J. Whitcomb,	S. B. Gaylord.
	H. L. Hayward.	
Central,	D. S. Morey,	J. Thorne.
	A. B. Grosh,	N. Mago.
Chautauque,	S. Simonds,	None.
Chenango,	A. O. Warren,	T. G. Lamb.
	J. T. Goodrich,	E. Naramore.
Hudson River,	J. A. Aspinwall,	W. U. Chase.
	H. Lyon,	D. M. Moore.
Mohawk,	P. Hathaway,	A. Yale.
		L. Eaton.
New York,	M. Ballou,	W. Burbank.
	J. K. Ingalls,	L. Seymour.
Otsego,	A. C. Barry,	N. Stevenson.
	D. Pickering,	J. Devendorf.
St. Lawrence,	F. J. Briggs,	L. Buck.
		D. Mack.

Stenben, Ontario and Niagara Associations, no delegates present.

Read and adopted the Minutes of the last session.

Heard and adopted the report of the Committee of Correspondences, that charges had been preferred by a ministering brother of the Black river Association against the St. Lawrence Association, and a ministering brother of the latter Association, and that being unable, from various causes, to investigate the said charges, they beg leave to report them, with all the testimony received, to the Convention. They also recommended that the Convention appoint a Committee of five brethren to whom shall be referred the subject, with directions to examine, decide and report on the same during the present session, if practicable—if not, that they appoint a sub-committee of three of their number who shall per-

form the duties of said committee as early as possible, during the recess of the Convention.

The Moderator appointed, (and the Convention approved,) the following brethren to serve as said Committee of investigation—Brs. M. Ballou, J. K. Ingalls, S. Simonds, N. Stevenson, A. Yale.

The Moderator appointed the following committees: On adjournment—Brs. Morse, Ballou, and Goodrich.—On delegates to the U. S. C.—Brs. Ingalls, Hathaway and Moore. On preacher of occasional sermon—Brs. Seymour, Barry and J. S. Goodrich. On publication of Minutes—Brs. Grosh and Whitcomb. On preparation of Business—Brs. Aspinwall, Moore and Whitcomb.

The Council appointed the following standing Committees:—Correspondence—Brs. E. M. Woolley, T. J. Sawyer, S. R. Smith. Ordination—Brs. J. T. Goodrich, S. J. Hillyer and H. Boughton.

Received and read the Reports from the Associations represented, of which the following is an abstract:—*Allegany* has 8 societies, 2 meeting houses, 7 preachers, 1 Sunday School, 1 church. *Black river*, the same as last year. *Cayuga*, 13 societies, 11 meeting houses, 8 preachers, 3 Sunday schools, 3 churches. *Central*, 16 meeting houses (including 4 Union houses,) 17 societies, 10 preachers, 1 church and 2 Sunday schools. *Chautauque*.—societies, 2 meeting houses, and 6 preachers. *Chenango*, 13 societies, 7 meeting houses, 6 preachers, and 3 churches. *Hudson river*, 15 societies, 9 meeting houses, 7 preachers, 5 Sunday schools and 4 churches. *Mohawk*.—societies, — meeting-houses, 4 preachers. *New York*, 12 societies, 9 meeting houses, 11 ministers, Sunday schools and churches not reported. *Otsego*, 11 societies, 10 meeting houses (including two Union houses,) 5 preachers, 5 churches and 2 Sunday schools. *St. Lawrence*, the same as last year.

The following reports from the respective committees were severally heard and adopted. 1. No request for ordination. 2. Br. A. C. Barry preacher of the next occasional sermon. 3. Salisbury, Herkimer county as the place of the next meeting. \* 4. Delegates to the U. S. Convention, Brs. T. J. Sawyer, J. Potter, T. J. Whitcomb, P. Hathaway, ministers; and B. Caryl, R. Case, A. Mudge, J. M. Hughes, G. Thomas and A. Metcalf, laymen.

The committee appointed to investigate the charges against the St. Lawrence Association, etc., reported, that on examining the Constitution of the Convention (Article 4,) and precedents, they did not feel at liberty (without express instruction of the Convention) to investigate the charges against the minister, said charges having been preferred by a minister, as an individual merely; but only those against the St. Lawrence Association—thus making it their duty to examine the facts of the proceedings of the Association, and not the facts of the minister's case, tried by it. Having signified this to the complainant, he submitted a written declaration, stating that as his main object was to procure an investigation of the preacher's guilt or innocence, he withdrew the charges against the St. Lawrence Association, so that the Committee find no cause for further action in the premises, and beg to be discharged. Adopted.

Resolved, That this Convention tender their acknowledgements to the Methodist society of Cooperstown for their liberality and Christian courtesy in granting us the use of their meeting house on this occasion.

Resolved, That the Clerks forward a copy of the above resolution to the Trustees of the Methodist society.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Convention be tendered to the friends in Cooperstown for their hospitality and kindness on the present occasion.

Resolved, That our thanks be tendered to Br. E. M. Woolley, for delivering the occasional sermon, and that he be requested to furnish the usual copy for publication.

\* There were no requests from the Western societies.

Adjourned on Thursday afternoon to meet in Salisbury, on the last Wednesday in May, 1844.

W. BURBANK, Moderator.

A. C. BARRY, } Clerks.  
T. J. WHITCOMB, }

Ministers, not delegates, present.—J. Whitney, Rochester; E. M. Woolley, Bridgewater; G. S. Abbott, Dexter; C. S. Brown, Marshall; J. D. Hicks, St. Johnsville; J. H. Stewart, Erieville; S. J. Hillyer, North Salem; Z. Cook, Hamilton; O. Whiston, J. Potter, Cooperstown; M. B. Smith, Newport; A. C. Thomas, Brooklyn; D. Skinner, Deerfield; W. G. Anderson, Ford's Bush, G. Swan, Richville; W. H. Ryder, Utica; H. Boughton, Watertown; E. E. Guild, South Bainbridge, L. Hyatt, Laurens; C. L. Shipman, North Norwich; J. French, Depauville.—21—Delegates, 18—Total, 39.

Sermons were preached by Brs. Hathaway, Woolley, Ballou, Grosh, Skinner, Jones, Morse, and Thomas.—A Sunday School Address was also delivered by Br. Barry. The deliberations of the council were harmonious—the congregation so large as to bear division on Thursday forenoon, the singing excellent, and the preaching as good as usual on such occasions. We were kindly received and hospitably entertained. The weather only was unpleasant. As all the business performed is embraced in the Minutes, further remarks appear unnecessary. Per order, A. B. GROSH.

#### LIST OF BOOKS

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

No. 32, Genesee street, (up stairs).

Life of Rev. John Murray, Biography of Winchester, Pro and Con of Universalism, by Rev. George Rogers, Causes of Infidelity Removed, by Rev. S. R. Smith, Practical Hints to Universalists, by Rev. J. G. Adams, Ballou on Atonement, Ballou's Select Sermons, Do. Notes on the Parables, Do. Nine Sermons, Do. Future Retribution, Balfour's Second Inquiry, Sawyer's Review of Hatfield, Duties of Young Men, by Rev. E. H. Chapin, Discourses, by do. Christian Comforter, by Rev. H. Bacon, Law of Kindness, by Rev. G. W. Montgomery, Universalist Manual, by Rev. M. Rayner, Universalist Belief, by Rev. A. Moore, Sermons, by Rev. O. A. Skinner, Voice to Youth, by Rev. J. M. Austin, Illustrations of the Parables, by Rev. T. Whitmore, Christian Visitant, 3 vols. in one, by Rev. A. B. Grosh, Streeter's Hymns, (large and pocket,) Ancient History of Universalism, Modern, do. do. Convention Sermons for 1841, Universalist Register and Almanac for 1843, Catechisms for Sunday Schools, Hymns of Zion, by Rev. A. C. Thomas, Gospel Harmonist, by Rev. T. Whitmore, Paige's Selections, The Universalist's Guide, Polyglott Bibles, Ely and Thomas Discussion, Bacon on Religion, Endless Hell Torments Overthrown, Family Prayer Book, by Otis A. Skinner, Winchester's Dialogues, Also, a few copies left of the Rose of Sharon for 1843.

#### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

E T, Harford, for J H, G B, A B and L H—P M, Frank linville, for H P, O W P, N R and A C—P M, Pittsfield, [Mass.] for S E D—P M, Ludlow, [Vt.] for C S M—P M, Springfield, for J B—P M, Hulls Corners, for G G—P M, Orleans, for T J H and S A—P M, Erieville, for C W. R R, S E B and B T.

Just received, the Family Prayer book, by Br. O. A. Skinner, of Boston, Mass. It is neatly got up, and is withal just such a book as should be in every family of Universalists. Price 50 cents single, 7 copies for \$3.00. A liberal discount to those who buy by the dozen to sell again. Cash orders, only attended to.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## PROFANITY.....NO. VII.

BY REV. S. J. GIBSON.

Profanity is highly offensive to refined society, and no man will there be a welcome guest, unless he foregoes the practice; and this should be one great reason for every one addicted to it, to form a resolution to abandon it.

Does any one suppose that this habit is not offensive to refined society? Then let him place his attention upon the conduct of the young man who handles his oaths in a superior and off-handed style—who in the common walks of life, and during business hours, makes use of a profane word at the turn of almost every sentence. But let him step into the society of the ladies, and immediately the practice is nearly if not quite laid aside, and if an oath escape his lips, it is the result of his in-cautionness, and many times brings a blush upon his countenance. And why does he thus act? Because his better judgment gives him to understand, that there the habit of profanity is offensive. But why is it offensive to them? Because, as a general thing, female society is in possession of more refinement than that of the males. We are aware that this may be disputed by some—that the position is not a judicious one, for it will be urged that woman was the first to disobey the commandment of the Creator, and hence their faculties—and especially their moral powers can not be so sensitive and refined as are those of the males. It is freely admitted that woman was first to disobey the commandment, but surely man has made a wonderful improvement upon the work—he has revived and sent forth a more embellished edition, wherein disobedience is more fluently taught, and more extensively promulgated, and thus made ample amends for being second in the commencement. But if she was first in disobedience, she has also been the first to obey, so far as this habit is concerned, for as a general thing the female portion of the community is free from the evils of this vice, for it is very far from being in agreement with the feelings of refinement which we find most ladies to be in possession of; and no young gentleman, while in their society, if he has any just claims to respectability, will indulge in its use.

And though some may not be aware of the same, yet it is nevertheless true, that as society advances—becomes more refined in an intellectual and moral point of view, and nearer to what beings should be who bear the impress of a hand above, this habit diminishes; for as improvement goes onward, the practice is beheld in more correct light, and becomes more repulsive to the feelings of virtuous refinement. And that man who is so unfortunate as to be a slave to the practice, may be fully assured, that he thereby sinks himself in the estimation of all virtuous and truly moral men. I do not say that he is, or should be cast off and disowned, or regarded as a vagabond. No! This would be highly improper and unjust! But I do say, and I believe truth will sanction the assertion, that he does not stand as high in the estimation of virtuous and truly moral men, as he would, were he to use no profane language.

Here, then, is not the least of the evils arising from this foolish and I may safely say, vulgar habit; and where is there an individual, who would not like to possess, as far as possible, the good opinion of his fellow men, and especially of those who are looked up to as the guardians of the welfare of society—of those whose lives are rendered beautiful and lovely by their fair characters of virtue and morality! To accomplish this, is an object well worthy the attention of every individual endowed with intelligence, and to secure it should be the aim of every man, whatever be his standing or profession; but more especially should it be the aim of those who are but just setting out upon the journey of human life, and who have yet to establish characters of honor and respectability. How necessary, then, that those thus situated, move onward with prayerful attention—that they labor to remove every thing which can in the least serve to tarnish the brightness of honesty and virtue.—

And that this work may be successfully completed, not the least important thing, is the attention which should be bestowed upon the language which we employ. Let words of profanity never fall from our lips; but those of virtuous refinement alone, and we may be assured that virtuous society, will ever render credit to whom credit is due, and hence, we shall in no wise lose our reward.

Monroeton, Pa.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## CHANGE.

This is no new subject, yet, as the word is legibly impressed upon every terrestrial object—as it is one of the most prominent features of nature, and mortality, it may not be wholly useless, to bring it often to mind. The earth was once a mighty wilderness, interspersed with *deserts, plains, lakes and forests*. But behold its change. The surface of the barren uniformity seems invariable, when fanned by no zephyr, and agitated by no storm, but it is destined to change. It has its storm—its awful rushing hurricane, filling the atmosphere with scorching, oscillating sand clouds, that overwhelm the weary traveller and his wished for oasis, in ruin as hideous and unmerciful, as the fiery suffocation of the fatal simoon!

The plain, with green and even surface, at one time resembles the serene bosom of the softly undulating lake. At another, it is wrapped in flames which emit terrific volumes of smoke that fill the air with black, convolving clouds!

The lake—to-day wafts its precious burden calmly and safely over its crystal waters. Tomorrow, it will toss it on mountain billows, which at last fold above the wreck of a once proud ship, and cheerful crew.

The forest—at the will of Omnipotence, comes forth, and upright stands upon this passing sphere, its base. But it comes to change. Its autumnal garb of varied hue, is swept from its apparently dry and withered members, and winter seems to deprive it of the last semblance of life; save here and there, an evergreen that defies the power of the boreal blast. Then, spring again adorns it in a blooming robe of majestic beauty; and the admirer of nature's garden, appreciates all its grandeur. And do not all admire. Yes, all who are not frantic, comprehend the voice of air, modulated by waving boughs, its organs. All would fain grant it protection, and unanimously exclaim, "turn aside, thou sweeping tornado! blast not these stately pines, nor these proud oaks; these numberless emblems of sensible mortality, with thy vortical grasp, but spend thy strength upon the impervious rock, or on the sterile waste!" It has another change. The laborer's utensil hews it to the ground, it is sere and burned; the soil rendered arable, the seed scattered; and its upward change, from tender germ to yellow harvest is joyfully witnessed.

But we—frail, carnal accountables, are still more eccentric and unstable than these. One moment we enjoy all the pleasure that earth affords, we inhale it in every breath of spring—in every breeze that refreshes the opening blossom—in every smiling face, and sparkling eye! But, alas, it flies with the velocity of thought! The sarcasms of enemies, the flight of fortune, the consensuous reproof, are sufficient to capsize the cup of bliss, and present that of bitterness! But, mid all these seeming ills, we do not despair, we know they are transitory, and the glimmerings of the star of hope are never obscured from vision. We know, that when this flesh shall fall to its mother dust, an august change shall be participated, even these fragile tenements, exchanged for spirits of light—and this fluctuating world, for a heaven of happiness!

So. Oxford, March, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## RELIGION.

BR. GROSH—I was reading in an old worn-out book, the other day, a definition of religion as follows. "Religion is the daughter of heaven, parent of all virtues, and source of all true felicity. She alone giveth peace and contentment, diverts the heart of

anxious cares, and sheds unmingled and perpetual sunshine in the human breast. By her the spirits of darkness are banished from the earth, and angelic ministers of grace thicken unseen the regions of mortality. She promotes peace, love and good will among men, lifts up the head that hangs down, heals the wounded spirit, dissipates the gloom of sorrow, sweetens the cup of affliction, blunts the sting of death, and where ever seen, felt and enjoyed, there breathes around an everlasting spring."

Now I wish to draw a contrast between this religion and some of the religion at the present day. There is a certain kind of religion prevalent at the present day, which is exactly the reverse of that above described. Does the religion which is upheld, and strenuously adhered to and advocated, by the believers in endless misery, promote peace, love and good will among men; in neighborhoods and communities? Nay, the reverse of this is generally the case. I will instance a case within the knowledge of the writer.

There has been a great religious excitement going on in the town and vicinity where I reside. And instead of its producing love and good will among men, it produces hatred and discord among friends and neighbors—slander and the retailing of slander in the worst manner—and they have even gone so far, that if one member of a family does not believe as the others do, or as they want them to believe, they are turned out to the mercy of the world. Now which of these two kinds of religion is the religion of heaven? which is that pure and undefiled religion which St. James speaks of? I think we can safely affirm, without any fear of contradiction, that the *wisdom* of Heaven can be termed with propriety the *religion* of Heaven. If any person practices the principles of true and heavenly wisdom, that person practices the *principles* of the *religion* of Heaven.

Now let us find out what is heavenly wisdom. St. James, iii: 17, "But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy." Now, dear reader, if the religion that teaches the damnation of a portion of the human family forever, partakes of all or any of these characteristics, then it will be worthy your love and acceptance; but if not, cast it away as you would a thing full of deadly poison.

On the other hand, if that religion which teaches the salvation of the whole human race from sin and sorrow, partakes of the characteristics of the religion of heaven, then embrace it with your whole mind and soul, and great will be your reward.

J. C. W.

Halifax, Vt., Feb., 1843.

## PATIENCE IN THE PULPIT.

1. Be patient toward those *loiterers and lingers who come late to public worship*. They are a trial; for some of them live quite near the sanctuary, and it would cost but a slight exertion to be prompt to the time. Bear with them. They will all get in by and by, and then, besides the comfort of having men patient, you can enjoy the pleasure of thankfulness that they are in at last.

2. Bear too with that *noisy worshipper*. The church-door rings when he shuts it—he marches to his pew with the tread of a heavy dragoon. A crash announces his pew-door is closed. He has a cough that terrifies the nervous, and a sneeze that annoys many a church-slumberer. He snores too, to the manifest discomfort of the drowsy about him. It is a pity there were not such modifications of all these matters, as that you might have a sacred stillness in the place of prayer. But you must bear with him. He gives you a capital opportunity of improving by exercise in the virtue now recommended.

3. Be patient with the *sleepers*. Perhaps they have never yet awoke to the fact, that the house of God is not the most proper place to enjoy a nap.—Perhaps they will wake soon enough to hear the conclusion of your discourse, and to hear the better for their refreshing slumbers. It is a moving thought certainly, that you can look them up during the week, and taking your sermon in your



pocket, you can inquire if they would not like to hear what they so unfortunately lost!

4. The noisy boys in the gallery and elsewhere, will try your patience. But you will add to your stock of knowledge by learning how poorly they are trained and disciplined at home; and how lovely an affair it is for parents to suffer their children to be beyond their sight and influence in the sanctuary.

5. Show sweet patience also towards that man yonder, who demonstrates his interest in the close of worship, by various timely preparations. Incipient steps are taken during the last singing. He buttons his coat; puts on his gloves; disposes of his spectacles; looks after his hat; grasps his whip or his cane, &c., all this before the benediction.—During that he gets the door of the pew ajar, ready for a leap into the aisle, and the benediction sounds are scarcely uttered, ere he begins his flight towards home. One would think from his haste, that his precious life depended on the despatch with which he could leave the sanctuary behind him. Bear with him. It is indeed a pity he shoots out of the house of prayer with such unbecoming haste; but be comforted. Time cures many evils. He will not be able to flee the Temple of the Lord in such swiftness, when increasing years have laid their burdens upon him. Think of that.

6. If yours is a country congregation, be patient to such parishioners as feel it indispensable to bring their dogs with them to meeting. It shows kindness; for how lonely the poor fellows would be at home! Besides, a goodly group of dogs patrolling the porch—whining after their masters—chasing one another up and down the aisles, and anon up the pulpit stairs, making all the children giggle, and starting church-officers and others in pursuit—all this will help keep people awake, will show the sanctuary is a place not altogether destitute of excitement, and will give an excellent opportunity for PATIENCE IN THE PULPIT.—*Paschal.*

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### ON HOPE.

How dreary and desolate would man's sojourn be upon earth, were it not that he is sustained by the cheering influence of the undying principle of Hope, which keeps alive within the human breast, when every other spring of comfort has dried up. Amid "the many ills which flesh is heir to," how would our natures "droop and die" unsupported by its cheering beams! In a world of vicissitude and change, how lamentable would be our condition, if hope were withdrawn; but it never leaves man.—Like some guardian angel it is ever near to cheer the desponding, to animate the weak, and strengthen the frail. It sweetens the bitterness of the cup of death. The gloomy dungeon of the condemned malefactor is irradiated by its orient rays. The tempest tossed mariner in his frail bark on the waves of the turbulent ocean, feels its influence, and acknowledges its power. The sorrows of the slave are mitigated by its healing balm.—The languishing beggar clings to it in the midst of his wretchedness; though he may have no home in the wide world, no bed but the cold earth, and no shelter but the sky. The high and the low, the young and the old, yea, all men without distinction, venerate hope. Now if this be the case when the mind rests on transitory things; what must that hope be which they have, "who have fled for refuge, to lay hold upon the hope set before them in the Gospel"—that hope which is "an anchor to the soul both sure and steadfast, and which entereth in within the veil"—a hope that stretches beyond mundane things; "from things seen and temporal," and fixes its steady gaze upon the world of beatitude and glory, "upon things unseen and eternal." This hope it is which cheers the Christian on his weary march through the desert, where serpents hiss, and lions roar; it encourages him amid all his privations, sorrows and difficulties, that they soon shall end.

"He knows that all these fleeting things, must yield to sure decay;" but he looks forward to the

time when he shall be admitted into "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" where temptations shall never enter, and trials never come. There, there shall be no "more curse—no more death—no more pain; neither sorrow nor crying, for the former things shall have passed away. Reader, permit us to ask, have you the hope we have been treating of; the hope which maketh not ashamed?" If you have, you must be happy—if you have not, you must be miserable; for the Scriptures state, that there are those who live without "hope, and without God in the world." To encourage you we would refer you to the holy Job, xix: 25 and 26, who was enabled to say when in affliction, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." Likewise to the psalmist David, who said, "happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help; whose hope is in the Lord his God." May it enable us to say with an Apostle when all sublunary things are receding for our view, "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith."

WM. G. ANDERSON.

Meinden, Montgomery Co., N. Y.,  
May 18th, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### MADISON COUNTY CONFERENCE AT BRIDGEPORT.

It was thought best by some that were present, that this affair should not slumber without a passing notice. The reason of its receiving this notice from those who might be supposed to be less interested than others, will be discovered as we proceed.

Brs. Van Campen and J. S. Kibbe concluded that they would attend the Conference at Bridgeport, and arrived there about 10 o'clock of the first day of the Conference. Our friends had made the necessary arrangements for the reception of those who should attend. We had anticipated meeting our ministering and lay brethren from different parts of the county and enjoying an interesting season. But we found when we had arrived at the place of meeting, that the preachers from Oswego county, (Brs. H. Van Campen and J. S. Kibbe) had monopolized the Conference altogether. For there was not a preacher of the county of Madison, nor were there any of the trustees of the several societies present, (of which preachers and trustees the Conference is composed)—consequently no business belonging to the Conference could be transacted, nor could it even be organized.

Well, what was to be done? Some people from a short distance around had come in, and we were all anxiously waiting the arrival of those that could organize the Conference and proceed to say what should be done, but none appeared. After the forenoon of the first day was pretty well used up, Br. Van Campen and Br. Kibbe thought they had come almost too far not to have a meeting, and so disappoint the people in the bargain; so their "monopolizing" spirit again getting the better of them, they appointed a meeting at two o'clock in the afternoon, at which time there was a number assembled to hear the good news of the kingdom.

Br. J. S. Kibbe preached in the afternoon. Br. Van Campen in the evening, and Br. Kibbe two miles east in the evening. Our hearts were rejoiced at the arrival of Br. Foster before the time of evening service. The young Timothy's were not without a Paul to aid and encourage them.—Next day in the forenoon, sermons were preached by Brs. Van Campen and Kibbe, and in the afternoon a sermon was preached by Br. Foster. It was truly a good sermon, treating of the promises and the joys of the Gospel.

We have a few faithful friends at Bridgeport, who seem to enjoy Universalism—it seems to be a living principle in their hearts; for they practice as well as profess it. We would suggest the propriety of their forming themselves into a society—it will tend to strengthen their hands in the good work—unite them more closely for building themselves and others up in the Redeemer's kingdom,

and give character and efficiency to their means and efforts for the spread of primitive Christianity.

We learned that our friends talk of securing the services of our venerable and worthy Br. J. Foster, a portion of the time. This is as it should be—it is but a short distance from them, and no doubt would be glad to dispense the word of life to them, and both pastor and people be mutually benefited and their spiritual welfare advanced. Let our friends there and elsewhere, not only talk but act, and act in good earnest, for it is action that does business in religious as well as other matters.

But how did we adjourn that Conference? Why, by mutual consent we adjourned the Madison county Conference of Universalists to Mexicoville, Oswego county—so that Brs. Kibbe and Van Campen shall not have to travel so far to attend it, when deserted by its own preachers. Yet, this adjournment is subject to any alteration, amendment or correction which those more deeply interested may deem proper.

ARIEL.

#### MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry.

UTICA, FRIDAY, JUNE 9, 1843.

#### CHRISTIAN UNION.... NO. II.

The Disciples, or Reformers, or Campbellites, as they are variously termed, also started to reform all the old churches, and unite them into one, only, and universal Christian church. They laid down the Protestant principles—that the Bible was the only creed of Christians—that obedience to Christ as our Master, was the only evidence of that faith, required. The right of private judgment was strenuously argued, and the absurdity of requiring the assent of various minds to creeds, and to any one construction of Holy Writ, was ably pointed out. Every thing was to be clearly explained and fully proved, before belief in it could be asked; and even if not granted then, if only the Bible was received and obeyed in faith and practice, charity was enjoined, and it was declared that the disbeliever was justified, because he had not power to believe, save as the evidence presented, compelled him.

This body of Christians also denied being a sect—though they did not monopolize the Christian name to themselves—but only claimed to be disciples, or learners, in the school of Christ. The only points on which they required agreement, was baptism by immersion, as the only proper mode of entering into the kingdom of the Redeemer. Universalists and Partialists, Unitarians and Trinitarians, were alike received, not to disputation, but to general fellowship. Each one was told, that he might enjoy his opinions unmolested, and discourse of them in the social circle freely—but as all various and differing interpretations of the sacred text, were but opinions, it was deemed best that each one should confine himself to the language of inspiration, in all public meetings, and leave private opinions alone. All would thus be engaged in restoring the primitive doctrine of God the Father—the Messiahship of Jesus—the resurrection from the dead, and the spiritual kingdom of heaven—and in bringing back again "the ancient order of things," the breaking of bread on each first day of the week, and initiation into the kingdom by immersion.

So far all was well—perhaps—but in a short time, the majority began to press a few particular passages of Scripture, most prominently into their public teachings, on which they put, and argued for, a particular construction. Those passages spoke particularly of hell—of everlasting destruction and punishment—and the construction was either the endless punishment, or the total annihilation of the wicked. And now, if any one is hardy enough to prominently teach those passages of Scripture which speak of the salvation of the whole world, and of all men, and to urge their literal meaning as the correct one, it will soon be said that he is preaching his opinions instead of the word of God—that he is there-



fore a schismatic, and must be cut off from—what?—The sect of Campbellites? Oh, no; they deny that they are a sect—but from the fellowship of the disciples of Jesus! Thus they virtually deny the Christian name to all but those who go with them, and exclude from the kingdom of heaven all who differ from them—thus rendering themselves more sectarian and more intolerant and exclusive, in despite of all their professions to the contrary, than the other sects of Christendom. And as it has been with these two classes of Reformers and Unionists, so has it been with every other class that has started on the mission of breaking down all partition walls, and lessening the number of sects. They have but added another partition wall to the numbers already built up around men, and become, each of them, a sect among the other sects.

I will not say that they undertook an impossible task in endeavoring to unite all Christians into one general union; but I do say, that in the present state of society, it is a very difficult task; and if effected at all, it must be by very different means from those they employed. The less never can contain the greater—hence a narrow creed can never receive into fellowship, a wide spread one; nor can illiberal measures ever embrace more liberal ones. But the greater can contain the less—hence the simpler and more comprehensive the creed, or, (if you prefer the term,) the belief of any body of men, the easier will it embrace in its fellowship those of contracted faith and charity.

The same may be said of ceremonies. He whose mind is narrowed down to consider, as highly necessary to the Christian character, the performance of any particular rite or ceremony—or its performance in any particular manner—will not, can not embrace as many in his fellowship, as one who regards them merely as one set of means among many to accomplish an end, that may be used or disused, or that may be performed in any manner, only so that the end is attained. But more in my next.

A. B. G.

### THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

The Christian life is compared to a *fight*—not to a succession of combats, at long intervals from each other, with periods of entire peace with the enemy, between—but to a single fight—a continual, steadily waged warfare with evil principles and evil practices, and habits, and propensities. Hence those brethren who suppose that all the requirements of Jesus can be answered by rousing up from a sleep of apathy and indifference once in two, five, or ten years, and making a vigorous onset against the powers of darkness, and then lie down again to slumber—are sadly mistaken both as regards the duty required of them, and as regards the character of the enemy they are called to war against.

How is it with your passions and propensities? Do they slumber for years together, and then at once rise in arms against your moral feelings, and after that lie down in peaceful slumber again? No—far from it!—Day by day—even hour by hour, some or more of them are presenting their enticements, singing their syren song, and clamoring for a little, and yet a little more indulgence than reason, propriety or conscience are willing to grant. Constant watchfulness is therefore required. And mark, too, how deceitfully they sometimes seize the unguarded avenue to approach you, and throw the fetters over the will—and how artfully they can disguise themselves in various garbs, to steal unheeded to their gratification. Some clad as angels of light, plead a zeal for God, or a love for human souls, to do deeds of ungodliness and cruelty—others under the garb of justice, rob, and steal, and plunder, that they may share the gain with the Treasury of the Lord—others under the cloak of temperance hide a most intemperate zeal—and thus, under the very virtue whose dress they assume, they stab it to the heart! Now when we know that such are our passions and propensities—that thus constant are their assaults, and artful their disguises—how worse than foolish to suppose that a single great effort, repeated at an interval of years, will suffice to keep them in subjection to the moral powers God has given us, and to the law of life in Christ, by which he

has enlightened our understandings. No—no—let us enlist for life in this glorious warfare against the enemies of our purity and peace—let us plant the unsleeping sentinels on the very outposts, and charge every power within us to sleep, (if it sleep at all,) with the harness on, and the weapons in our hands, prepared at all times for the onset, and the fight. In this way the mastery over the foes of our happiness can be not only gained, but constantly maintained; so that we will have peace, because always prepared for the fight.

The careful gardener does not wait in careless indolence, until the nettle, thistle, and every foul weed, has overrun his soil, before he wages with them the war of extermination; but, one by one, as rapidly as each appears, he plucks them up by the roots, and casts them forth to die. So in the garden of the soul. Wait not until the weeds have run up, and scattered abroad their seeds to produce a new crop—but while you easily may, seize the yet tender vice, and eradicate the root before it can send its shoots downward and on every side, to baffle your skill and power. Take every enemy as soon as he appears—wait not for a regiment to gather themselves in regular array before you call out your forces to do it battle—for the earlier, and the more frequent, and constant even, the fight, the easier the victory.

The Christian life is compared, also, to a *race*, it is not spoken of as a succession of *racess*—one to be run after the other, at intervals of many months, and even years. As the battle is made up of blow after blow, carefully aimed and successfully struck, (not uncertainly beating the air, and wasting the strength, but each one striking the enemy in some vital part,) so the race is made up of step taken after step—constantly advancing forward—never losing one, never turning aside but to gain an advantage—never halting while life is left to run. We are to pray without ceasing, and in all things to give thanks to God—by which is meant, that we are to maintain a spirit of supplication and of thankfulness to God, constantly uprising within us. I am perfectly aware that some persons are discouraged by the idea that our warfare and our race are to be so constantly maintained, so unceasingly pursued through life. This discouragement arises from a wrong idea as to the character of our labors. These labors are joyous, and the more constant, therefore, the better.

A. B. G.

### THE FREEDOM OF CHRIST.

“Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whosoever commiteth sin, is the servant of sin. And the servant abideth not in the house forever; but the son abideth ever. If the son, therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.” John vii: 34–36.

The allusion here, is probably to the system of servitude, and the rights and powers of servants among the Jews. The servant did not reside perpetually, or always, in the house of the Jewish master—the year of jubilee, or term of service expired, set him free. The servant had, therefore, no part or lot in the family inheritance, and could not finally dispose of it. As an overseer duly appointed, he could direct the labors of other servants under him, but could not entirely free them. But the son of a family is a perpetual resident in his father's house—he has a part in the inheritance, and a voice in its disposal, and can set entirely free any servant falling to his lot.

Whether Jesus contrasted himself with Moses, as the servant of God in giving the law, or with sin personified, as the temporary and unlawful task master over the servants under its authority, the comparison is equally just, true, and honorable to the divinely appointed Redeemer. To the Son, only, do the children of men rightfully belong. All other powers and authorities into whose possession any of the human race may fall for a time, have no part or lot in their proper ownership, and therefore no right to dispose, finally, of a single soul of the race of Adam. Under the providence, and wise permission of God, they are servants in authority, but have no final disposal of those in their possession. But Jesus is the appointed and lawful heir of all things. He can make free, indeed—the liberty he bestows is accor-

ding to the perfect law of the divine government, and all freed by him are perfectly free and perfectly obedient—enjoy perfect liberty to what they please, because they please to do only what is *right*. And this freedom he confers on his disciples by making known unto them the truth respecting the right, and the good.

The Jews were in bondage to the cumbersome rites and ceremonies of their Law—a bondage the more oppressive, because they rested in the letter of the Law, to the great neglect of its spirit—in the mere performance of its ceremonies, to the neglect of what those ceremonies were intended to effect in the present time, or to foreshadow in the future. And by thus resting in the externals and letter of their law, they confined their minds to a very narrow range of knowledge, and their hearts to an equally limited sphere of affection and sympathy, and were thus the servants of ignorance, including in this term prejudice and superstition.

Ignorance is the parent of sin—not total ignorance, but that partial knowledge of some subjects and partial ignorance of others, which unitedly renders the sinner's mind misty, and causes all acts and consequences to appear to him inverted in size, distance and appearances. And the Jewish mind being thus effectually rendered misty by the addition of human traditions and heathen fables to their imperfectly revealing Law, they were peculiarly under the bondage of sin—of error in theory and error in practice; for the latter is often the consequence of the former. It was therefore highly necessary that the Jews should not only hear the words of Jesus, but abide and continue in them (verse 31)—grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour—and then would they know the truth so experimentally and convincingly that it *would make them free*.

A. B. G.

### SLANDER.

The following decision possesses considerable interest to the Universalist public. It shows clearly the state of public feeling, the progress of liberality; and that judicial authority is independent of, and superior to orthodox detraction. Would that more juries could be found who possess the same degree of independence and regard for justice. Long enough have Universalists who have honestly and sincerely asked to be dismissed from orthodox churches, been imposed upon by trials, suspensions, excommunications and the like. It is high time we should maintain our rights, and teach these reverend slanderers that we live in a country of religious liberty, protected by “the laws that be.” The conduct of Capt. Hawes during the whole trial is worthy of the highest commendation. His wife was basely slandered, and it became his duty as a husband and a Christian, to repel these charges which were designed to destroy her influence and blast her reputation forever. His example is worthy of being imitated.

The following article is from the Trumpet.

The Rev. Charles Rockwell, formerly of the United States Navy, and author of quite a popular work entitled, “Foreign Travel and Life at Sea,” was tried at the May term of the Supreme Court in Barnstable County, last week, on the charge of maliciously slandering the character of Mrs. Elizabeth B. Howes, wife of Capt. Howes, of Chatham. The trial excited great interest, throughout Barnstable County, in consequence of the respectable standing of the parties. Mrs. Howes is connected with some of the best families in Massachusetts; and Mr. Rockwell is, as we are informed, of high family connections.

It appeared from the testimony of the witnesses, that Mrs. Howes was for many years a cherished member of the Church of which Mr. Rockwell is pastor; that about two years ago she became dissatisfied with the doctrine of Calvin, and asked a dismission from the Church; but instead of complying with this reasonable request, the members of the Church were persuaded by their pastor to suspend her from their communion for the space of six months, in the hope that she might be induced to give up her belief in the doctrine of Universal Salvation; and, thereby save them from the



painful necessity of excommunicating her. But finding her faith firm and unwavering, Rev. Mr. Rockwell and a few of his Church members labored to destroy her influence.

Mr. Rockwell for a long time was actively engaged in propagating the most slanderous reports respecting her character; and for this an action was brought against him by her husband. After a full investigation of all the circumstances in the case, the jury, (one-third of them Orthodox church-members,) gave a verdict against him. Mr. Rockwell's counsellors were men of character, and legal attainments; and as a matter of course did all they could to save the character of their client. But they labored in vain and spent their strength for nought. His learned counsel in closing the defence, stated to the jury, that Mrs. Howes had not suffered in the least in her reputation in consequence of the statements made by Mr. Rockwell respecting her, because no one believed them to be true;—and that his client, like most other clergymen, is poor, and had as much as he can do to support himself and family; and from these two considerations he argued that the amount of damages should be merely nominal. The Jury, therefore, in consideration of all the circumstances, decided that he should pay all the expenses of the trial, and awarded damages to Capt. Howes, in the sum of \$391. A small sum to be sure; but when we consider Mr. Rockwell's circumstances, we think it quite enough.

Let this decision be a warning to orthodox priests.  
W. H. R.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. H. G. will please send us the printed copy (in all cases where it is practicable) of the extracts she wishes us to publish. But if not practicable, she should be careful to designate what is selected from what is original; lest, by our mistaking and publishing it for hers, in consequence of a want of such care on her part, we bring upon her reproach and mortification. We came near doing so with an article in her budget now before us, before we discovered it to be selected.

P. H. G. is at liberty, of course, to have published the articles named by her.

**APOLOGY.**—My brother, C. C. P. Grosh, the Printer and part proprietor of this paper, has been confined by illness to his house, since the 1st inst. He is now recovering from his severe illness. That illness, added to the removal of the office, and of my own family, has probably caused some things to be neglected in our affairs. My absences from home, also, may cause some errors in our paper to appear. Those who read the proof sheet do well, but are not always well acquainted with the subjects treated of, nor in the habit of performing that duty.  
A. B. G.

**I. O. of O. F.**—Rev. E. H. Chapin, of Charlestown, Mass., will deliver an address before Oneida Lodge, No. 70, I. O. of O. F., in the Bleecker street Presbyterian church in this city, on this evening, (Friday, 9th inst.,) at 7 o'clock. The public are invited to attend.

Just received at this office, a quantity of Winchester's Dialogues. Price 18 3-4 cents single, 6 copies for one dollar or 14 copies for two dollars. This work of 72 pages, contains the whole of Winchester's Dialogues, on the UNIVERSAL RESTORATION, and can be transmitted by mail, at pamphlet postage only.

Various Universalist works will be published in monthly numbers in the same form, varying from 48 to 96 pages.—Those of 48 pages will be sold at 12 1-2 cents, those of 72 pages at 18 3-4 cents, and those of 96 pages at 25 cents, single copies. A liberal discount made to those who purchase to sell again. Any one who will send us one dollar free of postage, shall receive complete works to the amount of 480 pages. Our friends need not complain that they can not now get Universalist books cheap. The Dialogues in book form, have we believe, been sold at 62 1-2 cents, while the same work, in pamphlet form, (and a good one for binding) can now be had for nearly one fourth that sum. Cash orders only, attended to.

#### DEATHS.

In this city, on the 29th ult., of an affection of the liver, Miss WEALTHY P. WRIGHT, in the 26th year of her age. In the death of this young woman, her relatives and friends have sustained a very great loss. She was an affectionate and active daughter, and sister, and friend, and lived highly respected and esteemed by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. But she hath finished her labors here, and hath gone to the land of rest and joy; and may the God of mercy through the consolations of the Gospel of his Son, comfort all who by this dispensation have been called to mourn.  
H. B. SOULE.

In New Hartford, on the 1st inst., of consumption, Mr. HIRAM GREEN, aged 21 years. Funeral on the 2d, at the Universalist church. Sermon by  
H. B. SOULE.

At his residence, in West Monroe, Oswego county, April 16th, of pleurisy, HENRY WILLIAMS, M. D., aged 56 years. In the death of Dr. Williams, the stale slander that Universalism will not do to die by, was practically, therefore successfully, refuted. He was enabled by its sustaining power, to converse freely upon those subjects, then of the greatest importance to him, and frequently remarked that he was ready to receive the summons of death—that his only pain was physical—that his work was done, and he was ready to depart. He was in possession of that faith which robbed death of all its terrors, and even robed it in the garments of a welcome messenger. A few months previous to the time of his departure he held a conversation with a sister of his, a member of the Presbyterian church, in which he stated that he felt that the "bitterness of death was past"—that he thought that, should death claim him as a victim that hour, he should fear no evil; and but a short time before he died, he referred her to the above conversation, and told her that the reality found him no less ready to go, than he anticipated. He seemed even anxious to go. His son, Nathan Williams, M. D., was with him during most of his illness, and at his solicitation frequently examined the state of his pulse, and from the frequency of such examinations was obliged to return much the same answers, when the deceased replied, that he felt anxious to hear him say that his pulse was gone; and when he was informed that pulsation had ceased, he answered, in a tone and manner that bespoke more than he said—"REJOICE!" Thus did the sustaining influence of the Restitution triumph over the fear of death. His funeral was attended on the 18th, and a sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Lenard, Presbyterian, by whom an obituary was published, in the secular papers of the county, an extract from which shall close this notice.

"In the death of Dr. Williams, the community have sustained a great loss. He stood high in his profession—eminent in the principles of philanthropy, and an exemplary Christian. About twelve hours before he died, he became sensible that his continuance here would be very short. But in the full possession of his reason, he frequently addressed his family and friends around him on the subject of dying, and other important subjects, and marked the progress of the disease that was fast closing up his life, with the greatest composure, exhibiting to the last moments of life, the power that an unshaken faith in Christ has over death."

\* \* Luminary please copy.  
H. VAN CAMPEN.

In Mexico, May 22d, an infant son of Luther and Lydia Fowler, aged 2 months and 7 days. May the consolations of the Gospel of God's superabounding grace comfort those that mourn, and fill them with the fullness of peace. Sermon on the 24th, by the writer.  
H. VAN CAMPEN.

In New Marlborough, on the 3d of March, of pleurisy, Mrs. FANNY GIBSON, wife of Mr. John Gibson, aged 57 years. By this dispensation of Providence, our brother has been called for the third time, to mourn the loss of an affectionate companion; and her relatives and acquaintances, a firm friend, and an exemplary associate. Mrs. Gibson was possessed of a sound and well regulated mind; modest and retiring in her manner, she was beloved and respected by all that had the pleasure of her acquaintance. She exhibited in her life, the elevating power, and happy influence of the faith that works by love, and purifies the heart; and her many virtues will ever be cherished by one, who fully appreciated the excellence of her character, the loveliness of her disposition, and the sincerity of her affections.  
P. H. G.

In Ellisburgh, May 8th, 1843, Mrs. LYDIA POTTER, consort of the late Ephraim Potter, aged 65 years. She was only permitted to remain seven weeks after the death of her companion, before she was laid by the side of him who had shared her joys and sorrows from youth to a good old age. And notwithstanding they have left three sons and four

daughters to mourn their loss, yet they are comforted by a remembrance of their good moral character, Christian deportment and the assurance that they have gone to that God who is good to all, and that they shall finally join them in chanting praises to God as the Father of all, and Jesus as the Redeemer and Saviour of man from sin, ignorance and death. The funeral services attended in the meetinghouse at Mannsville on the 9th, when the consolations of the Gospel were tendered to the mourners and friends, by the writer.

O. WILCOX.

#### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching on the second Sunday in June, by Br. MOREY in Oran—Br. SIAS at Howlett Hill—Br. GROSH at Little Falls—Br. D. SKINNER at Perrysville, (instead of Sullivan)—Br. E. H. CHAPIN in Syracuse.

There will be preaching on the third Sunday in June, by Br. BARBER at Clockville, where he will present his reasons for renouncing the doctrine of endless punishment—Br. RYDER in New Hartford—Br. GROSH in Syracuse.

There will be preaching on the fourth Sunday in June by Br. GROSH at Holland Patent—Br. W. SKINNER in Utica—Br. SOULE in Herkimer.

**DEDICATION.**—The Universalist Meetinghouse, in Aurora, Erie county, N. Y., will be dedicated to the one living God, and Saviour of the world, on the 20th day of June next. Services to commence at 11 o'clock, A. M. Sermon by Br. S. R. SMITH, now of Buffalo.

The Allegany Association of Universalists will be held in Yorkshire, on the 4th Wednesday and following Thursday in June.

Ministering brethren are respectfully invited to attend.

By orders of L. GRAVES, Standing Clerk.

I. B. SHARP.

The St. Lawrence Association will meet in annual session in Potsdam, on the fourth Wednesday and following Thursday in June. Each society is entitled to two lay delegates, and we hope all will be represented.

W. H. WAGONER, Standing Clerk.

The Allegany Association meets at Yorkshire, Cattaraugus county, on the fourth Wednesday and following Thursday in June.

The Ontario Association will hold its annual session in New ark, Wayne county, on the second Wednesday and Thursday (14th and 15th) of June next. Ministering and other friends are invited to attend. A Committee will be in waiting at the church, on Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning, to direct visitors to places of entertainment.

D. K. LEE, Standing Clerk

**GENESEE ASSOCIATION.**—This body will meet at Aurora, Erie county, N. Y., on Wednesday, June 21st, and continue in session for two days.

All, both clergy and laymen, who can make it convenient, are invited to attend. It is hoped we may have a full delegation as one effort more will be made to ask for this body the fellowship of the New York State Convention of Universalists. Brethren let us one and all pray over this matter and come together prepared to talk and vote in the unity of the spirit.  
D. ACKLEY, Standing Clerk.

The Otsego Association will hold its next annual session at Fly Creek, Otsego county, on the fourth Wednesday and Thursday (28th and 29th) in June. The council will convene at 8 A. M., Wednesday—occasional sermon at half past 10, by Br. A. C. Barry. The usual invitation is cordially extended to ministering brethren and friends generally—they will find a committee waiting to direct them, at the Universalist church. O. WHISTON, Standing Clerk.

The Steuben Association will meet in annual session at Springwater, on the first Wednesday and Thursday (5th and 6th) of July next.

Our ministering brethren knowing our wants, will, I am sure, attend our meetings if practicable. Therefore, to them I repeat not the usual formality of invitation and request.—To our lay brethren, I should perhaps use a little more persuasion—especially to those within the limits of this body. Come up, then, brethren—let us bear from all, without reserve. Assist in our deliberations, that we may ascertain whether we shall stand or fall.

Those from a distance, who will attend the Conference, enquire for J. H. Stevens, J. Phelps, J. Goodno, J. Healy, where they will find feed for their horses, and something (not bread alone) for themselves. I am not acquainted at Springwater, therefore can give no directions. But I will venture to say, enquire for friends, and you will find them here.  
A. UFSOR.



## THY WILL BE DONE.

BY HON. J. BOUVIER.

Thou source of wisdom and of power,  
Thou God supreme, who from thy throne  
On mankind dost thy blessings pour,  
Knowing all things, thyself unknown—  
Content to share thy heavenly care,  
(Oh! bold presumption let me shun,)  
And be this still my only pray'r,  
Thy will be done.

I feel I'm weak, I know I'm blind,  
And evil prone to ask for good—  
Enlighten thou my darkened mind,  
My faith in thee be still renewed;  
Teach me, just God, to trust in thee,  
(Oh! bold presumption let me shun,)  
A mortal's prayer should only be,  
Thy will be done.

Thou wilt not change thy just decrees,  
Always, eternal God, the same,  
If with thy will my prayer agrees,  
I need not then implore thy name:  
But should my heart with folly pray,  
(Oh! bold presumption let me shun,)  
Kind Father, teach my soul to say,  
Thy will be done.

Young People's Book.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## SCENES IN THE DRAMA OF HUMAN LIFE.

BY MRS. F. M. BAKER.

## SCENE SECOND.

Mr. John Giles was a merchant of very respectable standing and property. He was considered an honorable business man, whose prime motive in action was the opinion of the world; and who troubled himself very little about religious or moral principles; who asked himself far oftener, what will Squire This, or Judge That, say, if I act so and so; than, Is it right? is it just?

Mrs. John Giles was a very fat, a very proud, and a very ignorant woman. It was only by marrying Mr. G., that she obtained access to the upper crust of society, (as Fowler, the Phrenologist, terms those who rank themselves above their fellows,) and where she did little either to her own credit or the profit of others.—“Can you assist me a little this evening?” said the lady to her husband, as he rose from the tea-table to go to his shop. “About what?” asked he. “Making arrangements for our party,” was her laconic though comprehensive reply. “Has our turn come?” asked he in no small consternation, and scratching his head as was his wont when casting up heavy bills.

“Why if we are to give one, we may as well do it now as wait longer,” answered the fat lady. “If we must give one. Ah! that’s the thing; where’s the necessity of giving one at all?” “Every necessity in the world, if you make a practice of going to other people’s parties. I told you when we were first invited, that we had better not go, unless we could return the compliment.” “I don’t like these fashionable jams,” said the husband in a pettish tone, after a long pause. “Neither do I,” replied his wife in a sympathizing tone, “when I have to give it myself. But it must be done, and we may as well begin first as last.” “I suppose the expense will be enormous,” said Mr. Giles, after a few moments calculation. “Not over one or two hundred dollars,” was the reply—“that is what Capt. Low’s and Col. Tibb’s cost.” “Well, that doesn’t grow on every bush that you and I pick!” said the now really startled husband. “Well, if you can’t afford to give a party, you shouldn’t go to one!” said the lady rather tartly—“that’s all I can say.”

Mr. Giles walked twice across the room, looked out at the window, and scratched his head furiously. “Who shall we invite?” asked he, turning quickly round.—“All who are in a habit of giving large parties,” was the answer. “Ah! that’s it, just for the sake of being asked in turn.” “Yes, for what else should we ask one half who help to make up a party. Regular botes are some, half fools are others, and many whose presence we could not tolerate in a private or domestic circle.”

The list of invitable ones was finally drawn up, and approved. Mr. G. gave his wife twelve ten dollar bills, and bade her make that meet all the charges, as he left the house. She had scarcely placed the money in her purse and prepared herself to go out to make the, to her, so important disposal of it, when a knock was heard at the back door. “A poor woman would like to see you,” said Kitty looking in at the half open door of the parlor.

Mrs. G. followed her to the kitchen, where she found a poor washwoman, who asked her for the small pitance which the lady owed her for washing six weeks before. “I have not one cent of change now, Mrs. Jackson. I am very sorry, but I shall want you all day to-morrow and perhaps all night; for I am to have company, and I want you to help prepare, and perhaps wait on them.” “I don’t see as I can come, Mrs. Giles, my little Dick is very sick with the lung fever. This is the seventh day since he was taken, and I could not leave him to go out to work, and our scanty stock of provisions is all gone. So I thought may be you would pay that little bill, and I could get something for the other children to eat and a little medicine for Dick.”

“I am dreadful sorry, Mrs. Jackson, I haven’t any small change now. But don’t say you can’t come to-morrow. You must certainly, and it is so near you can run home often and look after Dick. And then I will pay you for the whole, which you know will be quite a little sum,” said the lady smiling. “So remember and not disappoint me, for I shall depend upon you.” And she hurried from the room, either anxious to avoid hearing the woman’s reply, or to escape from her own reflections. “Oh! what shall I do?” groaned poor Mrs. Jackson. “I will lend you a little money,” said the kind hearted Kitty. “I wish I could afford to give it to you. And here is something to feed the children,” she added, as she gave the poor woman some broken pieces of food. “If mistress finds fault, I will eat the less myself.” The washwoman’s heart was too full to reply, and she hastened home, invoking blessings upon Kate.

How many a lesson in all the holier, kindlier feelings of man’s nature, might the rich and great learn of their despised, neglected servants! How thankful should we be that God judges by the heart, and that he is no respecter of persons.

Mrs. G. was gone all that day making purchases, and giving orders and invitations for the party. The next day Mrs. J. came. The faint hope of obtaining a little money which she so much needed, urged her to such a step, although her heart sank within her as she gave directions to her half famished children to be very quiet, and take good care of poor sick brother Dick; who, half unconscious, lay upon the bed more dead than alive.

Mrs. G.’s house underwent a metamorphosis from attic to basement, which with cooking and cleaning gave Mrs. J. very little time to run home to look at her sick boy. And Mrs. Giles seemed to have entirely forgotten the whole affair, so engrossed was she with the, to her, so much more important affairs of the party. She kept the washwoman till late at night, when she was sent home without her pay, because the lady could not leave her company to look for it.

Next morning early, according to order, she called; but the lady was not yet up. Who could be expected to rise early after such a day and night of fatigue and dissipation? The sick boy grew daily worse. His heart-sick mother almost discouraged, refrained from calling upon her employer for several days. When she came again, the lady had gone into the country on a visit!

In two weeks she returned. Almost her first inquiry of Kate was, “what has happened since I have been gone; any thing new or worth telling?” “Nothing in particular, ma’am, except that Dick Jackson is dead,” replied Kate. “Why, do tell,” said the lady with indifference. “well his mother will have one the less money to feed now.” “And little enough to feed them with,” thought Kate, “if all are like you.”

Canterbury, Ct.

He that lives ill, fear follows him.

## LOOK OUT FOR THE SNAKE.

The following striking illustration is an extract from the Lecture on Temperance, recently delivered by the Rev. Mr. Turnbull, in the Odeon:—

“Allow me, for a moment, to transport you, in imagination, to the banks of some lonely stream far off among the hills. There, beneath the shade of a wide spreading tree, you perceive a lovely boy asleep, in the soft security of unconscious innocence. The air is bland, the bees are humming among the flowers, the birds are singing among the branches, and all nature is instinct with beauty and gladness. That boy is dreaming of his home, of his mother, perhaps, or of his little sister, with whom he has been playing all the morning in the woods. But look again;—do you see that serpent gliding stealthily along, with its eye fixed upon the boy? It draws nearer and nearer;—there, it mounts upon his body,—erects his crested head,—swells and quivers with rage, and now—now, with the rapidity of lightning buries its fangs in his neck. Awakened to the danger of his situation, he screams with terror, and struggles for a moment with his enemy, but all in vain. A change comes over his countenance;—his bright blue eyes grow dim;—a convulsive shudder passes over his frame, and all is still. By and by, friends come to the place, discover the melancholy catastrophe, carry the child to his heart broken parents, and afterwards follow him with slow and mournful steps to the grave. What will be done to the serpent? One cries, ‘Kill it.’ ‘O, no,’ cries another, ‘that would be wrong. He is a creature of God; See how beautiful his colors, how graceful his movements! We shall tame him,—bring him under discipline,—use him very moderately and carefully, bring him into our houses or put him into the bar room of our village, and render him a source of infinite amusement.’ ‘But look,’ cries a third, ‘there is blood upon his jaws! he has killed the child, and ought to be stoned without delay.’ ‘Not quite so fast, my good friend,’ exclaimed the former speaker,—‘that was a mere accident, it was not the fault of the serpent, but of the child, who ought to have known better, or of his parents, who ought to have kept him at home.’ ‘But,’ says an old sagacious looking man—who till this time had taken no part in the conversation—‘I advise you all to look out for him, for he may bite again!’ ‘O!’ it is replied, ‘we shall take care of that.’ ‘I’m sure he won’t bite me,’ says one. ‘Nor me,’ says another. ‘Nor me,’ cries a third. So exclaim the majority, in their unparalleled sagacity. The serpent is therefore introduced to the family circle, and with some few precautions, is permitted to gambol with the children.

“Why is it, that in this city, the most polished, the most intelligent, and perhaps the most religious in the land, a more malignant serpent is not only suffered to roam at large, but is nursed and guarded by municipal regulations. Why is it that his trail is found in every street, that his fiery eyes look out from every tavern, and that he lies coiled up in every grog-shop? Why is it that he is permitted to plant his deadly sting in the hearts of our friends, our acquaintances and our children?—Have not we—have not our municipal authorities listened to the shrieks of his dying victims, and followed him in multitudes to the grave. Where is our benevolence, where is our wisdom, where, above all, is our religion, if we suffer this? Can we answer it to our consciences, or our God, if we longer permit the monster to roam at large, or even to exist?”—[Trumpet.

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# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."....."PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY JUNE, 16, 1843.

NO. 24.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## THE FUTURE LIFE.

*A sermon preached at the funeral of Mrs. Maxfield, on January 3d, 1843. The text was selected by the deceased, and it was her desire that the sermon to be preached from it, might be printed, and kept by her children.*

BY REV. A. C. BARRY.

"And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." 1 Cor. xv: 49.

This is but a repetition in the Apostle's argument, of what he had before affirmed. At nearly the commencement he holds the following language:—"But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

In this passage, not only is the number to be raised, determined, but also their after condition. That all bear the image of the earthy man; that all like him, are mortal, will not be disputed. In this sense, all die in him—they die bearing his likeness—mortality and corruption. What other inference then can be drawn, or to what other conclusion can we arrive, save that the Apostle was speaking of the resurrection of all mankind?

Christ, by his resurrection, brought life and immortality to light for every human being, and in this sense he is the first fruits of the great harvest of the resurrection. The first fruits, when gathered, showed that the whole harvest would be sure. So, by the resurrection of the Son of God, we are assured that life and immortality will be granted to every intelligent creature. This appears to be the sum and substance of the Apostle's reasoning in the 20th verse. His explanation in the 22d, renders this fact perfectly evident. "For, (because,) as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

We have introduced these passages thus far, to show that the apostle was speaking of the resurrection of all mankind. If we read on, this fact is rendered still more evident. Throughout his whole discourse he speaks in general terms; nor does he once give us the slightest intimation that his language, fully implying universality, is to be understood in a limited sense. It appears that there were those among the Corinthian brethren, who had apostatized from the true faith, and embraced Sadduceism, which taught that there was no resurrection of the dead. And it was in opposition to this erroneous and pernicious sentiment that the apostle wrote. It is plain, therefore, that in combating this species of unbelief, he must have spoken in general terms when he declared that the dead must be raised—that there must be life beyond the grave. We beg leave, however, to introduce one more passage. "So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, death is swallowed up in victory." That the apostle refers in this passage to the resurrection of every son and daughter of Adam, is at once seen. If he were speaking of the resurrection of a part only, how could he say with propriety, that then the saying would be fulfilled, Death is swallowed up in victory? Death, says Dr. Adam Clark, can only be destroyed and annihilated by a general resurrection; if there be no general resurrection, it is most evident that death will still retain his empire. It is obvious, on this view of the subject, that the apostle was speaking of the resurrection of all intelligent beings.

We now come to a more immediate consideration of the important subject contained in our text.

"And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

By the image of the earthy man or Adam, we may understand, first, those principles of dissolution stamped on the physical being, through whose influences the outward man perishes day by day. This will not be denied. Second, we may understand by the image of the earthy man; corruption, imperfection. That Adam was made subject to vanity, is plain. If he had been created perfect, he could not have sinned; but when the tempter appeared before him, he would have resisted him as did our Saviour, and like him would have gone through life, and through the world, and through temptation, unspotted and uncorrupted.—The very fact of his *sinning* is sufficient to establish the point that he was created imperfect; for if he had been holy, he could no more have sinned, than God can sin.

Mortality and corruption then, form, or constitute the image of the earthy man; and this image mankind universally bear.

By the image of the heavenly man, we may understand *immortality and holiness*. We need not go into proof of this fact—the simple statement is sufficient. This likeness is to be borne in the resurrection, by all who have borne in this state the image of the earthy man. In that clime, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary find eternal rest, the vanities and corruptions of time will be laid aside, and a ransomed universe shall stand forth crowned in the glorious likeness of our Saviour and Lord. Sin shall then be finished, transgression find an end, the corruptible put on incorruption, and mortality be swallowed up of endless bliss.

This is not mere idle declamation—the language of the apostle amounts to this, if it amounts to any thing. View it as you may, it teaches the salvation of a world from death and sin. So surely as mankind have borne the image of the earthy, so surely shall they bear the image of the heavenly, which is Christ. This fact is not only declared in the text, but in another passage we have before quoted. "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." Now, if this proves any thing, it proves universal holiness and consequent happiness. If it be proof of the salvation of one individual, it is proof of the salvation of the human race. For the change referred to, is as necessary to one, as to another. All die in Adam—they die bearing his image—they die imperfect men and women, possessing the propensities and passions of our common nature. This is abundantly testified to by the apostle when he says, "It is sown in corruption.... it is sown in dishonor.... it is sown in weakness."

The argument we are noticing is introduced by the apostle in his letter to the Romans, where it is pursued to a much greater length. "Therefore, as by the offence of one judgment came upon all men to condemnation; even so by the righteousness of one, the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life. For as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous. Moreover, the law entered, that the offence might abound. But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound; That as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord." Rom. v: 18-21.

If this argument is not conclusive in favor of the final restoration, purification and happiness of a fallen and sinful world, we do not well see how one could be framed that would be. The apostle contends that the blessings produced by the obedience of Christ, shall more than counterbalance the evils

produced by the disobedience of our first parent. The same many who were made sinners by Adam's transgression, shall be made righteous by the obedience of the Son of man; and where sin abounded, grace shall much more abound—i. e. extend beyond, and reign through righteousness unto eternal life.

This, then, is proof positive, that the change of which the text speaks, shall be experienced by all—proof sufficient to carry conviction to every unbelieving heart, and to give hope to every despairing soul.

We hazard nothing in asserting, that not one passage in all the Bible can be produced, which will go to show that a part only are to bear the image of Christ in the resurrection. We are aware that there is one which would probably be adduced, and is found in John v: 28, 29, "Marvel not at this, etc." But we have yet to learn that this passage has reference to a literal resurrection. To suppose it had, would be to array the Saviour and the apostle one against the other. And furthermore, we would have to account for the fact, that it was spoken of as an event near at hand, when thousands of years would intervene ere it would transpire. And again we would be compelled to show, that a certain portion of mankind had *always* done good, and the remaining portion evil; or else to admit that every individual would come forth to both resurrections at one and the same time.—By understanding the passage to refer to a spiritual or figurative resurrection, these difficulties all vanish. The passage, then, furnishes no proof that a part only will come forth, in the resurrection, in the likeness of the Saviour.

If the enemies of man were finally to triumph over the greater portion of the human race, why is the exclamation raised by the apostle? "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" The sting of death, he tells us, is sin; and if death is destroyed, will its sting remain to torture and torment millions of intelligent beings? If so, the triumphant exclamation can never be adopted.

That the resurrection is to be one to happiness for all, is fully shown by the fact that it is an object of hope. Thus St. Paul hoped for the resurrection, both of the just and the unjust. Acts xxiv: 15. But would he have hoped for the resurrection of the unjust, if they were to be endlessly the losers by it? Hope is a compound of *desire* and *expectation*, therefore Paul both desired and expected the resurrection of the unjust as well as of the just.—But could he have done this, if the former were to be raised to utter hopelessness and despair. We think not. Not even the most unfeeling and depraved being in the wide universe could desire such an event; how much less the apostle, upon whom the spirit of the living God was poured? He must have hoped to see them ultimately crowned with holiness and bliss at the right hand of the Father. And this all good men desire. They desire the salvation of the world, and the utter destruction of the enemies of man. This desire is exhibited in their prayers for the removal of darkness, and the leading of captivity captive. And we may all hope for the full accomplishment of the divine mission of the Son of God. We may hope for the dawning of that everlasting day, when an end shall be made of all transgression, when death shall be destroyed, and tears be wiped from off all faces.—For such a hope we have a sure foundation in the word of God. The voice of inspiration has declared the final ransoming of the captives, and the endless triumph of love divine. O, what a period will that be—what a time of rejoicing, when friend meets friend around the throne of God; when the mother is again united to her children; when the pealing



shout of joy goes up at the return of the last prodigal, and the last tear of sorrowing humanity is wiped away! O! let me live and die in anticipation of so glorious a period, and I ask no more. If it be but a delusion, O, rob me not of it—suffer it to remain, to cheer me in sorrow, to tune my heart to praise!

These views, I understand were ardently cherished by our departed friend. She looked forward by faith to a time when the reign of sin shall be terminated, when the last enemy shall be destroyed, and the whole family of man stand before God, cleansed from all earthly pollution, and made as the angels. She believed that the plans and purposes of her heavenly Father would certainly be consummated, his promises be fulfilled, the mission of his Son prove successful, and a world be saved, to sin no more. And thus believing, she was prepared for all that awaited her in life and in death. Her whole trust was in the mercy of God through Christ, and she knew that that could not fail. And though for a long season—though borne down by the oppressive hand of disease—she looked upon all as the ordainings of a kind Providence, and considered that these light afflictions which were but for a moment, were designed to work out for her a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.—And with her unshaken belief in the salvation of a world, her firm trust in the living God, and her well grounded hope in his mercy, she was prepared for the dying hour. She felt assured that she was to be separated from her friends only for a short period. And what a blessed assurance is this! It robs death of his sting, and the grave of its darkness. It makes soft the couch of disease, and smoothes the dying pillow!

It now only remains for me to invite the mourning friends to the same fountain of consolation. I know it is hard to lay those we loved in the grave. I know how the heart is wrung when the last look is taken. But the belief that our sister cherished, has power to bear us up under the mightiest affliction, and to wipe the tears of grief away. Let it then be yours, my friends. It will yield you comfort in this your hour of sorrow; and when you come to die, it will point you beyond death's gloomy vale, to that happy land where parting is unknown, and where we all shall stand at last, in the image of him who gave himself for us. Amen.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## MORNING.

BY MRS. P. H. GIBSON.

There is something in the sound of this word, that thrills in the bosom of every lover of nature. Even in the dreary winter time, there is an interest thrown around the advent of day, uninspired by any other portion of time. Amid the grim dominion of darkness and frost, is seen, first, the light of that gentle semblance of hope—the day star—sweet assurance of the approach of morn.—But the gentle light of the dawn soon gives place to the brighter glories of the rising sun. To the weary laborer, who, pent up among machinery, or in his shop, finds it necessary thus to spend his nights in toil, how cheering is the light of morn!—With what pleasure does he hail the day star!—How eagerly he drinks in the light of day! How it invigorates his toil-worn frame.

And to the enterprising student, who has sought knowledge while others slept, how refreshing to his aching eyes the better sunlight seems. How oft in his researches among the darkness of error, that prevades many a subject, has truth, in all its bright beauty, beamed upon his understanding, opening to his enraptured vision higher and holier fields for the exercise of his upward-bound mind. So now, the source of natural light, recalls the bright visions of truth, that have cheered his hours of study, and illustrates to his mind, the sweet harmony in the natural and moral world.

And if the frigid, wintry morning has so many charms, how much more interesting is the gentle breath of the summer; which, fraught with the odor of garden and field, kisses the early dew-drops from the tender plants. To wakening childhood—

cheerful, happy childhood—how delightful the freshness of the summer morning! All nature rejoices with him, and the swellings of his own bosom, are but the vibrations of that all pervading system of harmony, that thrills through all the vast extent of creation. This is a reason for the cultivation of the better feelings of our nature. The bright sun, the balmy air, the carolling of the birds, and the dew drops, all conspire to relax the care-worn mind, and to raise our affections above the angry turmoil of life. To the sinking heart and aching head of the sick, the light of day and the coolness of the morning air, are truly refreshing. And to the weary watcher around the sick couch, the sister, the mother, or the anxious partner—who has counted the hours, and hung in agony over the loved one, during the tedious night—the hopes and cheerfulness of the day are peculiarly grateful. To all the busy tribes of earth, it comes as the messenger of mercy, the type of that eternal day that soon shall dawn to be obscured no more.

Go forth, unbeliever, and listen to the harmony of nature; witness the order, the beauty, and the goodness therein manifested, and bow in humble submission, before that all prevailing power which has created, sustained, and is now wielding this mighty, this complicated, but harmonious system. Know that the wisdom and goodness which planned, and the power which created and sustained the earth, and air, and sea, is manifested in thine own preservation, or redemption. Yield Him thy heart's adoration, and receive His pardoning love; and when this fair earth shall wither as a parchment, thou shalt have a seat with thy Redeemer.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## MINUTES

Of the proceedings of the Central Association of Universalists, for 1843.

Met according to adjournment, in Morrisville, Madison co., on Wednesday, June 6th, and, after uniting in prayer with Br. Potter, organized the council by choosing Br. E. M. Wolley, Moderator, and Br. C. S. Brown, Clerk. After receiving credentials of delegates, the following delegates were found present. Hamilton, Ira Sherman, Ira Brainard; Nelson, Nathaniel Brainard, Amasa Jackson; Bridgewater, Garret Scott, Henry Thorne; Litchfield, H. E. Ball, Wm. E. Underwood; Lebanon, Ephraim Gray, Alonson Bishop; Madison, Noah Tyler, Oliver Curtis; Marshall, Marinus Hubbard, Oscar B. Gridley; Stockbridge, Chas. Foster, Elias Mason; Eaton, Isaac Lewis, Isaac F. Chamberlin; Clinton, Utica, New Hartford, Annsville and Lee, and all others, if there be any, not represented.

Ministerial delegates present—A. B. Grosh, E. M. Wolley, C. S. Brown, D. S. Morey, W. H. Ryder, B. Cook, W. J. Goss, H. B. Soule, J. H. Stewart.—9

Visiting Ministers present—J. Potter, J. K. Ingalls, O. Ackley, C. L. Shipman, T. J. Whitcomb, M. B. Smith—6—in all 15.

Committee on discipline reported no cause of complaint. Report accepted. Heard and adopted the report of committee on fellowship and ordination, that they had granted letters of fellowship to Brs. W. H. Ryder and Wm. J. Goss, to continue in force until the present session; subsequently the committee for the ensuing year reported in favor of granting the usual letters of fellowship to Brs. Goss and Ryder—report adopted. Appointed Brs. C. S. Brown, E. Gray, and Wm. Lord, committee on discipline, and Brs. H. B. Soule, E. Gray and D. S. Morey, committee on fellowship and ordination for the ensuing year; Brs. H. B. Soule and Z. Cook (ministerial), R. T. Hallock, Utica; J. F. Chamberlain, Eaton, (lay) delegates to next State Convention, with power to appoint substitutes and fill vacancies; Br. E. M. Wolley to preach next occasional sermon. Voted that the next session of the Association be held at Madison.

Resolved—That a Committee of three be appointed whose duty it shall be to appoint within the bounds of the Association during the year, eight

conferences; and also to request the Madison County Conference at its next session, to give up its present organization and unite with the conferences in the Association. Appointed Brs. D. S. Morey, E. M. Wolley and H. B. Soule said committee.

Passed the usual votes of thanks.

Appointed Br. H. B. Soule to prepare the minutes for publication.

Adjourned at the close of the services on Thursday, to meet in Madison on the first Wednesday in June, 1844. E. M. WOOLLEY, Moderator.

C. S. Brown, Clerk.

Sermons were preached by the following brethren; Z. Cook (occasional), C. S. Brown, M. B. Smith, H. B. Soule, J. K. Ingalls, J. Potter, O. Ackley, and A. B. Grosh who also gave the usual addresses. "Preaching about as good as usual on such occasions;" the singing very excellent, and, on the whole, the session was an interesting one.

Per order, H. B. SOULE.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## ANOTHER SOCIETY.

DEAR BR. GROSH—You are probably aware that we have organized a society in this place, called the "First Universalist Society of Frankfort and German Flats." We now number 85 members, all worthy and valued members of community.—We are now prospering, and are receiving frequent accessions of such as are saved from the soul-harrowing belief of never-ending woe. And now our society is exerting a benign influence upon its members and upon surrounding community. The milder doctrines of our better faith are breaking down the influences of error, and destroying the temple which it had here erected. Benevolence, kindness and charity also are springing up in the place of superstition, religious hate and persecution. We are cheered by these things to believe that the time is approaching when the unholy fire which is now burnt upon the altar of devotion and religious worship, will go out for want of fuel, and true religion, Gospel piety, which breathes love to God and good will to man, will take its place.

Yours very truly, W. B. HOLMES.

Frankfort, May 24, 1843.

REMARKS.—The inquiry of the above letter, (omitted from our extract,) we answered privately to Br. E. T. M.—had not time to examine documents to answer it fully, nor to answer it by letter; on account of preparations necessary to enable me to attend our Convention and Association. A. B. G.

## TO UNIVERSALISTS.

We have been kept so busy during these Convention and Association days, that we have not been able to notice all that deserved our special notice. Br. Thayer, however, has said about all we wished to say on one subject at least—so we give it in his own words, only premising, that Grosh and Walker have a number of copies of the Library for sale. They will receive each number as soon as issued, and be glad to furnish our friends with them. Only think of a book for which we formerly paid from 50 cents to one dollar (and cheap at that,) being sold now for, from 10 to 20 cents per copy! A. B. G.

## "THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY"—ATTENTION!

I wish to call the attention of the readers of the Star, and of Universalists generally, to the enterprise of Brs. Gihon & Fairchild of Philadelphia. We have only had a glance at the first number of the Library, not having obtained a copy as yet, but the proposals are enough to satisfy us. The object is to furnish a complete Universalist Library, so far as practicable, by the republication of old and valuable works, and such new works as may be purchased in manuscript by the publishers. We know Br. Gihon well enough to be sure that his part, both as respects selection and mechanical execution, will be faithfully performed. Indeed the number already issued, and that in progress, is an earnest of this—the first being that excellent work,



"Winchester's Dialogues on Universal Restoration," and the second a valuable old work, wholly out of print, and probably never seen by one Universalist in a thousand, *The "Everlasting Gospel,"* by Paul Seigvolk.

The Library is gotten up in a very neat style, royal octavo form, double columns, and printed in a fair letter, giving as great a quantity of matter as can be done without trying the eyes too severely with fine type. The subscription price is \$1.00 for ten numbers, to be issued monthly, making a beautiful volume of 576 pages. The numbers will not be uniform, but, what is better, will vary with the size of the work, some containing 48 pages, and from this to 96 pages or more. In all cases however the requisite number of 576 pages will be given for the dollar. Those preferring to purchase by the single number, may obtain them at 12 1-2 cts. for the numbers of 48 pages, 18 3-4 for those containing 72, and in proportion for the others.—Thus the present number containing "Winchester's Dialogues," is of 72 pages, and costs 18 3-4 cents! a book which till now cost 75 and 62 1-2 cents. Seigvolk's "Everlasting Gospel" could not be obtained at any price.

We wish the greatest success to the enterprise, for we believe it to be fraught with immense good to our cause. It will throw into the hands of all, works which hitherto they have not been able to purchase; and the cottage of the humblest believer may now have its "Library" of well selected Universalist publications. In this way an immense number of engines will be put in play all over the land, and Truth will make its way into a thousand places where before only darkness and error have had their abodes. These pamphlet volumes can and will be, I trust, sent forth far and near as silent but successful preachers of God's truth and salvation; and they shall be heard in the quiet retirement of the closet, when the voice of the preacher in the temple shall pass unheeded as the wind.

I sincerely hope, that Brs. Gihon and Fairchild will be abundantly encouraged and sustained in this good work, and that by a long list of good paying subscribers, and a prompt and extensive sale. We shall be glad to forward the names of any of our friends who wish to receive the Library; and we feel confident there are many who wish and need it. Br. Gihon will "put me down" for five copies, to be retained till called for. It will be well to have an agent in this city, on the same footing with the Magazines, that the postage may be saved. Powers, Bagley & Co. will attend to it we presume.—*Star of Bethlehem.*

#### CONSTANT MEETINGS—NEW SOCIETY.

We are glad to perceive that our small country societies are beginning to feel the importance of holding meetings every Sabbath. Br. Roberts of Lakeville, N. Y., writes the Western Luminary that the Universalist Society in his place, which has formerly had meetings but half of the time, has now "determined to have meetings on every Sunday, and on those Sundays when no preacher is present, to conduct the services themselves, and thus they continue to grow in knowledge, and in the Christian graces, strengthening each other other in the work of the Lord."

A friend writes us that in Bennington, N. H. a Universalist Society has been recently formed, to whom the Baptists, who are unable to employ a preacher all the time, have kindly offered the use of their house one half of the time, on condition that the Universalists contribute a share, (about 40 dollars,) toward repairing it. They have accepted the offer and voted to hold meetings all the time that they can have the House. At a meeting held some time since, it was voted that the Clerk be requested to read Sermons to them whenever they are without a preacher, which will be most of the time, as the Society's means are at present very limited. The Clerk, W. R. Chamberlin, is a gentleman with whom we have some acquaintance, and who possesses a large fund of general information, and a very good understanding of Scripture truth. The Society's selection, for a Clerk is

very judicious, and their proposition to hold regular meetings a good one. We are glad to be informed that the Clerk will comply with the Society's request, and we should not be surprised if it led him in the end to devote himself entirely to the work of evangelising the world.

Now we would earnestly recommend to all our feeble societies to consider well these examples, and "go and do likewise." It is the only way, brethren, that you can enjoy spiritual life. It is the most efficient means you can adopt for the promotion of individual growth in grace and in the knowledge of the truth.—*Star of Bethlehem.*

#### UNIVERSALISM IN CINCINNATI.

The Star in the West gives a cheering account of the progress of the gospel doctrine in that city. It says:—

"Believers are fast multiplying in the city from the ranks of our opposers. Almost every week one or more renounces endless misery, and declares his faith in Universalism. At our Thursday evening social meeting, week before last, two young gentlemen of much intelligence, and high standing, publicly declared their faith in a world's salvation.—One, a physician, has been until three or four weeks, a member of the Methodist Church on Fifth street. The other comes from the Baptist Church, although he was converted under Maffitt's preaching. Both of them are very zealous, and think of turning their attention to the ministry.

"We have had some conversation within a few days, with a young gentleman, a member of Dr. Beecher's church, who has come into the light of Universalism. He has been a member four years, and is still one. But he will soon leave it. Our church is thronged every Sunday evening with intelligent looking young men. Many are halting between two opinions, and many are coming into the light. Endless misery is destined to tremble and quake in this city. Multitudes within the next year will be delivered from its bondage.—There is in the community a general inquiry on the subject of Universalism, that can not fail to produce the happiest results. At present the cry among the people who attend our church is "give us room."

From the N. Y. Messenger.

#### AN IMPOSTER.

The readers of the Union and Messenger will find an account of an imposter in the 26th No. of the 7th volume of the Union, (May 14, 1842,) who was known to have four wives then living, and who had been baptized six times. Since that date he has married in Buckland, Mass., has been converted, too, in a modern revival, and again deserted his wife!!

Will the papers please publish the following description, and thus place the community upon their guard?

#### CHAUNCY W. CLARK.

is about 5 feet 8 inches, thick set, of a stout muscular appearance, blue eyes and a low forehead, nose inclining to one side of his face, has a sinister expression of countenance, and has lost the first joint of his ring finger upon his left hand. He is a native of Petersburg, N. Y., sometimes passes by his real name, sometimes by that of William Clark, and, as is supposed, at times by the name of Morgan. He has a wife in Plustown, N. Y., one in Buckland, Mass., one in Vermont, and one it is supposed, in Colechester, Ct., and others, as his father says, of whose location I am not informed. Generally professes to have been engaged in lumbering, and to have lost much property in the burning of his cabin, and at times says that he has been engaged in smuggling upon our northern frontiers. Is ready to be converted at every protracted meeting, and at the time of his conversion generally renounces Universalism. Is very fervent in his prayers and exhortations. Let the community beware!—*W. WILCOX,*  
Cheshire, Mass.

Great strokes make not sweet music.

#### LIST OF BOOKS

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

No. 32, Genesee street, (up stairs).

Life of Rev. John Murray,	50
Biography of Winchester,	69
Pro and Con of Universalism, by Rev. George Rogers,	1.00
Causes of Infidelity Removed, by Rev. S. R. Smith,	69
Practical Hints to Universalists, by Rev. J. G. Adams,	75
Ballou on Atonement,	50
Ballou's Select Sermons,	75
Do. Notes on the Parables,	63
Do. Nine Sermons,	50
Do. Future Retribution,	50
Balfour's Second Inquiry,	1.00
Sawyer's Review of Hatfield,	50
Duties of Young Men, by Rev. E. H. Chapin,	50
Discourses, by do.	50
Lectures, by do.	38
Christian Comforter, by Rev. H. Bacon,	50
Law of Kindness, by Rev. G. W. Montgomery,	50
Universalist Manual, by Rev. M. Rayner,	50
Universalist Belief, by Rev. A. Moore,	50
Sermons, by Rev. O. A. Skinner,	50
Voice to Youth, by Rev. J. M. Austin,	75
Illustrations of the Parables, by Rev. T. Whittemore,	75
Christian Visitant, 3 vols. in one, by Rev. A. B. Grosch,	75
Streeter's Hymns, (large and pocket,)	50
Ancient History of Universalism,	1.00
Lectures to Youth, by Rev. S. R. Smith,	50
Convention Sermons for 1841,	50
Universalist Register and Almanac for 1843,	13
Catechisms for Sunday Schools,	
Hymns of Zion, by Rev. A. C. Thomas,	50
Gospel Harmonist, by Rev. T. Whittemore,	1.00
Paige's Selections,	1.00
The Universalist's Guide,	1.00
Polyglot Bibles,	
Ely and Thomas Discussion,	63
Bacon on Religion,	50
Endless Hell Torments Overthrown,	38
Family Prayer Book, by Otis A. Skinner,	50
Winchester's Dialogues,	19
Names and Titles of Jesus, by Rev. E. Spear,	1.00
Combs Moral Philosophy,	62
" on the Constitution of Man,	62
" Digestion,	62
Influence of Religion on health,	69
Miller Overthrown,	25
Merchant's Widow, by Mrs. O. M. Sawyer,	50
Also, a few copies left of the Rose of Sharon for 1843.	2.00

Just received, the Family Prayer book, by Br. O. A. Skinner, of Boston, Mass. It is neatly got up, and is, without just such a book as should be in every family of Universalists. Price 50 cents single, 7 copies for \$3.00. A liberal discount to those who buy by the dozen to sell again. Cash orders only attended to.

Just received at this office, a quantity of Winchester's Dialogues. Price 18 3-4 cents single, 6 copies for one dollar or 14 copies for two dollars. This work of 72 pages, contains the whole of Winchester's Dialogues, on the UNIVERSAL RESTORATION, and can be transmitted by mail, at pamphlet postage only.

Br. Tompkins—Credit Miss M. A. Gorton, North Norwich, N. Y., \$2.00. Miss F. Gorton, Sherburne, N. Y., \$2.00. Rev. A. G. Clark, McLean, N. Y., \$2.00. Miss E. Devendorf, Cedarville, N. Y., \$2.00. M. Corbit, Bridge-water, N. Y., \$2.00. Louisa Radford, Pratts Hollow, N. Y., (in place of Lucy A. Lewis,) \$2.00. Miss R. Case, (now Mrs. R. Brown) Howlet Hill, N. Y., \$2.00, and change direction to later name. Send next volume to Miss Esther L. Gallup, Sauquoit, Oneida county, N. Y., credit her \$2.00 All for Repository.

A small quantity of Miller's Phantasy exposed, by Br. S. P. Skinner, of Boston, Mass., just received. Price 12 1-2 cents.

#### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P. M. Wayne, [Mich.] for self, P. H. L. Mc J and H B—P. M. Forth Boston, for P. S—P. M. Westfield, for A. L. W. E. H. S. N. C. and W. S—P. M. Racine, [W. T.] for T. T. P. and Z. S—Bainbridge Center, E. W. C. J. K. W. C. and R. K—Bainbridge, I. H.—South Bainbridge, J. S. S. L. and G. C.—P. M. Chenango Forks, for L. M. R.—F. C. Elmira, for self. P. P. J. M. and E. G.—P. M. Newark, for P. J. R., A. L. V. and E. R.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## SELF-CULTURE.

That this is a vastly important subject to all, will not, I presume, be doubted by any. It is not a mere imaginary thing, but something that is possible; and also something that we experience, to a greater or less extent, in all our peregrinations through life. It is that art in which we are all capable of making great proficiency, if we only have the desire. No one that has ever tasted the benefits arising from it, or has experienced its beneficial results, will in any case deny its real value and utility. Self-Culture as a means of accomplishing high and worthy objects, has been very generally tested throughout the world. Nearly all the eminent men in this, as well as in other countries, have gained their eminence, by diligently studying for their own advancement. This is invariably the fact. For where do we see a man that has risen to fill any important station in life, that has not sacrificed time, labor, money, and almost every thing, for his own improvement? We see him even shutting himself out from society, holding no communion whatever with his fellow man; and all, merely for the improvement of his own mind, and to endeavor to excel his fellows in some particular point. This we often see to be the case: and what is the result? Is it not beneficial? Do we not, as a natural consequence, see man rising from obscurity, to fill the highest stations of honor and renown that can be filled by him?—*Certainly* we do. We see the mind expanding day by day, elevating itself in the grandeur of high and pure aspiration, and soaring aloft, higher than the imagination can reach. This is but a faint idea of the self-made man. And may we not all rise to that eminence? The answer is, though we may not all be Franklins, and Washingtons, still we may place our standard on a level with them; and, although we may not be able to reach it, yet we shall rise much higher than we otherwise could have done. These, let it be remembered, are the natural consequences of self-culture, and of a life devoted to unceasing labor and toil.

Man may be regarded, in some respects, very much like the plant that springs out of the earth. He, at his first setting out on the untrodden journey of life, is a poor, feeble, and helpless being, entirely dependant on some higher power for his existence. But like this same plant that is nourished and cultivated by the husbandman, he springs up in a moment, as we may say, receiving great physical strength, and nothing seems to check or turn his bodily powers from their natural course: thus he advances to maturity, and very soon we see him grown to full strength—an image of his Maker.—Yet while all this has been doing, where has been his mind? Has it grown and expanded with his bodily strength? Has it been cultivated and improved in a manner that will make it useful to himself and to his fellow beings around him? No; very far from it. We find his mental faculties almost in their natural state, having made little or no advancement toward the acme which they are capable of attaining. This is the case with too many of us at the present day. We neglect to cultivate our intellects till the morning of our lives is past, till our golden opportunities are lost, and we fail to improve them. And this undoubtedly is one of the reasons why so few, in all ages, have arrived at that growth of intellect, to which they might have attained by thorough application and industry. But is there no remedy for all this?—We answer, yes. Yet it is only by applying ourselves diligently to the business of self-culture, that we can accomplish it. And every person, however obscure his condition, has it in his power to make great advancement in this course. Some will doubtless make greater progress than others; but all are capable of improving themselves more or less, as circumstances may permit. How very important, then, that we should give our heart and hand to this matter; especially those of us who are young, and, as yet, incapable of penetrating the deep recesses of the human mind.

But, says one, how can the laborer, the man that

depends on his daily toil for his sustenance, how can he improve his mind? He has no time to devote to study. There may be a small part of the year perhaps, in which he does not have much leisure time; but generally, there is no laborer that can not apply at least one hour each day to his own benefit. And what can he not accomplish even in this short time, if he but make a proper and diligent use of it? If he spend one hour each day in cultivating his mind, he can hardly fail of success. And likewise he has a great chance for improvement while engaged in his labors: the business transactions of almost every day, (with a little reflection on them,) may be made to strengthen the mind, improve our feelings and condition, and make us in every respect better.

Again, the mind of man may be compared to a fruitful soil: if it is well cultivated, it will bring forth an abundant crop; but if, on the other hand, it be neglected, the richer the soil, the greater will be the growth of briars and thorns. Just so with the human mind: if it be well cultivated, its growth can not be limited, its expansion can not be circumscribed. Its upward light will be like that of the eagle, onward, and on to the great source of light, undazzled by its splendor and cheered by its beams.

And now, who is not willing to sacrifice time and labor for the culture of his mind? Who is not ready to banish from him the idle pastimes and fineries of which we are all so fond? If we have any regard for our own reputation or honor, or for the welfare of those around us, we shall not hesitate for a moment, or shrink in the least from the performance of our duty. The language of the poet is found very striking to illustrate this point.

"Honor and shame, from no condition rise:  
Act well your part,—there all the honor lies."

This is a self evident truth. For unless we act well our part, how can we expect to get the praise of others. Therefore, let us endeavor to excel in all things, and we shall open a fountain for self-culture that will be of inestimable value.

Early education, then, is very essential to our rapid progress. It enables us to pass along with great ease, and to encounter difficulties, which otherwise would be hard for us to overcome. Still, if we have not had these early privileges, let us not despair, for greater is the work that yet remains to be done. If our circumstances will not permit our spending much time in study, let us join labor and study as companions, and never part them as long as we have muscular strength to perform the one, or a mind to effect the other. We find then, that the laborer has a chance of improvement nearly equal to that of the man that is continually poring over his books; and in many respects it is more than equal, for he generally enjoys good health, and has a much better chance of getting correct views of nature's laws; and if he get a few correct ideas of human nature, he becomes at once a man of very deep thought and meditation. Therefore let us not be discouraged, but rather exult in the glorious prospects of self-culture; for in most cases, the greater difficulties it has to encounter, the more rapid will be its progress, and the greater work will be accomplished.

The cultivated mind is also the source of much unalloyed enjoyment. The bacchanian over his cups, the debauchee in his revels, the unprincipled in their career of crime, have sometimes fleeting sensations, which they denominate enjoyment.—Now if these have their enjoyments, what may not the self-made and well cultivated mind expect? Can there be a doubt which enjoys the most happiness? The happiness of the latter is natural and certain. He that is possessed of knowledge, has resources at his command, of which the ignorant man is entirely destitute. Compare those that have been successful in life, that have arisen from obscurity to fame, or from poverty to wealth, with those that have always remained in obscurity, or have been reduced from wealth to poverty; and you will discover, that while the former have been possessed of cultivated minds, the latter have remained ignorant and unlettered. A little resolution, then, is all that is requisite to our obtaining

one object. "Resolve that you *will* be something, and you *shall* be something," is the language of an eminent writer. A poor boy in ancient Greece, resolved that he would be an orator, though to appearance entirely unfit for the station; yet his resolution prevailed—he shut himself out from the world—in the caves of the mountains, and beside the boisterous sea he trained his powers, till success crowned his labors. Even in those days of eloquence he astonished all Greece, and left to the world the never fading name of Demosthenes.—Also the celebrated Dr. Murray, was the son of a poor shephard in Scotland. He learned his alphabet from the board of an old wool-card, whereon his father had marked them with the burnt end of a stick taken from the fire. From this condition, by an industrious and unwearied self-culture, he gained an eminence as a scholar, which few can expect to attain.

Hence we learn that poverty and humble origin need not be regarded as insurmountable obstacles to the improvement of our minds, or to an elevation in respectability and public esteem. Let us press forward, then, to our object; and not be lulled to sleep by the flatteries we hear, as if our wealth or our qualities of birth made us equal to the noblest of our race. We have many and great difficulties to be remedied; and the remedy lies not in our negligence of self-culture, but in faithfully educating ourselves, and exerting every facility for the improvement of our minds.

Let us awake then, and give ourselves to the business of self-culture, and make ourselves worthy of our free institutions, and strengthen and perpetuate them by our intelligence and virtue.

Clinton L. Institute, June, 1843.

AMICUS.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## SHORT NOTES ON SELECT PASSAGES.....NO. III.

BY REV. H. H. WATSON.

Luke xlii: 24. "Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able."

The passage now under consideration, is quoted by our opposing friends to represent the number of those who shall be admitted to the joys and pleasures of that kingdom of beatific splendor at God's right hand, as very few. And those who shall not be able to enter in at the strait gate, shall be consigned to the regions of blackness and gloom forever. But by a careful examination of the text, perhaps it can be shown that it has no relation either to happiness or misery in a future state of existence.

First, it may be inquired, what is it to enter in at the strait gate? Second, what are the reasons that prevent the many from entering in, that seek so to do?

1st. By gate, we understand the entrance into an enclosure, or a walled city. And by strait gate, we understand the entrance into the kingdom of God or heaven; which kingdom is walled about by the requirements and commands of the Gospel. And hence to enter into this kingdom, is to pass through a strait gate; that is, it is to live in obedience to the requirements of the gospel; to love mercy, deal justly, and walk humbly before God. It is declared by Dr. A. Clarke, on the parallel place, Math. vii: 13, 14: "Enter in (to the kingdom of heaven,) through this strait gate, that is, of doing to every one as you would he should do unto you: for this alone seems to be the strait gate which our Lord alludes to."

2d. That those who seek to enter in at this strait gate, or kingdom of the gospel, and are not able; are in an opposite situation from those who do enter in, is very evident from the following testimony of St. John: "He that loveth his brother abideth in light," (which light is the strait gate, the strait and narrow way.) "But he that hateth his brother, is in darkness, and walketh in darkness;" and the reason that they do not enter into light, is, because they "love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." They do not give heed to that brotherly love which teach



es them to be "kindly affectionate one to another;" and hence while they are possessed of this hatred, this ill will towards their brothers, though they seek, they shall not be able to enter in at the strait gate, or kingdom of God.

Luke xviii: 17.—"Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall in nowise enter therein."

Our Saviour said—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God." The signification of the term kingdom of God, has been given in a previous number; therefore it is not necessary to repeat it again in this place. In this passage our Saviour rebukes the ambitious desires of his disciples, which they undoubtedly possessed, as they made inquiry who should be greatest in the kingdom of heaven. See Math. xviii: 1. Therefore, instead of indulging in their vain expectations of dignities and honors to be conferred upon the members of Christ's kingdom; they must become as little children, and receive his kingdom as such, in order to enter therein. That is, they must be possessed of that temper, humility and meekness, which characterizes a little child; and which is so requisite an ingredient in a sincere follower of the Lord Jesus. And this characteristic must be enjoyed by every one who wishes to become a member of his kingdom.

Venice, May, 1843

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## PROFANITY...NO. VIII.

BY REV. S. J. GIBSON.

Heretofore I have addressed my language to all men who are in the habit of using profane words, with no reference whatever to the religious opinions of any; but at present it is my intention to speak to Universalists, or to those at least who have professed themselves believers in that faith. Too true it is, that there are many individuals, who give their countenance to the preaching of the "glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people"—who attend the meetings of Universalists when they attend any, who are not so strict in reference to the language which they employ while pursuing their daily avocations, as we wish they were. They are frequently heard taking the name of the Creator in vain, and by so doing, bring disrespect upon our cause, in some instances to an extent sufficient to more than overbalance the support which they give by their attendance upon the meetings, and by the pecuniary aid which they extend to the preached word.

There may be, and in fact undoubtedly there are, as many believers in the doctrine of endless misery, (or at least as many who declare themselves such and support those meetings,) who are given to the habit of profanity, as there are of those who believe in and support our doctrine; and it may be supposed that this should form a sufficient reason, to induce men to charge not the practice to be the legitimate offspring of belief in either faith. Yet this is far from being true. Men are so constituted, or have cultivated their powers in such a manner, that they can, with the utmost ease, see a mote in a neighbor's eye, notwithstanding there may be a beam in their own; and not unfrequently is this mote so magnified, that it looks much larger than a beam, and secures the whole attention of the individual, so that he stops not to inquire if he is without sin himself, but forthwith lays hold upon the stone for the purpose of pelting the offender.—Such being the manner in which men are wont to look upon each other and their actions, if we would reduce the amount of evil in the world, we must commence in the right quarter—put away evil from among ourselves—correct our own faults, and then we shall be more successful in laboring to correct the faults of others.

In view of the foregoing, the profane man, who may be in favor of the doctrine of the final holiness and happiness of all mankind—who may be desirous of freeing others from the evils resulting from a belief in the doctrine of endless perdition; may behold the difficulties under which he labors. In-

dulging in the use of that which is expressly forbidden by the precepts of revelation, when he would persuade others to abandon their errors, they will in turn only point to his, and urge him to look at home in preference to abroad. When he speaks of the beauties and pleasures attendant upon the doctrine of endless happiness and peace, others will point to his conduct—to the oath that often falls from his lips; and declare the same to be the legitimate offspring of his doctrine—the natural consequence following from a belief in the salvation of all people. The influence exerted by the man who proceeds in this manner, is not for, but against our faith—it is pernicious in the extreme, and serves to keep many who would be ornaments to the cause of truth, from embracing it; and a song is put into the mouth of the opponent of our faith, which will be sung in our ears in a taunting and triumphant manner!

Again:—The man who believes in the endless perdition of a portion of our race, can use profane language with a pretty good grace—he somewhat consistent in his course. He believes in an endless hell of fire and brimstone, or something equally as hot and dreadful—he believes that the Creator will damn a portion of mankind there to all eternity; and hence there is not much inconsistency in his calling upon the Creator to commence the work, by consigning his neighbor, who has had the audacity to offend him, to that place forthwith; though by acting in this manner the man exhibits to the world not a very lovely disposition, yet his conduct is in harmony with what he believes. But not so with the Universalist. Does he believe in an endless hell, or that the Deity will damn any one forever? Neither. Then how foolish, to call upon the Creator to do that which you know he will not do, and to send your neighbor to a place that does not exist! If this is not the height of folly, surely I am at a loss to know what would be so; and it is a proceeding derogatory to the character of one who has been endowed with common sense.

"A swearing Universalist!" How oft do we hear this phrase repeated, and how does it retard the advancement of our glorious and heart-cheering faith! but it does so unjustly; for no man is a Universalist, who is in the habit of uttering profane language. He may indeed call himself such; but he is very far from being one in truth. He may wish others to consider himself an adherent to the principles of this faith; but he is not, and will not be regarded as such by the sincere believers of our doctrine, until he abandons this foolish, vulgar, and pernicious habit; for none are Universalists but those who firmly believe in the doctrines of our Saviour—strive to follow the precepts of the Gospel, and speak only the words of candor, sincerity, and truth. And you, who may have professed yourselves believers in the doctrine of the final holiness and happiness for all, and who are in the habit now and then of using a profane word; we beseech you in kindness and sincerity, to pause and consider the disrespect which you thus bring upon that cause, which you would wish bearing away in the world, and do, to day, form the resolution, to abandon the practice and pursue a different course. If thus you act, you may rest assured that blessings from above, and the praise of your fellow beings, will be and abide upon your heads.

Thus have I endeavored, as far as my limited abilities would allow, to briefly refer to some of the evils arising from profanity, and to urge those who are slaves to the habit, to consider their situation candidly, and the influence which such actions exert upon the morals of society; and hoping that my remarks may be of benefit to some and not injurious to others, I bid the subject adieu.

Monroeton, Pa.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## DANGERS TO WASHINGTONIANISM. NO. II.

We remarked briefly last week on the danger to Washingtonianism arising from the readiness of some "steam-pressure" spirits to substitute force and law for the power of kindness and love. Hav-

ing then intimated that we might resume the pen, and point out other dangers to which this great reform is exposed, we now would again call attention to this subject.

A second danger in the path of Washingtonianism, is the religious bearing of the enterprise, which will sooner or later be generally perceived, and which, when perceived, can not fail to arouse the feelings and opposition of mere sectarians all over the land. It is getting to be quite generally understood that the Washingtonian principle is the Christian principle. It is but living out the duties to which the Gospel called us long ago. It is putting on the garments of salvation, and like Jesus of Nazareth going forth to save our brother. It comes to the lost one, wherever he may be, and speaks to him in tones of kindness and love, and seeks to win him,

"—by reasons strong,  
Which draw his willing soul along,"

to virtue's path. It utters no denunciation, no threat, no malediction; but as Jesus said to the woman, "neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more;" so this says to the inebriate, "dash from you the cup, and walk in the way of peace."—Though it find him a lunatic, it bids him "be clothed and in his right mind." If it find him palsied by strong drink, and fallen by the way-side, it does not hurl thunder-bolts of wrath at him, but in the name of God bids him "rise up and walk."

Such have been the means employed, and the success has been as unprecedented as unexpected. It is now practically demonstrated that love has a mighty power to reclaim. Yea, more. Those victims of sin, to reclaim whom wrath has confessed its inability, have been aroused by the gentle voice of love, and have been made to know the blessedness of reformation. The superiority of the one principle over the other in the holiness of its influence is thus made apparent, and throws so clear a light upon the long controverted subject of tendency of religious systems, that error itself, in spite of its bigotry, must open its eyes and behold it.

I can but think it has beheld this. And to this fact do I trace many of those symptoms of lukewarmness and revolt which are now and then manifested in the temperance ranks. The Washingtonian cause is so popular that it is felt that any direct opposition thereto would not be received.—The work therefore of overthrowing it, if done at all, must be done under the guise of friendship.—Hence the anxiety of many to substitute Law for Love, and the readiness of others to throw obstacles in the way of reform, and withhold those facilities which would tend to increase its energy and power. I would not assert, for I do not believe, that all who are in favor of returning to the law, act from the above motive; nor do I give credit for ingenuousness to all who assign a different motive. Where a difference of opinion may exist, charity would ever suggest the most favorable conclusions; yet even charity should not refuse to open her eyes, and use her judgment.

Though I always regret to hear sectarian views urged on temperance occasions, or in temperance periodicals, yet I do not look with half the anxiety thereon; as upon such movements as would effectually undermine the foundations of the cause itself. The one may be no more than a powerless blow aimed at the proper object, while the other is a blow, which may be more or less effectual, aimed to destroy the cause it would feign to support. Men may with propriety philosophize upon all the good movements of the age, and there is no good reason why the lesson of wisdom which they afford should not be given to the world, that mankind may thereby profit withal. But let them stand by the good and tried cause and see that no harm be allowed to befall it. And if those who love a sect more than they love God or mankind, be found among the traitors to righteousness, though the ranks of faithful warriors will be thinner, yet their strength will be greater, and God will fight the battle for them, giving perfect success to his own weapon.—*Star of Bethlehem.*

The providence of God is over all his works; He ruleth and directeth with infinite wisdom.



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Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barray.

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## WHAT DUTIES ARE NOT RELIGIOUS?

The world has long confined the term religious to those duties especially, which belong to the worship of God; and have intermingled with that worship so much that is severe, unsocial and repulsive in character, as to render it a service gloomy and forbidding to the heart of man. Prayers must be mingled with tears, and groans and wailing—supplications must be uttered with a doleful beseeching, as if the petitioner were confident God would not grant them unless first subdued by the intonations of the voice—and even thankgivings must be offered up with trembling and hesitancy, as if it were doubtful whether they were acceptable to our Father in heaven. Now I honestly confess, that such ideas of religion, and such modes of worship have so few charms for my soul, that I would dread engaging in them for life—or even for a few weeks once in every four or five years of my life.

But, it will be asked, were not the disciples of our Lord engaged in such services—were they not men of stern features, and solemn visages, and melancholy demeanor? And was not even Jesus “a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief;” and did he not weep in grief when praying, and did he not agonize when supplicating God in the garden? Yes—certainly. And so will we do when we are placed in similar circumstances—but so long as we find the injunction to “rejoice evermore,” and “in all things give thanks,” we will even then cultivate a cheerful spirit; as did the apostles of our Lord before us—that, like them, we may sing joyfully in afflictions, rejoice in imprisonments, and bless God that we are accounted worthy to suffer for his cause, should we ever be placed in the circumstances that surrounded them.

I do not believe that the views held by the disciples of Jesus, ever made them melancholy, gloomy or stern; and I am certain they never had such an effect on my heart. Glad tidings full of joy for the whole human family, render me grateful to God, and more benevolent to my fellow men: And in such a spirit of gratitude for favors received, and of submission for gifts withheld, there seems to me no hardship, no suffering, but joy and peace.

And the duties such a spirit point out for performance, will not be deemed grievous but joyous. Let but love prevail in the family between husband and wife, parents and children, and brothers and sisters, and no sacrifices that may be called for, will be deemed a burden or a curse—but a blessing and a delight. Nothing the world calls pleasure can call the wife and the mother that truly loves, from her sick companion or children that need her care and attention—no joy society could bestow, is equal to what she receives when the eye of the sick one beams with gratitude, or the faint voice of the sufferer trembles with thanks for her kindness. And thus is it in every relation of life. Where love is, duty is a pleasure and sacrifices for those we love, are a privilege. And if we truly love God and our fellow men, no duty He requires, no exertion we can make for them, will be grievous, or destitute of its abundant joy. And let it not be forgotten that all duties based on, or enjoined by Christianity, are religious acts. This will not be denied.

What, then, hath Jesus and his holy apostles enjoined on men? Occasional great acts, it is true, are sometimes required of some men, as they were of the apostles—but not to the neglect of smaller ones. The common, every day, and even hourly duties of life, are the most frequently and earnestly enjoined—visit the sick, comfort the mourner, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, rebuke error, judge the widow, befriend the fatherless, relieve the destitute, plead the cause of the oppressed, bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, study to be quiet, and to do your own business, working with your own hands—these, and like

injunctions are freely scattered over every page and through every Epistle of the Bible. These were the labors of Jesus, himself, great as was his mission, important as were his teachings, and high as was his station as the founder of a universal and endless religion. Yes, even his miraculous powers, especially conferred upon him by the Almighty—even these, which he would not use for his own benefit, he scrupled not to use for the performance of what are called common, every-day duties—duties that too many have excluded from the name and title of religions! To promote the festive joys of a Jewish marriage—yes, to promote hilarity and social enjoyment—he turned water to wine—and oh, how often were the dumb made to sing, the lame to leap, the blind to see through tears, for joy, at the exercise of his power in their favor! Let no one suppose that visiting the sick, ministering to the needy, and promoting social enjoyment and happiness in any innocent way, are not religious duties, when even the Son of God did not refuse to exert his miraculous powers for their performance. These are Christian duties—each one small in itself, but making up a life—a whole life of virtue, usefulness and joy by their continual succession—and brethren and sisters, let us remember them, and let us not be weary in doing them! Who is zealous for God? who wishes to be Jehovah's agent and servant? Here is work for all such. God has much to do—many commissions to give to such. He wants a kind word spoken to that desponding child—an encouraging look given to that timid scholar—a crust bestowed on that hungry sufferer—a garment spread over that shivering wanderer—and a beaming countenance lifted up on that melancholy prisoner who is beginning to hate the world that is frowning on him! Who wishes to serve God in these great works—with, not the fierce zeal of a Jehu, but the steady devotion of the Christian—who is there that wishes to be an agent in the hand of God—perhaps to make a Howard of the desponding boy—a Newton of the timid scholar—or to send a Ledyard on his way in that beggar's form, or to open the mind of a Bunyar, in that prisoner within the gloomy grate?

How many are there who profess great reverence for Christ, great devotion to his cause, and anxiety to obey his precepts. They are waiting to do some great work—to find some signal opportunity to show their love for him: Well—here it is! “Whosoever shall give a drink of cold water unto a disciple in the name of the Master, shall in no wise lose his reward.”

“Oh,” says one, “if I could but have lived in those days, how would I have ministered unto the wants of my Lord!” You can do it now. He that visits, the prisoner, ministers to the sick, feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, employs usefully the industrious, and deals justly and loves mercy, serves Christ—ministers unto his wants more truly than if he had fed his Lord in person. For that Master ever cared more for the needy, the suffering and the sinful, than he did for himself; and therefore we may rest assured, always, that whatever we do for those whom he so devotedly loved, we do for Him. His language is now—as it was 1800 years ago at the closing judgment of the Jewish dispensation—“inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.” Oh ye who profess to be followers of Jesus—imitators of the Great Master—remember his example and his injunctions—be constant in well doing, be zealous always in alleviating human misery and lessening human ignorance and vice; be constantly watchful over your own passions and habits, and industrious in cultivating and developing every pure feeling and right affection. A. B. G.

The following dialogue was originally suggested by hearing Dr. Clowes relate the fable narrated in it, during the discussion in Clinton, last spring—and was written for a Sunday School Exhibition. Believing that it may do good to “children of a larger growth,” I give it place in our columns. There are a few more where this came from, that may follow this, should it be well enough received by our readers.

## TWO CHANCES TO ONE.

James.—Well, Samuel, do you still hold to that dan-

gerous doctrine of yours—that terrible Universalism? Samuel.—I am still a Universalist; but how you make it out so dangerous and terrible, I can not imagine.—Surely, it can not be terrible to think that “God will have all men to be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth.”

J. That is the way you always misunderstand me, and quote Scripture to prove yourself right!

S. Why, what else would you have me quote? But wherein do I misunderstand you?

J. I did not mean that the idea of God's saving men was terrible; for I would rejoice, myself, as well as you, if it was so—but your doctrine is a dangerous one to trust to—dangerous to the souls of those that believe it.

S. What! dangerous to believe that God will make all men holy and happy—that God is good unto all, and his tender mercies are over all his works—that God is the Saviour of all men—that—

J. Yes—no—no—what I mean is this. If your doctrine is true, then I am as well off at last as you are; for if all are saved, I will be saved among the rest;—that you don't deny.

S. But I do deny it. You are not as well off while believing an error, as I am while believing the truth.—But I know what you mean—you mean, you will be as well off as I am when brought to believe the truth I believe, by being saved at last.

J. Yes—that is what I mean. Well—but if your doctrine is false, then you will be lost and I will be saved; so that, you see, I have two chances to your one, for salvation.

S. I don't see that clearly. Come, let us fairly understand your argument. Do you believe that salvation beyond this life, depends wholly on believing in the endless damnation of a part of mankind?

J. Why, not exactly—but on believing the Gospel as a whole, and on living up to it.

S. Well—do you believe that God will damn any one endlessly, merely for honestly and sincerely believing that Jesus Christ is the Saviour of the world?

J. I can not say I do—not exactly for sincerely believing that; for I hope many Universalists will be saved.

S. Well—what, then, constitutes your double chance for salvation?

J. Why men will be judged for their works.

S. Well—do you suppose that my belief in God's universal goodness will make me love him less than others do—or that my love for him will render me less obedient to his precepts?

J. What I mean is, that if my faith proves false, yours will save me; but if yours proves false, you have nothing to rely on, and must be lost.

S. Well, suppose that it should turn out, finally, that God was not impartially and universally good, what have you to rely on more than I, then, must rely on for salvation—is there any likelihood that God will love those most who thought him not as good as I think he will be?

J. Why, not that, you know—but I rely on the merey and grace of God.

S. So do I! There now, that is one chance we both have for salvation—now what is your other, your second chance for salvation?

J. Why, if my faith fails me, yours will take me up.

S. True—if nothing else will save you, the grace and mercy of God in Jesus Christ will—but what other chance have you?

J. Oh, you Universalists are always full of your catches!

S. To be sure we are—we must be, or how could Universalism catch every body, when every thing else fails to save them! But you have not answered my question. What other chance have you for salvation, beside the infinite goodness and mercy of God?

J. Why, you see, salvation is offered on conditions.

S. Well—and I expect all mankind to be saved according to the conditions on which it is offered—whether they be faith, or faith and obedience; for I have already proved that God will have all men come to the knowledge of the truth; and can show you that all will be reconciled (and of course, obedient) to God. So,



where is your *second* chance, beside the infinite goodness of God who *giveth* men faith and repentance, for he is the Saviour of all men?

J. Well, I see it is of no use to talk to you; for I do not suppose I shall convince you of your dangerous error;—but oh, Samuel, if you would only repent of it, and abandon it, and turn to the Lord, that you might be saved of him!

S. Stop, my friend—stop;—exhorting me will do more good after you answer my question—after you show me any other chance for salvation beside the one you admit I already have in common with you. But the truth is, your “two chances to one,” reminds me of a fable I once heard, said to have been written more than two thousand years ago by Esop. Will you hear it?

J. I don't care, if it is not too long.

S. No—it is not very long. Esop says, that once on a time, a cat and a fox sat under the shade of a tree, conversing together about their modes of living and other matters. The fox very condescendingly pitied poor puss for her want of cunning and ingenuity.—“Now,” says he, “if a pack of hounds came along, you would have only one chance for escape—you would run up the tree, and that is all you could rely on. But see how many chances I have. I could run, and leap, and twist around this way, and that way, and turn on my track, and double, and so, by a *hundred* ways, I could escape them.” Just then a pack of hounds came upon them. “Poor puss,” as the fox called her, ran up the tree and was safe. The fox started off to try his hundred chances. He ran, he leaped, and turned, and twisted, and doubled, but at last was caught; and poor puss, safely seated in the tree, beheld the hounds tear Reynard in pieces!

J. Well—what has that to do with the subject?

S. Simply this—that unless you are saved by the one, only, all sufficient chance of salvation which rests wholly on the infinite mercy of God, a hundred other chances for salvation will all fail you, as did the fox's.—Flee then to the mercy of God as revealed in Jesus Christ—'tis sufficient to save you and all mankind—climb that tree; and you are safe—and until you do flee to that refuge, you are lost!

J. Well—I confess that I can see *no other* way of salvation than that—there is *none other*—what shall I do?

S. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ as the Saviour of the world, and you will find peace and rest in believing. You will be saved *now*, and you will behold, by the eye of a pure faith, and a humble charity, all nations, kindreds, tongues and people saved in him, by the purpose of God, as it will be consummated in the resurrection, when all will be Christ's, and he will be the Father's, and God will be all in all!

J. I believe; Lord, help thou mine unbelief!

BOTH. Amen—and to God be all the glory!

REGISTER AND ALMANAC.—We have yet on hand two or three hundred copies of the Register and Almanac for the present year, which we will sell at 75 cents per dozen, or three copies for 25 cents, or 10 cents the single copy. They are said to be very cheap at that for the mere reading they contain. Any one wanting 50 copies or more, shall have them at the rate of 5 dollars per hundred copies. A. B. G.

Br. Price—Credit Dennison Sabin, and Mrs. Rebecca Case, of Howlet Hill, N. Y., \$2.00 each, for Union. So says Br. N. Brown. Charge us.

## MARRIAGES.

In Hamilton, June 7th, by Rev. Z. Cook, Mr. LARMON H. DUNHAM, of Utica, to Miss HARRIET MUEER, of the former place.

In Smithville, June 4th, by Rev. Wm. M. DeLong, Mr. CORNELIUS MCGEE, to Miss RHODA PHELPS, both of that town.

At the Episcopal church, Cleveland, Ohio, on the 26th ult., by Rev. Dr. Berry, Mr. WILLIAM J. GORDON, Merchant of that city, to Miss CHARLOTTE G. CHAMPLIN, also of that city, and only daughter of the late Wm. H. Champlin, Esq., of Erie, Pa.

The scene is o'er—accept my prayer;  
That grief may never darken o'er thee,  
That unbeam fount, and flowret fair,  
May bless each path that gleams before thee!  
May no rude storm Hope's anchor move,—  
Nor love's bright flame be ever shaded;  
But may the “passion leaves of love”  
Breathe fragrance when all else be faded. H. B. C.

## DEATHS.

In Buffalo, May 26th, of lingering consumption, Mrs. LURANIE, wife of Aaron Bean, aged 40 years, and 28 days.—Her indisposition has been constant for about *nine* years—and for the last two years, she was confined to her room and much of the time to her bed. During this long season she bore her sufferings with patience and Christian fortitude, and having mourned the death of six children, followed them to their final rest, in the triumphs of a hope that is “full of immortality.” So died another Universalist. S. R. S.

In Bristol, May 12th, ELLEN FIDELIA, daughter of Rev. Samuel and Mrs. Eveline Goff, aged 13 months. Services by the writer.

## A SPRING FLOWER.

Auspicious thy birth, thou innocent form,  
To open thine eyes on happy spring morn,  
And hail the fresh scenes of summer's glad day  
In sporting noon beams, that fickleless play  
As were thy smiles on a mother's warm breast,  
When softly her fondlings hush'd thee to rest;  
Or joyful thou look'd on the world as a toy,  
And dream'd of no woes thy delights to alloy.  
Calm summer had gone—stern winter had come,  
And swiftly it pass'd to hurry thee home;  
For oh, its dread chills, presaging thy doom  
Just lost in glad spring, had open'd the tomb,  
As opening buds in their sweetness put forth,  
Now nipp'd by the frost,—and the fragrance of earth  
Was wafted to the skies by heavenly gales,  
To scent the sweet fields, far, far from these vales.

Ye heart smitten friends! weep not for the stalk  
That's crumb'd to dust. Call not the child back  
Mid tempests and storms, to feel the cold blast  
Of seasons revolving and soon to be past.  
Far away from these scenes, where the spirit has gone,  
A Father is smiling to welcome us home,  
Beyond the dark stream, to fair verdant shore  
Where mingling spirits are parting no more. U. C.

In East Hamilton, May 7th, of consumption, OLIVE LUCINE, daughter of Olive and Horace Usher, aged 9 years and 8 months. The bereaved parents mourn, but still hope in God, that a reunion awaits them: God grant it.

In East Hamilton, same date as above, WILLIAM EUGENE, youngest son of Wm. H. and Calphurnia Troop, aged one year and six months. The little sufferer breathed his last in the midst of a terrific hail storm, which marked the moment of their child's departure with a saddening gloom, never to be eradicated from their hearts. But they joy to know, that it has exchanged a stormy world for the calm of endless rest. Z. COOK.

In Earlville, Madison county, May 15th, Mr. DAVID EMERY, aged 62 years. If death ever found its victim ready, this was an instance. But a short time before his dissolution, he requested an interview with the writer, and never was witnessed more perfect composure and resignation.—“Preach,” said he, “my funeral sermon, and say to the people, *death finds me ready*. The faith I have enjoyed for fifty years, is as good in this hour as in any other.” He bespoke the use of the Methodist church for the funeral, waited the arrival of a large circle of relatives, and calm as a summer's morning, fell asleep in Jesus. Honor to his memory, and comfort to his surviving friends. Z. COOK.

\* \* Star in the West, and Universalist Watchman, please copy.

In the town of Greene, Chenango county, on the 16th of May, last, Mrs. ELVIRA, wife of Major Gideon Sibley, aged 40 years. She lived and died, sustained by an unshaken faith in the doctrine of the Restitution. By that faith, her husband is supported under his bereavement, and by its consoling power, may all who mourn be comforted. On the Thursday following, her funeral was attended at the Universalist meetinghouse at Smithville Flats, and to a numerous congregation a discourse was delivered by

WM. M. DELONG.

\* \* Will the Trumpet please copy?

## RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching next Sunday by Br. J. K. INGALLS in Mottville.

There will be preaching on the third Sunday in June, by Br. BARBER at Clockville, where he will present his reasons for renouncing the doctrine of endless punishment—Br. RYDER in New Hartford—Br. GROSH in Syracuse—Br. D. SKINNER in Frankfort.

There will be preaching on the fourth Sunday in June by Br. GROSH at Holland Patent—Br. W. SKINNER in Utica—Br. SOULE in Herkimer—Br. D. SKINNER at Little Falls.

There will be preaching on the first Sunday in July by Br. SHIPMAN in Lebanon—Br. MOREY in Syracuse and Br. GROSH in Stockbridge.

The Black River Association will meet at Ellis Village, on the third Wednesday and following Thursday (21st and 22d of June. A full delegation from the several societies, and a general attendance of ministering brethren is desirable, that the meeting may be interesting and useful.

P. MORSE, Standing Clerk.

The Allegany Association of Universalists will be held in Yorkshire, on the 4th Wednesday and following Thursday in June.

Ministering brethren are respectfully invited to attend.

By order of L. GRAVES, Standing Clerk.

I. B. SHARP.

The St. Lawrence Association will meet in annual session in Potsdam, on the fourth Wednesday and following Thursday in June. Each society is entitled to two lay delegates, and we hope all will be represented.

W. H. WAGGONER, Standing Clerk.

DEDICATION.—The Universalist Meetinghouse, in Aurora, Erie county, N. Y., will be dedicated to the one living God, and Saviour of the world, on the 20th day of June next. Services to commence at 11 o'clock, A. M. Sermon by Br. S. R. SMITH, now of Buffalo.

GENESEE ASSOCIATION.—This body will meet at Aurora, Erie county, N. Y., on Wednesday, June 21st, and continue in session for two days.

All, both clergy and laymen, who can make it convenient, are invited to attend. It is hoped we may have a full delegation as one effort more will be made to ask for this body the fellowship of the New York State Convention of Universalists. Brethren let us one and all pray over this matter and come together prepared to talk and vote in the unity of the spirit. D. ACKLEY, Standing Clerk.

The Otsego Association will hold its next annual session at Fly Creek, Otsego county, on the fourth Wednesday and Thursday (28th and 29th) in June. The council will convene at 8 A. M., Wednesday—occasional sermon at half past 10, by Br. A. C. BARRY. The usual invitation is cordially extended to ministering brethren and friends generally—they will find a committee waiting to direct them, at the Universalist church. O. WHISTON, Standing Clerk.

The Steuben Association will meet in annual session at Springwater, on the first Wednesday and Thursday (5th and 6th) of July next.

Our ministering brethren knowing our wants, will, I am sure, attend our meetings if practicable. Therefore, to them I repeat not the usual formality of invitation and request.—To our lay brethren, I should perhaps use a little more persuasion—especially to those within the limits of this body. Come up, then, brethren—let us hear from all, without reserve. Assist in our deliberations, that we may ascertain whether we shall stand or fall.

Those from a distance, who will attend the Conference, enquire for J. H. Stevens, J. Phelps, J. Goodno, J. Healy, where they will find feed for their horses, and something (not bread alone) for themselves. I am not acquainted at Springwater, therefore can give no directions. But I will venture to say, enquire for friends, and you will find them here. A. UPSON.

A CONFERENCE will be held in Kelloggsville, Cayuga county, on the 12th and 13th of July—during which the new Universalist Meetinghouse will be dedicated to the worship of God. Ministering brethren and friends are cordially invited to attend. Visitors will call on Mr. Partelow, Capt. Fuller, Mr. John Rooks, who will direct them to places of entertainment. G. W. MONTGOMERY.

\* \* Will Br. Price please copy?

The first Conference of the Central Association will be held in Clinton, on the second Wednesday and Thursday (12th and 13th) of July: The usual invitation to attend is cordially extended to all.

By order of the Committee on Conferences.

H. B. SOULE.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## SPRING.

The last cold breeze of winter's fled;  
Once more the verdant field we tread;  
Again the summer sun draws near—  
Again the tender flowers appear.

And soon we'll see the waving field  
In promise of its Autumn yield;  
And soon the forest clothed in green,  
Will be again, as it has been.

The happy warblers of the grove  
Whose gentle cheering notes we love,  
Will come again, from foreign shore,  
To greet us with their songs once more.

How sweet to sit beneath some tree  
As they move about so merrily;  
How sweet to listen to their lay  
At early dawn, or close of day.

And then I love the quiet wood,  
So soothing to a pensive mood.  
And hail it as a cool retreat,  
From summer sun and noonday heat.

Then hail to spring, and songsters too,  
Its flowery fields and fragrant dew;  
Hail to its green and towering trees,  
And hail—all hail each pleasant breeze.

Syracuse, May 8th, 1843.

B. F. D.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## SCENES IN THE DRAMA OF HUMAN LIFE.

BY MRS. F. M. BAKER.

## SCENE THIRD.

How often it chanceth that the most heedless girls and miserable wives, are daughters of very exemplary mothers. This fact has often produced astonishment in the minds of more than superficial observers. With the precepts and example of a prudent, industrious, virtuous mother before them, (say such observers), a daughter should be like her mother; and because all are not so, the opinion has prevailed, and does extensively prevail in society, that mankind are created vastly different in mind and dispositions; some of which can not by any process of management be brought under salutary control. Indeed I am far from certain, that these differences between the dispositions and actions of parents and their offspring, or between children of the same family, was not the originator of the idea of total depravity.

Now although the accusation may seem severe, yet I am forced to believe, from observation and reasoning, that the fault of having such good-for-nothing girls, who make poor members of society and worse wives, is in a great measure attributable to these same mothers, however good they may be in other respects. In fact, perhaps almost their only failing may be mismanagement of their children. And that there is much mismanagement, even they themselves, as well as the rest of the world, must acknowledge.

I am not here about to enter upon a long dissertation with regard to the most approved method of training children; for it would be only thrown away—nay worse; for mothers not only think that they know best how to manage in these affairs, but nothing will sooner excite their "I'll-do-as-I-please" organs, than to hint at improvements in these matters. Besides, every mother should know when her child does wrong, and how to correct it; and she should correct it too; else its future evil conduct, the legitimate fruit of such neglect, will rise in judgment against her.

Mrs. T. was a pattern for housewives. In industry, prudence, economy, and all such household excellencies, few ever excelled her. She was a very benevolent neighbor, an affectionate wife, and seemed a kind mother. Nor was she destitute of abilities, both natural and acquired. All who knew her, loved and respected her. But her daughter Ruth, was far from a credit to her management with her. When but a mere child, she was obstinate and fractious. The mother told her she must do thus and so; she should do it or she would punish her. Ruth raved and stormed; the mother did

not punish; but coaxed. Ruth believed nothing of the coaxing, unless it came in the tangible shape of some sweetmeat or dainty, which she greedily swallowed, and finally had her own way after all!

So she went on until she would do nothing decent without coaxing or hiring. She had been told so often, that she should be punished, and never had been, that she did not believe any such threat. As she grew older, she cared more for the gratification of her vitiated appetite, than for any thing useful or good—thought far more of a splendid dress or fashionable bonnet, than the improvement or ornamenting of her mind—sought the company of the rude, and unpolished, and ignorant, and avoided the intelligent and refined. She adopted as her maxim, "I can't," and acted upon it in whatever she disliked to do.

She was careless and indifferent about whatever would make her useful or respectable, and daily committed errors both in word and deed, which should have made any woman blush. She began with having her own way while young, and she persevered in so doing when older—the only thing in which she ever did exercise perseverance.

She finally married—a professional gentleman, of course—she would not think of a mechanic. While the honey-moon lasted, she was a very amiable, agreeable wife. Afterwards her old habits of selfishness returned. She did not like household duties, and she would not attend to them. If the "help" could do them, well and good; if not, they might go undone. She did like to walk, and visit, and spend money for finery, and she would do it whether her husband's means would allow, or not. So she neglected her duties as wife, mother, or housekeeper. The consequences were, her husband forsook her; the children became inmates of the poor house; and she died a miserable wretch, dependent upon the bounty of a distant relative. Neither individuals or society were ever the better for her life. What a comment! a person live and die, and yet never be of use to any one!

Canterbury, Ct.

## POLISH WOLF SHOOTING.

The following sketch by a French officer may not perhaps be uninteresting. It certainly gives the picture of a novel sport, and as such I consider it may be welcome to the pages of your magazine. Whether any paper on a similar subject has ever yet appeared, I really can not positively say, but I rather think not. I give it nearly verbatim.

After the peace of Tilsit, the *corps d'armée* of Marshal Davoust took up their quarters in Poland. My regiment was quartered near Blonde, in the neighborhood of Warsaw. Billeted myself in the house of Count Lasseur, in the village of Coxerki, I re-assumed as I had ever done when my duties permitted me to do so, the character of a sportsman. I frequently filled my game bag, and often met with much success. On one occasion I killed a wolf, a fact of which I was so proud that when the peasant brought it home to me, I carried it down in triumph to my host and boastfully exhibited it to him.

"Is that all?" asked the Count, with rather a sneer at the poverty of my sport; "Is that all you can do? Why my friend if you like that kind of shooting, I can at once gratify you. I will show you a mode by which you may kill ten or a dozen larger wolves than that, any morning you choose; that is, if you think it worth the trouble."

"The trouble! I'd travel a hundred miles to enjoy such sport."

"Well then, what say you to to-morrow?"

"With all my heart," replied I, and I retired to my room to prepare for the treat which awaited me.

The earth was covered with deep snow, and the weather was remarkably cold. At day break I was aroused and invited to enter a sledge, drawn by four horses, and in which I found the Count already ensconced, warmly wrapped up in furs. As we were starting, the servant threw under our feet a young sucking pig,

which began squeaking out in such a manner, that I could scarcely hear its shrill cries.

"Good gracious, sir!" I demanded, "What is the noisy brute placed here for?"

"You'll see by and bye. Sit quiet, and I'll fulfill my promise."

"Ah! it is for our breakfast, I suppose. Surely if this be the case, you had better have it killed before starting."

"Be quiet, we have ample provisions without eating this little animal," and my friend again relapsed in smoking silence, drawing on his ample meerschaum for present enjoyment.

The horses now plunged into the forest at full gallop. The little pig tired of squeaking, had become mute. I confess the whole affair puzzled me.

When we had travelled about three leagues, the Count suddenly addressed me.

"Pull his ear."

"Whose ear?"

"The pig's."

I did so, and the little thing began crying out in the most piercing and piteous manner, making the whole forest around ring with its shrill voice. In less than five minutes three large wolves appeared, and started off in pursuit of our sledge. I now understood, for the first time, that our sucking friend was to act as a decoy to attract these ravenous animals.

Although as yet too far off to justify a shot at them, I was still doubtful whether I would not take a pop at them, when the chasseur suddenly threw down a small pig's skin stuffed with straw, which he had attached to the sledge by a cord some twenty or thirty yards long. The instant he did so, the voracious monsters, thinking that our little sneaker had fallen out, sprang forward to seize their victim, almost tumbling over each other to secure the prize.

In a moment more the Count and myself had fired with such precision that two wolves lay stretched on the road.

"What splendid sport!" cried I, delighted at my performance.

"Wait a little. I have not fulfilled my promise. We will not return until a dozen more are shot."

The sledge kept moving rapidly on. In about a quarter of an hour we again had recourse to our noisy decoy, and by repeating the same stratagem of the stuffed pig, once more inveigled the hungry inhabitants of the woods within the range of our rifles. This experiment we repeated at least a dozen times during our drive, which extended over about five leagues. Fourteen wolves were thus destroyed, which I left with much regret behind us. On this head, however, my friend assured me I need not be uneasy, as we should yet secure our prizes.

Tired at length with even this fine sport, we turned round, and at a more moderate pace retraced our way. On the spot where they had fallen we found eleven out of the fourteen animals we had destroyed. These our chasseur, in the most dexterous manner, stripped off their skins as he came up to them, the operation not occupying more than three minutes each. The other three wolves had actually been devoured by their hungry brethren.

H. R. ADDISON.

True virtue is like precious odours—sweeter the more incensed and crushed.

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# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."....."PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY JUNE, 23, 1843.

NO. 25.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## ANNUAL ADDRESS,

Before the State Sunday School Association.

BY REV. A. C. BARRAY.

Christian Brethren and Friends—I am not one lightly to shrink from a task, and yet I would that some one better qualified occupied my place, to speak to you on this occasion. But it only remains for me, while I shall draw largely on your patience, to fulfil the duty assigned me, as well as my abilities, and a hasty preparation will allow.

My subject is the **SUNDAY SCHOOL ENTERPRIZE**. Of this I may say, that it is peculiarly one of this age—an age already signalized for its benevolent operations. But of none may it be said that they exceed in importance, that which has for its object the moral and religious culture of a rising generation. We have societies formed for the suppression of intemperance, and we see them rolling back its dark tide of death, and rescuing many victims that it has overwhelmed. We have societies formed, too, for the suppression and destruction of other forms of vice, and for the restoration of the abandoned and the lost, to virtue and honor. Societies are formed for the relief of the poor and the distressed; for furnishing with food, and fire, and clothing, the famishing, and freezing, and naked of our land. These associations are blessed of God to the accomplishment of much good. From them issue streams which give greenness and life to the desert places, and make glad the habitations of sorrow. But in the Sabbath School Enterprize the objects of the various benevolent associations of the day are united, and form one great object, which is to establish correct and holy principles in the minds of the young; to bind them in love to the service of religion, and thus to prevent evil, diminish vice and crime, and lift up humanity toward the zenith of its destined perfection.

It is a noble employment, this, to train a young and rising generation for stations of usefulness and honor; to lead them to the fountains of heavenly wisdom, and present to their lips the pure water of life that flows from the throne of God and the Lamb. To deck the outward person of the child; to possess him with worldly advantages; to bequeath to him an inheritance of broad lands, and silver and gold, is all idle and vain, compared with moulding and beautifying the mind, imparting to it Christian excellences, and filling it throughout with the hopes and influences of the Gospel. This material frame work; this dusty lodging place, is less than nothing when placed in contrast with the inhabitant which occupies and animates it. It is the embodied soul that is above all price—the sentiments, faculties, principles which hold the mortal in subjection, and exalt it to honor, or bring it down to shame. "Wherever there is mind, there stands associated with it a nobler and more abiding interest than all the aggrandizements which wealth and rank can bestow." Possessed as he is of this thinking immateriality; of a soul that desires, and struggles, and battles amidst the materiality by which it is surrounded, and that is endowed with capacities for the teachings of God, and the knowledge that takes in the universe; we may make the child all that is good and great; we may so mould his very nature, as that when he has become a man, he shall reflect an honor on his teachers, a glory on humanity, and be, in consequence of his correct principles, and moral deportment, and meek, devoted life, a venerated member of society, and a blessing to his race.

From the moral and religious culture of the young, must flow, if it flow at all, the stability of government; the prosperity of the church of Christ;

the spread of righteousness; the triumph of the right and the true, and the elevation of man to the high station he is destined to occupy amidst the works of God. And where can this culture so well be bestowed and received, as in the Sabbath School? At home, amidst household cares, perplexities, and trials, but little can be done, comparatively speaking, toward imparting religious instruction, even where there is disposition and ability. Then, again, supposing all other advantages to exist, there is a lack in home instruction, of those powerful influences which are brought to bear in the Sabbath School. Here, the different members exert an influence on each other. The teachers exert an influence; the solemn and impressive service exerts an influence; the well selected library exerts an influence; the united song of praise exerts an influence. So that the balance, when struck, is decidedly in favor of the latter mode of religious instruction.

The importance of Sabbath Schools, and of the Sabbath School Enterprize, will be seen when we consider the influence they will have upon our nation. By the act, says Chalmers, of training in wisdom's ways the most tattered and neglected boy who runs upon our pavements, do we present the community with that which, in wisdom's estimation, is of greater price than (the) gorgeous inhabitant of a palace. And when one thinks how such process may be multiplied among the families that are around us; when one thinks of the extent of that mine of moral wealth, which deepens, and retires, and accumulates all over our broad land; and when one tries to compute the quantity of spirit that is embedded therein, and reflects of this native ore, that more than the worth of a monarch may be stamped, by instruction, on each separate portion of it; a field is thus opened for the patriotism of those who want to give an augmented value to the produce of our land, which throws into insignificance all the enterprizes of vulgar speculation?

Would we have our nation safe, prosperous and happy? We must elevate the masses, by moral and religious instruction. And here the original design of the Sabbath School meets us, which was to enlighten the minds of those who lived in the midst of vice and shame, and who enjoyed not the means of Christian improvement. It was to enlighten those whom poverty and ignorance had shut out from a participation in the privileges and blessings of the Gospel. It was to carry light to those who sat in darkness and to impart principles, and awaken energies which were to work out their amelioration. It was, in short, to teach those who had no instructors; to lift up the degraded, and to make men and women of those who had else grovelled and crawled in the dust and mire of squalid wretchedness and beastly sensuality.

In all our large towns, and in our cities, there are multitudes of children who know nothing of the sacredness of the Sabbath; whose footsteps have never echoed across the threshold of the house of worship; to whom the name of God is unknown save in profanity, and who have none to teach them useful knowledge, and to open to them the treasures of divine grace and wisdom. They are surrounded by unwholesome and debasing influences. They move in a contaminated and pestilential atmosphere. They have inculcated to them no holy and exalting sentiments, and the examples before them are such as unfasten restraint, and corrupt, and destroy. Thus their youthful powers are ripening for disgrace. Our criminal calendars will enrol their names. From among them our prison workshops, and penitentiaries, and almshouses will be filled; and because of them, vice,

and crime, and pollution, and deep degradation and misery be perpetrated in our midst, marring the peace of society, and weakening the foundations of government.

To reach such, and to mould them into the willing and consenting subjects of their own amelioration, is the peculiar province of the Sunday School. And as intelligence and religion are the only safeguard of a nation, so every step taken to thus reach and mould the degraded and ignorant, is an advance toward rendering more safe and permanent the foundations of this great Republic. In proportion as ignorance and spiritual blindness increases, every important institution is endangered, and the safety of a nation invaded. I would have you look back over the world's history, and see what greep and fertile spots there are, where intelligence and the Gospel have wrought; how they have made tyrants tremble in their pride of power; overturned thrones of despotism; made nerveless the arm of cruelty and oppression, and achieved in their own might those wide and lasting triumphs in which the remotest ages shall participate. I would have you see, "How it was the force of mind, aided by moral principle, which laid out your own country, and even in its youth has made it the admiration of all lands." It was knowledge and virtue, in the power that God has given them, which swept away the wilderness, and reared those institutions of civil and religious liberty, which are justly the pride and boast of a free people; and it is knowledge and virtue, still wielding the same power, and uncrippled in their energies, that must guard the same, and smite the hand that should be lifted against them.

From this imperfect view of the subject, we may learn something of the importance of Sabbath Schools and the Sabbath School enterprize. To educate the children of this broad land, to instil the sanctifying principles of the Gospel into their minds, and thus to elevate the affections of their natures, and quicken their moral sensibilities, is but to place them on that commanding eminence from which they may look proudly down, and defy despotism on its throne. And we have need to strive to place them there, for as it regards this nation, mental excellence and moral worth are not what they once were. There is not only a mental and moral degeneracy abroad among the people, but the leaders of party and the high authorities of the land, no longer move in that brilliant and independent sphere of intellectual and moral dignity, which is alike unreachd, unassailed, and uninfluenced by the low and sordid principles of personal ambition.

Would you, then, correct these evils, and place a triple defence around about your free institutions? Educate every child in the land. Establish your Sunday Schools in every ward, and village and neighborhood; make them efficient, and gather into them those who are shut out from the means of information, and there enstamp the truths, and principles, and precepts of the Gospel on their hearts. Do this, and after a little time you shall hear intellectual and moral excellence speak in the commanding voice of legislative dignity. You shall behold it pervading the walks of private life, giving to wealth its splendor, and to luxury its sweetness; to domestic scenes its chaste adorning, and to the nursery, the enkindling hopes of a nation's elevation.

No less important are Sunday Schools in respect to individual happiness and peace. This will be seen when we consider that they serve to prevent a violation of the Sabbath. Where the duty to remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy is faithfully discharged, it leads to the discharge of all others; but when neglected and disregarded, we



may look for nothing save the utter prostration of moral principle. It was a remark of Chief Justice Hale, "that of all the persons who were convicted of capital crimes, while he was on the bench, he found few only, who would not confess, on inquiry, that they began their career of wickedness by neglecting the duties of the Sabbath, and by vicious conduct on that day."

All the instructions, and all the influences of the Sabbath School, are laden with rich rewards for the individual. In the proportion that they imbue his young spirit with piety, they increase his happiness, and make his present joy full. And when he arrives at man's estate, carrying along with him this instruction, and these influences, he is prepared for time's changes and trials; and in the sunshine and the storm he will be in the possession of a peace that is divine. When others fall he will be upheld—when others faint, he will be strong of heart. The sanctifying and supporting power of the Gospel is around him and within him; and his path is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

The importance of the Sabbath School enterprise will be further seen, when we consider the bearing such Schools have upon the interests of our Zion. In proportion as moral goodness and piety spread and prevail in the church, will it flourish and gather strength. And when all its members are well instructed in Gospel truths, and are brought under their sanctifying influences, and are active in all the callings of a religious life, the church will possess a beauty and a power, which the splendor of wealth, and the adornments of fashion, could never bestow.

I have already shown how much the Sunday School may contribute toward this. It may be made a powerful means for the increase of Zion's prosperity. This prosperity is to a certain extent dependent upon the care which shall be taken, and the labor which shall be expended in the mental and moral cultivation of our children, and in engaging their hearts and hands in the service of our Lord. This will at once be seen when we consider that from the period of childhood to that of youth, "the habits of thought, and feeling, and action," are forming and formed, "that the inclinations usually become fixed; and the whole character assumes a definite complexion. It would seem probable, therefore, antecedently to experience, that, in general, the first impulse given to the mind and heart would be the decisive one. But what reason teaches, experience abundantly confirms. If we look abroad into the world, some indeed we shall find who have disappointed the hopes which they early awakened in respect to usefulness and piety; and others, whose early life was a scene of profligacy, who have been afterwards plucked as brands from the burning; but in the great majority of instances, it will appear that the direction which the character received in childhood and youth, is retained in every succeeding period of life. In far the greater number of cases in which you see old age cheered by the hopes and comforts of religion, you will find that the foundation of this tranquillity was laid in the morning of life; and on the other hand, where you see hoary headed vice shuddering in despair on the borders of the grave, it will usually be safe to conclude that the agony which you witness is to be referred especially to the early neglect of religion, and of the means of moral instruction and improvement.

We see from this how important the Sunday School is to the growth and advancement of the church, giving to it, through its instructions, a character and an influence, which without, it could not possess.

There is a power to be derived from the Sunday School, that is mighty in its demonstrations and which can be wielded with astonishing effect in behalf of pure and undefiled religion. That was no idle boast of a reverend divine, that by the aid of the Sabbath School, a million of voters, in a brief period of time, could be brought into the field to effect his proposed union of Church and State.—He knew well the power of this institution, and had rightly estimated its influence. To us it is much

every way. In the Sunday School our children and youth will receive that instruction necessary to their usefulness, and from it will arise men of warm hearts and eloquent speech to plead for Zion in her desolation; to proclaim liberty to the captives, and salvation to a sinful dying world.

But without this instruction in their early years; without the aid of the Sunday School, can we safely say, that the rising generation will be to themselves, and to the cause, and to God, what we would have them? I know well the power of the pulpit to mould the hearts of men; to arouse the slumbering conscience, and lead the straying ones back to duty and to life. But if we can give the years that are spent in sin, because of this early neglect of religion, to the cause of truth and righteousness, we give a vastly increased strength and impetus to that cause, and lessen, in the same proportion, the amount of moral evil in our world.

In no way, perhaps, can we more powerfully and successfully second the efforts of the pulpit than by or through the means of Sunday Schools. The instruction of the latter so prepares as to give greater efficacy and success to the ministrations of the former. The mind, receiving its first impressions and its first lessons in truth and religion in the Sunday School, is prepared to receive the more exalted teachings of the pulpit, and under its direction, to graduate with honor, if I may so speak, in the school of Christ.

There is something in the very state of the soul during the period of childhood and youth, which favors the object we would effect in relation to the church. "The understanding not having been brought under the dominion of prejudice, is open to the reception of truth. The conscience, not having had its dictates frequently opposed and trifled with, is ready faithfully to discharge its office.—The various affections of the heart are easily excited, and more easily than at any subsequent period, may receive a right direction." Who will say then, that the Sunday School is not an important means for aiding and advancing the cause of universal and impartial grace, and of increasing the moral strength and influence of the church?—By it, ere the vanities of the world had led the footsteps astray, the germs of Christian piety may be implanted in the youthful heart, and the infant mind have so much of Gospel truth impressed upon it, as that its every power shall become attuned to harmony with its great principles. And thus as our children grow up around us, we may see in them those with whom the church may safely entrust the ark of its precious covenants; and who, while they lay us down to sleep in the grave, will be prepared to conduct the next generation to all that is wise and good.

As, then, you love your country, and its free institutions; as you love our spiritual Zion and would see it put on its beautiful garments; as you love your children, and would have them useful, honored, and happy; as you love humanity, and would remove its woes, and wipe away its tears; as you love God, and would have him honored by a more wide-spread homage of the heart; as you love the Saviour, and would see his willing subjects multiplied, and the triumphs of the cross extended; give your influence to the Sunday School enterprise, and let it lack in nothing by which it may carry out and accomplish the objects contemplated. Every society should have its Sunday School, and wherever one can be established and be made useful, means should be used to establish it, and time expended in imparting religious instruction to the young. You can not do too much in this respect, and you are guilty of a great wrong, when you keep back from the work. Those qualified may become teachers; others may lend encouragement by their presence, and all may extend that pecuniary aid necessary to the efficiency and prosperity of the school.

As a suitable plan for organizing and conducting Sunday Schools, I would recommend the one proposed by the Universalist S. S. Association of Massachusetts, which is contained in a pamphlet published some two years since. This plan contains all that is necessary to the full and efficient

organization; and if carried out, can not fail, in our opinion, of rendering schools flourishing and prosperous. It is therefore recommended, until experience shall have suggested a better one.

Almost any plan will succeed, where there is a deep and abiding interest felt and manifested by the friends of the School. But, with the best plan, if this interest is wanting; if parents care not whether their children be present or absent; if they and believers generally feel indifferent as to the welfare of the School, it can not prosper, nor possess the vitality requisite to a prolonged existence. We appeal, therefore, to Universalist parents, and to Universalists generally; and we ask them to take hold of the work in earnest. Not only establish Schools, but see to it that they are made what they should be. Seek out the children of the poor, the degraded, and the abandoned. If they require clothing, furnish them with it, place them along with your own children, and impart to them all the religion of your Master, and store their minds with the principles of revealed truth. Do this, and you shall see the spirit of a mighty reform going abroad, moulding existing institutions in more accordance with the genius of the Gospel; uprooting that which is pernicious in the customs and usages of society; removing corruption and false doctrines from the church, diminishing the evils which prey upon mankind and draw them down to ruin; and causing that which is liberal and benevolent in sentiment and doctrine to triumph on every hand.

Thanking you for the attention with which you have listened to my few, imperfect remarks, and praying the subject of them, may have your serious consideration, I take my leave.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## BE NOT HASTY.

BY REV. A. SCOTT.

"I said in my haste all men are liars."—David.

There appears to be an inclination in man to judge prematurely of circumstances and things.—A number of instances of the kind are recorded in Scripture. Jacob of old, was in deep trouble.—Joseph had long been among the lost. Simeon was retained a hostage in Egypt for the safe bringing of Benjamin to that country. Under these circumstances, Jacob exclaimed, "Joseph is not, Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away. All these things are against me;" when in fact they were all ordered for his good, and the good of the whole family. A moments reflection would have taught him to have been still and known that it was God.

Elijah the prophet of the Lord acted thus, when in a cave on mount Horeb, the "word of the Lord came to him saying, what doest thou here Elijah?" In answer to which he said, "I have been very zealous for the Lord God of Hosts; for the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword, and I only am left, and they seek my life to take it away"—when in fact there were, as the Lord immediately informed him, seven thousand left who had not bowed the knee to Baal neither kissed him. So also with David—he, in dealing with his fellows, it would appear had been deceived, which caused him in haste to make the denunciation which we find at the head of this article. In every instance we see a gloom cast over the minds of those people, and they for the time weighed down with sorrow. Notwithstanding, however the miseries produced by acting thus hastily, we see men continually following in these steps. I make bold to affirm that most of the offences committed against the laws of God, are committed without reflection; without meditation; without once thinking of the effects which will be produced upon ourselves or others.

Take any one vice, and it will illustrate this fact. For instance, take profane swearing. The person guilty thereof is, as a general thing, acting in haste. He does not reflect upon the propriety or impropriety of the expression, or of the effect it will produce upon himself. Were such people to reflect, but seldom should we see their mouths polluted



with profanity. They would see that the effect was deleterious to themselves, and peculiarly calculated to drive his fellows from their company unless they too were guilty of the same foolish practice. Did he but reflect he would see that the course would cause his fellows to look upon him with contempt, also that strangers would form a low estimate of his character. Talk with the profane swearer upon the subject, he is willing and ready to confess that the practice is a bad one; and when he reflects, causes unpleasant sensations to pass through the mind; all of which arises from inadvertent speaking. We should be very much on our guard in regard to the use of our tongues; for "it is an unruly member, which can no man tame. With it bless we God, even the Father; and with it curse we man, made after the similitude of God. Out of the same mouth proceedeth both blessing and cursing. My brethren these things ought not so to be." It is a good motto, and one that should ever be kept in view. "Think twice before you speak, and you will speak twice the better for it." What has been said of profane swearing, may be said of the guilt of evil speaking. Calumny, slander, backbiting, lying, tale bearing, with the various other evils of the tongue, would no longer be persisted in, if people would but think first, and then speak. Then much of the trouble, disunion and dissatisfaction existing among mankind would be done away. Unity and peace would pervade the heart, shedding down its sweet influences therein, causing brotherly kindness to increase, enlarge, expand; and a bond of union stronger than the bonds of death, would encircle the vast family of man. How often has a word, a look, changed the future prospect of a fellow. Floated on the wings of calumny it has blasted the character of the youth, and caused them to sit down in despair—set brother at war with brother; planted the thorn of bitterness in the family circle; produced disunion among neighbors and friends as lasting as life; prostrated the happiness produced, by our connection with the world, and left man, to wander homeless, houseless, and forlorn.

Nor do the evils of haste stop here. There are other things done in haste. In selecting friends and associates, also in withdrawing our confidence, we often act injudiciously. We form an opinion of a man at the first appearance, either favorable or unfavorable, and as a general thing we act in conformity to the first impression received. Most people have seen, if not felt the effects of haste in such cases. Most people have been deceived by the first appearance, and caused thereby to clasp a viper to their bosom, or spurn a virtuous man from their company. This I will leave for the reader to carry out at his leisure, and proceed to a greater evil that arises from the same source.

This is a haste in forming our religious impressions. Our course in life is depending greatly, upon our religious views. The manner we look upon the divine character and our fellow man, should of all things be found judicious. I know, however, that this is a point disputed. The views and feelings of the mind have been shaped in a moment. It has been by excitement produced upon the feelings, rather than upon the reason and better judgment. The evil effects are to be visibly seen in the great move made in regard to the second appearing of the Saviour. By the operation of the principle, a spirit of partiality has taken possession of the heart, and the whole life made a scene of painful anxiety and distress. Reason has been dethroned, and all business forsaken. In short, the most disastrous consequences have been the result. People have run headlong upon their conclusions, and some of them have even confessed that they scarcely ever looked at their Bibles before they had formed their views. And more too, many are driven or rather are drawn into such a course by the direction of those who profess to teach the truth in righteousness.

Those things ought not to be thus. There should be more substantial food than that produced by excitement. There should be a knowledge derived from a daily search of the Scriptures. An

affection of the heart produced by a contemplation of the great I AM, and of the connection existing among mankind. My brethren, let us be careful in our movements to act judiciously. Let us act knowing the results which will necessarily flow from our actions; then may we be enabled to pass smoothly down the stream of life—be permitted at our latest moments to look back upon a life well spent, and rejoice in our happiness and prosperity. Northfield, Vt. May, 1843.

#### MINUTES OF THE MOHAWK RIVER ASSOCIATION.

The ministers and delegates composing the Mohawk River Association of Universalists, assembled at Newport, Herkimer county, on Wednesday, 14th of June 1843, agreeable to last year's adjournment, and organized the council by appointing Br. D. Skinner, Moderator, and Br. J. H. Tuttle, Clerk. Prayer by Br. J. A. Aspinwall.

Received the credentials of delegates. Present, I. Gage and M. Nichols, Salisbury; Ira Farmer and W. Weeden, Middleville; Stephen Rich and Ezra Green, Alder Creek. No delegates from Leyden, Russia, Eatonville, Oppenheim or Manheim.

Received a request from the First Universalist Society in Frankfort and German Flats for the fellowship of this Association. Granted said request, and the delegates, S. D. Clark and David Diefendorf took their seats in council.

Received a request from the First Universalist Society in Newport, for the fellowship of this Association. Granted said request, and the delegates, Edmund Voorhees and Ely Fortune, took their seats.

Voted, that ministering brethren present from other Associations be invited to take seats in the council, and partake in our deliberations.

Heard and accepted the report of the committee of Discipline for the past year. "No complaint."

Heard and accepted the report of the committee on Fellowship and Ordination for the past year.—"No applications during recess."

Adjourned to Thursday morning 8 o'clock.—Thursday morning, met accordingly. Prayer by Br. Hicks.

Appointed Brs. Ely Fortune, Samuel Smith, and D. Skinner, Committee of Discipline for the ensuing year.

Appointed, Brs. P. Hathaway, J. D. Hicks and Daniel Brayton, committee on Fellowship and Ordination.

Appointed Brs. D. Skinner and M. B. Smith, clerical, and Alden S. Gage and Silas D. Clark, lay delegates to represent this Association in the next State Convention, with power to appoint substitutes and fill vacancies.

Appointed Br. J. D. Hicks to preach the next occasional sermon before this Association.

Voted that the Standing clerk be authorized to receive applications for, and appoint conferencees during the ensuing year.

The committee on fellowship and ordination reported in favor of granting a letter of fellowship at this session, to Br. James H. Tuttle, of Salisbury, as a minister of the Gospel. Report accepted and letter granted.

After considerable discussion and general conversation on the subject, the following preamble and resolution were unanimously adopted.

Whereas, there are several societies within the bounds of this Association, which are destitute of the preached word, and other places where believers are found and where preaching of our order is desirable, and where societies might be established,

Resolved, That Br. J. D. Hicks, of St. Johnsville, be appointed a Missionary, and requested, as such, to visit, so far as opportunity is afforded, all such societies and places, and preach and confer with the brethren on the subject of reviving and establishing among them the stated ministry of the word.

Voted that Br. D. Skinner prepare the minutes of this session for publication in the Magazine and Advocate, accompanied with such remarks as he may deem proper.

Adjourned to meet at Frankfort, Herkimer co.,

on the second Wednesday and following Thursday in June, 1844.

D. SKINNER, Moderator.

J. H. TUTTLE, Clerk.

During the session, sermons were preached by the following brethren: D. Skinner, (occasional,) E. M. Woolley, J. A. Aspinwall, C. S. Brown, J. D. Hicks and W. H. Waggoner. Concluding addresses by Br. P. Hathaway.

REMARKS.—This was a most delightful and refreshing season. The weather was very fine, the singing, by a large and well ordered choir, harmonious and delicious; the preaching generally of an interesting and impressive character, and listened to by a large and crowded congregation with apparently deep and heartfelt interest. The new and commodious church which has within the past year been erected at Newport and consecrated to the worship of the one true God and Father of all, was literally filled to overflowing. The society here seems to be in a highly prosperous and flourishing state under the pastoral care and efficient and faithful labors of Br. M. B. Smith. Their houses, their hands and their hearts were open to welcome the members of the Association and their visiting friends; and long will their hospitality and kindness be remembered. Harmony and peace pervaded our council in all its deliberations. Two flourishing new societies and one young and promising brother in the ministry of universal reconciliation, were received into our fellowship, and we trust will prove worthy the boon. Some of our societies were unrepresented, and some we fear are languishing, or cold and inactive. We hope all such will awake from their slumbers, put on the armor of light and stand in their places. Wherever there are believers, though they be but few, where the preached word is desired but not enjoyed, let them communicate with Br. Hicks, employ him to visit and preach to them, and raise what they can to remunerate him for his services. From small beginnings they may increase in strength till they shall be able to sustain preaching a good portion of the time. In short, brethren, let us one and all faithfully do our duty, and God will sustain the right and bless us in our deeds.

D. SKINNER.

#### BE SHORT—COME TO THE POINT.

We were much amused with the following paragraph from the American Journal. It is full of good sense. It contains excellent hints to editors of newspapers, and all others who write for the periodical press. We commend it to the attention of the young men who sometimes write for the Trumpet. A communication may be short or long, according to the amount of truth it contains. Some men will get as much truth into half a column, as others will into half a page. Remember the advice of the writer we quote—dash into the subject at the first sentence.—Trumpet.

"HINTS TO WRITERS IN PERIODICALS.—Much time, words, ink, and paper, are wasted on introductions. Periodical writers should be brief and crisp, dashing into the subject at the first sentence. Sink rhetoric. Nobody cares how you came to think of your subject, or why you wrote upon it; of course the exordium is unnecessary. Commence with your leading thought, and avoid irrelevant digressions. You may be less scholastic, but you will be more original, and ten times more amusing. Take it for granted, that your article at the first is four-fifths too long. Cutting it down requires resolution; but you gain experience as well as improve your article, by excision. For the mode of doing it, begin by crossing out all explanatory sentences. Leave nothing but simple propositions.—Young writers always explain a thing to death.—Never commence an article till you know what it is to be about. Some writers have an incontinency of words, and will dilute you an idea to twenty pages."

Envy, if surrounded on all sides by the brightness of another's prosperity, like the scorpion, confined within a circle a fire will sting itself to death



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## PRAISE THE LORD.

Methinks I hear a whispering voice  
That bids my soul in God rejoice,  
"That lifts the vale of future years,"  
And points mine eyes to brighter spheres,  
When glit'ring bands with one accord,  
Attune their notes to "Praise the Lord."

The Patriarchs of olden times,  
Whose age-crown'd heads, in eastern climes  
Were laid beneath the valley's clod,  
There sing the song of "Praise to God."

The men of God who chosen were,  
To tell of Jesus—heavenly heir,—  
To preach sweet peace—the holy word,—  
Are also shouting, "Praise the Lord."

The harden'd Jew, whose wicked life  
Was bathed in paths of bloody strife,  
There sounds the trump of peace abroad,  
From the sweet song of "Praise to God."

And not alone to such is given,  
This song of joy and bliss in heav'n;  
Alike the Gentle's voice is heard,  
In chanting songs to "Praise the Lord."

The Heathen, too, who knows not why,  
Is formed the earth, the sea and sky,  
Shall there unite without discord,  
In singing songs to "Praise the Lord."

Oh, who can not in God rejoice,  
When thus all nations with one voice,  
Shall swell the heavens with their song,  
And Angels' notes their tones prolong  
With soothing accents from the word,  
While heaven echoes, "Praise the Lord?"

Minden, N. Y. ALPBA.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## EXCLUSIVENESS.

One characteristic of the American people or "Yankee Nation," is said to be, "Jack-at-all and good-at-none;" and this undoubtedly is true—distinctively true—of them as a body. But when we look at individuals and localities, pursuing the objects pertaining exclusively to their province, sphere or pursuit—turning with cold disdain from everything they suppose will not immediately and exclusively augment their possessions, their honor, their importance or their influence, cold to the progress of that which is calculated to, and ultimately will elevate humanity and better the condition of the oppressed—we may with propriety remark, too exclusive. I do not wish to be understood as condemning exclusiveness, as such; for a certain degree of it is as essential as any other human characteristic. But when it chains the mind to something comparatively unimportant, or (it may be) reprehensible, and draws around it a partition wall between its possessor and suffering humanity, it then needs restriction. The world is groaning under the oppression of rank, artificial superiority and animal despotism. The poor, like the Son of man, have scarcely "where to lay" the "head;" and the rich take with them "seven other evil spirits," and "briers and thorns," strew their paths: the former using up all their physical energies while moral and intellectual power is undeveloped or inactive; the latter losing physical health and "moral worth," by the man-made circumstances under which they are placed. But if exclusiveness (deduced from the foregoing) is too dominant in the "worldly" world, how much more so is it in the Religious. Here the Presbyterian must have a prospective heaven, peopled with those who have obeyed *his* creed. The Methodist would exclude all the "unsanctified" and not "wonderfully wrought upon," from the heaven of his "graceful" God. The Baptist can not see how he who has not been baptized with *his* exclusive baptism can be saved. All must be isolated in their exclusive church, or among their exclusive people, before they can worship their exclusive God in an exclusive manner. Their prayers—their religion one would suppose—must be "boxed up" and labelled for Sunday—for "covenant

meeting"—for "monthly concert"—for "God's special" and exclusive "visits." Their alms must be reserved, in spite of the suffering poor around them, for the heathen, (whose theology is better than their own,) the Bible, "Home Missionary," Tract, or some other exclusive society.—Their exclusive conversion must necessarily be preceded by the unregenerates passing an exclusive ordeal; assuming, if nothing more, an exclusive visage: shedding a few exclusive tears; sitting on an exclusive seat, and crediting the exclusive misconceptions, and direful prognostications of their exclusively sent and providentially chosen minister.

Well—how is it with Universalists? How with myself? Are they, and am I, too exclusive?—Not in theory; but there is a possibility—yea, a probability that we are so in practice. Of some of us it may be said in truth, we are "twice dead and plucked up by the roots." Our societies are languishing—our spirits are drooping—our minds are contracting—our exclusiveness is increasing in many places. While a man of medium wealth, *can* and *does* contribute his twenty-five or thirty dollars, and a proportionate amount of time and zeal in the furtherance and support of that miserable system of partialism, whose final overthrow is sure; the Universalist—if a society needs renovating and supporting, or its pastor encouraging, or a place to worship in, or whatever it may be—contributes one fifth, one fourth, seldom one half this amount of money—with less time and zeal! I do not wish to "sweep the whole board" of our name with these remarks; but such as I have swept (but now while I think of it, I suppose they will not be found reading this article, if it is printed—unless out of a borrowed paper—will they, Br. Grosh?) would do well to "tie" their "purse strings in a bow-knot," not in a *hard* one these "hard times." I would not wish to speak disparagingly of humanity—for in itself it is noble—but I wish to see it elevated. I would not frown upon and condemn this world in toto; for it is a great and beautiful world, while its Creator is wise and good, and has made *man* to be so; but I wish man to open his eyes, and *behold*, and carry into *execution* the means of becoming much wiser, better, and consequently greater than he now is. I would place within his reach the means of exercising the whole man, and especially his moral and his intellectual faculties. True science and religion tell us most plainly what man is at present, and what he should be to fulfill the purposes of his present existence. And when I see the apathy and darkness which brood over particular communities, I almost despair. But when I go out into the wide world, and see the noble and fearless spirit of inquiry and investigation which is abroad, by means of which a broader and more comprehensive philosophy is being established upon the true nature of man, and a less exclusive or an all-comprehensive religion also brought to light, and both made to harmonize and become practical with that nature as a part of it, I begin to realize in prospective the world's salvation, and fain would

"Awake my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigor on"

O man, hear the voice of wisdom! Thou art degraded. Thou knowest not the high capabilities, the noble faculties, the inherent energies thy God has created thee with; and which he designed thou shouldst exercise. Remember if thou art exclusive and hidest them in the earth, thy fate will be that of him with "one talent." On the other hand, an "hundred fold" in this life awaits you, and for aught I know this "hundred fold" is a necessary antecedent to that consequent which we can now only see with an "eye of faith." Go on, then, with increased activity in all that is good;—govern your passions; obey nature's laws; exercise your sympathies for humanity; be less worldly, and more virtuous, and more wise, more enlarged in your conceptions, and less exclusive in your tastes, your desires, your objects of pursuit; and you will approximate to Him,

"To whom no high, no low, no great, no small;  
He fills, he bounds, connects and equals all!"

South Otsego, N. Y.

J. H. Cook.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## "FAMINE IN THE WEST."

Br. Grosh—I noticed under the head of "Secular news," in No. 16, current volume, an account of a "famine in the west," from the Rochester Democrat, in a communication from some one near Edwardsburgh, Cass co., Mich. Lest some of our friends should send on supplies, which, I assure you, are not needed, I beg leave to say, that the fears of the Democrat's correspondent have not yet been realized; at least so far as food for man is concerned. Wheat, corn and pork, are abundant and cheap—corn twenty-five cents per bushel; wheat, fifty cents; pork, \$3 per cwt. in the hog; and \$12 per barrel. For domestic animals, there was a scarcity during the latter part of winter, and the month of March; and for teams, during the time of spring seeding. But the scarcity in this respect has not been so great as was by many anticipated.

The communication in the Democrat, was evidently written at a time of high excitement, in consequence of the unusual length and severity of the winter. Since my residence here, winter has usually broken up by the first of March; so that cows and young cattle required but little care after that time. But now the *middle* of March had arrived, and not the least appearance of spring; the snow was from three to four feet deep, and coarse feed for cattle almost exhausted. It seemed, to many, that Miller's great hail storm had come, or was on the point of coming, and that the end of the world was at hand—to horned animals at least. Every day seemed a week, in length, and the following morning came but to mock the hopes indulged on the preceding day. Reports were also in circulation, that Miller had prophesied, and the prophecy was believed by many, to be now fulfilling, that the snow would accumulate to the depth of five feet, be then suddenly turned into oil, set on fire, (and no bad kindling stuff either,) and thus consume the earth and its inhabitants, excepting always the believers in Millerism;—and as a kind of preparatory step it had been also foretold, it was said, by a child, no more than three weeks old! at Detroit, that on the twenty-fifth day of March, a large number of persons and cattle would be frozen to death; and rumor said, that many along the great road, from Detroit westward, had actually dug caves into the sides of hills, and banks, in which to preserve themselves and their cattle on said day. In the mean time the snow continued to fall, the wind blew, and the cold was intense.

A neighbor woman who lived near me, informed my brother, that she had given up all hopes that spring would ever revisit the earth; and with much apparent concern, inquired of him whether he had heard me say anything about the end of the world. He assured her that I appeared perfectly calm, and that he had not heard me express a doubt as to the continuance of the earth, and the regular progression of the seasons. At this she appeared to be comforted.

The past has been a winter of great excitement on many accounts. We have had Millerism, and Mormonism, Methodism and Abolitionism, to Perfectionism; and lectures on all sorts of subjects; so that, in imagination at least, we have been frozen, and burnt, and starved, and frightened half to death for six months past; and some have run mad, and been ruined for life. Reports also have reached us of a person, "way down east," coming on, giving lectures on the possibility of living without either eating, drinking or sleeping; and that he offers to warrant his subjects to do well, after a trial of three weeks!

On the fatal twenty-fifth of March, I arrived at Paw-Paw, after a hard day's drive, through snow drifts and drifting snow. A large revival machine, on an improved scale, had been in operation, at Schoolcraft, and report said that "every thing had been run through and converted" on Big Prairie Round. The machine was now, and had been for a week past, in motion about six miles east of Paw-Paw. A Mr. Godfrey of the village, who had been highly excited, and was partially deranged,



and incapable of attending to any kind of business, was on that afternoon missing. The family became alarmed, and search was made in the neighborhood. The unhappy man was at length found safely burrowed beneath his hay-mow, where he had taken secure refuge, as he supposed, against the cold on this prophetic day!

The 31st day of March arrived, and winter still raged in all its fury—many were entirely out of fodder for their cattle; and those who had to spare, refused to sell, for fear that they too might yet want. Others, taking advantage of the times, sought to speculate upon the necessities of their neighbors—corn was run up, from fifteen and twenty, to fifty cents per bushel, and cash at that; other coarse grains and hay in proportion. Thus it is that man seeks to prey upon his fellow man. No wonder that amidst so many causes of excitement and alarm, highly exaggerated accounts of ruin, and desolation should be sent abroad into community!

But the first day of April at length arrived, and stern and rugged winter yielded to the milder influences of spring. The sky became serene, the air bland—the sun arose in golden splendor, and gave fair indication, that the immense amount of snow covering the earth would soon be converted into water at least, if not into oil; and impart confidence to the hearts of the desponding, or verify the predictions of the latter day saints. On the 22nd of April, I made another clerical visit to Paw-Paw. The snow had disappeared—people along the road were quietly plowing their fields for another crop; and the voice of joy and gladness arose on every side. In the beautiful language of Scripture, “the winter was past, the flowers appeared again on the earth, the time of the singing of birds had come, and the voice of the turtle was heard in the land.” But what shall convey the voice of joy and gladness to the bosom of the maniac? What shall restore tone and vigor to the mind warped aside by superstitious fear—the influence of false religion? To such, the music of nature, and the voice of reason alike may plead in vain! Poor Godfrey is still insane—and the scream of distress, and the midnight cry of murder is sometimes heard from that dwelling.

Wayne, Cass co., Mich., } Justus GAGE, 2d.  
May 26th, 1843. }

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### LETTER FROM LAURA EGGLESTON.

Many of our readers will remember this name, and be pleased to hear from one whom sickness nigh unto death has silenced for many years from our columns. Though not intended for publication, yet we trust to be forgiven, because its publication will gratify so many.

A. B. G.

BR. GROSH—Dear sir, I trust you will excuse the freedom I take in addressing a few lines to you, to let you know I am yet a tenant of this fading clime, and still a believer in the ultimate triumph of my Redeemer's cause, and the final happiness of all intelligent beings. Yes, blessed be my heavenly Father, who in the plenitude of his love has caused me to rejoice with exceeding great joy; notwithstanding much opposition from my Partialist neighbors, who encircle me, and oft, too oft, raise the loud and dismal “popular cry” of endless misery. During the past winter, great excitement prevailed in this vicinity—in consequence of Millerism. We had a course of lectures from a gentleman of this romantic belief, who made a short pergrination in this town. I did not do myself the honor to attend his meetings, but several of my young friends, who are Methodists, were very much deluded by him. A young lady of sensitive feelings, after attending a lecture, one evening, retired to rest with me; but her slumbers I thought were not very peaceful. She started in her sleep and exclaimed, “Oh, see, see, the world will be burned before morning!” Poor, deluded creature, I mentally sighed, must the incubus of error press so heavily on you, who art both lovely and good?

The whirlwind of Fanaticism,  
Is raging in our land;—

The “spectre ship” of Millerism,  
With votaries is mann'd.

We however passed the night in safety; this beautiful earth of ours was not ignited, but still performs its revolutions among the many orbs that sparkle in the canopy of our heavens. How long will it be unto the end of these wonders—priestcraft, Millerism, and every other ism—I can not predict, but as sure as truth is mighty, and will prevail, the golden era will arrive, when “violence shall no more be heard in the land, wasting nor destruction in its borders—but joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody.”—O, praise ye the Lord—for He alone is worthy of our highest adoration.

Dear sir, my health is still poor, but for the last 18 months I have been able to walk around the house, and do considerable light sewing and fancy work, study some, and meditate much on “the signs of the times.” My liberal friends, begin to enquire, “why do you not write for the Magazine and Advocate again?” I know you have correspondents more talented than myself, whose productions adorn your columns, and are perused with delight; yet still I feel willing to throw in my mite. Please publish the following should you deem them worthy a perusal.

Yours in the faith, LAURA EGGLESTON.

#### MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY  
Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry.

UTICA, FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1843.

#### GREAT DEEDS NOT GOODNESS.

The principles and motives which animate the world to action, and those which Jesus and his apostles bring to light for the guidance of man, are often in direct opposition to each other. The restless spirit of worldly ambition, is ever on the look-out for distinction and renown. Great and important events are looked for with feverish anxiety—some rare opportunity to perform a wonderful, if not an unheard-of feat of strength—to display some far-reaching sagacity or comprehensive knowledge—these are occasions that are sought for with intense anxiety, year after year, until life fades away unenjoyed and unappreciated, and the waiter goes out of the world with a heart sick with deferred hopes, and a soul enveloped in repinings and bitterness.

And while the impatient and unhappy watcher stood looking with feverish impatience at the tide of life, as it rolled its bright floods before him, vainly hoping soon to seize some great good as it came floating by—how many smaller blessings and joys floated past him all unheeded, or proudly despised! Because he could not behold the glitter of gold and the hues of imperial purple, he would see no beauty in the silvery wave, the flashing sunbeams, and the rain-bow hued bubble! Because he could behold no stately man of war ploughing in stern pride that ever rolling stream, he turned with contempt from the fairy barque laden, not with the engines of death, but the elements of joy. Because he could perform no feat that would destroy a nation to erect another in its stead, he would not build a cottage for contentment to dwell in, nor rear a bower in which humble peace might repose through life.

Such is the unhappy spirit of the world—such the deadly spirit of strife and ambition that ever cries, “all or nothing”—“one great act, or a life of idleness!”—You read it on the records of human history, where a single battle occupies pages, while years of peace and improvement are crowded into as many lines. The emperor who has oppressed his subjects, and employed the executioner, is named with distinction, if not with honor; while the philanthropist who has penetrated dungeons, erected asylums, and employed the schoolmaster, is nearly unnoticed, and if noticed, barely named. The Alexanders and Napoleons of our race, who have slain their hecatombs of human beings, and spread the fair earth for miles with their own gallant armies, perishing

with famine and frost—oh, what a conspicuous station do they fill in those bloody annals called the history of our world; while the Howards, the Franklins, and the Oberlins can scarcely find a corner for honorable remembrance. And even the Alexanders, the Luthers and Calvins of ecclesiastical history, are there largely displayed in consequence of their struggles, strifes, and violent words and measures, while the more pious, learned and benevolent Melancthon—the man whose mild and tolerant spirit really did more for true Christianity than any of the Reformers, is named as a mere appendage of the Reformation. The world truly loves and cares for, its own. The feats which ambition strives to perform—the deeds and displays which the spirit of self and of strife most admires, will be most prominently held forth for the performance and admiration of others. Not who does the most good, and diffuses abroad the most happiness, but who makes the most display, and executes the greatest movements, whether for good or evil, occupies the largest space in the eyes of those who form what is called the world. And in the religion that is of the world, though called after him whose kingdom was not of this world, the same pernicious standard is raised up, and men square their conduct and opinions by it. For long years past, the Christian churches have been in alternations of chills and fevers—one time frozen almost to torpidity and death, and at another, burning up with a perfect fever of zeal and fanaticism. At one time all the efforts and energies of pastor and people are concentrated into one mighty effort to promote temperance, or abolition, or missions, or save souls from the wrath of an all-affectionate Father; until, by long dwelling upon the single idea, the mind becomes dizzied, the feelings lashed into fury, the passions heated, and reason and propriety are cast to the winds. Then a reaction takes place. The feelings subside, reason is ashamed of past excesses, the mind refuses to think any longer on the subject, and all is cold, and dull, and joyless in the lately crowded sanctuary. And well is it, in these spasmodic religious operations, if sensuality and low vice do not find a door opened by a zeal for God that is not according to knowledge, and enter in and pollute the sanctuary and the very altar of God's holy temple!

Now, do not misunderstand me. I say nought against the cause of temperance, or human freedom, or religion, or zeal, or any thing that God commands, and which the welfare of our race requires. I most cordially believe that it is good to be zealously affected in every good cause, and work, and word—but I speak against the too prevalent notion that all our duties to God, to our fellow men, and to ourselves, may be crowded into a few violent, spasmodic efforts, repeated at great intervals. I am endeavoring to show that the religion of the Redeemer requires not any great and astounding action—some deed that will cause the world to shout in wonder or grow pale in alarm—but that it requires a steady, constant, persevering course in the performance of the joys, the good, the useful. And I hope to satisfy you that the most useful and joyous deeds we can perform, are generally those very actions that never are mentioned on the page of history, nor enter into the world's estimate of greatness and goodness. The zeal which Jesus requires, is the steady flame that constantly rises up in a clear and calm atmosphere, from a heart well filled with the oil of divine grace. The moderation which he desires us to make known unto all men, is the calm, steady prudence that carefully considers every step before it is made, and yet advances onward. How different such a zeal from the consuming fever-heat that flushes the cheeks, and fires the eye, and dries up the springs of charity in the soul! How widely different such moderation from the apathetic coldness, that goes with icy formality to the sanctuary, and moves with leaden step in the cause of suffering humanity!

A. B. G.

A State Convention for Kentucky, was organized in Louisville, on May 13th. There are societies in War saw, Louisville, and Welch's creek, and probably two or three others—Br. Pingree, of Louisville, is the only preacher of that State named in the minutes.



## RELIGIOUS NEWS.

**REMOVALS.**—Br. A. O. Warren has removed from McDonough to Upper Lisle. Br. W. Bell from Milford, Mass., to Hookset, N. H. Br. W. S. Ballou to West Brattleborough, Vt. Br. J. J. Putnam to Lebanon, N. H. Br. H. W. Morse from North Haverhill to Orford, N. H. Br. W. B. Randolph from Paper Mill village, N. H., to Woburn, Mass. Br. G. G. Strickland from Reading, Mass., to Dover, N. H. Br. A. W. Mason, from West Cummington to South Adams, Mass. Br. J. A. Coolidge to Petersham, Mass. Br. J. E. Burnham from Great Falls, N. H., to Freeport, Me.—Br. S. Jenkins from Clinton in this State to New Market, N. H. Br. John L. Stevens to Dresden, Me. Br. A. G. Laurie, of Montgomery, O., to Simcoe, Canada West (i. e. Upper Canada). Br. C. Hammond, of Royalton, has removed to Rochester, and taken the pastoral charge of the society there. Br. Charles S. Bailey has removed from Philadelphia to Pottsville, Pa. Br. S. W. Remington from Boston, Erie co., to Churchville. Br. J. A. Bartlett from Gray to Sacarappa, Me. Br. H. Knapp from Lyman, N. H., to Leeds, Me.

**NEW PREACHERS.**—Br. E. K. Whittemore, of (place not named,) Mass. Br. D. H. Plumb, of Berlin, Ct., lately received the fellowship of the Hartford county Association. Br. Orlando George, of Philadelphia city is spoken of as an excellent new laborer. Br. Tuttle, of Salisbury, who received the fellowship of the Mohawk Association last week, is a convert from the Baptists. He is highly spoken of for character and ability.

**ORDINATIONS.**—Br. J. J. Putnam, in Lebanon, N. H., June 7th. Br. Calvin Damon, in Lynn, Mass., May 18th. Br. Alfred Barnes, in West Wrentham, Mass., May 3d.

**INSTALLATIONS.**—Br. F. F. Thayer, as pastor of the first Universalist society in Gloucester, Mass., on May 11th. Br. H. G. Smith, as pastor of the first society in Lynn, Mass., on May 18th.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Br. Swan—my business will not allow my going to the St. Lawrence Association. I regret it much; but can not go, and get out the Register and Almanac also.

**NOTA BENE.**—We are in want of some more communications from some of the brethren and sisters who have not attended to our wants for some time.

**CORRESPONDENTS.**—Please give us a lift about these days. Plainly written articles, of the right length, you know. A. B. G.

Br. BARRAY—Can you help me to some editorial? Br. Montgomery is absent, and my hands are full of other matters, my drawer nearly empty of articles, and my head as empty of editorial.

Br. E. H. Chapin, of Charlestown, Mass., has lately been appointed by the Governor and Council, a member of the Board of Education of that commonwealth.

## WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?

The Christian Warrior, of Richmond, Va., dated June 3d, has the following card from the pen of its Editor, Rev. D. D. Smith.

**FAVORS ACKNOWLEDGED.**—Without even asking permission of Brs. T. B. Thayer, and A. B. Grosh, I must embrace this opportunity to return my most sincere thanks to my good friends who have bestowed upon me their favors, and given me so many marks of their confidence and affection. Their testimonials of respect and good will, are duly appreciated, and highly prized by—  
D. D. S.

On reading the above, I rubbed my eyes to see that I had not mistaken the words. Then I conned over all my sins of joking about the Porringer; but could not make out the satire. Then I tried sins of omission of courtesies and the like; but still I could not bring the card to bear. Then I tried to consider the card as serious; but that was still "no go," for I could not call to mind any—not even the least "favor," or "mark of confidence and affection," or any "testimonials" whatever,

"of respect and good will." This is awkward—very! If Br. Smith is *joking*, I can not laugh at it—if he is *raping* my knuckles, I can not *feel* it—and if he is *really thanking* me, I can not, for the life of me, tell him *what* he is *welcome* to. I can only stand amazed, and stare vacantly at the card, and wonder what it means? Will the Warrior please to explain to my dull comprehension, by naming explicitly what "favors" and "marks of confidence and affection," and what "testimonials of respect and of good will" he ever has received from me—or what of such as were his due, I have failed or omitted to pay him? I know that my Dutch skull is not always the thinnest in the world, but I'll vow I never knew it so thick before as it is in relation to this "Favors acknowledged." So, speak plainly, Mr. Warrior, that if there is any thing wrong I may rectify it—or if any one has been sending you favors, etc., in my name, I may know it. Now, don't forget this! A. B. G.

THE GOSPEL BANNER states that there were but ten ministers and very few laymen at the last N. Y. Convention in Cooperstown—and pretends to quote the statement as being Br. Price's!!! Wonder what kind of spectacles Br. Drew uses—they must diminish the number as well as the size of objects.

N. B.—Br. Drew is still so much engaged in correcting other people's errors, that he has no time to take care of what he himself publishes. Who will weed his garden for him? A. B. G.

THE PENNSYLVANIA CONVENTION at its session in Catawissa, on the 6th and 7th inst., passed resolutions requesting the rescinding of the "Temperance test" passed at the last U. S. Convention. Three Associations were represented in the Convention, and five preachers were present. It adjourned to meet in Pottsville, Schuylkill county, on the first Wednesday and Thursday in June, 1844.

## WASHINGTONIAN POCKET COMPANION.

Mr. B. S. Merrill of this city has just published the third edition of this collection of temperance hymns, songs, etc. The book has been enlarged by the addition of 32 pages to the second edition, and improved by the condensation of the definitions and principles and measures, the omission of some and the addition of other songs and hymns, and especially by the addition of about fifty five pieces of music, arranged specially for the work by Mr. W. F. Gould of this city. Simplicity, correctness and adaptation has been carefully studied in this new edition, and it is humbly believed that in point of chasteness, variety, number of songs, popular music, and cheapness of price as well as neatness of printing and binding, this Temperance Song and Hymn book has not its superior in the market. True, I am not the proper judge in this matter; but in this opinion I am not alone. I hope the temperance public will give the book a trial, and I fear not that the Publisher will suffer. I have not a copy at hand while writing, and can not do more therefore, than notice it thus generally at the present writing. A. B. G.

We thank the Editor or Publisher of the "Constitution and Manual of the 1st Independent Christian Church" of Richmond, Va., for a copy of that neat little pamphlet. It contains the Church Constitution, and forms for Ordination of deacons and preachers, Dedication of children, Marriages, Funerals, &c. The giving assent to marriage by dis-joining hands, we consider rather inappropriate. Our custom has been to have the parties signify their assent by joining hands. However, each one to his own taste in such matters. A. B. G.

**INDUCEMENTS TO SUBSCRIBERS.**—All of our subscribers who have not paid for the present volume, by sending us two dollars, free of postage, shall be credited in full for this year and be entitled to the first and second numbers of the Theological Library. The first number contains Winchester's Dialogues complete, and is sold in book form at 62 1-2 cents. The second is Petitpierre on Divine Goodness. The first we have on hand, the second we expect to receive soon.

PETITPIERRE ON DIVINE GOODNESS will be the next work published in the Theological Library of Brs. Gihon and Co., and will be afforded for about one shilling! The book formerly cost from four to six times as much. They have concluded to defer a while the publication of Ziegler's Everlasting Gospel; until Br. T. J. Sawyer can ascertain some further particulars about its author, and write an introduction to the work. This Library should be taken by every Universalist family—they can not get works cheaper. Winchester's Dialogues for 18 cents—Petitpierre for one shilling—is cheap as the cheapest. Cash orders supplied at this Office—one dollar will purchase the ten numbers of the series. A. B. G.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

Mr. Editor—Having the utmost confidence of your readiness and ability to explain all texts of Scripture which may be presented for information. I present the following questions, hoping to receive a reasonable and satisfactory answer from your most able pen. A LOVER OF TRUTH.

There, reader, is a sample of the soft soap and molasses with which Editors are sometimes daubed and dosed by their correspondents. The questions will exhibit the correspondent's notion of what subjects are scriptural. And the whole being without a name, will show his ignorance or disregard of editorial rules. We always require querists to give us their proper names, if they would have us answer their questions. Now to question 1st.

1st. Did God create light before the sun? If so, how could he divide the light from the darkness; since darkness is but the mere privation of light? How could time be divided into days before the creation of sun, since a day is the time between sunrise and sunrise?

Yes; for there could be *light* without the sun. If the light was not universally diffused, it was divided from the darkness, or places where light was not. The term *day* does not, in the Bible, always mean a "time between sunrise and sunrise;" for it sometimes means 12 hours, sometimes a life time or period of one man's mission on earth, and sometimes a period of time or dispensation.

2nd. If the world was once drowned by a flood, from whence came all the waters—since the weight of the atmosphere, with all its vapors, is equal to no more than a hollow sphere of four and thirty feet thickness, environing the whole globe, and consequently the whole of its contents, if condensed into water, could not deluge the earth to the height of an ordinary house. So we have but 34 feet of water to deluge the highest mountains, some of which are more than fifteen thousand feet high.

It would be as easy for the Almighty to create water sufficient, as to condense that already existing in the atmosphere—or to upheave the oceans so as to overflow the inhabited earth. If the flood was at all *miraculous*, the difficulty of *natural* means is not to be regarded at all; and the Bible represents it as a special event.

3d. How does it happen that Moses was sent to advise Pharaoh to send for his cattle and all that he had in the field to shelter them from the terrible hail storm, since they were all previously killed by the murrain? (Exod. ix: 3, 6, 19.)

The meaning briefly is, that of all the cattle perished by the murrain, all were of Egypt, and none were of Israel. The general phraseology used in both cases, does not require an absolute meaning; for the very account itself forbids it in both cases. It was not a total, but only a general destruction of cattle and of men.

4th. Why should God be angry at Balaam because he went with the men, (Num. xxii: 22,) since he went by God's command? (Num. xxii: 20.)

Balaam went by God's command, it is true; but he went also through a *wrong motive*, which wrong motive was what caused the displeasure. Balaam went, not



out of regard to God's authority, but for the love of money. See 2d Pet. ii. 14-16.

5th. How could it be a crime in David to number the people; especially as it was by the instigation of the Lord? (2nd Samuel, xxiv: 1, 10, 12, 13.)

The Lord *being angry* with Israel, moved David to number the people; and on Israel fell the judgment.—In the Bible whatever happens is ascribed to the permission or command of God, the First Cause and Sovereign Ruler of all events and things. So the instigation of David, though it arose from Satan (an adversary, see 1 Chron. xxi: 1.), yet is ascribed to God.

6th. How does it happen that Matthew reckons twenty-seven generations from David to Christ, while Luke reckons forty-two, and the names totally disagree? Matthew traces the descent from Solomon; and Luke from Nathan; both sons of David.

It happens so, because Matthew reckons by one branch of the family, and Luke by another. If a Lover of Truth will count up his genealogy to Noah, by his father's side, and also by his mother's side, he will probably find as many and as great differences in the two tables of his descent.

A satisfactory answer of the above questions will be most cordially received through the medium of your most excellent paper, by a friend to truth.

I have answered the questions briefly, because several of them are not of a Scriptural nature, and appear to be of a cavilling character. Any works on the proper subjects, will furnish answers to them all. But thinking the querist is sincere, I have answered them truly, and referred to the proper scriptures for proof. I hope he will read and construe the Bible candidly, and let it be its own interpreter, in which case its answers will be satisfactory.

A. B. G.

FOISSART'S CHRONICLES.—We have received the first and second numbers of this work, and from a hasty glance at the contents of its pages, we judge it to be what it has been before, justly considered, one of the most valuable historical works published. These numbers contain a memoir of the author, and chronicle the doings of the Kings, Queens and Knights of England, Scotland, and other countries, etc., from 1326, or the coronation of King Edward III, down to 1359, with numerous engravings. The present numbers contain 62 pages each. Ten numbers will complete the work, issued semi-monthly, at 25 cents per number, or \$2.00 in advance for the entire work. Price of the English edition of the same work, \$12.00. Address J. WINCHESTER, 30 Ann street, N. Y. All orders must be accompanied with the cash free of postage.

#### CALL.

Will Mr. James McKisson, who is now located somewhere in Wisconsin or Iowa, (or some friend that may know his location,) write a line to H. J. Miner, Esq. P. M., Camden, Oneida co., N. Y.; and let him know the address of James McKisson, that some inquiries may be made of him concerning one Rev. John Gray?

"Better Covenant, please copy.

#### DEATHS.

In this city, on the 9th inst., DAVID EDWARD, youngest son of David Owens, aged 4 months and 17 days.

"O ye, who, o'er your child's low bier,  
Do shed the bitter drops like rain,  
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere,  
Will give him to your arms again.  
For God does mark each sorrowing day  
And numbers every secret tear,  
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay  
For all his children suffer here."

H. B. SOULE.

Also, in this city, on the 10th inst., Mr. JOHN C. ROSENBERG, musical instrument maker, aged about 45 years.

H. B. SOULE.

In West Sherman, St. Joseph county, Mich., April 24th, LUCINA, wife of La Fayette Umstead, and daughter of Luther and Betsy Douglass, in the 23d year of her age.—

This dispensation of Providence has been peculiarly severe to Br. Umstead. He had been married but a few weeks, and his young and amiable wife has been torn from him by the hand of death, before he had, with her, enjoyed the sweets of domestic happiness, in the home he had prepared for her reception. May the hopes and consolations of the Gospel sustain him and the relatives of the deceased, amid the trials they have been thus called to endure. J. G. 2d.

Rev. Jabez Woodman, one of our old, able and good preachers, died May 15th, in New Gloucester, Me., aged 67 years. He was a graduate of Dartmouth College—entered the Baptist ministry—but about 22 years ago was converted, and connected himself with our denomination.

A. B. G.

In Binghamton, on the 13th of Nov., 1842, Mr. OLIVER C. BRADFORD, aged 42 years. In the death of Br. Bradford, our cause has lost one of its most warm and active supporters, community a worthy member, and his family, a kind husband and father. His disease was diabetes. To him death had no terrors, and he died fully believing, that what God has promised he is able also to perform. Notwithstanding he died full in the faith of the "restitution of all things;" it has been reported, by those who *know* better, that he renounced his faith, or doubted the final holiness and happiness of all mankind. May God forgive those who would thus speak of the dead.

W. M. D.

At Little Meadows, Susquehanna county, Pa., Feb. 20th Mrs. ZERUBAH, wife of Mr. David Barney, aged 62 years. Never have I been called to administer the consolations of the Gospel to hearts more deeply stricken with sorrow, than were those who mourned on this occasion, the loss of a companion and mother. The large concourse of neighbors and friends who met to pay the last tribute of respect to the deceased, told how highly she was esteemed and beloved.—May the aged and afflicted husband, and the sorrowing children be supported under their bereavements, by that holy faith which looks forward to a better and happier world, where there will be no more death, and where they shall meet her, who has gone before them, to part no more forever.

WM. M. DELONG.

#### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching next Sunday by Br. JACKSON STEBBINS, of New York, in Madison—and, also, by Br. GROSH at Holland Patent—Br. W. SKINNER in Utica—Br. SOULE in Herkimer—Br. D. SKINNER at Little Falls.

There will be preaching on the first Sunday in July by Br. SHIPMAN in Lebanon—Br. MOREY in Syracuse and Br. GROSH in Stockbridge—Br. STEBBINS at Hubbard's corners in Hamilton; who will also lecture on temperance, in the evening.

The Allegany Association of Universalists will be held in Yorkshire, on the 4th Wednesday and following Thursday in June.

Ministering brethren are respectfully invited to attend. By order of L. GRAVES, Standing Clerk.

I. B. SHARP.

The St. Lawrence Association will meet in annual session in Potsdam, on the fourth Wednesday and following Thursday in June. Each society is entitled to two lay delegates; and we hope all will be represented.

W. H. WAGGONER, Standing Clerk.

The Otsego Association will hold its next annual session at Fly Creek, Otsego county, on the fourth Wednesday and Thursday (28th and 29th) in June. The council will convene at 8 A. M., Wednesday—occasional sermon at half past 10, by Br. A. C. Barry. The usual invitation is cordially extended to ministering brethren and friends generally—they will find a committee waiting to direct them, at the Universalist church. O. WHISTON, Standing Clerk.

The Steuben Association will meet in annual session at Springwater, on the first Wednesday and Thursday (5th and 6th) of July next.

Our ministering brethren knowing our wants, will, I am sure, attend our meetings if practicable. Therefore, to them I repeat not the usual formula of invitation and request.—To our lay brethren, I should perhaps use a little more persuasion—especially to those within the limits of this body. Come up, then, brethren—let us hear from all, without reserve. Assist in our deliberations, that we may ascertain whether we shall stand or fall.

Those from a distance, who will attend the Conference, enquire for J. H. Stevens, J. Phelps, J. Goodno, J. Healy, where they will find feed for their horses, and something (not bread alone) for themselves. I am not acquainted at Springwater, therefore can give no directions. But I will

venture to say, enquire for friends, and you will find them here.

A. UPSON.

A CONFERENCE will be held in Kelloggsville, Cayuga county, on the 12th and 13th of July—during which the new Universalist Meetinghouse will be dedicated to the worship of God. Ministering brethren and friends are cordially invited to attend. Visitors will call on Mr. Partelow, Capt. Fuller, Mr. John Rooks, who will direct them to places of entertainment.

G. W. MONTGOMERY.

\* \* Will Br. Price please copy?

The first Conference of the Central Association will be held in Clinton, on the second Wednesday and Thursday (12th and 13th) of July. The usual invitation to attend is cordially extended to all.

By order of the Committee on Conferences.

H. B. SOULE.

#### LIST OF BOOKS

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

No. 32, Genesee street, (up stairs).

Life of Rev. John Murray,	50
Biography of Winchester,	69
Pro and Con of Universalism, by Rev. George Rogers,	1.00
Causes of Infidelity Removed, by Rev. S. R. Smith,	69
Practical Hints to Universalists, by Rev. J. G. Adams,	75
Ballou on Atonement,	50
Ballou's Select Sermons,	75
Do. Notes on the Parables,	63
Do. Nine Sermons,	50
Do. Future Retribution,	50
Balfour's Second Inquiry,	1.00
Sawyer's Review of Hatfield,	50
Duties of Young Men, by Rev. E. H. Chapin,	50
Discourses, by do.	50
Lectures, by do.	38
Christian Comforter, by Rev. H. Bacon,	50
Law of Kindness, by Rev. G. W. Montgomery,	50
Universalist Manual, by Rev. M. Rayner,	50
Universalist Delief, by Rev. A. Moore,	50
Sermons, by Rev. O. A. Skinner,	50
Voice to Youth, by Rev. J. M. Austin,	75
Illustrations of the Parables, by Rev. T. Whittemore,	75
Christian Visitant, 3 vols. in one, by Rev. A. B. Grosh,	75
Streeter's Hymns, (large and pocket),	50
Ancient History of Universalism,	1.00
Lectures to Youth, by Rev. S. R. Smith,	50
Convention Sermons for 1841,	50
Universalist Register and Almanac for 1843,	13
Catechisms for Sunday Schools,	
Hymns of Zion, by Rev. A. C. Thomas,	50
Gospel Harmonist, by Rev. T. Whittemore,	1.00
Paige's Selections,	1.00
The Universalist's Guide,	1.00
Polyglot Bibles,	
Ely and Thomas Discussion,	63
Bacon on Religion,	50
Endless Hell Torments Overthrown,	38
Family Prayer Book, by Otis A. Skinner,	50
Winchester's Dialogues,	19
Names and Titles of Jesus, by Rev. E. Spear,	1.00
Combs Moral Philosophy,	62
" on the Constitution of Man,	62
" Digestion,	62
Influence of Religion on health,	69
Miller Overthrown,	25
Merchant's Widow, by Mrs. C. M. Sawyer,	50
Also, a few copies left of the Rose of Sharon for 1843.	2.00

#### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P M, Victor, for N K—P M, Urbana, for A C—P M, Hornellsville, for J P and P G—P M, Hanover, [O.] for J W—P H S, Oswego—P M, Benton, [Miss.] for G B M and V H F—P M, Eagle Cliff, [Ills.] for S S—P M, So. Edmeston, for I P G—P M, No. Adams, [Mass.] for W B—P M, No. Norwich, for C Per L—P M, West Richmond, for A A, L O, S T S and J S—J A Mc N, Union, for self and A B.

Br. Tompkins—Send next volume Repository to Miss Eliza Ayres, Prospect, Oneida county, N. Y., credit her \$2.00. Credit Davis Bacon, same place, \$2.00 for next volume. The above new subscribers was obtained by Mr. Bacon, who supposes himself entitled to the premium offered by you for the same. Discontinue to J. Walrath, Hanover, Licking county, O., at close of current volume. He will remit soon. Also discontinue Repository to H. B. Persons, Ellisburgh, N. Y., at close of current volume.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## THE CLERGYMAN.

BY MISS M. E. TILLOTSON.

The preacher rose—with solemn air and look,  
That awed the concourse into reverence dread,  
His favorite text, in all the Holy Book,  
“Depart ye cursed,” slowly, gravely read.

Then paused awhile to note the good effect  
Of the denouncement—plainly did he trace,  
In anxious look, the safe, self-deem’d elect—  
The fancied outcast, in the placid face.

Short time could be allotted to portray  
The saints’ delight, and right hand elevation;  
For hell’s eternal tortures he’d display,  
As task indeed devolving on his station!

The writhing heart fast held in serpent coil,  
As rigid Milton, and young Pollok dream’d;  
The hydra personalities of hell  
And his description of the sinner doom’d!

Who could listen longer? whom the ear  
Can brook not tale of time, with mis’ry fraught,  
How of eternity? hence shall mine hear  
The precepts which in mercy Jesus taught.

His was the voice that gave relief from fear;  
That superstition’s darkest midnight broke;  
That raised the spirit faint, and bade it cheer,  
For lo! “a God” salvation’s dawning woke!

Oh! piteous dupes of systems error based,  
Of Calvin’s cruel creeds, and Miller’s schemes;  
Can ye not see the darksome ways ye’ve traced,  
Are but delusions—terror’s wildest dreams?

Turn to the Saviour—note how vastly wide  
The difference in your dire horrific lore,  
And His, your rightful specimen and guide,  
Who meekly counselled, and forgiving bore!

He taught “glad tidings” which like radiance fell  
On gentle blindness—souls with ignorance dim;  
A glow which mental darkness could dispel;  
Your ministerial duty learn of Him!

So. Oxford, N. Y.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## SCENES IN THE DRAMA OF HUMAN LIFE.

BY MRS. F. M. BAKER.

## SCENE FOURTH.

Look at yonder antiquated cottage, surrounded by trees, and overgrown with vines venerable for age.—Not long since dwelt there, an aged couple, who seemed almost a part of the cottage; so associated were they with every thing about it. And old Grandfather and Grandmother Hume, as every body far and near called them, were among the best, and kindest, and happiest old people the world ever saw.

Methinks I see them now, seated in their high backed chairs; she with her knitting, and he reading the old family Bible to her, or with his spectacles in his hand, looking at her, and conversing with her, as fondly and gently as in the palmiest days of their youth. Ah! theirs was an affection which neither life nor death could destroy; which grew with their growth and strengthened with their strength. Perhaps they loved less passionately than years before, but their love was more deep and holy.

They had never been separated twenty four hours at a time since their marriage; which was when they were quite young, and now they were on the utmost verge of a century. Each seemed uneasy and sad when not near the other. Together they had cultivated their small farm, and together enjoyed its products. They planted their own fruit trees, and tended and nurtured them until they were dear to them. Indeed, together they had always lived, and labored, and together we always said they would die. Nor were we mistaken; but a few hours separated the flight of each spirit to its better home. It seemed for a long time, as if each but awaited the company of the other, upon that last journey; and to take it together, had ever been their most anxious desire.

A large family had risen around them; had grown to manhood and settled in life; every one an honorable, use-

ful, and respected member in community. Well might this family rise up and call these parents blessed! An almost perfect pattern was Grandmother Hume for a mother. From my own mother I took my lessons, she would say, nor have I ever found them to fail. We never disobeyed our parents; not because we feared them, but because from our love for them we had no desire to. Nor was ours that kind of love which is generated by a hope of reward, and which can only be kept alive by promises, and bribes, and flatteries. They never bid us do a thing but once, before we did it; because we had learned from long experience that they never required aught but what was for our good. They did not begin by trying to hire us to do our duty, or threatening us if we neglected it. Therefore we never acted from any hope of reward or fear of penalty. A desire to please them and do right, was our only motive; nor was our duty ever left undone. Indeed each child strove to do first and best what he knew the parent desired. And we never waited for another to do what each was bid. Our delight was to see who should act first and best. And could we but anticipate a wish of our father or mother, and perform it before being asked, we were doubly happy.

Upon such principles I have endeavored to train my children; with what success you can see. Particularly we wished they might see in us a faint shadow of that more perfect and better way, in which the Great Parent of all deals with his children.

Oh! thought I, what a pity that every parent could not here take a lesson. How many more happy families should we have upon earth.

Canterbury, Ct.

## A SAD SPECTACLE.

On our way from Philadelphia to this city on Friday last, upon our return from Baltimore, our attention was arrested by the appearance of a fellow passenger, who chanced to sit near us in the cars. He was apparently not over 30, dressed in coarse and seedy garments, and evidently in the last stage of consumption. Upon his face was stamped the seal of death more clearly and terribly than we have ever seen it upon another living countenance. He was wasted to a skeleton, and the livid paleness of a corpse had driven from his face every hue of health and life. His eyes were restless, and glared with dull but eager stare upon what was passing around him. We did not hear him speak till we had reached Jersey City, and then upon the ferry-boat, we observed him talking to a number of gentlemen, who were standing around him. He spoke feebly, but with great earnestness and excitement. He said he had just been released from the Penitentiary in Pennsylvania, where he had been a long time confined. He had never before confessed his shame, but now, he said, he could not help it. He had been a great villain in his life; but, said he, as his eyes swam in tears, and his thin, blue lips quivered with emotion, that’s all past, and I have got to die in a day or two. His mother, he said, lived at No. — Greenwich street; he had not seen her for many years, and the only favor he asked of God or man was, that he might reach her home and die in her arms. He seemed in a perfect agony of apprehension lest the police officers of the city should see him as he landed, and detain him till it should be too late to see his mother. They all knew him, he said; to be a great rogue, and if somebody did not aid him, he knew he should die in the City Prison instead of his mother’s house. He seemed greatly relieved and truly thankful when several gentlemen offered to send him at once to her residence. We know not what became of him, but think it scarcely possible that he should be living now. But who can picture either the joy or the agony of that last meeting between the widowed mother and her wretched son—coming from the dungeon to her arms only to be laid somewhat more gently in the grave? The excitement of the hope of meeting her seemed to be all that kept him alive; and it appeared scarcely possible that his feeble frame could survive the excitement of the meeting itself.—N. Y. Tribune.

Deliberate long upon that which you can do but once.

## MODE OF EXECUTING CRIMINALS IN LIMA.

The day previous to the execution of a malefactor in the city of Lima; a sheriff goes round with a white scarf thrown around his shoulders holding a small silver plate in his hand, asking alms for the person that is about to suffer—that the priests may conduct him safely through purgatory. To every person that gives any thing the sheriff rehearses the crime he has committed, who he is, etc.

The prisoner after his sentence is past is conducted into what is called the Cappella or Confessional Chapel; in front is placed the image of the Virgin Mary, and a crucifix. He has two priests who remain with him all the time, exhorting him to put his trust in the image before him. He confesses his past deeds, and owns the sentence passed on him as just. He is allowed every thing that he wants during that time. On the morning of his execution which is generally about the hour of ten o’clock, he is taken from the chapel into the court yard, where, his hands are tied, and a small crucifix placed therein, with the image of his patron suspended round his neck. He is led between two priests surrounded by soldiers to the place of execution. The music plays the dead march, and they all proceed to the public square, when the troops are formed into three platoons. The culprit is then brought forward; he kneels down and kisses the seat as an acknowledgment of his crime. His sentence is then read aloud, forbidding any person on pain of death to oppose it. He is placed on the seat with his eyes blindfolded; the relics of the saints are taken from him; the priests all the time are recommending him to the Virgin Mary. He cries for Misericordia after them when the priests retire slowly, raising their voices. The soldiers advance within 8 or 10 paces of him; the priests walk backwards with a white handkerchief in their hands, as a signal for the officers to command the soldiers. The officer has his sword drawn, and when the priest raises the handkerchief the officer raises his sword; the sword falls; the soldier fires; the victim falls. The bell of the Cathedral tolls; the music plays merrily; the troops disperse amid the huzzas of a populace. But one lies there still; his spirit has gone to God who gave it. The body is left lying on the ground till about 4 o’clock, with a small plate on it, and an aged person asking alms for the deceased, that the priests may say mass for him to be conducted safe through purgatory. He is then taken to the grave yard, and thrown into a large pit, without funeral rites or ceremony.

CARLYLE, in his recent work, gives utterance to the following noble sentiment:—

“All work, even cotton spinning, is noble; work is alone noble; be that hence said and asserted once more. And in like manner, too, all dignity is painful. A life of ease is not for any man, nor for any god. The life of all gods figures itself to us as a sublimed sadness—earnestness of infinite battle against infinite labor. Our highest religion is named the “worship of sorrow.” For the son of man there is no noble crown, well worn, or even ill worn, but is a crown of thorns!”

If you see a man grossly ignorant and superficial on points which you do understand, be not over ready to give him credit on the score of character which he may have attained for any great ability in points which you do not understand.

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# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."....."PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY JUNE, 30, 1843.

NO. 20.

## For the Magazine and Advocate. ORIGINAL SERMON.

BY REV. D. S. MOREY.

"Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" Job xiv: 16.

The past, as it rises up before the mind, presents a subject of deep and thrilling interest to the observer of human progression and decline. The superficial observer, however, sees nothing but a blind fatality working the rise and ruin of empires and kingdoms, while the strict observer of the human race discovers in every change which has been wrought, an overruling Providence, that ruleth among the inhabitants of earth, and turneth the hearts of the children of men as the rivers of water are turned.

The past may be unveiled, and beneath its deep coverings which time has wrought, may be discovered the workings of a mysterious Providence mingling with human affairs—from corruption and decay bringing forth life and beauty, and from weakness, strength—from gross darkness has emerged the light of day, and from political and religious desolation, systems that are congenial to the feelings and desires of immortal beings.

Let us call to mind those distant ages when Syria contained a hundred cities, and abounded with towns and hamlets. Every where one might have seen frequented roads, cultivated fields, crowded habitations, and her people surrounded with all the glory and grandeur of this lower world. Let us picture to ourselves the Assyrian empire, on the banks of the Tigris; the Persian, whose kings swayed their sceptres over their down-trodden subjects, from the waters of the Indus to those of the Mediterranean—enumerate the kingdoms of Idumea, Damascus and Samaria, and the tribes of the Philistines, and the republics of Phenecia. Where is Judea, the land of the Prophets and Seers? The place where once her holy city stood, the pride of the favored Jew and wonder of the world, is now become a rendezvous for wolves, and a hiding place for owls and dragons.

Where are those stupendous walls of Nineveh—those ramparts and hanging gardens of Babylon? The wild beasts of the desert lodge there, and satyrs dance among her ruins. Where are those palaces of Persepolis—those temples of Balbec and Jerusalem? Where are the cities of Rome, Carthage, Athens, and Thebes with her hundred gates? Where are the fleets of Tyre, and the dock-yards of Arvad? And where are the multitudes of Egyptians that reared those gigantic pyramids in which to entomb their cruel sovereigns? Alas! we behold nothing but solitude and desolation—the temples are thrown down; the walks, palaces and gardens are demolished; the forts filled up; the cities, towns and hamlets destroyed; and those lands stripped of their inhabitants, seem dreary burying places.

Where are the multitudes that thronged the streets of the ancient cities—the richly dressed, the poorly clad, their sovereigns surrounded with the gaudy trappings of wealth, and royalty with the peaceful laborer at his daily task, toiling to support the wants of nature? The high, the low, the rich, the poor, the base, and the brave, have all to the grave gone down, and become food for the beetle and worm!

Where are the mighty armies that trod the streets of the eternal city; butchering its inhabitants, laying waste the surrounding country, and spreading devastation and ruin in their train? By their deep probings they brought death and ruin upon the mistress of the world. They too have fallen, and exist only in name.

Where is the mighty man, "whose eye terrified

the glance its magnificence attracted. Grand and gloomy, he sat upon his throne a sceptered hermit, wrapped in the silence of his own originality. At one time nations were his outposts and kings his subjects." In a moment he was entombed amid the barren rocks of St. Helena. He died a wearied captive—he gave up the ghost and where is he?

Where are those Spartan bands of soldiers that were led forth to battle when liberty lay bleeding at every pore? Their bones lie bleaching on our mountain sides, or beneath the green turfs of their own loved soil. Where are our Washingtons, our Adams, our Jeffersons and Franklins, together with that host of worthies who rocked the Infant (Liberty) and bore it up till their children should honor it? Where are they now? Does the senate chamber still echo with the sounds of "liberty or death?" Are the swords and bayonets still seen glittering in the sunbeams at Lexington, Trenton, Monmouth, Bennington and Saratoga? Do the halls of science still reverberate with their music-tones, raised in defence of reason and human rights; or are the pages of literature still fed from those bright luminaries that gave such an impulse to the great ocean of mind? No—they are gone! but where?

Behold the infant upon its mother's bosom, sleeping in infancy. Upon that child the parent expects to lean in her declining age for support.—We gaze upon him—he looks beautiful as the rose of spring; Or, like the vine encircling the huge oak, monarch of the hills, blooming in sweetness—and while we gaze, the fell destroyer comes and nips the opening flower. "He giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"

Behold that young man or that young woman sporting with life. Days pass smoothly on, and nights are spent in festive halls—at the giddy dance, or at the lamp light poring over the records of the past in endeavoring to store their minds with knowledge that will fit them for greatness and worldly applause. They have not drank deep of sin; but this is not their abiding home. Consumption lays its palsying hand upon them—they sicken—they struggle for the mastery—but they go! And where?

Behold the man of middle age, who has passed the days of infancy and youth, and has arrived at that stage in his life of all others most to be desired—his physical powers have gained their strength, his mind can almost grasp infinity, and his heart beats with a generous warmth towards his fellow beings, and he ranks high in the estimation of the good and virtuous. But alas, how uncertain are all things connected with our earthly existence. At a time when we least expect it, the hand of death is laid upon us, and we, though reluctantly, obey the summons. The body returns to the earth as it was; and the spirit is—WHERE?

See that old man leaning upon his staff, in order to support his tottering limbs. His eye looks dim, but still he has life. He was once seen by the cannon's mouth, fierce as the lion when from his lair he leaps to devour his prey, fighting for his sons and liberty. His brother warriors, one by one, have gone to another land—his wife, his children have been swept like the dew before the rising sun, from earth to another home; and he a remnant of another generation, still lives to celebrate with his children, "with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and with illuminations," that day on which a nation dared to declare themselves free! But ere to-morrow's sun shall have set, he will have passed away, and be deposited by the side of the companions of his youth—he will have "given up the ghost, and where is he?"

Oh, what a changing world is this!—One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh—life and death—virtue and vice—prosperity and adversity—hope and fear, succeed each other. Go where you may—search the deep recesses of the heart—look aloft to those bright luminaries that have as yet shone with undiminished splendor—look around, and see the beauty and harmony that prevades the works of God—enter the bowels of the earth; and see life and happiness pervading the universe of matter as well as that of mind—on all things, save the throne of the Eternal, is written change and death!

Oh my God! What is man without a hope? Like the ship at sea without an anchor, that is driven to and fro upon the briny deep, until sail, and mast, and all have gone beneath the heaving billows. So man without hope is tossed to and fro upon the sea of life; in fear, and doubt, and conscious forebodings, he gropes on in darkness, until the grave gives rest to his weary frame. The friends and companions of our youth have gone, forever. Parents, brothers, and sisters have left the shores of time, and all past generations have gone to their long home. The grave holds them in everlasting silence—they have given up the ghost, and a world of sentient and sympathising beings asks, where are they?

Mankind are so intimately connected, that if any serious injury happens to one of our race, and if made known to the rest, it causes an instantaneous burst of sympathy, and no human power can check this universal expression of our feelings, until the object of our affections is beyond the power of the destroyer. And just so long as man is in possession of these holy feelings—as long as he loves his race—just so long will he look with deep and holy feelings for man's future good; and no answer to this question can ever produce joy to the soul, unless it assures us that our destiny is to be glorious.

"Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" I answer—He dies, and death is the end of all the living. As the flowers bloom for a season, and send forth their sweets, to regale the senses—as the mineral, vegetable and animal creation live to support man; and then droop, and die, and mingle with the dust—so man was created with hopes big with immortality, exclusively for this state of being, and for no other. Though he possesses intellect that is susceptible of an infinite progression in knowledge and virtue; yet this intellect must die. Though he loves, and endeavors to do good; yet in the end, all these virtues must mingle with the general mass of corruption. "The sun, and moon, and stars will rise, and set, and rise again; but when man dies he is to rise no more!"

"A long, long, dark, oblivious, silent sleep—a sleep which no propitious power dispels, nor changing seasons, nor revolving years," is to hold him in its embrace forever!

If this is to be our destiny, why, I ask, did the infidel's god make us as we are? Why did he plant deep in the human soul a desire for immortality? Why did he create us susceptible of either loving, rejoicing, or weeping and mourning over the misfortunes of others? Why did he make matter subservient to mind, if both share the same destiny? If true, does it ease the mourner's smart—does it bind up those avenues from which the tears of anguish gush when nature and affection bleed? No! it contains no balm—it affords no joy, and gives no relief.

Again I answer, that we were created for a higher destiny. God created our first parents, in his own image. They, however, in consequence of the frailty of that nature which God had given them, rebelled against him, and in consequence of



such violation were exposed to the wrath of the Almighty. They lost their image, and God subjected them to "all the miseries of this life, to death itself, and to the pains of hell forever." In due time, God out of his own good pleasure sent Jesus Christ, his well beloved Son, to restore that image to the children of men, and reconcile them to God, and raise all men from the dead, and make them holy and happy in the immortal world. And as Jesus is the resurrection and the life, he will raise mankind from the sleep of death, and give them immortality. But in consequence of some rejecting the Saviour, they shall sink into endless despair, while the righteous shall bask in the sunbeams of unchanging love. Yes, all that have lived and loved shall be raised from the dead; but in order for God to be just as well as merciful, the unbelieving wife must be separated from the believing husband—the parent from the child—the brother from the sister, and friend from friend!—The ties which exist here, must be sundered; the connections which are formed on earth, must be broken up; the endearments of associations must all be destroyed—all for the glory of God, and the destruction of more than half of our race.

What better is this answer than the former?—The first takes our existence from us; the other prolongs it, but by prolonging it takes from us those fountains of happiness—friends, affections and associations—without which life would be a curse!

'Tis said, that notwithstanding God destroys the connections and associations that are formed here, he will give the righteous, in lieu of the same, endless happiness and eternal delight in God, and in worship and service. But is it not given to them at the expense of the wicked? The unrighteous are endless losers—their existence is an infinite curse, and annihilation itself would have been a blessing to the fairest portion of our world.

If my nature is to be so chained in the immortal world, from what it is here; so that I can delight in the misery of my race—if immortal happiness consists in feasting self upon the bread of life, alone, without regard to the welfare of others—if love for man, (yes, even the worst of beings), is all to end with this life, it is my prayer that I may sleep on, and on forever, without a consciousness of my own, or the destinies of others.

But if this system must be true—if I must be raised either to endless life with the elect few, or sink in endless night with the expectation of no reprieve—I say (after an examination of my own heart) that I had rather sink to hell than dwell in such a heaven, where I can look down upon my fellow mortals, and see them writhing in the agonies of ceaseless despair.

But, my friends, 'tis false—'tis false as hell. It never originated with God—it never was sung by prophet-bards, or brought by angels to men. The tidings which Heaven sent to mortals was good—'twas "peace on earth, and good will to man."

"Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" "The dust returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it." Such is the language of Revelation; and such is the language of nature, reason and experience. There husbands greet their wives—there parents greet their children—there friend greets friend—and there will each learn his highest duty, to love his neighbor (though he were his enemy) as himself. "The spirit returns to God who gave it," to go no more out forever—but it will go on from strength to strength, from perfection to perfection, and from one degree of glory to another, throughout an endless round of ages on ages, till one song shall burst from the universal whole, a family saved in heaven. Amen.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### EXCLUSIVENESS.

BY REV. S. J. GIBSON.

"I will have mercy, upon whom I will have mercy; and I will have compassion, upon whom I will have compassion.—BIBLE.

Under the Mosaic dispensation, the Jews were the chosen people of the living and true God. One may go back, and follow them from their rise throughout all the windings of their pathway, until

but a short period prior to their subjugation by the Romans, and it will be found that they enjoyed many blessings to which other nations were strangers. All of their plans were successful, so long as they remained in obedience to him who, it would seem, took them under his especial charge. In vain was it that the oppressive hand of Egypt's hardened monarch was raised against them; for he found himself baffled in every attempt to impose slavery upon them. In vain did the nations of the promised possession, lift against them the battle-axe; for in so doing they warred not with man, but with Him whose arm was able to sweep the world with the besom of destruction, and under his protection the career of the Israelites as a nation, was onward, to prosperity, to power, and to glory!

We know not but that such might have still continued to be their happy situation, had they rightly improved those blessings with which they were favored, and had not other people become in a station, to secure the especial favor of the Deity. The wisdom of the supreme Being ever fathoms the depths of an infinite futurity, and lays the foundation of things to transpire in the ages to come, and in consequence, when his purposes relative to mankind were being so far matured, that he required the Jews no longer to be a separate and chosen people; their prosperity was soon upon the wane, and they were travelling the road to adversity as speedily as they once did that leading to prosperity and honor.

Their being subject to many blessings to which others were strangers, and thus continuing until generations one after another had come and gone, at length rendered them proud and scornful. They imbibed and nourished a haughty spirit—were many times oppressive in their conduct—the beauties of humility shone not out from their actions, and doubly true was the proverb rendered relative to their situation, that "pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

The time for the winding up of the old dispensation, at length appeared, and the chosen agents came with the promulgation of the new and better covenant, which was to be established upon better promises; and then was heard the pleasing sound of the glad tidings of great joy which spoke peace to all people. At this the Israelites commenced their murmurings, which at length ripened into hatred and downright persecution. Their system of divinity had long spoken to them in a different manner—they had long supposed themselves the chosen subjects of the living God—that they were perfect in works of righteousness, and none others were worthy of blessings from above. This being their supposition, it may well be supposed that when the time for the promulgation of the Gospel arrived—that when it was declared that Gentile as well as Jew, was an offspring of the Deity, and that the Saviour came with the proclamation of peace to a whole world; the Israelites would resort to fault-finding, and repudiate the idea of the covenant of God being founded in such a manner. Yes! this was galling to their pride. It was not in harmony with their sentiments of haughtiness which had sprung up within their minds on account of the privileges which they had long enjoyed. And hence, they forthwith regarded those who proclaimed such doctrines, as enemies of Heaven—as blasphemers, who should be looked upon as strangers to the protection of the laws—regarded as outcasts and vagabonds; and in thus doing, forgot that the Deity had declared, "I will have mercy upon whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion upon whom I will have compassion."

Yea; the favors of the supreme Being are not to be ruled by man—that man has never seen the light of created existence, who can sway the infinite will of the Almighty, and compel him to mete out favors or curses upon whom he, (purblind and impious man,) may choose to favor or condemn! No; the Deity looks through all space—comprehends all being—guides the vast creation, every part of it, man not excepted, with a precise and unerring hand, and will mete out to all that which will be productive of the greatest good. But the Israelitish world had suffered this truth to become lost to their minds—they had become bewildered

with pride, and were not as wise as the erring prophet who exclaimed, "how can I curse whom the Lord hath not cursed?" And this proved their temporal and national ruin; for though the most conclusive and tangible evidence that could possibly be placed before the human mind, was brought before them—though the sun, moon and stars above, united with the world beneath, in proclaiming the universal love of God—though every breath of the passing breeze and object over which it swept, spoke of his unchangeable goodness; and though miraculous power was exerted in a special manner, working wonders before them, and all in support of the beginning of a new dispensation, which should break down the partition walls between man and man, and bring all within the pale of love divine and protection from above; yet the Israelite barred his mind against the whole—set aside all these instructions—wrapped himself still more closely in his self-adoring pride, and put far away the idea that the Deity should have mercy upon whom he pleased, and compassion upon whom he thought proper.

Such were the circumstances in which the Jews were placed, and such the opinions by which they were guided, but do we not behold the same exclusive spirit governing a great share of the Christian community at the present day? The prevalent doctrine of endless misery has long held almost an absolute sway, and if we look back to the period in the which it became the established belief of the church, and from thence to the present day, we shall find that this arrogant pride, has faithfully kept pace with the times, lifting its votaries high upon the stream of self-importance, and scorning the traveller of a different faith, and regarding him as being unworthy of the Christian name.

There are, I know, some individual exceptions, and I am happy in the thought; but I wish there were many more imbued with the true spirit of religion, than we at present behold. Prosperity may have long been the inheritance of a denomination, and if they have maintained their humility during the time, they have acted well; but in that instance where it has only been productive of pride and arrogance, the day-star which has long beckoned them onward, is waning, and like Israel's of old, it will soon sink beneath the horizon, and be lost forever! But there are those who will be taught in no school, save that of experience, the dearest of all; and now, even in too many instances we find the manifestation of that spirit which seems to have forgotten that the Deity has declared that he will have mercy upon whom it may please him, and compassion upon whom he thinks proper.

Reader, do you not behold the manifestation of this exclusive spirit almost every day of your life—a "stand by, come not near, for I am holier than thou"? Yes, there are hundreds upon every hand who presume to look up to the heavenly regions, and behold themselves the favored objects of the Eternal Mind, and that none have a right like themselves to blessings from above. How often does the question come home to us:

"Do you believe that all mankind are going to heaven?"

"Indeed we do." "Well; look at that man. True, he was once an ornament to society, but those days have long since passed away; and mark that bloated visage—hear that horrid oath, and see him wallowing in the mire, a drunkard and a brute. Ah, sir, if such men are going to heaven, I don't want to go there!"

Such, we say, is the language with which the Universalist is frequently assailed. Yet, are people who speak in this manner aware, that the Savior has painted their character in its true light? It is even so, and we will spend a few moments in contemplation of it.

"A certain man had two sons, and the younger of them said to his father—Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me." With this request the father complied, and not many days thereafter, the young man took his journey into a far country in order to trade for himself; but being young and inexperienced, he was at once surrounded with the most vicious company which soon led



him astray. He joined in their revels—squandered his property—became the most degraded of any, and at last hired himself to a citizen of the country, and was put to one of the meanest of employments, so regarded by his countrymen; and, in a word, saw was the fate to which he had fallen.—But now look upon the other son. He went forth one morning to his labor from his father's house, and as the sun sunk behind the horizon and the shades of evening were stealing around, he rested from his labors, and journeyed homeward; and at a short distance from the house he heard sounds which betokened no little joy. There was, according to the custom of the country, music and dancing, and indeed all was merry. This to him was surprising—he called a servant that stood without, and enquired the cause of this rejoicing, and was answered that his brother had come home. When this came to his mind, he refused even to go into the house; and why? Because that poor wandering brother of his, degraded though he had been, yet had received favor from his father. In imagination he looked upon his brother while in a foreign country. He saw him wild and vicious—squandering his property—wallowing, as it were, in the very depths of iniquity, and if such men were going into his father's house, he did not want to go there!

There is the fac simile of that man who now points to the wanderer from the path of rectitude and virtue, and says, "if such men are going to heaven, I don't want to go there." But had the elder brother looked into his father's house, he would not have seen the degraded being he once saw in a foreign country, but would have beheld him a changed being—his tattered garments removed, and a robe in their stead—a ring upon his finger, yea, a brother, the same as before he left the scenes of his childhood. And the man who now declares that he does not wish a seat in heaven, if the man of iniquity is going there, would do well to consider, that the being whom he now so much loathes, will, ere time is swallowed up in eternity, be changed even like the prodigal son—the tattered garments of sin which now hang around his mind will be taken off, and a robe of virtue appear in their stead—a ring, the signet of undying love, will be given him; and all by the mercy of a Father!

How pleasing it is, to see the lovely virtue of humility shine out from the actions of those who have professed religion, and at all times, to behold the manifestations of that spirit which looks upon all with a compassionate and merciful eye, and ever extends to another that which it would wish in return. And, reader, let not the idea ever enter your mind, that you are the only object of favor in the sight of Heaven, or that his blessings are to be bestowed upon none, but those of your own peculiar faith. Put far away this day of insufferable, sinful pride; and, above all things, never attempt to interpose your arm between mankind and their Maker, saying that his favors shall rest thus and so; for that office he has reserved exclusively to himself. "I will have mercy upon whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion upon whom I will have compassion."

Monroeton, Pa.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S TRIUMPH.

BY MISS MARIA L. STACY.

I stood by the dying bedside of an aged man.—Many long years had he been a tenant of our earth. He had enjoyed the calm sunshine of prosperity, and stemmed the fierce gales of adversity. Sons and daughters had sprung up around him—he had lived to enjoy a good old age—his head had long been blossoming for the tomb—his earthly pilgrimage was well nigh ended, and he was about to be gathered to the garner of his God. For many years he had been a believer in the popular religion of the day—reconciliation had taken place between him and his offended God, and now that the last sad trial had come, we had gathered around to take the parting farewell, and witness, in the dread hour

of death, the Christian's triumph! Already the cold damp of death was on his brow, and the lamp of life flickered in its socket. "Ah!" said he, "I grieve not to leave this vain world. I have found its joys to be fading and transitory, and I long to be released from this frail prison-house of clay, and taken home to the mansions of my Father.—But oh! there is even now a thorn rankling in my bosom which can not be eradicated. My children, my beloved children are traveling onward in the broad road to destruction, and I fear, awfully fear, they will be cut off in their mad career, and cast down to people the dark regions of the damned! Oh, my Saviour and my God! Snatch them as brands from the eternal burning! Have mercy, and forgive them!" He ceased! all was still! the sun of life had set! The Father's last anguished prayer had ascended to heaven in behalf of his erring and wayward children! And is this the Christian's triumph? I asked; and the answering response came back upon my heart—Ah, no! This is not the Christian's triumph, but the vague and fearful doubting of the unbeliever. He had forgotten, alas! that his Saviour was their Saviour; and his God, their God; and that a being of all mercy and goodness, could have that intensity of pity and feeling for his children which burnt in his own frail bosom! The glad hope of the believing Christian illuminated not his pathway to the tomb. Dark and fearful were his forebodings—the dark valley of death was rendered doubly drear by the dismal faith of his doubting heart. And I felt that for a cold and selfish heart, this faith might answer to live by; but for a dying mortal, about to bid adieu to all which seems most near and dear, 'tis a canker worm of desponding and despair. No bright hopes of blissful reunion with beloved friends and associates hover round his heart; dearh is to him a dark, deep stream which he fears to fathom. But ah, how unlike to this is the glad faith of the true and believing Christian! He knows his Saviour, and trusts to his mercy and goodness. If the dear and beloved ones of his heart stray from the path of duty and rectitude, he feels that there is a good Shepherd watching over them, who, when the evening shall come, will conduct them back again to the fold. And when the sands of life run low; when he is called to take his last final exit, he goes rejoicing in the bright and cheering hope of a brighter and better world, whose kindred spirits shall be reunited, and with a redeemed world, sing praises to Him who sitteth upon throne, and to the Lamb forever. Yes, here, in very deed, is the Christian's triumph!

Springfield, Pa.

From the Western Luminary.

## MINUTES

Of the proceedings of the Niagara Association of Universalists, June, 1843.

This body held its annual session on the 7th and 8th inst., and chose Br. Phineas Briggs, of Albion, Moderator. The session was opened by uniting in prayer with Br. H. Roberts, of Rochester.—Proceeded to business by reading the Minutes of the last session. Received letters from Societies. Adjourned to meet at 3 o'clock, P. M.

Met according to adjournment, and heard reports of committees on fellowship, ordination and discipline. Reports on fellowship and ordination, "no business" had come before them. Accepted.—Report on discipline, "no complaint." Accepted. Appointed for committee on fellowship and ordination the ensuing year, Brs. B. B. Bunker, S. S. Curtis, and Eldredge Farwell. For committee on discipline the ensuing year, appointed Brs. L. Knapp, L. L. Spaulding, and W. W. Ruggles. Appointed Brs. B. B. Bunker, L. L. Spaulding, (clerical,) Charles Lee, and Wm. Murdock, (lay) delegates to represent this Association at the next State Convention, 1844, with power to appoint substitutes. Adjourned to meet next day at 9 o'clock.

Met according to adjournment, and after hearing the reports from the several societies, through their delegates, Br. C. Hammond tendered his resigna-

tion of Standing Clerkship, stating that as he had removed out of the bounds of the Association, it was necessary that another should be chosen, and he therefore should resign.

Voted that Br. Hammond's resignation be accepted, and the thanks of the Association be tendered for the faithful manner he had, for a number of years, discharged the duties of his office.

Chose Br. B. B. Bunker, Standing Clerk.

Voted that when this body adjourn, it adjourn to meet in Chili on the first Wednesday and Thursday in June, 1844.

The following preamble and resolution were then introduced, and unanimously passed.

Whereas this body has a desire to have a uniformity of articles of faith in the denomination, therefore,

Resolved, That this Constitution be so amended as to have introduced the Profession of Faith of the General Convention of Universalists of the New England States, which was adopted by that body at Winchester, N. H., 1803, which is as follows:

"1. We believe that the holy scriptures of the Old and New Testaments contain a revelation of the character of God, and of the duty, interest, and final destination of mankind.

"2. We believe there is one God, whose nature is Love; revealed in one Lord Jesus Christ, by one Holy Spirit of Grace, who will finally restore the whole family of mankind to holiness and happiness.

"3. We believe that holiness and true happiness are inseparably connected; and that believers ought to maintain order, and practice good works, for these things are good and profitable unto man."

Voted that the Standing Clerk prepare the proceedings of this body for publication in the Western Luminary.

Ministers Present.—C. Hammond, J. Chase, J. M. Cook, and E. W. Locke, Rochester; S. S. Curtis, Gaines; S. Goff, Bristol; L. Knapp, P. Philleo; B. B. Bunker, Lockport.

Delegates.—Wm. Murdock and Harry Scott, Ridgeway; A. S. Baker, Linus Spaulding, Middleport; John Proctor and W. W. Ruggles, Gaines; Dea. Post and E. Billings, Barre; Robert Wooden and James Wooden, Chili; James Orr and Ira Phillips, Clarendon; E. Lewis and E. Chubbuck, Lockport.

Remarks.—Taken together, we had a very profitable meeting, and we can but hope that our friends in Middleport, who exerted themselves to make our stay with them comfortable, were well paid by the services of the Sanctuary. Their warm hearts will be remembered by those they entertained. We hope the brethren will be prepared to act on the Resolution that was passed, at the time provided by the constitution. Sermons were preached on the occasion to large audiences, by Brs. P. Philleo, Cook, Spaulding, Locke and Goff. The sermons were well calculated to reform and come at the heart.

B. B. BUNKER, Standing Clerk.

## LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

H F S, Nashville, for J T, and A S—P M, Unadilla (Mich.) for self and N R—H Merrill, Chardon, (O.)—A S, Brownville, for J M P, J C Jr, J M L T N P, A H S S, G E F and W L—P M, Copenhagen, for J H and G Van V—P M, Salisbury, for C P.

Br. Tompkins—Credit I. F. Chamberlain, Pratts Hollow—Maria Coe, Madison—C. Per Lee, North Norwich, and H. Shuts, Cobleskill, each \$2.00, for next volume Repository, and change the direction of H. Shuts, to Kelloggsville, Cayuga Co. N. Y.

Br. Price—You say in the last Messenger, credit Charles Peck, Hamilton, Pa. \$1.50 and charge you. We have no subscriber of that name, nor does the Post Office list show that there is such a place as Hamilton, in Pa. We had a subscriber of the name of Charles Peet, at Hamilton, Pa.—Is that the one meant? He stopped his paper at the close of last volume, and is credited in full up to that time. Does he want the current Vol. with the back numbers? Credit David Brown, Oxford, N. Y., for Union, \$2.50 and charge us.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

LETTERS OF THE NEW-ENGLAND  
SPY.....NO. VI.

—, Mar. 20, 1843.

My Dear F:—Again I resume my pen, and as I have yet somewhat more to say on the subject of Universalism, I again resume that subject.—And you will permit me to say, that no class of Christians have been more generally misrepresented than have Universalists. One could hardly believe that one Christian sect could so far forget their duty to another as to descend to such low and vile slanders as have been propagated relative to this sect. They have been emphatically “every where spoken against.” And yet their course is onward. From a small band they have become a numerous host.

Their clergymen are generally high minded men. There may be exceptions, but as a general thing I have found them a highly cultivated, and very talented class of people. I do not speak here unadvisedly, or without knowledge. I am personally acquainted with some hundred or more of New England Universalist clergymen. And I pronounce them to be a people that will not suffer in comparison, either morally or socially, with any class of people with whom I have ever associated. There are some doubtless that feel their unworthiness, and would gladly retire from the ministry if they knew how. This class feel their deficiency in both talents and acquirements, and are satisfied that they can not meet the wants of the present advanced state of society. But then their services are demanded—they are not idle—there is not a respectable clergyman of the order we speak of, whatever his attainments may be, but what finds employment and a competent support. There are a very few, perhaps, who do not meet with that encouragement which they have anticipated; but the reason of this is, they have over-estimated their abilities, and set too high a value upon themselves. The people will not accord to them what they claim for themselves, and this is a very unenviable state for a clergyman to find himself in. Vanity and foppish look deplorable enough any where; but in a clergyman they are intolerable. Of this class, however, I have become acquainted with very few. I think there are not many in the order. Nor have I noticed but a very few attempts to appear learned. I have seen young men quote from old English manuscripts, and profess to be familiar with them, when I did not believe they had ever seen the book from which they quoted. This I call an attempt to appear learned, and in a clergyman of any denomination is disgusting in the extreme. I never hear it but what the conviction is forced upon me that there is a *soft spot* somewhere in the region of the top of the head. But with a very few exceptions of this kind, I can most heartily accord to the clergymen of this denomination, a very high degree of intellectual and moral worth.

As a social people I never knew them excel. It does one's soul good to meet them, with their warm grasp of the hand, and share in their hospitality. I hate an unsocial religion. Give me the frank expression of the heart. I can not away with a religion that does not make man a social being as well as religious. And for this reason, I can not find it in my heart to condemn *in toto* New England Universalism. I think the great error of this denomination lies in the fact that they have been too cold. Christianity as they unfold it, aims high; it aims at a universal, permanent, moral conquest. And as believers in a religion that aims thus high, I think they have been quite too cold and formal. They have not felt in their devotions as if they would go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing that has come to pass there. They have not loved that star, as they ought, which appeared in the east 1800 years ago, and which has guided so many to the cradle of the Infant Redeemer.—That star! that star! Methinks I see it now, hanging over dark and benighted Galilee, and looking down upon the son of Mary. And methinks, too, that I can hear the voice of those whose feet are beautiful as they come over mountains,

proclaiming good tidings, good tidings of good, to all the sons of Adam. God in mercy help us all to hear the tidings of a risen Saviour, and may that star—that bright morning star, guide us all where the infant Jesus lay. May our thoughts burn within us as did the disciples, when on their way to Emmaus; and may we all put on more of Jesus; more of Christianity; more of that burning zeal which makes religion a personal matter between man and his God.

I would not have people fanatics; but I would have them Christians. I would not have them bow down before their heavenly Father as if they were bowing down before the marble gods of Greece. But I would have them worship him with an earnest purpose and with a heart warmed into life by a sense of individual responsibility.—Men have something to do to be good; Christians have something to do to live their religion. And you may say what you will about creeds; it all lies here; *in this living it out.* Here lies the whole duty. And this I rejoiced to hear insisted upon very eloquently, the other day, in one of the most powerful discourses to which I ever listened. The speaker seemed an Ajax overturning mountains of unbelief and tossing them into the sea. I for one felt his power; and from the tears that stood in the eyes, I judged that others felt it too. Never before did I feel so sure that there was a power and might in Universalism that made it omnipotent.

“O then,” said the speaker in conclusion, “let us not be so cold. Let us act as if we felt the fire of God's love burning in our hearts, and beheld the light of his glorious countenance beaming upon us. Then shall we worship him with full hearts, and with a zeal and warmth that shall be an example to those around us. Not till then shall we recommend our religion by our lives.” With such a ministry, thought I, what has New England Universalism to fear? It must spread, and all the powers of earth can not prevent it. Dost thou believe? Thine as ever,

THE SPY.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## THE TWO FOLD NATURE OF RELIGION.

BY REV. M. E. SMITH.

“Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, is this; To visit the fatherless and widows in their afflictions, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.”—James i: 27.

You will readily perceive, that there is in this religion two distinct features, so distinct that they may exist independent of each other: and accordingly we find in our intercourse with the world, that while there are a few who exhibit both in their daily practice, and a few also who practice neither one nor the other, there are many who practice one part and neglect the other.

To illustrate. Here is Mr. A., noted for his practical benevolence. Is there a poor family in the neighborhood? He is the first to discover and relieve their wants—in the most silent and unostentatious manner, his little acts of kindness are performed at the proper time and place—his heart and his hand are always open; and without waiting to be solicited, his alms are bestowed with cheerfulness. Sickness and suffering seldom exist long, especially among the poor, without his knowledge—he seems to be fortuitously present wherever such aid as he can give is needed—like the good Samaritan he never passes by on the other side, leaving a fellow-being in trouble, or want, or distress, if it is in his power to render him any service. In short he exemplifies in the most perfect manner, the religion described by St. James, so far as it consists in “visiting the fatherless and widow in their affliction.” He does not obtrude his visits upon such merely to gaze upon their destitution and misery, and aggravate their grief by shedding a few sympathetic tears in their presence. He is seldom in the crowd who often visit there, to show off their genteel sensibilities and tender sympathies in a few idle and heartless expressions of condolence. He intrudes not within the sacred precincts

of affliction, unless he has reason to hope he may contribute to its mitigation.

Doubtless, you are ready to conclude that this Mr. A. is a very good Christian; and truly, so far as we have traced his character, it is as becometh a disciple of Christ. Bright and beautiful is this character; and well would it be for our race, if there were more of it in the world. To commiserate the sufferings of humanity, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to relieve the distressed, is certainly one part of religion; and (may I not say?) the greatest, the best, the loveliest part.—But then there is another part, distinct from this, embraced in these words—“And keep himself unspotted from the world.”

Alas, how many good, kind, generous hearted men there are, whose characters are spotted over with the pollutions of the world! Such was Mr. A.—sometimes he would swear most foolishly and wickedly. Always courteous, civil, and respectful to his fellow men, yet he would cast indignity upon the Majesty of heaven, by taking his name in vain! And profanity was not the only dark spot upon his character. He drank, and sometimes to excess.—But drunk or sober he would never wantonly molest or disturb the peace of any one; and the people said “he was his own worst enemy”—and he *was* his own worst enemy; and perhaps meant no harm to any body by his profanity or intemperance. But in truth, by the bye, he was not his own enemy *only*. No man can injure himself, without either directly or indirectly injuring others! Such a man as Mr. A. might wish indeed, that the injury were all his own. We sometimes hear very bad men say, “I wish that nobody were wronged by my vices but myself.” This feeling is truly honorable to human nature, and we cheer it as an indication of something noble even in *bad* men, but so it can not be. “No man liveth to himself alone”—the conduct of each individual helps to constitute the character of the whole community in which he lives; and even if his vicious acts go no farther than to degrade himself, they still detract that much from the good character of that community. But the injury of individual vice stops not here. “Evil communications corrupt good manners.” The profane man may think, when he utters his unbecoming, ungenteel, ungodly expressions, that he does no harm, because he means none.—But his meaning no harm can not render his foul language any less odious to the ears of the genteel, nor prevent its wounding the feelings of the pious; neither can it counteract its corrupting, vitiating influence upon youthful minds.

And certainly the evil effects of intemperance are very far from being confined to the person of the intemperate. His family, his friends, yea, the whole community are made to suffer in some way, in consequence of this degrading and loathsome vice. Let no moral offender flatter himself that he alone must suffer the evils of his conduct. He does himself a wrong, indeed, at which he should shudder; but he should weep tears of contrition, too, for the wrong he does to others. But it is not necessary for my present purpose to extend this reflection—nor is it necessary to say that Mr. A. had other spots besides the two vices named, upon his character; by the bye, however, he probably had; for it would be rather a novel case in morals, to find a profane, intemperate man free from all other worldly pollutions. There are, we know, many vices and crimes that usually follow in the train of these. But these are enough to show, that however, charitable, humane and benevolent he really was, he was no Christian, certainly not a perfect Christian. The blessings of multitudes, who were the recipients of his benefactions, were upon him—the prayer of the orphan and the lone widow, ascended to heaven in his behalf—and rich, indeed, must have been the reward enjoyed by his heart, when the sweet remembrance of the tears he had wiped away, the sorrows he had assuaged, and the hearts he had caused to leap with joy, came rushing into his mind. For, as I have said, he practiced not only to the letter, but, to the very spirit, the one part of pure religion. And it is not to be presumed that he failed of his reward, in the consciousness of



having been in anywise instrumental in mitigating the woes, or adding to the happiness of a fellow mortal. But he kept not himself unspotted from the world, the dark stains of vice and folly were upon him—the leprous spots of iniquity—detestable even in his own eyes, rendered him a marred and “damaged piece of humanity”—his heart, though generous and noble, was polluted; his affections, though kind and lovely, were crushed by vicious habits, and his joys mingled with remorse and sorrow. For though his charity was broad enough to cover from public view, a multitude of sins, it could not prevent them from stinging his own bosom, nor obviate their withering effects upon his own peace. Because in this matter, you know there can be no compromise—no offsetting a virtue against a vice, thinking thereby to make it even—each has its appropriate reward, which must be received. The rewards of virtue are no more certain, than the penalties of vice; and both are fixed by the immutable laws of Him who governs the moral, as well as the physical universe. We may be sure, therefore, that while we are partly virtuous, and partly vicious; sometimes religious and sometimes irreligious, our cup must necessarily be a mingled one. This idea may seem like representing sweet waters and bitter issuing from the same fountain; but the truth is, there are in the human breast two fountains, a fountain of good and a fountain of evil. The relative magnitude and depth of these may vary much in different individuals, still I apprehend every person may find something of each in his own bosom.

The reader is at liberty to fancy the character of Mr. A. to be fictitious; but I trust he will admit that such are actually to be found in real life. But to finish my illustration, I wish to present another character we sometimes meet with, also—one who exemplifies the other part of religion—does that which A. should have done, but did not. Mr. B., is zealous in the observance of the ordinances of religion—mourns over the follies and vanities of the world, and is ever faithful in warning the wicked of the awful doom that awaits them in the world to come. By industry, economy and much pains-taking, he accumulates largely of this world's goods—yet, no one can prove that he has not been legally honest in all his business transactions—no one can charge upon him any immoral conduct—he uses no profane language, is temperate in all things, speaks truth to his neighbor, fulfils his promise, is free from vicious habits of every kind, and no stain of vice can be found upon his garments—in a word, he keeps himself “unspotted from the world.” He looks upon himself, and the world looks upon him, as a very exemplary, pious man.

But does he visit the fatherless and widow in their afflictions? Yes. No man, perhaps, oftener makes such visits. Has he a neighbor upon a sick bed fast declining to the grave? Mr. B. is there in time, and very officious is he, in his labors to prepare the soul of the dying man for its exit into eternity. He exhorts, and prays very fervently and feelingly with him, and bestows many admonitions and much good counsel upon the afflicted family. He says nothing in regard to their worldly wants or temporal necessities; his mind was doubtless too spiritual to dwell on earthly things!

He knew, indeed, that poverty was there, but it did not occur to him that the family might be actually suffering for want of the necessities of life; or, if it did, he refrained, may be, from mentioning it, lest he might wound their feelings by alluding to their destitute condition! And, besides, the sick man had been intemperate; and Mr. B. made it an invariable rule never to bestow charity on the unworthy, because he might thereby be guilty of encouraging vice and profligacy!

And after the demise of this poor man, does Mr. B. pay any attention to the afflicted widow and fatherless children? Yes, he makes them another visit; and that, too, in a very few days. With many honeyed words of condolence and not a few Scripture quotations, he kindly manifests his anxiety to soothe their grief—and upon this visit it is discovered that he had one more object to effect in

his former visit than met the public eye at the time. He now presents a mortgage upon the only cow of the family, executed by the deceased to secure a small debt which he owed to Mr. B., and signed by his trembling hand a few days prior to his death. The bereaved and destitute family are in despair, Mr. B. sympathises deeply with them, and can hardly express the commiseration which he feels for their wretched condition. But if he takes not the cow, he loses an honest demand and might be amenable to the charge of neglecting to “provide for his own!” He would gladly let them have the use of the cow a while, but a friend of his wishes to purchase just such an animal, and it will not do, in these hard times, to miss all chance of selling property for cash. So the cow is driven away; and Mr. B., after again praying with the family, commending them to the care and protection of Heaven, and promising to state their case to the Superintendent of the county poor, departs.

Now I desire you not to think Mr. B. a hypocrite. He was doubtless sincere in his religious faith and profession; his constant devotion, unwavering integrity and moral deportment were not assumed, but real. True, his charity was too contracted to cover a multitude of sins; but then he had not a multitude of sins to cover. If the sting of conscience from apprehensions of guilt arising from a consciousness of duties to the poor, omitted, was sometimes severe, his conscience could not accuse him of any palpable injustice to the poor. He employed them much, and ever paid them as he agreed—and he gave them his prayers, and good counsel gratis.

Which of these two characters is the best, I will not undertake to say—I leave the question for each one to decide for himself, or to leave undecided as he chooses. These men have both gone down to the grave in the condition described, and a popular theology has written the epitaph of Mr. A., “gone to hell”—of Mr. B., “gone to heaven.” And thousands will sanction this, as a correct decision, until the light of eternity shall show that, in point of merit, there was not so great a difference between them—until then, we will cast the mantle of charity over their failings, while we endeavor to imitate their virtues, and hope, at least, that they have both gone where they will be far more perfect than they were here.

#### For the Magazine and Advocate. SHORT NOTES ON SELECT PASSAGES.....NO. IV.

BY REV. H. H. WATSON.

John iii: 8. “Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God.”

The ideas entertained by many professing Christians respecting the new birth, are as vague and absurd as were those of Nicodemus when he asked—“How can a man be born when he is old?” It is supposed by many, that some supernatural power is employed to bring about this new birth or change of heart; and that man can not be admitted into the “kingdom of God” or immortal glory in a future state of existence, unless he meets with such a change. But that the text has no reference to an admission into the kingdom of immortal bliss, will presently be shown. First, in order to gain a correct opinion respecting the new birth, it is necessary to have a definite understanding of the term “kingdom of God.” And second, show in what a new birth consists.

1st. A few remarks were made in No. 2 on the signification of the term “kingdom of God;” but a few remarks more, perhaps, may be necessary in this place. We find in Matt. iii: 2, this expression used by John the Baptist, “the kingdom of heaven is at hand.” Again, Matt. iv: 17, our Saviour makes use of precisely the same language, “the kingdom of heaven is at hand.” And also in Matt. x: 7, Christ says to his disciples, “As ye go, preach, saying, the kingdom of heaven is at hand.” Again he says Mark i: 15, “The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand, repent ye, and believe the Gospel.” From the foregoing quotations it is very evident, that the “kingdom of heaven” or “kingdom of God,” was not far distant;

that is, it was about to make its appearance. It was not exclusively in another state of existence, it was here on earth; it was the moral reign or government of our Lord Jesus Christ among men.

To the above testimony I would add the remarks of Dr. Lightfoot. He says—“That the kingdom of God, or of heaven, are terms convertible in the evangelist, is obvious to every one that will take the pains to compare them; and that by the kingdom of God, or of heaven, is meant the kingdom and times of the Messiah, is so plain, that it needs no argument to prove it.” And on the passage under consideration, he says, “Speech is there had of Christ’s kingdom of heaven upon earth, or the state under Christ.”

2d. I will now endeavor to show what a new birth consists in. For instance, take a man that is engaged in all the wickedness that his imagination can devise; let him be guilty of whatever crime he may; let crime and infamy weigh heavily upon him, then let the conviction arise in his mind, that “the way of the transgressor is hard,” and that the path of peace has been unknown to him; let him reflect that wisdom’s “ways are ways of pleasantness,” and all her paths are peace; let him break off from sin by righteousness, and like the prodigal in the parable, return to his Father’s house, and the new birth will be accomplished, and he be a member in the kingdom of heaven. That this is the true meaning of the new birth, I think there can be no doubt.

Venice, June, 1843.

#### MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosb. G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barray.

UTICA, FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1843.

#### PUNISHMENT IN THE EARTH.....NO. I.

“But as for me, my feet were almost gone: my steps had well nigh slipped; for I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked.”—DAVID.

This is not the language of the Psalmist, only; but it has been that of your speaker; was probably used by many who now hear me, and is yet frequently felt by many of our Christian brethren, who, misled by false views of God’s government, and rendered thereby heedless of the lessons of observation and experience, neglect the lesson taught by the Psalmist himself, in this very psalm, and still cry out, that the righteous suffer more in this life than do the wicked—that the sinful and ungodly enjoy all that heart can wish in this world of ours. This is a melancholy thought to enter into any pious heart; for it will intrude in the hour of devotion, and produce unreconciliation to God—in the day of enjoyment, it will be a mist before the eyes, to blind them to all the bright and glorious blessings God has provided for his obedient children—in the dark hour, (and it, alone, will make many a bright hour, dark,) it will tempt to murmuring, repining, and envy of the wicked, and to sin itself. All who entertain it will feel with the Psalmist, that they have cleansed their hearts in vain—that uselessly they have washed their hands in innocency—for they have been plagued all the day long, and been chastened every morning; when they might have done as did others, and prospered in the world, and increased in riches, and at last repented and been saved.

Now such feelings in any good man’s bosom are terrible—hard to bear, and to resist—and they cast a deep dark shadow on the earth around, envelope the bright blue heavens in a mantle of gloom, and fill the very air with thick black clouds of despondency and fear. Even though the good man believes that in another state of existence all this wrong state of things will be reversed, and the good be duly rewarded and the wicked endlessly punished; still, he feels that God is not just and righteous now—that this world’s affairs are not governed on the principles of goodness and equity—and that while the good must drag along a weary round of years waiting anxiously for some happiness to strengthen their virtue and cheer their souls, the depraved man is enjoying all the beauties, and bounties, and blessings of this



life, and by a brief repentance at death, will equally with the good, be made the inheritor of the glories and felicities of heaven. The truth is, we are so much the creatures of time and sense, that we need a *present* exhibition of goodness and justice to strengthen us in our love of God and regard for his government. Nor are the righteous the only persons concerned in the false views whereof we have been speaking. They are most pernicious and demoralizing in their influence on the careless, the irreligious and the sinful portion of our race.

Convince men that God takes no interest in human affairs in the present time—that he is regardless of human actions and motives—that men may conduct ill or well as best it pleases them, without any fear of chastisement in this life, and that all the bliss of the next state of existence may be secured by a brief and late repentance, and iniquity will—*does* abound. For that *has* long been the popular doctrine of Christendom, and *has* brought forth its terrible fruits of fraud, and cruelty, and blood. Men have listened to the delusive teachings of the carnal mind, “Ye shall not surely die”—and have too fully believed the doctrine that there is peace, pleasure and prosperity in violating the dictates of conscience—and so zealously have they followed the teaching, that they have disregarded their own experience which contradicts the flattering delusion every day of their lives. And thus has the good man fixed his eyes on a heaven in eternity, and the bad man on an imaginary endless hell beyond the grave, with such intensity of attention, as to be blind and heedless to all the abundant retributions of time.—And the consequence has been, that virtue grew faint and weary, and lost its energy and zeal; while vice was greatly encouraged, and grew bolder and stronger, day by day.

But it may be asked, does not the Psalmist inculcate this very sentiment—that the wicked flourish and prosper in their wickedness; and that virtue goes unrewarded and unblessed on earth? I answer, that in one part of the psalm from which we have taken our text, he *does* fall into this error—or, rather, records the fact that he *had* once entertained this wrong opinion; but in the remainder of the psalm he declares that it *was* an error—that God had now taught him better. And so deeply convinced is he of his former error—so penitent and ashamed of it—that he calls his ignorance of God’s judgments in the earth, beastliness and folly. And every man who will lay aside prejudice, and carefully and philosophically examine God’s dealings with man, will come to the same conclusion.

It appears to me as if every person who had merely *read* (I will not say *studied*) the Bible—yes, who had merely looked into it here and there, and barely glanced over a few of its pages—must have perceived its declarations on this subject—must have noticed God’s constantly varying declarations, but all purporting the same great truth, that “in the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die”—that “God will by *no* means clear the guilty”—“though hand join in hand, the guilty shall not be unpunished”—“there is no peace to the wicked”—“besure your sin will find you out”—“the wicked are like the troubled sea when it can not rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt”—“tribulation, wrath and anguish upon every soul of man that doeth evil; to the Jew first, and also to the Gentile.” And I feel as if my readers would feel to censure me for dwelling even as often as I do on this subject—that you may say it is useless to make it a subject of discourse so frequently, for no one denies or can deny it—every casual reader of the Bible must know it to be a doctrine of divine revelation—every man and woman who observes what passes around and within them, must know it to be the truth of God.

Yet I turn to the papers of the day—especially to those journals devoted to teaching religion—or to books published to advance the people in divine truth—and there I find this plain doctrine disregarded—perhaps *denied*—yes, and in many cases ridiculed, jeered and sneered at as the crotchet of a visionary’s brain; or severely denounced as an invention of the devil, taken up and advocated by us Universalists, for the express purpose

of leading souls into immorality and vice here, and into endless damnation hereafter! Now what must we think of such teachers? And what must we think of those unfortunate fellow beings who rely on such teachers alone for instruction? Oh, my God, it is enough to make the philanthropic heart bleed, to see the blind thus lead the blind! May they not fall into the ditch together! And certainly such teachings, and the objections that so frequently are urged against this very doctrine of Holy Writ—and the numerous practical evidences furnished every day in the world around us, that many *do* really believe they can sin, and be happy, and escape punishment—all these things, admonish us of the necessity that yet exists of teaching what God has declared to the world—that He is the Judge of the whole world, and judgeth in the earth—that, therefore, we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ and *receive in body* according to what we have done, whether good or bad.

Bear with me, then, brethren and sisters to whom this great truth is already so evident—bear with me, while I attempt to impress it on the minds that have not yet seen—the consciences that have not yet felt it. For I am persuaded that there are thousands of Christians around us, who, on this very subject, are deceiving themselves as did the Psalmist—and that their similar erroneous views lead them to feel the language of our text—“But as for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had well nigh slipped; for I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked.”

And that they may be induced to review the teachings of the Bible, from beginning to end, on this very subject—and to call to mind the teachings of their own experience, from early youth to the present time—and to notice the outward punishments visited on the evil doers, expressly on account of their sins—and to remember the severe dealings of the inward monitor in their own cases—we will in our next, exhibit the *cause* of their present errors, and remove some collateral errors, which yet blind them to facts on this subject. A. B. G.

“THE UNIVERSALIST MISCELLANY.”—Alfred Mudge, 21 School street, Boston, Mass., proposes publishing a monthly, by the above title, to be devoted to “carefully written sermons; critical, doctrinal and moral essays; labored articles on biblical literature, scriptural words, phrases and texts; and pungent addresses to the heart and conscience”—all in 32 pages each month, (about as much matter as we usually furnish in a number, or a number and a half, of the Magazine and Advocate.) for one dollar per annum. We tell Br. Mudge, it can’t be done—he has not *room* enough, to make his Essays, etc., of any greater length than those of the same kind we furnish in our weeklies. Nor has he the ability engaged which such a work (designed to fill the place of the Expositor) demands. BRS. E. H. CHAPIN and OTIS A. SKINNER, are good writers, we know—the first an original and forcible one, the other smooth and easy in style, but common-place in his subjects—and so are three or four of the contributors named, as H. Ballou, H. Ballou 2d, (who should be the Editor of the work we need,) and BRS. ANSTIN and THAYER; but the rest are not *very* celebrated for great originality of thought, or profundity of research, or extent of learning—and some of them, (no doubt very good men, and acceptable preachers,) are not known as *writers* at all beyond the precincts of Boston. So that, on the whole, we have made up our mind that this Miscellany is not likely to merit more support than did the Expositor. It is not what we want, either in size of the work, or in the ability and reputation of its contributors. Nor is it even in *cheapness* what it should be, to expect a list of “five thousand subscribers;”—if it gets one thousand, it will receive more than we think the plan is entitled to, seeing that said plan differs not greatly from that of our newspapers generally; and certainly we would not “swap” our contributors for theirs.

Now, if we must have a new work, give us such a one as our denomination needs. Combining the popular with the learned, if you please, to secure it a more extensive support; but in size, and price, and talent

engaged in it, let it be worth a general effort to support it. Let the *very best* talent of our *whole* denomination be enlisted in its pages, before fifth and tenth rate writers are employed as its contributors. With such men for contributors as BRS. H. BALLON 2d, S. R. SMITH, DR. CLOWES, A. C. THOMAS, T. J. SAWYER, S. C. LOVELAND, and several others that might be named—men not confined to the vicinity of Boston, but selected for their talent and ability wherever they may live—the work would commend itself to general patronage, and, we believe, would receive it. Without such men, it can not succeed; or if it does, its success will not be very creditable to us. Such, at least, is the opinion of several persons whom I have heard speak of the Miscellany in this section of the country—and so decidedly was it expressed, that I think it worthy the attention of our Boston friends. A. B. G.

P. S.—The “pungent addresses to the heart and conscience,” named in the Prospectus of the Miscellany, reminds us of an anecdote we lately heard of Br. B.—He was travelling in some public conveyance, when an old lady, finding out he was a Universalist preacher, wished to know if he preached just as did Christ and his apostles. He replied in the affirmative. “Well,” said she, “are you sure you preach exactly as they did; and what they did?” “Yes, madam?” was the answer. “And do you ever say, Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can you escape the damnation of hell?”—“No, madam,” was the quiet and quaint reply; “them kind of people don’t come to my meetings!” We think it doubtful whether those needing the “pungent” addresses will subscribe for them! But perhaps the publisher only means “duns for delinquent subscribers”—if so, it would have been well to delay the promise for the prospectus for the second volume. A. B. G.

THE SERMON in this paper will be found well-worthy of perusal. It is brief, well written, and interesting.—Even those who remember well Br. Fisk’s sermon on the same text, will be pleased with this; because it offers entirely new illustrations and arguments, and handles the general subject in a different manner and a different style; yet pleasing and touching. We are obliged to Br. MOREY for the sermon, and to Sister MOREY for copying it for us; and would really like to be laid under such obligations again, if they please.

Our readers are also requested to give earnest heed to the article by Br. M. B. SMITH. It is a faithful portrait of two classes, each of which is only *half* religious. Universalists, who believe in a whole Saviour and a full salvation, should be wholly, fully and entirely religious—religious in benevolence and in purity. A. B. G.

THE INFLUENZA has had its due share of influence in our office last week. Nearly every family in the city has had it—in some cases, every member of the family has suffered by it. We consoled ourselves with the knowledge that “some of our neighbors have worse corn than we have!”

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### VALEDICTORY RECOMMENDATION.

Whereas BR. JAMES S. PALMER has left us for the “far West,” to seek a new field of labor in behalf of our glorious cause, we take this opportunity of expressing our full confidence in him as a good moral man, and fully believe him worthy the confidence and encouragement of the Universalist public as a minister of the Gospel. By order of the Society. A. N. BULLARD, Sec’y.

Montrose, Pa., June 17th, 1843.

#### MARRIAGES.

In Leyden, June 4th, by Rev. J. A. Aspinwall, Mr. ALAN PARSONS, JR., to Miss NAOMI GAYLORD.

Also, in Handerson, June 6th, by the same, Mr. DAVID M. ASPINWALL to Miss HARRIET M. ALDEN.

In this city, in May last, by Rev. A. B. Grosh, Mr. ASAPH MATHER, to Miss BETSEY EMILY DAVIS, both of Schuyler,



Also, same place, June 14th, by the same, Mr. JARVIS SPENCER to Miss SOPHIA BISHOP, all of this city.

Also, same place, June 21st, by the same, Mr. JAMES T. HENRY, (of the firm of Frear & Henry,) to Miss MARGARET M. QUEAL, all of this city.

In Minden, Montgomery county, June 20th, by Rev. W. G. Anderson, Mr. CHARLES ZOLLER, to Miss ELIZA UTTERMARK, all of Minden.

In Erieville, June 18th, by Rev. J. H. Stewart, Mr. J. M. WADSWORTH to Miss SYLVIA A. SPEAR, both of that place.

## DEATHS.

In Remsen, May 11th, of dropsy on the heart, Mr. DENISON COATS, aged 56 years. He selected John xiv: 27 as the text for his funeral discourse, which was delivered by Rev. E. Buckingham, pastor of the Unitarian society in Trenton.

In Eagle, Clinton county, Mich., on May 5th, 1843, of consumption, Mrs. EUNICE, consort of Chester Brown, and daughter of Henry Gibbs, Esq., aged 29 years. By this dispensation of Divine Providence, her husband has been bereft of a kind, affectionate companion; her parents of a dutiful and loving daughter, and brothers and sisters of a sister indeed. Mrs. Brown emigrated with her husband from Orleans county, N. Y., in 1840—became a professor of Christianity, and united with the Methodist church, and lived as such until she became satisfied that her stay on earth was short. About three months before her departure, she was asked her opinion in regard to punishment. She declared that she could not believe in ceaseless damnation; but believed that God would reconcile all to himself, and all mankind would partake of one blessing in the world to come.—She failed rapidly in bodily strength, but her spirit grew stronger and brighter as life faded away. A week previous to her decease, she selected the text and hymns for her funeral services, and arranged her grave clothes and other earthly affairs with her mother and sisters, and then said she was resigned to God's will. She died rejoicing in Jesus as the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.

\* \* Luminary, please copy. W. F. J.

In this city on the 12th inst., Mr. DANIEL NESTELL, aged 27 years. Mr. Nestell's death was caused by a collapse of the lungs and heart, occasioned by exhaustion from over working at a fire engine, and was almost instantaneous. He leaves to mourn his sudden exit, a wife, one child, a father and one sister; to all whom may the God of grace verify the promise, "blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." While living, Mr. Nestell sustained a good character, and was respected and esteemed by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. His funeral was attended on the 14th, when a very large collection of our fire men and citizens assembled to express their regard for the deceased, and their sympathy for his mourning friends.

H. B. SOULE.

On his passage, 30 days from Buenos Ayres S. America, for New York, May 3d, Wm. T. Cox, aged 23 years, son of Mr. George Cox, of Sherburne, Chenango county, N. Y.

In Newark, on the 17th inst., Mrs. PERCIE SICKLES, wife of Mr. David Sickles, aged 27 years.

Sister S. was brought to the grave by bitter and protracted suffering, but her lofty and heavenly faith in the great Restitution, sustained her triumphantly through the most trying seasons, and made her cheerful and happy in death. In every sense of that significant word, she was a CHRISTIAN. She adored the Christian character, and enjoyed the Christian's reward. The Lord bless and comfort the sorrowing relatives.

D. K. LEE.

## RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching on the first Sunday in July by Br. SHIPMAN in Lebanon—Br. MORRY in Syracuse and Br. GROSH in Stockbridge—Br. STERBINS at Hubbard's corners in Hamilton; who will also lecture on temperance in the evening—Br. J. H. TUTTLE at Richfield Springs.

There will be preaching on the second Sunday in July by Br. GROSH at Little Falls—Br. HATHAWAY in Sullivan and Br. SKINNER in Salisbury.

There will be preaching on the third Sunday in July by Br. GROSH in Syracuse.

The Steuben Association will meet in annual session at Springwater, on the first Wednesday and Thursday (5th and 6th) of July next.

Our ministering brethren knowing our wants, will, I am

sure, attend our meetings if practicable. Therefore, to them I repeat not the usual formality of invitation and request.—To our lay brethren, I should perhaps use a little more persuasion—especially to those within the limits of this body. Come up, then, brethren—let us hear from all, without reserve. Assist in our deliberations, that we may ascertain whether we shall stand or fall.

Those from a distance, who will attend the Conference, enquire for J. H. Stevens, J. Phelps, J. Goodno, J. Healy, where they will find feed for their horses, and something (not bread alone) for themselves. I am not acquainted at Springwater, therefore can give no directions. But I will venture to say, enquire for friends, and you will find them here.

A. UPSON.

A CONFERENCE will be held in Kelloggsville, Cayuga county, on the 12th and 13th of July—during which the new Universalist Meetinghouse will be dedicated to the worship of God. Ministering brethren and friends are cordially invited to attend. Visitors will call on Mr. Partelow, Capt. Fuller, Mr. John Rooks, who will direct them to places of entertainment.

G. W. MONTGOMERY.

\* \* Will Br. Price please copy?

The first Conference of the Central Association will be held in Clinton, on the second Wednesday and Thursday (12th and 13th) of July. The usual invitation to attend is cordially extended to all.

By order of the Committee on Conferences.

H. B. SOULE.

CORRECTION.—Our Editors "down East" are informed that our State Sunday School Association was organized last August, instead of last May, as they state. The meeting in May was its second meeting.

A. B. G.

PROSPECTUS of the seventh volume of the New World, Edited by Park Benjamin. The proprietors of the New World announce to the reader, that the coming volume, in addition to the attractions, recorded in the Prospectus, will contain a Romance, by the late celebrated Dr. Maginn, entitled *John Manesty*, the Liverpool Merchant. Also, a series of papers on the Literature and Politics of France, by the Count Alfred de Vigny, author of *Chatterton*, *Cinq Mars*, &c., translations of which will be made under the immediate superintendence of the author; also, a Romance by Henry Cockton, Esq., author of *Valentine Vox*, *Stanley Thorn*, &c., entitled *The Sisters*, which will be reprinted from the Illustrated London News, with all of the beautiful embellishments. Several Original stories, by the very best authors in America, are also in preparation, which will greatly enhance the interest of future numbers. As it is not our habit to keep a supply of back numbers, and they can not be reprinted, subscribers are requested to send in their orders and remittances without delay. Let it be remembered that the New World, Blackwood's Magazine, and Monthly Supplement, can all be had for one year for the sum of \$5.00, paid in advance. Also, that any present subscriber to the New World is entitled to both Blackwood and the Supplement, for an additional sum sufficient to make his subscription amount to five dollars. It is not too much to say that more pleasing intellectual entertainment is to be had from these periodicals than from all others, though published at ten times the price. The reader will please to glance at the new advertisements of the Magazine and Supplement, as well as of the New World, and judge for himself. The new volume commences on the 8th of July.

NEW WORLD SERIAL SUPPLEMENT. Two new romances! One by G. P. R. James, Esq., author of *Darnley*, *Richelieu*, the False Heir, &c., and one by W. H. Ainsworth, Esq., author of *Jack Shepherd*, *Windsor Castle*, the Miser's Daughter, etc., will be commenced in the next (July) number of the New World Monthly Supplement, which will, hereafter, contain six instead of five of the most popular serial romances of the day. The new novel by Ainsworth, which is to appear monthly in his magazine, is entitled *Modern Chivalry*, or a new Orlando Furioso.

Of the other, which is to be published in the Dublin University Magazine, edited by Harry Lorrequer, no title is given, but it is by the best novelist of the day, G. P. R. James, Esq. It is to be hoped that the public will fully appreciate the great additional attractions, thus given to the Monthly Supplement, which will in future, as occasion requires, contain several more pages. To the number for the present month, (June,) eight pages are added, for the purpose of concluding Windsor Castle, so as to make room for the insertion next month, of the first parts of the two new

romances above mentioned. Thus, for the nominal sum of \$1 a year, paid in advance, will all the popular serial romances now in the course of publication, be given with punctuality and dispatch—namely, *Martha Chuzzlewit*, by Dickens; *Tom Burke*, by Lever; *L. S. D.*, by Lover; *Arthur O'Leary*, by Harry Lorrequer; *Modern Chivalry*, by Ainsworth; and the new novel by James. Of some of these, the advance sheets are purchased, at great cost to the proprietor of the New World, and nothing but the most generous and extensive circulation, can repay them. Address J. WINCHESTER, 30 Ann street, N. Y.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE for June, is one of the most able and interesting numbers which has been presented to the public in a long time. The leading paper, "Marston, or the memoirs of a Statesman." Part I., is evidently from the pen of no mere novice. It promises much: grave, sententious, sarcastic, the statesman shows a power which at once conveys to us the assurance of deep interest in his future history. "The Vigil of Venus" is a very happy translation of one of the most fragrant ballads of antiquity. "Amnat Bek," a capital Russian story, is brought to a conclusion. Mr. Bailey's article on "Berkley's Theory of Vision," a paper remarkable for its clearness as for its subtlety, shows the writer to be more than a match for his antagonist. "Chapters on Turkish History," embraces the rise of Kiuprili Family, and a graphic description of the siege of Candia. "A passage in the life of a Maitre d'Ames," will prove a rich treat to the lovers of this species of literature—and "Ignacio Guerra and El Sangrador, a tale of Civil War," will fully satisfy those who delight in scenes of blood, it being as tragic as Spanish cruelty and Spanish revenge can make it. The "Attorney's Clerk" is an exposition of the genius of Chatterton. The writer pulls off the disguise, and exposes the pretended Rowley. "Commercial Policy" is able, elaborate and instructive.

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For the Magazine and Advocate.  
**THOUGHTS.**

BY MISS M. E. TILLOTSON.

"Love indeed is light from heaven,  
A spark of that immortal fire,  
With angels shared, by Alla given.  
To lift from earth our low desire."—BYRON.

Oh love! what art thou, who shall tell?  
Shall youth divine the mystery  
Enshrouded in the veil, which part conceals,  
But shows enough through interstices small,  
To proclaim thou art; and yet, so much  
As makes thee more mysterious, hides.  
Written, have bards of thy strong spell—  
The artist too, in chisel'd beauty striven  
To make tangible thy soul; but,  
Poet's glowing lines of honied eloquence—  
Sculptur'd marble's sweet, unrivalled finisings—  
And canvassed beauty's elegance,  
Tho' Raphael's master finger brushed it,  
Have but portray'd a little fraction of  
Thy eternal whole. But, as much as to  
This little globe, and mortal ken pertains,  
Great Shakspeare hath belike defined,  
And Byron felt!—Philanthropy—  
"Oh heavenly principle! hath raised,  
And still shall raise her powerful arm;  
And poor humanity, a star discerns  
Beyond oppression's black, but sinking cloud.  
A Howard's voice, tho' he be dust—  
Through every clime, and age to come,  
Unceasing speaks, in strains of love and mercy!  
Here we behold the operations  
Of blest benignity! we see that man  
May exercise a purer principle,  
Than earth could e'er implant within  
His nature. See sympathy,  
Which can impart unearthly consolations;  
Can soothe the afflicted heart,  
When other kind attentions  
Would even seem reproof!  
Now, whence are these divine bestowments,  
Which make us shudder at the thought  
Of sorrow; and ecstatic smile,  
Even, at the tale of happiness?  
Are they not the wandering heralds,  
From the exhaustless, deathless, and  
Eternal fount of beatific Love?  
Ask each sentient and enlightened mortal,  
And let each element devout and holy,  
Enshrined within the heart—aspire, Yes!  
Ask nature's (to us) spacious temple;  
And hear each snow-capt mountain,  
Each subterranean vault, each  
Rushing river, and the unfathom'd  
Deep, proclaim a retractless, Yes!  
It must be so!  
Then, let all souls with gratitude  
And love be filled, to know that these  
Precursors of unending rest,  
By a heavenly Parent are bestowed,  
Upon us puny pilgrims,  
Sojourning on this frigid dot,  
In the sublime immensity  
Of creation's boundless space!  
So. Oxford, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

**TALES OF THE PASSING WINDS. NO. I.**

BY MRS. S. ELIZA GIBSON.

Reader, didst thou ever at evening's hour, when tumult is hushed and fancy is wont to take her airy flight, seat thyself in some quiet retreat, to catch the murmurings of the passing winds? And didst thou ever at such an hour listen with attentive ear, and half suppressed breath, to tales of these viewless messengers? Oh, they have rich tidings from other lands, and sweet and sad rehearsals of other scenes! Ah! many a time and oft, when listening to their whispered recitals, have I pressed my heart to still its tumultuous beatings, and shut close my eyes to keep back the sympathetic tear.

Some of these tales I will repeat, and I fain would do so by all, but this may not be, for mortals can not catch the language in which they sometimes speak. The bearer of the first, came on soft and gentle wing, and its

breath was filled with fragrance, from the new-born leaves of spring. Its voice too, low and musical, was full of melancholy, and thus it spake of

**A DEATH-BED SCENE.**

"'Twas at the hour of sunset, when I entered through the open lattice, a chamber, where were heard the low wail of mourning and half suppressed sobs of anguish. My mission was, to fan the breath of life for one, upon whom consumption had laid its withering hand; and she, too—though she had witnessed the budding of but twenty-three springs—a wife and mother. The throes of death were already passed, and she lay exhausted on a cot-bed drawn up in front of the low window, with a light counterpane spread over her attenuated figure, her hands clasped over her gently heaving bosom, and her eyes closed as if in peaceful slumber. It could not be but sad to think, that one so young, so beautiful and so truly beloved, was thus early passing from the vale of life. But she knew the hour had come, and she would speak of her departure.

"Whispering to one who bent over her, she was raised up; her temples bathed and her dark hair smoothed back from the high and pallid brow. 'The Beloved One has called,' said she, 'and I obey, and but for thee, Herbert, in all willingness; for there no more pain shall rack my frame and no more sorrow rend my heart.—There I know all will be happiness and joy, and there we shall again meet to part no more—but who in thy stay will soothe the cares and sympathize in the sorrows of thy lot—who, as I would, will seek the peace and study the wants of the nearest and dearest of my earthly friends?'—and she rested for strength upon the bosom of the afflicted one. 'Did I say but for thee,' she continued after a moment; 'I have yet another tie which binds me to earth;' and she motioned for her child to be brought.

"O it was a mournful sight, to see that bright-eyed and cherry lipped infant, entwined in the arms of a mother pale in death! One tear dropped upon its round and dimpled cheek, and then she sank back upon the pillow. Once she gasped, and once more I fanned her cheek, and then an angel on lighter and softer pinions than mine, bore her spirit aloft to the blissful home of the 'Beloved One!'"

Monroeton, Pa.

From the Organ and Washingtonian.

**THE FEMALE DRUNKARD.**

Passing along a street in the upper part of our city, a few evenings since, I observed a woman gazing wishfully at a row of decanters which graced a grocer's counter. A strong light came through the window and shone upon her features, as I passed—they seemed somewhat familiar to me. I turned back and looked at her again, and was pained to see that I had conjectured rightly. She was one Mrs. T—, but what a wreck!—could it be possible that the bloated face and misshapen being before me was the gay and blithesome creature who was the pride of all her acquaintance, but a few years ago?—It was even so. She was thinly clad, and the cold rain was pelted upon her most pitably. Desiring to speak, and not wishing to be recognised by her just then, I muffled my face to my eyes and asked her why she stood there exposed to the storm.

"Sir," said she, "I have no place to go to, and I want some liquor—will you please give me three cents?"

I expostulated, and inquired if she had a family. This question, as I expected, at once touched her tender feelings.

"Oh, yes," she answered, "I once had a family, a kind and loving husband, beautiful children and a happy home. But now, wide rivers and high mountains separate us, and there"—pointing to the brandy and rum—"there is the cause of all—that drove them from me, and now I am an outcast upon the world, with not even a place to lay my head!"

Such was her tale of misery. Methinks had any rim-seller been standing by in the little circle around, he never could have dealt out another glass of the accursed

poison without being severely twinged by an accusing conscience.

During the year of 1833, the writer became acquainted with Mrs. T—, at that time Ellen B—; she was gay as the lark—had been well educated—was accomplished, and indeed beautiful—eyes as blue and clear as the sky above, and cheeks that might vie with roses—the joy of her parents and delight of her friends. At this time, Mr. T—, a young gentleman possessing sound principles and a generous heart, and manly altogether in his deportment, became her suitor; they were two just such beings as seemed designed for each other;—parents and friends approved—and they were married. No one commenced life with more flattering prospects than did this pair! Little did any one suppose that she was fond of the wine cup. In company she had contracted a taste for cordials and wines, and secretly she indulged in them while under the parental care, and the taste was so firmly established, that after her marriage she continued the practice. Her indulgent husband did not discover it for a long time, and when he did, remonstrance seemed in vain. She argued that her love for him and her self control, etc., would prevent her from going to excess.

Time rolled on, and two lovely children had been given them—a boy and a girl. At this time the appetite had gained such an overwhelming sway, that the intoxicating draught must be indulged, and was, to the neglect of the family duties. Then were the eyes of friends opened—then they plead and persuaded with her, for her own sake, for her husband and children's sake, and for friend's sake, to abstain,—she promised to do so, and tried; but ah! she could not withstand the appalling demands of unsatisfied appetite, and she again relapsed, worse than before, till one night her husband returned home and found her drunk! What a blow was here for all his youthful and future prospects, and his joyous anticipations! Every effort was made to reclaim her, but without effect. More than once he tried living away from her awhile, when she would endeavor to do better, and partially reform; but finding that she seemed bent on destruction, he, with the advice of friends, deemed it best for the interest of their little children to depart from her forever; which he accordingly did, although with a broken heart, and is now beyond the Alleghanies in the fertile valley of the Mississippi. Thus were ended the bright hopes of this once promising young family. She was left in kind hands, but finally broke away from all restraint, and is now a houseless wanderer about the streets of our city, resisting all efforts made for her rescue, destined in a few weeks to go down to a female drunkard's grave—"unhonored and unused."

Who, ten years ago, would have thought this to be the fate of the enchanting and lovely Ellen B—?

J. P. B.

**FOR HUSBANDS.**—A man's house should be his earthly paradise. It should be, of all other spots, that which he leaves with most regret, and to which he returns with most delight. And in order that it may be so, it should be his aim to provide every thing convenient and comfortable for his wife. With every provision he can possibly make, her's will be a life of care and toil. She is the sentinel who can seldom, if ever be relieved. Others may sleep, but if there be one who must watch, it is she. She ought therefore to be furnished with every comfort within the means of her husband.

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# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

'I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL'.....'PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD.'

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY JULY, 7, 1843.

NO. 27.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## A FUNERAL DISCOURSE,

[Delivered in Antwerp, on the death of ROGERS WESTON, Esq., a Revolutionary Soldier, who died in Mason, New Hampshire, March 9th, 1843, aged 86 years, 5 months, and 9 days.]

BY REV. A. WOOD.

"Your Fathers, where are they?"—Zech. i. 5.

The term fathers is used to represent persons who fill a variety of relations to those who make use of it. By one application or use of the phrase, we are to understand Patriarchs who lived before the deluge, or those who, after that era preceding the giving of the Law by Moses, acted in the capacities of parents, law-givers, protectors and counsellors—by whom also the history of men and of important events were handed down from the man Adam, the father of Cain, Abel and Seth, to the time of Moses. That man Adam appears to have been the first human being to whom the Divine Being communicated the information with respect to the order of creation, and gave to him also the means of acquiring the knowledge of good and evil—not of evil only, but of good and evil. He gave a succinct but correct account of the then past transaction to Seth, and he communicated the same to his son Enos.

This information from father to son appears to have inspired the minds of Adam's offspring with love to their heavenly Father—for "then began men to call on the name of the Lord." And probably in consequence of those acts of devotion, in which the name of the Deity was so frequently invoked, they came to be denominated "the sons of God;" whereby they were distinguished from the numerous tribes of mere men, who descended from the first created pair whom God called (both male and female) Adam, in the day in which they were created. But in process of time, and near to the birth of Noah, "those sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair," (though ignorant of God and consequently destitute of the spirit of devotion,) and "they took to them wives such as they chose."

By this union of light and darkness, knowledge and ignorance, it seems that piety dwindled away and became almost entirely extinct; insomuch that "the imagination of man's heart was only evil continually"—which was the cause of the deluge by which the whole race (eight persons only excepted,) were swept from the earth. The patriarchs continued the practice of transmitting, by oral traditions and hieroglyphics, the chain of events until the days of Moses. Many of those events were highly interesting on several accounts, but principally in demonstrating the gradual though tardy improvement of human nature, or advancement of intellect, and of forming social habits.

2d. The term fathers alludes to parents of particular families or nations, particularly Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, to whom the Divine Ruler kindly communicated more clearly his paternal character and gracious purposes—"that in the seed of Abraham all the families of the earth should be blessed." So that men began to worship the Supreme Being, not as a powerful creator, only, but as a kind protector and gracious benefactor. Yet a great portion even of the Jewish family who received the law, and to whom the promises were given, still indulged contracted views concerning the loving kindness of God in whom they trusted; supposing that his divine favors were exclusively towards their nation—and finally, at or near the close of their national existence, they conceived the absurd opinion, that divine favors were confined to

to a small portion even of their own nation—"that the Nazarenes who knew not the law were accursed."

3d. The term father alludes to the spiritual Fathers or originators of religious doctrines, sects or communities—to wit: Abraham, who is styled the father of the faithful—because in him and in his seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed—and the early fathers in the church, who kept the records of the church and transcribed, from time to time, the writings of the Apostles and of their early successors. Also Luther and Calvin, and Servetus, (whom Calvin caused to be burnt because he could not believe the doctrine of three persons in one God,) and their cotemporaries, who are styled the fathers of the Reformation from Popery. They burst the galling chains of worse than African slavery, and kindled the flame of inquiry which was destined, eventually, to disperse the clouds and mists of superstition, and false notions of the God of boundless and impartial love. True, clouds and thick darkness of unavoidable error enveloped that foundation, which called forth all the energies of human intellect in subsequent ages to clear away from the religious horizon—such as particular election and reprobation, by which our heavenly Father was represented to have formed a part of his weak and helpless offspring for endless suffering—and subsequently, Arminianism, from which two isms sprung hosts of kindred isms. Notwithstanding all this, the progressive march of intellectual improvement unfolded its benign influence—perhaps expedited by the pious labors of the later fathers of the various sects, both in the pulpit and through the press—perhaps in modesty we may name a Murray, a Winchester, a Ballou, and their cotemporaries and successors, whose minds enlarged and illumined by the brilliant rays of Gospel light, appear to have taken a more expansive view of the revealed mind and purpose of the Father of all mercies.

But here taking our leave of those imperfect spiritual fathers, let us contemplate the character, the labors and triumphant success of the glorious Founders of the pure and purifying Gospel of the impartial grace of his and our God; and of the Christian church, who was named by the prophet, (among other names and titles) "the everlasting Father," and by an Apostle, "the head of every man"—the Lord Jesus Christ, who received the holy Spirit without measure—to whom Jehovah committed all power in heaven and on earth, (by which we understand all authority over men and judgment of men, both in heaven (the church) and on earth (out of the church). He unveiled the lovely character of the almighty Creator and kind Benefactor; teaching his followers, and all men through them, to address the Holy One with the endearing and appropriate name of Father—directing them and us, when we pray, to say, "Our Father." He (Christ) is the Messenger of the new and better covenant established on better promises. He is the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. The Spirit of the Lord God was upon him; because the Lord anointed him to preach glad tidings to the meek, to proclaim liberty to the captives, the opening of the prison to them that are bound, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God—to comfort all that mourn. Observe the year of good, and only a day of bad. The days of vengeance of our God, he said (Luke xiii. 22.) was the awful destruction and unparalleled sufferings attendant on the siege and final destruction of the city and temple by the Roman army under Titus—the sight of which caused the heroic heart of Titus to shudder, causing him to raise his

eyes towards the heavens, and to exclaim, "O God, thou knowest I am not the cause of this."—Indeed Titus had repeatedly entreated the rulers of the city to surrender, and thereby save their beautiful temple and city, and the unheard of effusion of blood (it being computed that more than a million of lives were sacrificed at that terrible day of the Lord's vengeance). Our Saviour testified, Matth. xxiv. 21, that there never has been before that, and never should be after that, such a time of suffering—still, Mr. Miller predicts a far greater calamity in this world, and many teachers proclaim infinitely greater in a future state.

Jesus was truly and properly a Father to the Christian Church—High Priest, Lord, and Law-giver—King, Judge and Saviour—he brought not only light and liberty, but life and immortality to light through the Gospel. He gave no ground or intimation calculated to lead any nation, sect, family or individual to infer, legitimately, that either they or any one of them were exclusively the favorites of Heaven, or sole heirs of the incorruptible inheritance. He gave demonstrative evidences, repeatedly, of the impartiality of his love in receiving with kind commiseration, gentle sympathy and speedy relief, all poor, wretched and forlorn sufferers. We glory in acknowledging him Father, Founder, Guide and Instructor of our religion; who, when he shall have subdued all things unto himself, will deliver back to his God and Father the power and authority with which he is invested—will take the rank of, and be appropriately called, the first born among many brethren.—He is the highest, wisest, mildest and most perfect of all the creation of God—the express image of the invisible God. (The image of a thing is not the thing itself, although it may verily resemble it.)

4th. We come now to the consideration of the term Father as it appropriately refers to the subject for which this discourse was delivered, and is now written for the press—to wit: the Fathers of the American Revolution.

Here give me leave to remark, or to premise, that I have ever thought since I became acquainted with, and a professor of, the Christian religion, that war and bloodshed are opposed to that religion! Yet I verily believe that those illustrious patriots who fought and bled in the war of the Revolution, were prompted by good motives and acted in good faith, and were owned and prospered by the God of peace who accepteth the sincere sacrifices of his erring children. Those heroic, self-sacrificing, and flinching patriots—those lovers of freedom and their country's right, who scorned to bow to tyrannical dictation, scorned tamely to yield up their natural, inalienable rights, and to be stripped of their hard earned property. But, more especially they felt themselves called upon to decide manfully between the alternatives either to entail (by servile submission to the haughty demands of their self-styled master) the galling yoke of tyranny upon their unborn posterity, and thereby to effectually fasten upon them an impregnable barrier to any further advancement of intellect, and thus to perpetuate majestic domination forever. Or like men jealous of their rights and those of their offspring, they raised their manly voices and claimed their liberty and independence. Formerly they wielded their arms in defence of their sovereign—in defence of the power that now threatened to deprive them of all that could constitute them men: but now they employed them for the defence of that which they held more dear than life, viz: political and religious freedom. They hesitated not, they decided promptly—they could not hesitate for a moment between, liberty and slavery!



The courage they exhibited, the privations they suffered, the toils and pains they endured, must have been viewed by all with sensations not to be expressed by pen or tongue. Who could look on such an unequal contest between a powerful nation, possessing thousands of men and means, and trained to the use of arms; and a few, a mere handful of yeomanry, without money or other necessary means of defence, and exposed to the treachery and machinations of persons dwelling amongst them who were opposed to the measures of the revolutionary heroes—who cared not for freedom? Who, we ask—what man or angel, could for a moment look on the contending parties and consider the cause and the pending consequences, with cool indifference? Those in favor of tyranny must have felt a deep interest in the result of the contest; for if so powerful a nation as Great Britain could be shorn of her control over the small band of colonists, what had not other monarchs to dread? Much more so, all who favored freedom's cause, must have felt the deepest interest in viewing the unequal contest; for to such it would be considered as a decision for ages, between liberty and tyranny. But happy for our nation, and remotely so for all nations, the Spartan band, undaunted and undismayed by losses and gloomy aspect—encouraged and led on by the immortal Washington and his bold, persevering brother officers—triumphed after seven years of awful suspense, and of almost unparalleled toils, perils and sufferings, during which time many bloody scenes occurred, the bare recital of which, by the war-worn soldier, will produce the most thrilling emotions in the bosom of the lovers of American liberty and independence.

They fought not for conquest—not for honor or for military glory—not to be admired—No; they fought for freedom—for the freedom of unborn millions—for the defence of natal rights; they fought for life—for the life of parents, the life of wives and children—they fought for their country's future peace. By the favor of high Heaven, and by the sympathetic aid of the generous Lafayette, and many of his noble nation, they gained the victory, and secured their national freedom, and individual liberty and safety.

The venerable Rogers Weston, Esq., whose death was the occasion of the particular subject of discourse of this day, bore a part in that important drama which we have been calling to mind. He enlisted in his country's bleeding cause—he served under the standard of his country; (if I am correct in memory of the information given me) he witnessed a number of the awful bloody scenes, where life was held in jeopardy, where many of his countrymen groaned and died. But preserved by the invisible Power, he was carried through in safety, and was favored with the possession and enjoyment of the peace, the liberty, the independence, and the attendant comforts thereof, which he and his compatriots by their persevering valor had achieved. These blessings he was permitted to enjoy almost 60 years. He lived to enjoy the happy effects of the best and most perfect constitution and code of national and state laws, which were ever suggested and adopted by human beings—the arranging and adopting of which national constitution, put in requisition all the energy of intellect, all the firmness of character, all the moderation and all the honest candor of the soldier turned to the statesman—in which labors many sectional prejudices and habits had to be combated and sacrificed: many discordant opinions respecting the best measures for general good were to be disposed of to mutual satisfaction, and many generous concessions were made by firm but noble, patriotic spirits.

He lived to see the foundations of his country's liberty tremble before the devastating effects of party strife. He lived also to see those threatening omens dispersed by the mutual concessions of the parties themselves. And while this yielding among opposing statesmen is adhered to scrupulously, and intelligence disseminated through all ranks of community, our institutions and liberty are safe.

He lived to see the wilds of New Hampshire

converted to fruitful fields—he lived to enjoy the approbation of his country, and to fill stations of honor and profit. He lived many years an approved member of the Presbyterian Church, though in his last days, for some reasons, he saw fit to unite with the Christian Church, so called.

He lived to see a numerous progeny of descendants, to whom he transmitted what his forefathers had handed down to him, viz: the faithful family records by which his posterity learn that they descended from the first man by the name of Weston that set foot on the shores of America. He lived to see and feel the approach of second childhood. The memory of his name is dear to his surviving offspring—peace to his sacred ashes!

May you, my brother, by whose request I have penned this discourse—may you and all the survivors of your venerable father, duly appreciate the sacred fruits of the bloody toil, which he and his brethren in arms endured. When you revolve in mind the glorious privileges we enjoy, delivered from the exposure to be called by haughty Britain to hazard your life in their defence, reflect that this security was purchased by blood. When you contemplate the happy prosperity of your country, know that it is the happy fruits of independent liberty, purchased by toil in the field of blood. Finally, whatsoever we quietly enjoy is in part the product of the American revolution.

The fathers where are they? The most of those we have referred to, have long slept in silent repose. Their spirits, the offspring of God—the God of infinite love—undoubtedly rest in the encircling arms of Heavenly felicity, beholding without a dimming veil between them and the resplendent glory of the once crucified but now exalted Saviour of a world of sinners; for an Apostle has said, "This is a faithful saying, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." And the Saviour himself said, "I came not to judge the world, but to save the world." And God is styled "the Saviour of all men, especially them that believe"—to whom be honor and glory everlasting. AMEN.

#### WASHINGTONIAN STATE CONVENTION.

This assemblage of reformers met in this city on the 14th of June, and during a session of two days, passed the following resolutions, which, as we deem them very important to that good cause, and interesting probably to a very large majority of our readers, we publish.—They were adopted, generally by large majorities—some unanimously—and the most important one, and that which caused the longest discussion, was finally adopted with but one dissenting vote. It was, of course, a resolution defining principles. These resolutions embrace about all the business accomplished by the Convention.

There were about 325 delegates, from about 20 counties, in attendance. The season having been backward, brought the meeting at a very busy season for our farmers, so that delegates from several counties who appointed a delegation, did not attend. The Convention appointed Syracuse as the place, and the last Wednesday in May, 1844, as the time for the meeting of the next State Convention, which will be constituted of a limited number of delegates from each county.

We copy the resolutions from the Central New York Washingtonian of this city. A. B. G.

*Resolved*, That the interests of the cause of temperance—the elevation and advancement of our most active and efficient brethren—the prevention of imposture which would destroy public confidence and subvert our principles and measures by frequent violation, and the very preservation and increase of our societies, demand a system of organization which shall embrace the whole state, and bring together frequently the societies of each county and town, for purposes of mutual aid, counsel and encouragement.

*Resolved*, That the Washingtonian movement, so eminently liberal and popular, demands an organization which, while it is efficient and useful, shall carefully preserve all power in the hands of

the people, under the control and regulation of the societies, delegating it only to properly chosen representatives for special purposes and brief periods, and requiring its speedy return to the source where it legitimately resides and may safely abide.

*Resolved*, That we recommend an immediate organization in every county in this state of all the Washingtonian societies into a County Convention, to be constituted of delegates chosen by each society. And we also recommend that the county conventions hold quarterly or semi-quarterly delegate or mass meetings in various sections of the county, for the purpose of cheering and keeping alive the zeal and promoting the welfare of the societies.—And that in those counties where there is no regular organization it shall be deemed the duty of the officers of the society located at the county seat, to call said mass or delegate meeting.

*Resolved*, That we also need an annual assemblage of the most active friends throughout the state, in the form of a State Convention, carefully constituted of representatives of the county conventions, whose power shall cease with each session, and return back again to the source which granted them.

*Resolved*, That the Washingtonians in each county in the state be requested to hold a meeting of their county convention (if they organize one, if not, a mass county meeting,) on or before the 22d of February in each year, and then and there choose delegates to the next annual State Washingtonian Convention.

*Resolved*, That each county convention be entitled to a delegation in the State Convention equal to three times the number of representatives such county is entitled to in the House of Assembly of the state Legislature.

*Resolved*, That for the purpose of securing a complete unity of purpose among all our societies: a harmonious spirit among their members; as well as allaying any feelings of distrust or doubt in community in regard to our objects and measures; and for the purpose of effectually disarming of its power any opposition that may be got up against us by selfish, designing, or mistaken men; we earnestly urge upon all Washingtonian societies to act upon the great distinctive principles of Washingtonianism, viz:

I. The cure as well as the prevention of intemperance, by the social efforts of all moral agents in community.

II. Urging by precept and example the adoption of the pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks as a beverage, as the only effectual remedy for and prevention of intemperance.

III. Keeping in view the promotion of the temperance cause as the single and only object of all our meetings and proceedings, and carefully avoiding the introduction therein, or mingling therewith, of any other moral or religious question, which is made a separate cause in community.

IV. The rejection of compulsion, force, or coercion in any form, whether that compulsion or coercion be created by threatening or working injury to any one's person, property, or reputation; whether he be coerced or compelled, under color of law or by social combination; whether such compulsion or coercion be used in business life or at the ballot box;—and the use of moral suasion, (i. e., truth and reason, urged in the spirit of kindness to all,) love, and active benevolence, as our only reliance to convert our opposers, reform the erring, and induce the indifferent to unite and act with us.

V. The exclusion of everything like sectarianism or party politics from our meetings and proceedings, so that all persons, of all parties and creeds, may meet, unite, and act with us, without fear or danger of having their views and feelings on those subjects, assailed or wounded.

*Resolved*, That by moral suasion we do not mean appeals to men's love of money or of office, on the one hand; nor mere coaxing and flattery on the other; but we mean by it appeals to the understandings, consciences and affections of men, urged in the spirit of kindness to those addressed and to those dependant on them; we mean "speaking the truth in love every man to his neighbor," and backing it by acts which shall prove



our love to not be, in word only, but in deed also; we mean all those appeals, and those appeals only, which are calculated to reach and awaken any or all of the higher and better powers of man's nature, or the moral powers of humanity, and bring them into active exercise, for the benefit of the individual and the race, in the cause of temperance.

*Resolved*, That while we recommend these great and highly important principles to be constantly acted upon by all Washingtonian societies, we do not desire to interfere with any convictions of duty which may be entertained by any person as an individual. While acting in our societies, and officiating as a member thereof, we hope every person will regard and observe these principles; but when acting as a member of community, a citizen of state, or member of any church or other association, each one is deemed at perfect liberty to follow the dictates of his own judgment.

*Resolved*, That our societies be recommended to make these great principles of Washingtonianism the fundamental law of their practice—to maintain their separate and distinct organization on that ground alone, and to extend these principles without partiality or limitation to all classes and conditions, whether they be makers or vendors of intoxicating drinks, or temperate men, who for other causes than appetite or gain, have arrayed themselves against the Washingtonian reform.

Whereas much difficulty has been experienced by some of our societies in consequence of not having a judicious and proper rule of conduct toward those members who have broken the pledge—and whereas too great severity and unnecessary exposure increases the difficulty of reformation by inflaming the passions of the delinquent and inflicting on him a sense of injury; while too great laxity is inconsistent with our desire to reclaim the erring, induces an idea of our indifference to his welfare, and lessens the salutary restraints which our society government exerts over others—therefore,

*Resolved*, That we believe no violation of the pledge can ever annul its claims on the individual who has taken it, or lessen his obligations to observe it—it is a promise for life which no man of honor can annul by any violation or disregard of it—and all renewals of it, are only to be regarded as a recognition of the original moral obligation, and a return to the performance of what honor and veracity have been duly pledged to perform.

*Resolved*, That we do not believe the violation of the pledge, of itself, a sufficient reason for expelling a brother from our affections, regards, and society relations—that on the contrary, though a persistence in its violation may ultimately, for his own sake and out of regard to the welfare of our cause, compel us to suspend him until reformed, from the privileges of debating and voting in our societies, yet his frailty and his vice should but render him the more the object of our compassion, and the subject of our reformatory labors; and while his obligations to keep the pledge remain, ours to aid him back to the way of temperance and peace, and to enfold him in our society embrace, also remain in full force.

*Resolved*, Therefore, that we recommend to all our societies increased fidelity to the motto, "Never forsake a brother"—that when a brother fails, it be not noised abroad, or spoken of with lightness, contempt or anger, but in sorrow, if at all—that private labor to induce him to cease his violation, be first patiently and perseveringly tried by all who may have any influence over him—that should he continue to violate it, his case be then communicated to the officers of the society, that they may direct further trials to reclaim our brother—and should he still persist in violating his pledged honor and truth, that his case be reported to the society, which may direct any new trials to be made for his reclamation to temperance and peace, after which he may be suspended from the privileges of voting and debating in the meetings of the society, until he renews his pledge, or gives assurance that he has recommenced the observance of its obligations—but it is further earnestly recommended to our brethren, that in no case is a brother to be giv-

ed up as irreclaimable, while life and reason remain—that in no case are we to cease to compassionate his weakness, his folly or his misery, or to labor for his reformation.

*Resolved*, That we earnestly recommend to our Washingtonian brethren throughout the state to maintain as many meetings in their respective neighborhoods as possible; and that all proper efforts should be made to render them interesting, believing that they possess not only a *redeeming*, but a *preserving*, tendency, highly essential to the process of reform.

Whereas the soldiers and sailors of our gallant Army \* and Navy are engaging nobly and heartily in the temperance cause, and whereas they are dependent in a great measure on citizens for an expression of their wishes—therefore,

*Resolved*, That this Convention respectfully and earnestly request the Secretaries of War and of the Navy, and all officers of the Navy and Army, to use their influence in aid of these our brethren, by encouraging the formation of Washingtonian societies among our soldiers and sailors, and removing any obstructions that may exist in any existing regulations on the subject.

*Resolved*, That we rejoice heartily at the progress of Washingtonianism in our Army and Navy, and that we cordially bid our brave soldier and sailor brethren God speed in their salutary example and labors.

*Resolved*, That copies of these resolutions, signed by the officers of this meeting, be forwarded to the Secretaries of War and of the Navy.

*Resolved*, That the deep interest our fair country women manifest in the progress of Washingtonianism, is a strong evidence of its ultimate and complete success.

*Resolved*, That this Convention deem it the imperative duty of each delegate to use extraordinary exertions to procure subscribers to the "Central New York Washingtonian" in his own county.

The matter of collecting statistics was referred to the old committee, viz: A. B. Grosh, John F. Seymour, George Tracy.

*Resolved*, That the female temperance benevolent societies of the state of New York, by their organization and unprecedented labors in reforming the poor drunkard, in relieving his distresses, and in supplying the wants of his family, have given an efficient aid in the cause of temperance, therefore they are deserving of the warmest gratitude of the whole country, and are worthy the imitation of all the fair sex who have not already enlisted in the same cause.

*Resolved*, That the thanks of this Convention are due to our friends of this city for the hospitalities so kindly tendered us on the occasion of this meeting.

Whereas there is imposition being practiced upon the temperance public by men who are traveling the country as itinerant lecturers, entirely unworthy of confidence, of corrupt moral character, and who are actuated by merely mercenary motives, therefore,

*Resolved*, That we recommend temperance societies and communities to be well assured of the good character and sound Washingtonianism of the lecturers who come among them, before they receive them into their confidence.

*Resolved*, That the thanks of this Convention be and are hereby tendered to the officers of this Convention for the fidelity and impartiality with which they have discharged their duties.

*Resolved*, That the proceedings of this Convention be signed by its officers, and published in the Central New York Washingtonian, printed in Oneida county, and copied into such other papers as will give them a place in their columns, and that the superintendence of the printing be referred to the committee on publications.

C. A. JONES, President.

*Vice Presidents*.—Dr. Henderson, D. J. Hughes, R. P. Horton, D. S. Wendell, Mr. Baker, H. McAllister, W. Cowen, N. Rogers.

*Secretaries*.—C. Cooper, H. Millard, G. Dawson, E. T. Hayden.

I may as well add here, that there were many reform-

ed inebriates present—active, intelligent, clear-minded, large-hearted men, and right to a line's breadth and the smallest variation of shadow on every point of principle—every one of them that spoke or made known his views on the subject. If the cause can only be kept resting on their shoulders and breasts, and moving by their hands, this glorious Reform is safe—yes, must go on conquering to conquer. We had very excellent singing, by a trio of vocalists from Auburn, and several individuals of the delegates from abroad; and two first rate meetings on Wednesday and Thursday evenings—the latter particularly, which was mainly an "experience" meeting, had just about the right mixture of pathos, humor, fun and song to cause the tears to start in commiseration, and then start them to rolling, with a kindling eye for lightning and a hearty laugh for thunder—after which came a song from our choir, or the Auburn Trio, or our good Methodist Brother James Seaton, the reformed inebriate and well known lecturer, of Sauquoit, or from the whole body of singers. Oh, it was a blessed time!—Proof, a large number came forward and took the pledge, among whom were several rum-sellers and rum drinkers.

\* There was a representation from the U. S. Army present in the Convention—D. S. Hughes, of Company G., Fort Ontario at Oswego—an excellent representative of an excellent Washingtonian Society. Dr. Henderson, delegate from Oswego county, is also of the Army. A. B. G.

Br. Tompkins—Credit Mrs. A. Judson, this city, \$2.00 for next volume Repository. Send next volume to Mrs. S. Gilchrist, Manlius, Onondaga county, N. Y., and credit her \$2.00. Charge us.

## RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching on the second Sunday in July by Br. GROSH at Little Falls—Br. HATHAWAY in Sullivan and Br. SKINNER in Salisbury.

There will be preaching on the third Sunday in July by Br. GROSH in Syracuse.

Br. W. H. Ryder will not be able to preach in Clinton next Sunday.

## LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

J V, Batavia, for self and A H—P M, Laporte, [O.] for F B and E W—P M, Eagle Harbor, for G. S L and A M Mc W—P M, Manchester, [Mich.] for N B and M G—W S, Lyons, for self, B C Jr and R A—P M, Hillsdale, [Mich.] for C W F, J W F and A H.

## LIST OF BOOKS

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

No. 32, Genesee street, (up stairs).

Life of Rev. John Murray,	50
Biography of Winchester,	69
Pro and Con of Universalism, by Rev. George Rogers,	1.00
Causes of Infidelity Removed, by Rev. S. R. Smith,	69
Practical Hints to Universalists, by Rev. J. G. Adams,	75
Ballad on Atonement,	50
Ballou's Select Sermons,	75
Do. Notes on the Parables,	63
Do. Nine Sermons,	50
Do. Future Retribution,	50
Balfour's Second Inquiry,	1.00
Sawyer's Review of Hatfield,	50
Duties of Young Men, by Rev. E. H. Chapin,	50
Discourses, by J. M. Rayner, do.	50
Lectures, by J. M. Rayner, do.	38
Christian Comforter, by Rev. H. Bacon,	50
Law of Kindness, by Rev. G. W. Montgomery,	50
Universalist Manual, by Rev. M. Rayner,	50
Universalist Belief, by Rev. A. Moore,	50
Sermons, by Rev. O. A. Skinner,	50
Voice to Youth, by Rev. J. M. Austin,	75
Illustrations of the Parables, by Rev. T. Whittemore,	75
Christian Visitant, 3 vols. in one, by Rev. A. B. Grosh,	75
Streeter's Hymns (large and pocket),	50
Ancient History of Universalism,	1.00
Lectures to Youth, by Rev. S. R. Smith,	50
Convention Sermons for 1841,	50
Universalist Register and Almanac for 1843,	13
Catechisms for Sunday Schools,	50
Hymns of Zion, by Rev. A. C. Thomas,	50
Gospel Harmonist, by Rev. T. Whittemore,	1.00



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## THOUGHTS ON THE DEITY.

The mighty Maker and Preserver of all worlds!  
Whose presence fills immensity of space—  
And sways his universal sceptre wide,  
Is robed in boundless mercy, love and grace.  
He is the great eternal sire of all mankind,  
And all immortal souls his offspring are;  
To him they have their being, live and move,  
The lively oracles of truth declare.  
All creatures are the objects of his love and care,  
From the bright seraphs that stand round his throne;  
To the mean reptile groveling in the dust;  
Both angels, men, and all things are his own.  
Who can behold "his handy work," and not discern  
His boundless love and impartiality?  
The glorious sun that lights this beautiful earth,  
Proclaims the goodness of the Deity.  
The queen of night that walks along the heavenly plain,  
The star that sparkles in the azure skies;  
The ponderous rolling earth and seas beneath,  
Declare that God is infinitely wise.  
Then let us ever trust in our great Sire and King,  
For he is able to redeem and save;  
He gave us his best Gospel which reveals  
Eternal life for all, beyond the silent grave.  
German, N. Y. LAURA EGGLESTON.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## SHORT NOTES ON SELECT PASSAGES.....NO. V.

BY REV. H. H. WATSON.

John iii: 36.—"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him."

This passage is occasionally quoted to prove the endless suffering of the unbeliever. But how that cheerless system can be sustained from the above text, is to me passing strange. Now in order to get a correct understanding of the matter contained in the passage, it will be requisite to show—First, what are we understand by "everlasting life," which the believer is in possession of. Second, show why the unbeliever shall not see life. And third, show what we understand by the phrase "wrath of God."

1st. That the "everlasting life" here spoken of, is enjoyed in this state of being, is evident from the connexion in which it stands with the preceding language. It is said, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life," not he will or may have "everlasting life" in a future state; but he is then, at the time he believes, in possession of "everlasting life."

And to show more fully what this life consists in, I will quote the words of our Saviour. He says—"And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." John xvii: 3. Hence the believer in order to enjoy everlasting life, must know the great Author of his existence, and the Author's Son; but not as man knows his fellow man. But he must know them by obeying the laws and requirements which God has transmitted to him through his Son Jesus Christ."

2d. It has been shown that everlasting life is the result of obedience; hence to be in a state so as not to see life eternal, is to be in a state of unbelief or disobedience. But that this is to be the condition of the unbeliever eternally, and in consequence thereof he is to be doomed to unmitigated torture, is wholly and totally opposed to the words of inspiration. For it is declared that "all shall know me, (the Lord,) from the least to the greatest.—For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." Heb. viii: 11, 12; Jer. xxxi: 34.

3d. "The wrath of God." It can not be that this phrase can be understood in its literal sense; because it would be derogatory to the ascribed attributes of Deity. It is affirmed by the apostle John that "God is love." 1 John iv: 16. And the apostle James says he is without "variableness, neither shadow of turning," James i: 17. Hence it can not be that Infinity is ever moved by anger towards his offspring. Therefore to be under the

"wrath of God;" is to abide in unbelief. That this is the evident meaning of the phrase, may be inferred from the connexion in which it stands with that which precedes it; viz. "he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." That is, it has not been removed by a belief in the doctrine taught by the Son.

Venice, June, 1843.

## MINUTES.

Of the proceedings of the Ontario Association of Universalists, for 1843.

Met according to adjournment, in Newark, Wayne co., on Wednesday, June 14th, 1843.—United in prayer with Br. N. Sawyer. Council organized by appointing Br. T. J. Smith, Moderator. Credentials of delegates received, and the following lay delegates were found present. Newark, D. F. Luce, S. D. Huntington; Geneva, H. W. Dobbin; Wolcott, J. D. Hall; North Bloomfield, F. Bradley, S. Porter; Fairport, J. C. Eaton, A. Goodell; Lakeville, Geo. Smith; Clyde, N. Perry, J. Scott. Ministerial Delegates, D. Biddlecome, K. Townsend, S. Goff, U. Clark, T. J. Smith, C. Hammond, J. M. Cook, N. Sawyer, O. Roberts, O. Ackley, S. Miles, J. Chase, A. B. Copeland, Day K. Lee, 14.

Visiting Clergy, T. J. Whitcomb, J. S. Brown, L. L. Spaulding, G. S. Gowdy, 4—in all 18 ministers present.

Committee on discipline reported as follows: "Whereas certain complaints and rumors, prejudicial to the character and standing of Br. Jacob Chase as a minister of the Gospel, have been circulated; your committee have investigated those complaints and rumors, which to us have been satisfactorily explained as having no foundation in truth; and concerning some inadvertent expressions simply, which do not involve any criminality, and about which reports have been circulated, we have heard from him a suitable acknowledgment of this impropriety, and feel it our duty, with these facts before us, to express a wish for a continuance of public confidence in Br. C. and that said reports be henceforth silenced." Report adopted, and committee discharged.

Committee on fellowship reported in favor of granting a letter to Br. J. S. Brown. Report adopted, and the vote passed granting said request.

Voted, that the First Universalist society of Clyde be admitted into this Association.

Voted, that there be six conferences in this Association during the ensuing year, and that the standing clerk receive requests and publish appointments of the same.

Voted, to append to the Constitution of this Association, the confession of faith, found in the Universalist Manual, p. 189.

Voted, that the different societies of this Association take up a collection on the first Sunday in July next, or as soon thereafter as possible, for Br. S. Miles and family.

Voted, that the next session of this Association, be held in Lakeville, on the 2d Wednesday and following Thursday of June, 1844.

Voted, that the standing clerk publish the minutes of this session in the Luminary, and make such remarks as he may deem proper.

Appointed Brs. N. Sawyer and U. Clark (clerical) and J. Scott of Clyde, and D. Kenyon of Newark, (lay) delegates to next State Convention, with power to choose substitutes.

Appointed Brs. T. J. Smith, D. Biddlecome, and D. K. Lee, committee on fellowship and ordination.

Appointed Brs. T. J. Smith, N. Sawyer and O. Roberts committee on discipline.

Resolved, That each society within the limits of this Association, be requested to take up a collection at least three months preceding the session of the N. Y. State Convention, and that the funds thus collected be forwarded to the clerk of this body, to be appropriated in whole or in part, as the case may be, to defraying the expenses of our delegation, to the aforesaid Convention.

Resolved, That the New York State Convention be requested to institute the necessary means to

procure and publish a yearly list of all ministers in this State, enjoying the fellowship of the denomination, and being in regular standing as ministers of the Gospel—and none others.

REMARKS.—We were blest with a season of joyful refreshing. The weather was beautiful, and the congregations were immense. There were seven sermons preached, beside the usual addresses. On Wednesday evening we had a conference meeting, in which the blessed fathers in the faith, strengthened and edified us in the joyful expression of their minds. The spirit of love presided over the deliberations of the council. One aspect of the meeting, I beg leave to name as singularly cheering, to the permanent advancement of the cause of our religion. Five out of the seven sermons, were eloquently devoted to an unfolding of the practical beauties, and an enforcement of the experimental duties, and enjoyments of the Gospel. A growing spirit of devotion and every day piety was manifest on the part of both laymen and ministers, which indicates a new era and a new and unbounded prosperity in the heritage of our adorable Redeemer. The Lord bless and strengthen that spirit, and the wilderness and solitary places will be glad; for them, and the desert will rejoice and blossom as the rose.

D. K. LEE, Standing Clerk.

P. S.—Societies desiring conferences, will please publish an appointment of each in any paper that they may choose, over my name, as clerk of the Association.—Will Br. Price please copy?

D. K. L.

From the Star in the West.

## ADMISSIONS ON MATT. XXIV AND XXV.

The 24th and 25th chapters of Matthew are referred to, in almost every controversy on Universalism and Partialism, as proof of a future judgment day and of endless punishment; especially verses 29, 30, 31, of chap. xxiv, and the latter part of chap. xxv. Universalists have referred the passage to the dissolution of the Jewish body politic and religious, the full establishment of Christ's kingdom in the world, the temporal calamities to be endured by that rebellious people, and the commencement and progress of the reign of the Messiah, especially as Judge. Our enemies have affected to ridicule this interpretation, and sneeringly talked about our applying every Bible threatening to the destruction of Jerusalem, and stupidly, with a poor attempt at wit or sarcasm, told us that we ought to label the New Testament, "The Destruction of Jerusalem."

Millerism is bringing thinking men in the Orthodox sects, to their senses, particularly in relation to the real meaning of the 24th chap. of Matthew, as will be seen by the following article taken from the Louisville "Baptist Banner," and written by Rev. J. M. Peck, one of the principal Editors of the "Banner," and a leader in the Baptist ranks in Illinois. The article—copied—entire—is commended to all our readers, especially the Orthodox. Notice particularly what this Baptist preacher says about the "coming of the Son of man," "the end of the world," verses 29, 30, and 31, of chap. xxiv., and the effects of Millerism.

E. M. P.

"Among the portions of Scripture, misunderstood, misapplied, and consequently perverted, the 24th chapter of Matthew is conspicuous. Not only the Millerites, who apply the whole chapter to the end of the world and day of Judgment, but many of our learned and able commentators and biblical critics, have been at fault likewise, respecting the 29th and following verses. The whole chapter prophetically relates to the destruction of Jerusalem, the dissolution of the Jewish polity, and the dispersion of the Jews. Much of this is predicted in language highly symbolical. It should be kept in mind, that the disciples of Christ, as did the Jews, expected a great revolution at the coming and setting up of the kingdom of the Messiah. Their minds were deeply imbued with an idea of the establishment of a kingdom on earth, at the termination of the Jewish government—one vastly more powerful and of much greater extent. When the Saviour announced prophetically the destruc-



tion of the temple, till there should not be one stone left on another, his disciples asked him privately, "tell us, when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the world?" These questions had a direct relation to the prediction of the destruction of the temple. It is obvious they understood the coming of Christ and the end of the world, as connected with that event. Persons not acquainted with the original language of the New Testament, are liable, of course, to misunderstand the term "world." The term employed, if we mistake not, is never applied to this earth, or mundane sphere. It often signifies the *age* or *period*. The reply of our Saviour, from the 4th to the 28th verses inclusive, has been understood by every enlightened expositor as relating to the destruction of Jerusalem. It would be a waste of words to controvert this application with the Millerites. They have adopted a theory and make the Scriptures bend to it. But the peculiar phraseology of the 29th, 30th, and 31st verses have led many to suppose that with the destruction of Jerusalem, our Saviour was led on to the awful scenes of the final judgment. And hence, no small amount of ingenious criticism has been, added to dispose of the term "immediately."

"Immediately after the tribulations of those days, shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken."

"And then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven: and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory."

"And he shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect, from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other."

Here are a series of symbols employed, and the interpretation must be according to the laws of symbolical language.

"Heaven" is the symbol of the whole body politic—of the whole government in its organized form. The "sun," represents the sovereign power—the "moon" denotes the people—"stars," subordinate governors, rulers or officers of government. The prophet Joel, in reference to the same event, uses the same symbols, except the moon, instead of suffering an eclipse, "turns to blood."

In the use of this language of symbols, our Saviour predicted the destruction of Jerusalem, the complete subversion of the Jewish civil and political organization, the deposition of the sabbidrim, and of all public officers. All this took place coeval with the flight of the angels, with the gospel trumpet. The carcass was ready to be devoured, and the "eagles," an expressive symbol of the Roman invaders, were soon gathered around it.

In order to understand the 24th chapter of Matthew, the reader must carefully consult Mark xiii: and Luke xvii: 20, and to the end of the chapter. Let him compare each with the other, and he will find a most wonderful prediction of a series of events, all of which transpired before the death of John. Let him note how often the phrases, "coming of the Son of Man," "days of the Son of Man," &c., occur.

These phrases, in this connection, certainly do not mean the *personal* coming of Christ, but his direct providential agency. They are symbolical expressions, and should be interpreted by symbolical rules.

The parable of the virgins is another shocking instance of Scripture perversion. Hence hundreds are passing from place to place raising the "Midnight cry." This parable has not the least reference to the "last day," or the "end of the world," in the Millerite sense. It is a most beautiful and instructive parable of the condition of the Jews during the days of John the Baptist, of Christ and his apostles. Then the midnight cry was made—the "wise virgins," (believing Jews,) arose and trimmed their lamps, and the others were rejected. Other parables of the like import are also perverted and misapplied,

We are aware that many of the churches in the northern states who do not accord with the Millerite theory, suppose it is not of an injurious tendency, and may be therefore tolerated. How far forbearance should be exercised in Church discipline, when ministers leave their appropriate work to preach the personal coming of Christ in 1843, we pretend not to say, but for multitudes of private members to turn out public lecturers, or preachers and teachers, without even the license or approbation of any Church, is certainly a hazardous innovation on good order, and ought not to be tolerated.

Of the injurious effects of Millerism ultimately, we have not a shade of doubt. Nor do we hesitate in lifting the note of warning against it, as *one of the most cunning devices of the devil*.

1. It has already unsettled many minds, and must produce much vacillation in Christian principle.

2. It will ruin, as to future usefulness, many ministers of the Gospel. A few who have run into these prophetic vagaries, may recover the confidence of the people, but we have read the ways of human nature in vain, if many good men are not effectually ruined as to any real usefulness in the church. It may be expected that not a few, when they learn their present mistakes by the revelations of time, will be left to go off into some more extravagant vagary.

3. It is to be feared that multitudes who are now bamboozled with such superabundant proofs of the end of the world in 1843, will turn out Infidels and deny the truth of all Scripture predictions.

4. Millerism has already produced derangement in not a few persons, and suicide in some cases.—We know of some cases of insanity within our personal observation.

5. Millerism is one of the most formidable enemies to missions and all organized systems of benevolent operations. Of this we had convincing proofs last season, not only from the lectures of Fitch and Hines, to which we listened under the "big tent" at Albany, N. Y., with painful interest; but it is developing its fruits in the entire indifference of a very large part of its devotees. They give—not a mere tithe of their income, but their whole stock to publish papers and pamphlets and raise the "midnight cry"—and doubtless think they are doing God service, but they have lost all interest in the efforts to spread the gospel of Christ and reform the world.

6. Yet, possibly, Millerism may be the occasion, incidentally, of some good. It may awaken up the public mind to a more sober and rational investigation of the prophecies—certainly in some instances, its movements are like a great shark that swallows up all the fish in its path. So with Millerism. It makes a "clean sweep" through divers other *ultraisms*. It is instructive, as furnishing a further insight into the vagaries of that singular thing called human nature, to witness the sudden and surprising transformations through which individuals have passed on becoming thorough converts to the doctrine of 1843."

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### THE MOTHER—A TALE OF TRUTH.

How much misery does a belief in endless woe cause those who believe it for themselves or their own dear kindred. I was once acquainted with a circumstance of this kind. A lady, who was a member of the Presbyterian church, had a wayward son, who, at the age of fifteen, was apprehended for some trivial offence, and cast into prison. She went to see him in his confinement, and came home with the awful idea fastened on her mind, that her son was a subject for endless despair. Her Presbyterian friends learning the state of her mind, came in to comfort her. As soon as she recognized any one she knew, she would immediately cry out, "Oh brother, or sister! My son, oh! my son is going down to hell! I saw him just dropping into hell!" One of her brethren, a prominent member of the church in whom she had confidence, thought to comfort her by citing her to her faith, which was Calvinistic. "Why sister," said he, "you are willing that your son should go to hell if

it be God's will, are you not?" Never shall I forget what agony of mind was depicted in her countenance, as she vehemently and frantically exclaimed, "Oh! I can't have my son go to hell!" And she resolved not to eat or drink, but constantly pray, until her son should be converted. But ere eight and forty hours had elapsed, reason was driven from her throne. I am happy to state, however, that her reason again returned, when she saw her son safely at home again.

Here we see how little satisfaction a faith in endless misery can yield those, who believe it for their own dear kindred. This woman had no apology to offer, for the conduct of her son, that he was less wicked than others whom she fancied deserving endless pain; but he was *her son*, this thought was distraction. We think the gentleman who offered this consolation to the unhappy woman, could no more endure the thought that his *own* dear child must, *positively*, be consigned to endless pain, than this poor woman. We think if a faith, when fairly canvassed, and brought home to our feelings, will not bring peace, but misery, it can not be the true Gospel faith; as that is "good tidings of great joy" which shall be to all people." That truth proclaimed by the angel to the shepherds of Judea; and confirmed by the benevolent Saviour, consequently must bring peace to the afflicted heart whenever believed. But where is the peace? or where the joy in a faith like the foregoing?

Lyne, Feb. 23, 1843.

DOROTHY.

#### MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barray.

UTICA, FRIDAY, JULY 7, 1843.

#### PUNISHMENT IN THE EARTH.....NO. II.

"But as for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had well nigh slipped; for I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked."—DAVID.

I can not say, as our opposers do of us, when they attempt to account for our adoption of what they deem errors, that their willful wickedness, or depravity of heart leads them to believe thus; for with many of them, the error commenced in early youth—they imbibed it from revered parents and instructors—and have cherished the error in all sincerity of soul, ever since. They have been taught that this life is a state of probation, where men are left free to choose good or evil, that their characters may be fully and freely formed for eternity; and that after this life, God will reward the good and punish the bad. They are told that because God will judge men only in eternity, therefore he does not punish and reward them in the earth—and (to prove the same by adding from top to bottom!) because men are not punished and rewarded fully in this life, therefore God will punish and reward them in another! The rule seeming to work both ways, they have looked at the teachings of the Bible, and the events of life, through this medium, and saw every thing accordingly. They found a few seeming exceptions, and assumed them to be the general rule—and the clear cases that formed the general rule, they put to one side, as the seeming exceptions.—To confirm their minds still further in what had been taught them as divine truth, they mistook afflictions for punishments, and punishments for afflictions, by disregarding the plain distinction between the several orders or classes of laws which God has established on the earth. Thus consequences resulting from violations of the laws of wealth, of health, and of intellect, were considered to be mere afflictions—and the sufferings endured by reason of another's sufferings, were supposed to be what we call punishments.

With minds thus confused, it is not to be wondered at, that they should wander in error; for every plain teaching of Revelation, and even every example furnished in actual life, was perverted to their minds by being seen through this wrong medium—just as objects are distorted out of all shape, by being seen through warped glass—or colored wrongly, by being seen through a highly colored medium of any kind. Every denuncia-



tion of punishment on the evil doer, (or nearly every one,) was supposed to refer to the eternal state;—and however clearly it might be expressed and positively denounced, it was supposed that there were conditions implied in it, by means of which it might at last be evaded. For, examine the creeds of men, taught in nearly every denomination of Christians, and you will find the *forgiveness of punishment* a very prominent item;—then turn to the Bible, and examine it from Genesis to Revelation, and you will never find that doctrine so much as named in it.

This is a remarkable fact. The Bible teaches the forgiveness of sin; but the *certainty of punishment*; but the creeds of men teach that the forgiveness of sin means the *uncertainty of punishment*. The forgiveness—the remission—the blotting-out, of sins is a Bible doctrine; and has been supposed to mean the forgiveness of punishment, (which is *not* a Bible doctrine,) solely through the force of education.

Another correlative error, already hinted at, was in confounding the laws of inanimate and of organic matter, with the moral laws, and mistaking the effects of each. A saint disregarding the laws of gravitation, fell and broke his leg;—a sinner regarding them, preserved his legs whole, and thus avoided all the sufferings the other endured. "There," said they, "see how the righteous suffer, while the wicked live in enjoyment—surely the doctrine that God judgeth in the earth, is false!"

A good man, placing too much confidence in a friend, is defrauded out of his dues, and lives in poverty—the artful rogue, having studied the art of making and keeping money, revels in luxury and wealth. "There," say our erring brethren, "is another proof that Universalism is false—the righteous is poor and afflicted; the wicked man has all that heart can wish."

So we might go on, and adduce a thousand cases, each of which, being wrongly considered, confirms these brethren in their errors. But let us ask, are whole legs the reward of moral virtue? If so, every man who has perfect limbs must be a good man. Or are broken limbs the mark by which God designates who are his saints on earth? If so, few are the saints—and some of them hard to be distinguished from sinners! Again—Do men serve God merely to make money, to gain food and clothing by it? Surely, even these brethren will not pretend so!

But even these cases prove our views correct, when the various laws of God are not confounded. Obedience to the law of gravitation, had its appropriate reward; and disobedience, its consequent punishment.—So, an observance of the laws of wealth had its reward—and disobedience to them was punished in kind. And while the sinner with whole limbs, and the fraudulent man with full purse, were suffering the penalty of the moral laws they had violated; the good man was reveling in that inward peace of conscience—that sunshine of the soul, which is worth more than all the gold of earth, or the luxuries that ever pampered the body into disease and death.

We have thus considered the seeming exceptions, as our opposers would present them to us—but let us now take the generalities. Nearly all the moral virtues are so allied to the well balanced mind, and the correct bodily and social habits, that the blessings of sufficient means for bodily comforts, and of health, accompany their practice. It is but seldom that you find the good men and women in society very poor, very sickly, or very much persecuted in consequence of their goodness. Many who were not morally good, have become so by these evils being inflicted on them, and have remained poor and afflicted—but in this case, even these afflictions are recognized by them to be great blessings in disguise.

So, on the other hand, nearly all the vices among men are closely connected with habits of body and of mind, which, sooner or later, involve loss of wealth, health and reputation, and so add these evils to the sufferings of mind. It is but seldom that you find a healthy, wealthy and respectable bad man in society—I mean one who remains such all his life-time. You may find a man with a single, or a few vices, and many virtues, who, on

the whole, is healthy, prosperous and respected; but just so far as he is vicious, he is *not* respected; and probably just so far his health is also injured, and his prosperity retarded.

These, you may rely upon it, are the general rules of rewards and punishments. They are ever open to your own observation—you may see them on the right hand and on the left—in your rear and before you, as you pass through life. And should a number of cases appear that, at present, you can not perceive in this light, wait but a few years, and the result will prove this general rule correct.

It seems necessary, in the moral government of God, that all roguery should not be effectually nipped in the bud—totally broken up at its very fountain. But sooner or later, it will be effectually checked—the way of the wicked he will turn upside down, and cause the transgressor to eat the fruit of his own doings. The same is true of the good. Virtue is the result of trial—of successful resistance of temptations. Consequently goodness is not immediately triumphant—not at the beginning, rewarded to its full extent. For neither rewards, nor punishments, are bestowed before they have been merited. Wait, then, the result—and in every case you will learn the lesson the Psalmist learned in the sanctuary of God. Such at least is the case in the Bible, in all instances where the result of human actions are traced out for our instruction.

And should there be a case here and there, in the scope of our personal observations, where the wicked man appears to be happy; or the virtuous man miserable, in a moral point of view—or where the curtain falls, and closes from our sight the last earthly scene of the great drama—we may rest assured that it is not really, but only *seemingly* an exception to the great, general and invariable rule of God's moral government. And that it is even seemingly an exception, is only owing, either to our wrong estimate of moral character—or our blindness—or to the superior art of hiding his real feelings, possessed by the object of our watch.

We are liable—very liable to form a wrong estimate of moral character; because we judge every man, not by the light and knowledge he possesses; but by that which we possess;—not by the views he has, and the circumstances in which he is placed; but by our views of the case, and the circumstances we suppose to exist around him. Accordingly we say or think how much, how long, and in what manner he should be punished; and may suppose, if he is not punished precisely thus, that he is not punished at all. But God is his judge, and he will by no means clear the guilty; but will continue his strange work, till he has made every sinner the partaker of his righteousness.

And now, in conclusion, let me exhort every one to remember this great doctrine of Revelation, and of rightly observing experience. Let it not be forgotten for a single moment, that no human wisdom can possibly contrive how to do any wrong act, so that a far worse consequence to the actor shall not follow it.

Remember the solemnly impressive declarations of God, by his wise men, and prophets, and his Son.

Remember the examples of old, thickly strewn over almost every page of the Old and New Testaments.

Remember the numerous beacons that blaze like living mementoes on the pages of history.

Remember the lessons your ears have heard, and your eyes have seen, as you passed along in life.

Remember the burning and withering brands which sin has deeply impressed, to constantly burn with a living power, in your own hearts—and if sinners entice, consent thou not—if temptation assails, resist it—yield not—waver not, or you die!

By every hope of happiness which virtue promises—by all the affections God has given you for friends and kindred dear, who must suffer in your downfall, and who will glory in your virtue—by the tender mercies of our God, and the love of Jesus, who has given you a life-giving example in his own person, fall not into the error of believing that sin is pleasant, or that its retributions can be escaped, or be easily borne. Be virtuous—be

wise for yourself always, and you will be happy, and a source of joy to others. A. B. G.

#### THE DOCTRINE PREACHED BY PAUL.

"Whereunto I am ordained a preacher."

A prominent point in that doctrine preached by the apostle, was, that Christ came into the world to save sinners. He represents him as giving himself a ransom for them; as suffering the agonies of the cross on their behalf; as becoming obedient unto death that they might live. Enemies as they were to God, degraded by vice and spiritual ignorance, blinded by superstition, enslaved by corruption and sin, hopeless and godless; yet the apostle tells us, that the love of the Father was commended toward them, in that he sent his Son to die for them. This was an unpopular doctrine to preach; for it was thought, at that day, that Messiah would come to save only the righteous—that toward them his grace would be manifested, and on them his chief favors would be bestowed. Hence, when the Saviour was seen to mingle with the sinful and the degraded—to eat and drink with them—to lay his hands on them and heal them—to speak to them of pardon and life; he was at once set down as an impostor, who could not have been sent of God; for Heaven, it was thought, could have no smiles and no mercy for the sinner. Such were the low and dishonoring views entertained by many concerning God and his government. They supposed that all beside themselves, had, somehow or other, forfeited all claims to the least notice or regard from their Maker; and were cast off, and destined to live and die, uncared for by men and cursed of God. When, therefore, the apostle testified, as a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; he found himself exposed to the scorn and wrath of former friends, and even to a violent death from their hands.

But none of these moved him. His calls were to the sinful and the straying. He pointed them to Calvary—to the cross—where, amidst mockery and insult, the Son of Man laid down his life, a reconciling offering for an alienated world; and told them that love for such as they had led an innocent Saviour to deliver himself up to death, and pour out his blood freely.

Another point in the Apostle's doctrine is, that sinners shall be saved, and the object of a Saviour's coming be effected. It is thought and believed by many, that the sinner can have "no interest in the atoning blood of the Son of Man," and can not therefore be saved. But this is denying salvation to those who, *only*, are the legitimate objects of it—to those by whom, *only*, it is needed. The whole need not a physician—the righteous need no Saviour. As the physician can not be said to heal a man who is in perfect health; so no individual can be saved by Christ, who is not a sinner. He, *only*, is a subject of salvation; and you might as well say that the sick man has no claims upon the physician, as that the sinner has no Christ; and it would be no more fallacious to say, that the disease of the sick man is a good and sufficient reason why he should not receive medical aid, as that the sins of the sinner should be a bar to his salvation. In the one case, if the man was well, he would not require to be cured; and in the other, if he was righteous, he would not need to be saved. It is as gross a fallacy to say of a righteous man, that he shall be saved, as to say of a well man that he shall be cured.

The Apostle taught the salvation of sinners. After contemplating the sufferings and death of the Saviour in behalf of a world lying in wickedness, he turns to his glorious exaltation, and beholds him reigning in power, and the principles of his government triumphing in every human heart, until finally every knee bows in humble submission, and every tongue confesses him Lord, to the glory of God the Father. See Phil. ii. 9, 10, 11. Every creature in the wide universe is thus subjected to him—not by physical force—but subjected to him as he will be to the Father—drawn to him by the invisible influences of his great love; and made willing by the power of the same.

The apostle evidently contemplated no sin, no death, no misery, after the resurrection, as may be seen by re-



ferring to the 15th chapter of his 1st letter to the Corinthians. In that descriptive scene denominated "the end," every enemy, even to the *last*, was destroyed, rebellion had ceased, a redeemed world been brought in, and God in all his holiness and love filled and pervaded all hearts. The plans and purposes of Infinite Wisdom are thus consummated—the Saviour's work finished—a universe redeemed, reconciled, saved. Pain shall never more be felt, nor death destroy, nor tears flow, sorrow and sighing have fled away, and are succeeded by songs and everlasting joy.

This is the doctrine proclaimed by the illustrious preacher of the Gentiles; and what a blessed and blessing doctrine is it! It is not too good to be true; for all truth is good, and designed to bless the world. It does not rob the Saviour of his due, nor God of his honor. It is a light to the soul, when all around is dark. It yields support in the hour of adversity. It gives peace in sorrow. It sustains the heart that is burdened with grief, makes soft the dying pillow, and smooths the couch of death.

A. C. B.

## AGENTS READ!!!

We have several times requested our friends and agents, not to send us *certificates of deposit* in payment of subscriptions, for the reason that there is so much loss on them, but some continue to do so, either from not having read such request, through forgetfulness, carelessness or other causes. A friend at Elmira, sent us a certificate on a Bank in his vicinity a short time since, of seven dollars and a half. We paid the postage on the letter, (12 1-2 cents) and then had to allow the Bank where we deposited the certificate *three* postages more, besides 1-2 per cent. for collecting, making a loss of *fifty-four* cents, equal to about *eight per cent.* Another instance. A friend at Lyons, sent us his written check on the Bank of Geneva, for four dollars and a half, subjecting us to the postage, (12 1-2 cents) and we have to allow *three* postages more, as in the other case, making the loss *fifty cents*, equal to about 12 1-2 per cent. Our Banks here do right to charge treble postage, as they have to enclose the certificate or check in another sheet, send it to the Bank from whence it came, (making double postage) and receive an acknowledgment from said Bank in return, making one more postage, all of which they have to pay, and which of course they charge to the depositor. Now our friends will see by a moment's reflection, that it would be far better for us, if they would enclose *Bank notes*, instead of sending certificates or checks, unless they are on the Banks of this city, and we really hope they will pay a little attention to this matter. If Bank notes are sent, make up the amount in as few bills as possible to save postage. Instances of the heedlessness of subscribers and agents in this respect have occurred. If six or eight dollars were to be remitted, the sum would be made up of some half a dozen bills of small denomination, thereby subjecting us to postage on *each* piece contained in the letter, while it might have been avoided by enclosing one, two or at most three bills. Drafts, on Banks of our city, Albany or New York, payable to our order, may be sent us, as we can deposit them at par, without any charge for postage. They can generally be bought for a premium of from 1-2 to 1 per cent. Send drafts then, or Bank notes, and in all cases get your Post Master to frank the letter if possible. A word to the wise, &c.

ANOTHER DEATH-BED RENUNCIATION.—That obituary notice signed by Br. Shipman—turn to it and read it—it is brief—and then if you have a neighbor who says "Universalism will do to live by, but will not do to die by," just hand the notice to him, and advise him to strike out "Universalism" in his oft-refuted objection, and insert "Partialism."

A. B. G.

THE MINUTES of the Black River and Otsego Associations received too late for insertion in this number. The hands in the office will not work on Independence day, so that the matter for the paper had to be all up by

Monday night, ready for the press on Wednesday morning—and the first form was up even as early as Friday morning. This, with the length of the proceedings of the former, prevented an insertion. They will appear in our next.

A. B. G.

BR. BARRAY—Your express must have failed to deliver your MSS. I have not seen, nor can I hear of them.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## LETTER TO REV. MR. DANIELS.

Dear Sir—I have been very credibly informed, that since our discussion last winter, you have made the following statements, viz: 1st. "That much good was done by the discussion." 2nd. "That some converts were made by it to the doctrine of endless misery." 3d. "That the Universalists dare not hold another discussion with you." 4th. "That you are much better prepared for such a discussion now, than you was then." And I have also been told, that on one of your visits to Maryland, you very tauntingly asked of certain persons there, "why I had not been to Maryland to pick up my converts in that place," &c., &c.

On these statements I remark as follows:—In the opinion that the discussion was the means of doing much good, you and I are perfectly agreed. But I presume you understand by this, something very different from what I do. If it is really your opinion that the discussion did "much good" in your sense of it, then, as you profess to be anxious to do good, if you think such discussions are calculated to promote the cause which you advocate, you ought to engage in them whenever and wherever an opportunity presents. In order that you may not complain of a want of opportunity, I propose that you engage in another with me. As I met you before on your own territory, it is no more than fair that you should meet me now on mine. I therefore propose that you come to Bainbridge, and discuss with me the great question of the final destiny of the human race, in the Universalist Church in that place. If you decline doing this, then you can choose either of the following proposals. I will discuss the question with you in your own Church, in Westford, or in the Methodist Church in Decatur; or in any other place which may suit your convenience. As I am perfectly satisfied with the results of the discussion in Maryland, I should choose to go before a new audience; but if you prefer it I will meet you on the old battle ground, in the Baptist Church in that place. Yea, more, if it is your wish, I pledge myself, if life and health are spared, to hold a discussion of four days continuance with you in each of the towns in Otsego county. Here now is a chance to do "good" which the wide field of Indostan does not offer.—Let us, then, hear no more about want of opportunity. Your answer to this letter will determine who are afraid of discussion, the Universalists or Methodists. As I do not claim to be any better prepared for such discussion than before; if you are, you will have an important advantage which you had not then, and this should be an inducement for you to engage in it.

I am willing to believe that you did not state that some converts were made to your doctrine, by the discussion last winter, knowing it to be false; nevertheless, I must think you are mistaken. I have made diligent inquiry, and can not learn that there was a single one. If you know of any, will you be so good as to give their names? If you ask me the names of those who were converted from your doctrine, I can give them.

In reply to your question, "why I have not been to Maryland picking up my converts?" I answer, I have sufficient confidence in the intelligence and stability of the converts to Universalism, to believe that they stand in no need of *drilling* to keep them in the traces. It is very seldom that an individual who has been "delivered from the power of darkness" ever desires to become "again entangled with the yoke of bondage."

Any reply which you see fit to make to this let-

ter, you can communicate to me through the Post Office, or through the same medium that you receive this. Wishing you health, happiness, and the enjoyment of every needed blessing, I subscribe myself

Yours truly

E. E. GUILD.

## DEATHS.

In Erieville, on the 7th of May, ESTUS H. BARDWELL, aged 32 years. He has left a wife and child to mourn the loss of one, good, tender and true. May God, who heareth the cry of the afflicted, sustain and support them in their bereavement.

Br. Bardwell was a man highly respected by all who were acquainted with him. Upright and just in all his intercourse, his conduct marked by perfect integrity and moral honesty, he gained the confidence of all. For one long year, disease of a very painful character preyed upon his vitals; and for a portion of that time at least, he endured mental and spiritual anguish far more acute than that which tortured his body. A short time previous to his death, the writer of this, being in the vicinity—received through a mutual friend, a pressing request from him, to visit him. I accordingly called, and spent several hours in conversation with him. Shortly after entering his room, he remarked that he was "sick unto death—that he never expected to recover." I then asked him, "what were his feelings in regard to the change that awaited him?" He answered—while the big tear of agony trickled down his emaciated cheek—that he was "miserable and unhappy." I then asked him if he was free to tell me the cause of his unhappiness? He said he was. "I have," said he, "been educated in the belief of the doctrine of endless misery. To me it seems that the Bible teaches it. Yet the thought makes me deeply wretched and miserable. It seems to me that I can not die believing it. Although I have hope for myself; I have friends, and I can not die and leave them, with no prospect of meeting them in another and better world." He then asked my views of Mat. xxv. 31-46, which I gave him at some length. He expressed himself convinced of their correctness, and desired to know some of the proofs on which I based my faith of the salvation of the world. I pointed him to the nature of God—the attributes that form his character—his fatherly tenderness to mankind in the earth—to the labors, mission, death and resurrection of the Saviour—and finally to many of "the exceeding great and precious promises" given by prophets and apostles, and sealed by the precious blood of Christ, all of which I endeavored to show pointed forward to that grand and glorious era, when "all shall bear the image of the heavenly." He gave the most fixed attention to the proof, and as it multiplied, a smile of heavenly joy and satisfaction lighted up his countenance; and as I closed my remarks, he said, "such a prospect is joyful. I have always heard that Universalism would not do to die by. But if this will not, I know not what will." Although he was not then fully convinced of the truth of Universalism, yet before his death all doubts were removed from his mind, and with cloudless prospect he saw by faith a world redeemed and saved from sin. His funeral was attended on the 8th, and in accordance with his dying request a sermon was delivered by the writer, assisted in the services by Br. J. H. Stuart.

CHAS. L. SHIPMAN.

In Mason, Halesborough county, N. H., March 9th, 1843, ROGERS WESTON, Esq., aged 86 years, 5 months and 9 days. Esquire Weston was a regular soldier in the war of the Revolution, and was in the battle at the taking of Burgoyne. He served his country through that eventful struggle for freedom, and at the close of the war he settled in Mason, where he resided the remainder of his life. He repeatedly represented his town in the State Assembly and filled the office of a magistrate to general acceptance. He lived to bury four wives in the town of Mason, he left the fifth, a widow over eighty years of age.

A. W.

In Venice, Cayuga county, June 5th, after an illness of about six hours, Mrs. LUCY FISH, widow of Capt. David Fish, who deceased five or six years ago. She was in her 82d year since the 20th of May last. She had formerly walked in the communion of the Baptist church; and to the close of her life, her name remained among the list of their members. But for several years past, refusing the restraints, of "the faith and order," she had in her benevolence and charity of her heart, accorded the fullest fellowship to all Christians irrespective of the peculiarities of faith; and whether in turn she were fellowshiped or not, she was universally esteemed for her social, friendly and Christian character.—Cox.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## EYES.

BY MISS M. E. TILLOTSON.

Not as we wished did speak the eyes,  
And yet, the tongue sweetness expressed;  
Those gave but cold, unfelt replies.  
But when *that* spoke, it moved the breast.

'Tis then no marvel if we feel  
That tongue with siren tones is laden;  
Since eyes alone, the heart reveal,  
And by the tongue the heart is hidden.

Anon the tongue may err, perchance,  
All mortal life, of clay a part—  
But seldom does the radiant glance  
Belie the movings of the heart.

Then know, when others vow to bless,  
Thou hast a kind, unfailing guide;  
'Twas so of yore, and now no less;  
Consult the eye, or not confide.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## TALES OF THE PASSING WINDS...NO. II.

BY MRS. S. ELIZA GIBSON.

## THE HALL OF MIRTH.

The messenger of the following, came with frolicsome glee. Now it stooped to the ground, and bending the delicate flower-stalks, shook from the cups the scented dew—now it danced gaily over the smooth rivulet, and reversing on its surface the order of its flow, sent the bright ripples up to meet the moon-beams; and anon, it rose with merry voice to the aspen tree, and moving amid its branches, stirred the leaves with its own merriment.

"I came," it said, "from a hall, where mirth and gaiety reigned supreme. The proud beauty was there, and her eye was more brilliant, and her cheek tinged with a deeper hue than they were wont—the pale maiden too, flushed with excitement; and youths, and manly forms; and all, wearing the roseate hue of gladness.—Gilded lights beamed from chandeliers, and music with its exhilarating influence, touched, as with magic, every heart.

"'Twas a bewildering scene. Eyes, which before looked on others with coldness or indifference, now glanced affection—lips forgot their scornful curl, and smiled recognition; and tongues, before chained by pride, spoke congratulation. I too, was in the midst, and wafted perfume from flowery festoons, and kissed away the blush which rose to the cheek of one listening to the tale of love. I tossed back the curls of the sportive maiden, and cooled the temples of those, who with linked arms circled through the many windings of the dance, and with busy feet measured time to lively airs."

Now the merry voice of the messenger, sunk to a saddened murmur:—"But none of that gay throng thought of the sorrow and suffering which that expenditure might have relieved. None thought of the poor student, who was even then searching by pale fire-light, for the hidden treasures of science, and none thought of the afflicted, then mourning for the loss of some near friend and dear; or of the needy who were tottering on the brink of the grave for want of proper sustenance and support! No; nor was a reflection bestowed upon the widow, who was even then toiling to appease the cries of the famishing group at her knee. But by the morrow's dawn, their gaiety will be turned into languor and regret, and their gladness to gloom and despondency, while those whose thoughts and missions were to relieve suffering and affliction, will drink from a well-spring of joy, which neither day or night; life or the pangs of death, can exhaust."

Saying this, the messenger left me and passed on, to tell the tale and repeat the moral in some other listening ear.

Monroeton, Pa.

## MRS. FRY, NEWGATE PRISON, LONDON.

The following extract from "Heigh's Picture of London," we take from the Trumpet. It sets forth most clearly the practical influence of Universalism: I know

not that Mrs. Fry acknowledges the theory of Universalism, but its practical power she very clearly demonstrates.

A. A. M.

"Amongst the females, wonderful improvement has been accomplished, by the efforts of the benevolent and persevering Mrs. Fry, the banker's wife. To benefit those unfortunate women, a committee was formed, who undertook to attend in the prison, and find employment for the prisoners. The committee consisted of the wife of a clergyman, and eleven members of the society of Friends. They suspended every other engagement and avocation, to devote themselves to Newgate. With no interval of relaxation, and with but few interruptions from the call of other and more imperious duties, they lived amongst the prisoners. At first, every day in the week, and every hour in the day, some of them were to be found at their post, joining in the employments, or engaged in the instruction of their pupils; and at this very period, some of the ladies daily visit the prison. The next requisite was a matron, and a respectable elderly woman, in every way competent to the office, was found willing to undertake it, and has discharged its duties with exemplary fidelity.

"Mrs. Fry then fully represented to Mr. Cotton, the ordinary, and to the governor, her views, the plans she proposed to adopt, and the difficulties with which she saw herself surrounded: Mr. Cotton told her that this, like many other useful and benevolent designs for the improvement of Newgate, would inevitably fail. Mr. Newman, who was then governor, told her not to despair; but he has since confessed that when he came to reflect upon the subject, and especially upon the character of the prisoners, he could not see even the possibility of success. The sheriff, Mr. Bridges, expressed himself willing to assist her, but told her that his concurrence, or that of the city, would avail her but little—the concurrence of the women themselves was indispensable; and that it was in vain to expect such untamed and turbulent spirits would submit to the regulations of a woman, armed with no legal authority, and unable to inflict any punishment. She replied, 'Let the experiment be tried; let the women be assembled in your presence, and if they will not consent to the strict observance of our rules, let the project be dropped.' On the following Sunday, the two sheriffs, with Mr. Cotton and Mr. Newman, met the ladies at Newgate. Upwards of seventy women were collected together. 'One of the committee explained their views to them; she told them that the only practicable mode of accomplishing an object, so interesting to her and so important to them, was by the establishment of certain rules. Each gave the most positive assurance to obey in all points. Work was next obtained for them; a room was provided, and speedily underwent the necessary alterations; and in a very few days, the ladies' committee assembled in it all the tried female prisoners. One of the ladies began, by telling them the comforts derived from industry and sobriety, and the pleasure and the profit of doing right. She then dwelt upon the motives which had brought the ladies into Newgate; they had left their homes and their families, to mingle amongst those from whom all others fled, and that the ladies did not come with any absolute and authoritative pretensions; that it was not intended that they should command, and the prisoners obey; but that it was to be understood, that all were to act in concert; that not a rule should be made, or a monitor appointed, without their full and unanimous concurrence. Several rules were next read, and they received the approbation of the penitent women. 'The plan has succeeded beyond the expectation of the most ardent.

"About six months after the establishment of a school for the children, and the manufactory for the tried side, the female committee received a most urgent petition from the unfried, entreating that the same might be done amongst them, and promising strict obedience. The ladies made the same arrangements, proposed the same rules, and admitted in the same manner as on the other side, the prisoners to participate in their action. The experiment has here answered, but not to the same ex-

tent. They have had difficulties in procuring a sufficiency of work, the prisoners are not so disposed to labor, flattering themselves with the prospect of a speedy release; besides, they are necessarily engaged, in some degree, in preparations for their trial. The result of the observations of the ladies has been, that where the prisoners from whatever cause did no work, they derived little if any moral advantage; where they did some work, they received some benefit; and where they were fully engaged, they were really and essentially improved.

"But a few years have elapsed since the operation in Newgate began, and those most competent to judge, Alderman Wood, Alderman Smith, the late governor (Newman), and the present (Brown), various grand juries, the chairman of the police committee, the ordinary, and the officers of the prison, have all declared their satisfaction and astonishment at the alteration which has taken place in the conduct of the females. Many have received the rudiments of education, and have learned for the first time, the truths of the Christian religion. Several have left them, who are now filling stations in life uprightly and respectably; and but one discharged from the prison has been again committed for a transgression of the law.

"In order that the reader may form some idea of the excellent results of Mrs. Fry's system, we quote the following from that lady's evidence, given before the Commons' Police Committee in 1818: having stated that she tried the scheme for one month, previously to its being formally mentioned to the court of aldermen, Mrs. Fry added: 'Our rules have certainly been occasionally broken, but very seldom; order has been generally observed; I think I may say we have full power amongst them, for one of them said it was more terrible to be brought up before me than before the judge, though we use nothing but kindness; I have never punished a woman during the whole time, or even proposed a punishment to them; and yet I think it is impossible, in a well regulated house, to have rules more strictly attended to than they are, as far as I order them, or our friends in general. With regard to our work, they have made nearly twenty thousand articles of wearing apparel, the generality of which being supplied by the slop shops, pays very little. Excepting three out of this number of articles that were missing, which we really do not think owing to the women, we have never lost a single thing. They knit from about 60 to 100 pairs of stockings and socks every month, and spin a little. The earnings of their work, we think, average about eighteen pence per week for each person. This is generally spent in assisting them to live, and helping to clothe them. For this purpose they subscribe, out of their small earnings of work, about £4 a month, and we subscribe about 8, which keeps them covered and decent. Another very important point is, the excellent effect we have found to result from religious education; we constantly read the Scriptures to them twice a day; many of them are taught, and some of them have been enabled to read a little themselves; it has had an astonishing effect; I never saw the Scriptures received in the same way; and to many of them they have been entirely new, both the great system of religion and of morality contained in them; and it has been very satisfactory to observe the effect upon their minds; when I have sometimes gone and said it was my intention to read, they would flock up stairs after me, as if it was a great pleasure I had to afford them.'

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# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL,"....."PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY JULY, 14, 1843.

NO. 28.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## BAPTISM.

Extract from a discourse preached before the administration of the ordinance.

BY REV. DAY K. LEE.

"For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jew or Gentile, whether we be bond or free; and have been all made to drink into one Spirit."—1 Cor. xii: 13.

The baptism of the spirit, the truth, the love of Christ, is the all-essential, all-important baptism. We should feel assured that we have received this, before we call for the outward ceremony. Better experience this inward, *soul-immersed* renewal, and never submit to the outward ordinance, than perform the ceremony, and never feel, never experience the influence of the gospel on the heart. The outward sign is at least, but a type, but a symbol of the inward immersion of the spirit of Christ; and if the spirit be wanting, the ceremony is but a hollow mockery.

All TRUE Christians, whether Jew or Gentile, Partialists or Universalists, have received this baptism of the spirit and love of Christ, whether they have observed the outward ordinance or not. All genuine believers, have by one spirit been baptized into one body of disciples—into one church—the church of Christ, and enjoy the same newness, resurrection of life—the same wakeful sympathies, ardent devotions, and lofty hopes, with what particular sect soever they may be found identified. And many who are most eminently Christian; many in whose hearts the spirit, and love, and joy of Christ richly dwell, immersing their whole souls, softening their affections, ennobling their desires, and inciting them to worship God in service most acceptable and well pleasing in his sight,—many good Christians, I say, there are of this kind, who never have esteemed it either their duty or privilege to be baptized in water. I appreciate their sincerity, I revere their intelligence, and respect and regard their sacred right of conscience; and would say, give me ONE SUCH CHRISTIAN in preference to a multitude of others, who make their baptism to consist chiefly in the outward form, while they never have experienced the indwelling spirit, and never have experienced the *practical virtues*, or performed the moral duties of the gospel. I care not how deeply I impress this idea—I care not how seriously you all take it home to your own answering hearts; for I do most strenuously insist upon the inward baptism, and most largely do I prize it. There is too much outward, ritual religion; and too little of the generous spirit in the soul. There is too much judging by outward appearances,—by what a man performs upon the house-top, and sounds to the four winds with a trumpet; and too little judging as God judgeth, by *knowing the inner man—by looking on the heart*. Let us, therefore, warn and teach every man, who professes to have had his soul and his understanding immersed in the truth which makes free, and the love which is the bond of perfectness; to sit in prayerful judgment upon his own conscience, and see if it may not, after all, be out of mere opposition to other persuasions, or from a hasty reflection, or a desire to escape the performance of service in the vineyard, that he has adopted such conclusions. *There should be no surface Christians among us*. No one should profess our doctrine to escape Christian labor.—Our very profession obligates us to be built up in faith as upon mountain adamant, and to do more in obedience to God, and in imitation of Christ, than any other sect of believers. Our religion is a system of the most practical, the most enlarged, and wakeful benevolence and devotion; and who-

ever enlists in such a cause, must put on the whole armor of God, and sanctify his life to the supreme love and unceasing service of his maker, and the greatest possible benefit of his fellow creatures.

And when an individual has, by the true spirit, been baptized into the one body of true believers, and his whole soul warms with its pentecostal fires, and kindles with its quenchless and unfathomable love, he anticipates a glorious earnest of the skies, while he walks upon earth. His heaven is begun below. He enjoys a moral, spiritual resurrection, He sits, and walks, and rejoices in heavenly places with Christ Jesus; and lives in a newness of understanding, a newness of life. He discovers a freedom of mind that transcends in splendor the glory of the outward universe, with all its suns and systems. All real glory is in *Mind* as found in purity—as found unfolded, with no fetters or circumscriptions upon it. He discovers a new and animating connexion between himself and heaven, himself and God. He "reads his title clear, to mansions in the skies."

Such I consider the spiritual, and the all-essential baptism, and its effects upon the human soul; and if experienced, it renders us disciples of Christ, and members of his spiritual kingdom in the earth. But there is a baptism—an immersion in water which was sanctioned, and observed by our Master, and transmitted to his disciples, as an outward sign of their inward renewal,—a visible figure of their moral resurrection—that many of us choose, as calculated to do us good, and as in obedience to him who gave us the Gospel. It is an institution whose perpetuation in the church we think we can trace back to the very time when the Saviour taught, and suffered and bled, and therefore we esteem it as one of a cloud of witnesses, that stand for the truth of Christianity. This institution calls up associations at once the most sacred and blessed. It seems to bring us nearer to Apostolic times, and unfolds the significance of many sublime scriptures. I love the ordinance. I love to see it observed, specially by our own brethren and sisters. It seems to receive a new meaning, a new and ennobling influence when observed by our people. I think it increases, perfects, expands our faith, strengthens the conviction that the Bible and its glorious doctrines are true, and lays us under stronger, and more solemn obligations to go forth in our pleasing duty, stand fast in our heavenly hope, and never fly from the banner of the cross.

It is a beautiful type of burial, and resurrection with Christ. In the water we renounce the old man and his sinful deeds, as in the grave we put off this corruptible body. In the water we represent the death that Christ died, the death that we must die; and coming up out of the water, we typify our resurrection from corruption to incorruption, from sorrow and tears to blessedness and glory. "Buried with him," said Paul to the Colossians—"Buried with him in baptism, wherein ye are risen with him through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised him from the dead."

I believe that those who receive this institution, choose an excellent part. I believe they will be strengthened in their religion, chastened in their affections, and brought in their minds to a more intimate, a more endearing communion with God and Christ. And I hope, while they prefer this thing as a privilege for themselves, and a supposed duty for them to perform, that they will think charitably of others who do not esteem it either a privilege or duty to observe such an ordinance. I hope they will be so far Christian as to respect the right of others to

believe as it shall seem good to themselves, and censure them not for maintaining that right. Let the little difference of sentiment that we entertain on this subject, be the last to create divisions in worship, interest, faith or love. Remember, brethren, that the Scripture sentiment is this—*by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body of believers*, and let us therefore dwell together in harmony, charity and peace.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

BY REV. H. TORREY.

The practical duties of Christianity can not be too often urged upon the attention of Christians. There is no danger of our being too good, or of walking too closely in the footsteps of our divine Master.—The "glorious Gospel of the blessed God" has been in the world for more than eighteen centuries, and yet, even the professed believers are far from living in perfect obedience to its requirements. They make but a faint exhibition of the glory of God, and are but slightly acquainted with him who is "the way, the truth, and the life." It is true, Christianity is now exerting a wider and more glorious influence than it ever before exerted, and achieving triumphs over the kingdom of darkness, unparalleled in the history of past ages; but still there is a great deficiency in the practical godliness of its disciples.

And the important question here arises, Why is this? The answer evidently is: Because the divines, and Christian writers, spend the greater part of their time in controverting abstruse and metaphysical points in theology, which are of small practical utility; instead of devoting it as they should, to the illustration and exhibition of the moral precepts of the Gospel, which alone can cleanse the heart, and moralize the life. Here lies the difficulty. Let the Christian world cease their wrangling—throw aside their implements of war—forget their petty differences in opinion—leave their theoretical contentions, which have caused so many walls of division in the fair temple of our Zion; let them turn from all these, I say, and sink down upon the broad basis of *Love*, and there unite their efforts to *better the human heart*, and to make man a *practical* follower of the Saviour; then will the Gospel move onward over the earth with a mighty tread, converting the hearts of the children of men, and leading them from the "way of the transgressor" into the paths of holiness and virtue.

I do not so much complain that men should theorize, and engage in metaphysical speculations, as I do that they should consider their abstract ideas and principles of such paramount importance, as to enlist the whole of their mental energies, regardless of the tangible parts of religion.—The world can only be reformed by the preaching of great truths which *can* touch the heart and enlighten the mind, and these *truths* must be of a *practical tendency*.

All Christians profess to love the Saviour, and they should never lose sight of his language—"if ye love me, keep my commandments." A disregard of this injunction of our Master, is the sole cause why so many in the present age, like Peter, "*follow him afar off*." Let us, then, my brethren, love Christ, and keep his commandments—let us follow him and do after his likeness, and while others are agitating doctrinal questions, let it be our peculiar province to exhibit the moral beauty of the Gospel in "doing unto others as we would that others should do unto us." And thus will we live consistent with our profession, and, prove ourselves



the humble disciples of him "who ever went about doing good."

June 15, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### THE DARK DAY AND LIGHT NIGHT.

BR. GROSH:—Major Z. Flower, a friend and brother of ours, has recently brought to my notice a chronological error in an article published in the Magazine and Advocate, 21st April, No. 16, current vol., which he thinks ought to be corrected.—The article alluded to was taken "from the Herald and Journal"—in which it was stated that "the dark day" happened on "May 19, 1780."—This our friend thinks to be an error, and he adduces pretty good evidence in support of his belief. He gives me the following statement:—"On, or about the 1st June, 1778, I enlisted for 9 months as a soldier in the war of the Revolution—was not discharged until the 1st March, 1779. The 1st April the same year, I enlisted again for 9 months. I am confident the dark day happened while I was at home, during the month of March, 1779, or it took place before I enlisted into the service in 1778—for certain I am, that the dark day was not while I was in the army—because, in the early part of January, 1780, I entered for the third time into the continental army, to serve during the war—consequently, I was in the service about the whole of the year 1780, and got my final discharge the 12th June, 1783."

I am strongly inclined to believe that Major Flower is correct in his statement—that the dark day did not happen on the 19th May, 1780. If it happened at all, in this year, it must have been near the 1st day of January. I was 6 years old on the 19th May, 1780; and young as I was, I remember the dark day, distinctly. I recollect that lighted candles had to be used on that day. I remember, also, that my mother was a little frightened, finding day to be turned into night. It is also strongly impressed on my mind, that the ground was frozen, and that it was quite cold weather.—But,

Our friend has also something to say about the LIGHT NIGHT, which appeared the same year in which he received his final discharge from the army of the Revolution, viz. 1783. He says he was out all this night working in a saw mill, in Stillwater, in company with another man. He says the lightest part of this night was after mid-night—at which time it was so light that he believed he could distinguish objects as plain as he ever could in the day time. When the saw stopped, the man that was in company with the Major, contended that he heard sounds abroad, and frequently asked his companion if he did not hear the sounds—he said the sound was like the word, *woof, woof*, continually repeated. Possibly *weaving* was running in this man's mind stronger than *sawing*. Be this as it may, our friend says he heard no sound that night, except what was made by the water, and the saw mill.

The dark day, and light night, have been often alluded to as remarkable phenomena; and it seems to me it would be well if the exact date of their taking place could be established. But, is there any one that can do it? J. K.

Sheshequin, July, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### "A PITCHER IN THE WELL."

Says the Baptist Register of June 2d, 1843, "This is the caption of a short article published in a Universalist paper in September last."\* A young lady attended church where a Baptist preacher in his discourse brought up the comparison between a pitcher and a child being in a well. The lady became convinced that it was only the pitcher that caused the excitement, and expressed her thoughts in rhyme. The correspondent of the Register, "S. J.," says, "As a reply to the fair authoress, the following lines and scripture refer-

\* If the reader will turn to the Magazine and Advocate, No. 15, present volume, he will find an article which we presume is the one alluded to. LETITIA.

ences are presented.\* Then follows quite a lengthy poem, in which the author expresses his opinions as freely as the young lady did hers. And thanks to kind Heaven, that this is a country where each has a right to enjoy, write and publish their own sentiments: and we can agree with which we please, or dissent from both. With the doctrine of either we have nothing to do at the present time; but there were a few lines at the commencement of S. J.'s poem which we would like to notice.—We give them just as they were found.

"When age shall lose wisdom, and youth become teachers,  
And maids turn logicians to lecture our preachers,  
Oh, then may we look for a loss in the gift,  
And virtue and wisdom to fail in the shift.  
Theology, sinking, may lose its old track,  
Religion, grown feeble, will retrograde back;  
For such are the dogmas our world doth afford,  
There are many strange ways people construe the word,  
A thousand false schemes, that are far from the truth,  
Kept up in old age though imbibed by youth;  
A maid has turned poet, and took up the pen,  
We thus among damsels find teachers of men."

If there is any truth in the saying, that "every generation grows wiser," the author of the above lines must have forgotten it; and even if there is or is not, there are some of every generation that are older in years than in wisdom, and who would not lose by condescending to learn a little from those younger than themselves; for before our day it was said, that many things were revealed unto babes which were concealed from those who were considered wise and prudent. And if maids turn logicians to inquire for themselves, whether the preacher who is liable to errors of opinion as well as others, declares the whole counsel of God or not; or if they venture to expose his fallacies, or rebuke him if he sin, they do no more than a certain lad of about twelve years of age did something like eighteen hundred years ago; and if by this means a preacher is to lose the gift of making people believe without inquiry, that every thing he says is true as the sun in his daily course, then the sooner it is lost the better.

Far be it from us to say aught against the Gospel minister; on the contrary, often do our hearts sincerely invoke the Most High for blessings for him who publishes peace, who brings us good tidings, who leads us with love to the affectionate arms of our Father, who implores Him to blot out our transgressions and to give us a seat among the sanctified in Heaven. But the time is fast hastening to a close, when the preacher is thought to be infallible, or when he has the sole privilege of reading the word of God. Yes, and very thankful are we it is so; and we pray that the time may soon come when the whole world will enjoy the same blessing that we of this goodly land do; for here every one, even maids and children, have His message within their reach, and we have the privilege of *thinking*, too.

As for *Theology*, it is time for some of it, not really to lose its old track, but to retrace it, till it sinks to its origin, dark oblivion's waves; and and there may it be forever buried in nameless nonentity.

Is it possible though for Religion to grow feeble and "retrograde back," when the female, the young lady, takes the Bible, retires to her closet, and there, in the calm, still hour, reads it attentively and prayerfully—meditates on its love and life-giving precepts, and imbibes its hallowed and

\* Ps. ix: 17; iv: 15; lxxxvi: 13; cxxxix: 8; Prov. iv: 11, 24; Isa. v: 14; Amos ix: 2; Matth. v: 22; xviii: 9; x: 28; xxiii: 33; Mark ix: 43, 45, 47; Luke xii: 5; xvi: 23; James iii: 6; 2 Pet. ii: 4; Rev. i: 18; xx: 13, 14; &c.—proofs of a hell which we do not deny. But how different this from the hell we are told of by some now-a-days, in which are millions of poor weak mortals, who for the errors or crimes of a very brief existence, are driven in wrath from a Father's love, to writhe and groan, and toss in anguish, on waves of liquid fire; and when ten thousand millions of millions of years shall have witnessed their torment, their cry for mercy or their blasphemous groans will be exceeded only by the fiendish yell of the master demons crying out, "Never—never—NEVER shall your misery end!—The bowels of God's mercy is closed against you! you are our's forever—forever! roll them—roll on in anguish, long as eternity endures!" LETITIA.

sanctifying influences? Is it possible, we repeat, when this is the case with the young lady, she who induces her brothers by example and kind persuasions, to love the house of God and fire side home, more than vice and dissipation's haunts; who is to influence her husband for good or evil; who is to implant every tender and pious feeling into her sons and daughters, ere they learn to lisp the lovely name of *mother*; to infuse into their minds that spirit of partialism which is to nerve their arm, to defend their country from the aggressions of every foe; who is to teach them to see the hand of a great and good Being in every thing around them, and to love to meditate on the joys of that bright Heaven for which we were destined?—She who is to watch long and patiently at the bedside of pain and anguish, to smoothe the dying pillow, and is often herself to drink of affliction's deep and sorrowing waters; who is to bear every trial, to turn the wanderer from the error of his ways, and give tone and manner to society; is she unfit to "turn logician and become teacher?" Mothers, sisters, girls, shall we let "Religion grow feeble and retrograde back," when there is so much for us to do? O, permit it not! Let us kindle its holy fire on the altar of our hearts, fan it with love divine till the flames shall extend its celestial brightness to the uttermost parts of the earth; till the world of mankind shall be linked with one bond of brotherhood, acknowledge one Father, be baptized with the purifying waters of salvation, and drink deep at the fountain of everlasting life, love, and happiness; then may seraphic beings shout again the anthem, "Glory to God in the highest;" then may we see that heaven is indeed begun below; then will "damsels" and "men" both be willing to receive instruction from each other, even as a little child in the arms of its parent.

July 1st, 1843.

LETITIA.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### MINUTES

Of the proceedings of the St. Lawrence Association.

Met in Potsdam, June 28, 1843. Prayer by Br. J. D. Hicks. Chose Br. L. Buck, Moderator, and A. Day, Assistant Clerk. Bns. Waggoner, Parker, and Miles, Committee of arrangements. Read credentials of delegates. Invited visiting clergy to participate in our deliberations. Adopted report of Committee of Discipline—"no complaint." Appointed Bns. M. Jenison and N. Parmeter, Jr., L. Buck, Committee of Discipline for ensuing year.

Received First Universalist society of Hopkinton, and Lawrence; do., of Morristown; do., of Somerville, into fellowship with this body.

Voted that there be six Conferences the ensuing year—viz: at Nicolville, the last Wednesday and Thursday in July—at Columbia Village, 2nd Wednesday and Thursday in September—at Somerville, 4th Wednesday and Thursday in September—at Malone, 2nd Wednesday and Thursday in January—at Henville, 1st Wednesday and Thursday in February—at Fowler, 3d Wednesday and Thursday in February.

Voted to rescind the resolution passed in Massena, last September, requesting Br. Hall to return his letter of fellowship; and resolved, that Bns. Potter and Hicks be a Committee to settle and adjust the matter between Br. Hall and this Association; and that their decision be handed in writing to the Standing Clerk of this body, and that he furnish Br. Hall a copy, also the Chairman of this council.

The Committee above named, made the following report—"That this Association having rescinded a resolution passed at a previous Conference, requesting Br. B. Hall to return his letter of fellowship, (he having previously, through the medium of the public press, declared himself as having withdrawn from the Association,)—that Br. Hall feeling a disposition, (as reported by friends,) to have all difficulties occasioned by misconception, misunderstanding or otherwise, amicably settled, has proposed to abide the decision of your Committee, which is—That said Hall retain the same standing in the Association that he held immediately previous to his giving notice of with-



drawal therefrom—and that said Hall be considered in fellowship with this Association, and an applicant for ordination." Adopted said report.

Committee of fellowship and ordination reported in favor of granting ordination to Br. S. W. Squire, D. Mott, and B. Hall—that they, per request, be ordained in their respective societies, where Conferences have been appointed. The Committee also reported in favor of granting a letter of fellowship to Br. A. M. Werden—all of which was accepted and adopted.

Appointed Brs. Waggoner, T. Hazleton and M. L. Parlin a Committee on fellowship the ensuing year. Brs. Waggoner and Squire, (ministerial) and Brs. L. Buck and D. Mack (lay) delegates to the next State Convention, with power to appoint substitutes and fill vacancies.

Voted, that we recommend to all our societies the proper observance of the ordinances, believing them to be an instrument of much good.

Resolved, that the following be adopted as an amendment to our constitution—viz: "That the Committee of Discipline shall receive no complaint against a minister or society, until the party aggrieved shall have first taken measures to settle the matter, so far as practicable, according to the rule pointed out by our Saviour in the 18th chapter of Matthew."

Appointed Br. Mott to preach the next occasional sermon. Br. Waggoner to prepare the minutes, etc.

Adjourned to meet in Canton, the fourth Wednesday and Thursday in June, 1844.

L. BUCK, Moderator.

A. DAY, Clerk.

*Ministers present.*—J. D. Hicks, Job Potter, S. Jones, G. S. Abbott, W. H. Waggoner, G. Swan, D. Mott, S. W. Squire, F. J. Briggs, A. M. Werden.

*Delegates present.*—D. Mack, L. Buck, Canton; Addison Giles, C. Betts, Gouverneur and Fowler; J. Cogswell, W. McEuen, Madrid; A. Gibson, A. Beach, Massena; I. Parker, J. Miles, Potsdam; J. C. V. Northrop, T. Olmstead, Ogdensburg; Sol. Walrath, D. Robinson, Heuvelton; J. Ferris, L. Ellithorp, Hopinton and Lawrence; S. Hazleton, J. Pyon, Fowler; M. Thatcher, G. Wait, Somerville; B. Walrath, J. Davis, Morris-town.

**REMARKS.**—This session of our Association was probably the best it ever held. It was a season of great interest and profit. It was estimated that there were as many as 1500 people present. And the brethren and sisters came in the spirit of union and Christian love, and with hearts of thanksgiving bathed their souls in the waters of life and salvation. Certainly it was good for us to be there. Interesting and impressive discourses were preached by Brs. Mott, Abbott, Jones, Swan, Hicks and Potter—addresses by Br. Potter; and the baptism of eight candidates, and administration of the Lord's Supper by Br. Waggoner. Brs. Squire and Werden also assisted in the services of the occasion.

In council the most perfect harmony prevailed, and the business performed by it shows, that the cause of truth and righteousness is onward in our midst. Three new and prosperous societies united with this body, and were represented in council, (as were all the others,) by delegates who are good men and true. A letter of fellowship was granted to a young brother who has recently been born into the kingdom, and who has proclaimed to good acceptance, the word of truth for a time past. And it will be seen that ordination was granted to three approved laborers in the vineyard, and which solemn and ever interesting service is yet to be conferred on the respective brethren. May God grant us wisdom and strength for the discharge of every duty.

Upon the whole—although our friends anticipated a great and good meeting, yet their expectations were much more than realized. The weather was pleasanter, the congregation larger, the preaching better, the singing more excellent, and the society at Potsdam more amply prepared to receive their brethren from abroad, than the most

sanguine of us had reason to expect. The services of this heart-cheering and soul-thrilling occasion, were closed on Thursday P. M. by singing those impressive lines, commencing with the words,—*"When shall we all meet again."* A solemn joy pervaded the mind, as the eye beheld this great scene—never, never will it be forgotten.

Canton, July 5, 1843.

W. H. WAGGONER.

From the Nazarene.

#### A GOOD COMMENT.

It is agreed by biblical critics in general that many words and phrases which occur in the Scriptures have been improperly translated into our language, and are therefore liable to be misunderstood. A manifest proof of this fact is found in the common rendering of Phil. ii: 6. "St. Paul is commonly understood to declare in this verse that Jesus Christ claimed to be equal with God." And though this mistaken view of the subject introduces strange confusion into the sacred record, and represents the apostle as uttering the words of foolishness, many honest persons still feel bound to believe that the Son of man made a great display of his wonderful *humility*, in claiming an equality with the highest Being in the universe! The verse in question reads thus in our version, "Who [i. e. Christ] being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God."—Now what was the *subject* of the apostle's discourse? The *humility* of Christ; for it is added in the following verses, "But made himself of *no reputation*, and took upon him the form of a *servant*, and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man he *humbled* himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross," &c. Was the act of claiming to be equal with the Supreme Jehovah a display of *humility*? Did Christ, by setting up such a claim, make himself of *no reputation*? But the whole difficulty is at once removed, when it is understood that the word *harpagmon*, here rendered *robbery*, means a *thing eagerly to be seized, coveted or desired*. Though the fullness of the Godhead dwelt in Christ, he did not *desire or covet* any thing like an equality with God. So far from harboring such a disposition, he made himself of *no reputation*, and appeared in the world as the *servant of man*. This was his *humility*; and the apostle has therefore said, "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."

But the "Good Comment," indicated by the title of this article is still to come. In Titus iii: St. Paul ascribes the salvation which he and his Christian brethren enjoyed, to the great love of God, manifested to the world through Jesus Christ our Lord. But the expression which Paul used is still stronger than simple *love*. And owing to this fact, Dr. A. CLARKE has favored us with the following comment on Titus iii: 4, "But after that the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared:"—"By *chrestotes*, [kindness,] we may understand the *essential goodness* of the Divine nature; that which is the *spring* whence all kindness, mercy and beneficence, proceed. *Love towards man—Philanthropia, philanthropy*. It is to be regretted, that this attribute of the Divine nature, as it stands in relation to man, should have been entirely lost by a paraphrastic translation. Philanthropy is a character which God gives here to himself: while human nature exists, this must be a character of the divine nature. *God loves man*; He *delighted in the idea*, when formed in his own infinite mind; He formed man according to that idea, and *rejoiced in the work of his hands*; when man fell, the same *love* induced him to devise his redemption; and God the *Saviour* flows from God the *Philanthropist*. Where *love* is, it will be active, and show itself. So the philanthropy of God *appeared*; *epephane, it shone out* in the incarnation of Jesus Christ, and in his giving His life for the life of the world."

We are pleased with this comment, because we conceive that there is a very essential difference between mere *love*, and *philanthropy*. God loves all the creatures of his hands. But in addition to his general benevolence, he possesses infinite *phi-*

*lanthropy*, or a *peculiar love* bestowed upon man. He formed man in his own image, to be the object of his *fatherly* goodness. He has gloriously manifested his *love for man* in the great plan of redemption through Jesus Christ, "the Saviour of the world." And if this love, thus freely commended to the ungodly and the chief of sinners, will *always* be "*active*," may we not confidently hope and rejoice to believe that God "will have *all* men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth;" so that He at last "may be all in all," and rejoice with infinite satisfaction that though he gave the Son of His love to be "*the life of the world*," that Son died in vain for none? A. M.

A CARD.—I hereby acknowledge, on behalf of my family, the receipt of a very beautiful, neat and splendidly wrought *bed-quilt*, the gift of our sisters and friends in Sullivan on my last visit to that society. The gude wife thinks it occasions very pleasant dreams of Sullivan whenever we sleep under it; and we feel, accordingly, very grateful for this token of sisterly affection.

D. SKINNER.

Br. Tompkins—Discontinue Repository, to Mrs. E. Cross, Morrisville, N. Y. Send next volume to Miss Almira Throop, Preston, Chenango county, N. Y., credit her and charge us \$2.00.

#### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching on the third Sunday in July by Br. GROSH in Syracuse—Br. HATHAWAY in Fort Ann village—Br. T. L. CLARK in Elmira.

There will be preaching on the fourth Sunday in June by Br. SKINNER at Little Falls and Br. P. HATHAWAY at Mohawk.

There will be preaching on the fifth Sunday inst., by Br. WOOLLEY at Ford's Bush in the forenoon, and Southville at 2 P. M.; and by Dr. ANDERSON in Cedarville.

There will be preaching on the first Sunday in August, by Br. BARRY in Bridgewater, and Br. WOOLLEY in Fort Plain.

The First Conference of the St. Lawrence Association will be held at Nicolville, the last Wednesday and Thursday, 26th and 27th, of the present month.

Ordination will be conferred on Br. S. W. Squire on this occasion. A full attendance of the ministering brethren is particularly requested.

W. H. WAGGONER, Standing Clerk.

#### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

L. W. Canastota, for self, M B J, T B and J W P—A F, Tionesta, (Pa.) for self and J H—E W, Erie (Pa.) for self and J G—P M, Caldwell, for T B H—P M, Potter, for W M.

#### LIST OF BOOKS

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

No. 32, Genesee street, (up stairs).

Ely and Thomas Discussion,	63
Bacon on Religion,	50
Endless Hell Torments Overthrown,	38
Family Prayer Book, by Otis A. Skinner,	50
Winchester's Dialogues,	19
Names and Titles of Jesus, by Rev. E. Spear,	1.00
Combs Moral Philosophy,	62
" on the Constitution of Man,	62
" " Digestion,	62
Influence of Religion on health,	69
Miller Overthrown,	25
Merchant's Widow, by Mrs. C. M. Sawyer,	50
Campbell and Skinner's Discussion,	1.00
Skinner's Letters to Aikin and Lansing,	56
Memoir of Rev. J. Freeman, by S. R. Smith,	50
Doct. Campbell on the Four Gospel's,	5.00
Palfrey on Jewish Scriptures and Antiquities,	5.00
Gieseler's Text Book of Ecclesiastical History,	
6 Vols. of Godey's Ladies Book, bound, cheap,	
6 Vols. Family Magazine,	
Miss Martineau's Works, a number of small vols.	
School and Classical Books, Bolener's Levizac's Grammar,	
Gray's Chemistry, Graeca Majora, Xenophon,	
Works on Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, Mathematic's, &c., &c., for higher Schools and Colleges,	
11 Vols. Unitarian Tracts, bound,	



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## I WOULD BE AT REST.

Oh, that I had an angel's wing,  
Or e'en the pinion of a dove,  
I'd leave the changing scenes of earth,  
And soar to realms of light above.

I'd go where peace forever reigns,  
Where sin and sorrow never come;  
Where weary, wandering mortals find,  
A peaceful rest, a happy home.

My friends and kindred, all, I'd leave,  
The cords that bind us here untie;  
With love more pure we'll meet again,  
In that celestial world on high.

I'd bid adieu to all of earth,  
Its hills, its plains, its seas, its skies,  
And every plant, and shrub, and flower;  
And go where beauty never dies.

I'd go, and leave earth's fairest gems,  
Its honor, fame, and all its store;  
I'd go, and dwell in that bright land,  
Where pleasures flow forever more.

But, ah! our spirits here are bound,  
In mortal bodies to the earth;  
And we must wait our Master's will,  
Receive from him our heavenly birth.

When death my weeping eye shall close,  
And still the throbbing of my breast;  
I'll mount upon a seraph's wing,  
And fly away, and be at rest.

Harford, N. Y., 1843.

E. TAINTOR.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## ABSTRACT OF SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORTS.

*Presented to the State Sunday School Association, for 1843.*

COOPERSTOWN.—2 superintendents, 5 teachers, 36 scholars, 61 volumes in library.

CANTON.—1 superintendent, 1 assistant, 1 secretary, 1 treasurer, 25 teachers, 75 pupils—a library.

FORT PLAIN.—1 superintendent, 1 assistant, 1 librarian, 12 teachers, 100 pupils on register, regular attendants 60, number of vols. in library 200.

NORTH SALEM.—Teachers, 7 or 8, from 35 to 40 scholars—small library.

NEW YORK CITY.—3d school.—Whole number of scholars on register is 242—average attendance, 200. The officers are 1 superintendent, 3 assistants do., 1 librarian, 1 assistant do., and 26 teachers. The library contains 653 volumes. The school holds two sessions on each Sabbath, and is in a flourishing condition.

4th School.—1 superintendent, 3 assistants do., 10 teachers, 100 scholars, and a library of 100 volumes. The lesson books used in the school are the New Testament, Baker's Gospels Harmonized, Balch's Life of Christ, Skinner's Child's Catechism, and Skinner's Easy Lessons. The school may be considered in an improving condition.

2d School.—The number of names now on the register of the school, including only those who actually attend with more or less regularity on its exercises, is—of boys 114, of girls 143—in all 257, being a gain over last year.

The number of teachers is, males 16, females 18; in all 34; being a gain over last year.

The average attendance of teachers during the past year has been males 12, females 13; in all 25.

The average attendance of scholars has been boys 88, girls 101; in all 189, being a gain over last year of 26. The greatest number present at any one session was 234; the least 26.

The number of volumes in the library is 406, being an increase of 86 volumes. The number of readers is about 200.

SALISBURY.—1 superintendant, 2 assistants, 6 teachers, 30 scholars, and a library of 60 volumes.

WATERTOWN.—15 or 20 teachers, 50 or 60 scholars, and a Bible class of 50 or 60 members.

BUFFALO.—The Sunday school connected with the Universalist church in the city of Buffalo, was organized on the second Sunday in April (12th day)

1835, with 40 pupils and 11 teachers. The school prospered, and in the following August had increased to over 100 pupils and 22 teachers. Br. R. Tomlinson was pastor of the society, and attended and encouraged the school with his characteristic zeal and fidelity. This school was suspended on the 15th April, 1838, having been in progress for three years.

The Sunday school was re-organized on the 24th May, 1842, having been discontinued a little over four years—the society having no regular meeting during the greater part of that time. The school was small at its re-commencement, there being but 32 pupils and 11 teachers. It prospered however, and before the close of the year, numbered 121 pupils and 28 teachers. In the mean time, a respectable collection of books had been effected, and the library consisted of some 300 vols.

The school now consists of a "library and finance committee," one male superintendent and assistant, one female superintendent and assistant, a librarian, twenty-nine teachers, and 140 pupils, with a library of 543 vols.

UTICA.—1 superintendant, 1 librarian, 10 teachers, about 60 pupils, average attendance about 45, library of about 150 volumes.

There are many other schools in the State, but as they furnished us with no reports, we can say nothing with regard to their condition. We trust that at the next session of the association it will be otherwise; and that all schools will report by delegates or by letter, the mode of their organization, the number of officers, scholars, etc., etc.

So far as reports have been received, we learn that Sabbath schools are having an important bearing on the interests of the denomination in this State. This was to be looked for. But greater results than have yet been produced, are to be anticipated, when they shall become widely established among us, and are fostered by the kindness and charity of the friends of our cause.

A. C. BARRAT, Sec'y. of N. Y. U. S. S. A.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## MINUTES

*Of the proceedings of the Black River Association, for 1843.*

Met in Ellis village, June 21st. Prayer by Br. Sias. Chose Br. P. Morse, Moderator, Br. G. S. Abbott, Clerk, and Br. J. S. Kibbe, Assistant Clerk. Read and approved the proceedings of last year. Received credentials of delegates, and read letters from various societies. Appointed Brs. D. Stearns, H. Person and B. Thayer, Committee, to arrange public services. Voted to invite ministering brethren from abroad to take part in the deliberations of our Council. Voted to receive the First Universalist Society in Dexter into our fellowship. Voted, to alter the 12th article of the Constitution of this body thus—instead of the words, "or by a council appointed for that purpose by the church or society over which he is to be ordained," to read, "or by the authority of a standing Committee on fellowship and ordination to be annually appointed by this body; and said Committee shall have power to grant letters of fellowship during the recess of this body, and shall annually report their proceedings to this body for their acceptance or rejection." (The whole article now reads thus:—"Any person, in order to receive the fellowship of this Association as a preacher of the Gospel, must have preached in an acceptable manner six months, and must possess an unblemished moral character; and every preacher must have been an approved laborer in the ministry for six months after the reception of his letter of fellowship, before he can receive ordination, which may be conferred at the annual session of this body, or by the authority of a standing Committee on fellowship and ordination to be annually appointed by this body, and said Committee shall have power to grant letters of fellowship during the recess of this body, and shall annually report their proceedings to this body for their acceptance or rejection.") Appointed Brs. P. Morse, H. Van Campen, and T. A. Granger, standing Committee on fellowship and ordination.

Received and accepted the following report of the Committee of Discipline, viz:—Your Committee of Discipline for the past year, report, that no new case of difficulty has been presented to, or acted upon by them; but your Committee's report of 1841 embraced two cases of difficulty, one, viz: that of Br. Wm. Martin, was disposed of last year, by the dissolution of his connexion with this body. The other, viz: that of Br. W. H. Waggoner, we are sorry to be obliged to say, has been received since the Committee's report in 1841, by the extraordinary conduct of the accused, and has unfortunately not since been disposed of in any rational way, not even as a whole, investigated at all. If Br. Waggoner had abided by his confession, or had not renewed his offences, all would have been well. But such was his conduct, that your Committee felt bound to furnish the facts of the case to be presented to the Committee of Discipline of the St. Lawrence Association last year, and which were presented by Br. Briggs. But that Committee declined acting upon all the charges—and that Association not consenting to an examination of the evidences, &c., an appeal was then made to our State Convention, which failed to secure an investigation of Br. Waggoner's case, on account of an *informality* in the manner of presenting the charge to that body—that is, because the charge was presented, not by an Association or by the Committee of an Association, but by an *individual*. Inasmuch, therefore, as this unpleasant affair has remained for years without an investigation, and has been the occasion of increasing fruits of bitterness and disunion; your Committee now present the complaint and testimony in this case, which has been presented by one of their number to the State Convention, to be disposed of according to your wisdom.

Adopted the report of the Standing Clerk in relation to funds for the expenses of delegates to the State Convention.

Appointed Brs. H. Boughton and P. Morse (ministerial,) and T. A. Granger and R. D. Murray, (lay) delegates to the State Convention in May 1844, with power to appoint substitutes or fill vacancies. Appointed Brs. H. Boughton, O. Wilcox and P. Morse, Committee of discipline for the ensuing year. Recess till Thursday morning.

Met in council; prayer by Br. Wilcox. Voted that the Standing Clerk appoint Conferences according to requests and at his discretion. Voted that our preachers solicit collections to defray the expenses of delegates to the next State Convention, and forward the same to the Standing Clerk before the first of May next, to be paid by him to the several delegates, before, or at the time of the Convention. Accepted the report of the Standing Clerk in relation to returns of monies, etc., received for our afflicted and excellent Br. C. B. Brown. Voted that our ministers and friends continue their exertions in favor of Br. Brown, as his necessities may require. Voted that the Clerks of all our societies be requested to furnish full and immediate statistical accounts of their respective societies to Br. Morse, the Standing Clerk of this Association, that the condition of our whole body may be distinctly known. Appointed Br. H. Boughton to preach the next occasional sermon with power to appoint a substitute. Voted that when this Association adjourn, it shall adjourn to meet at Mexico village on the third Wednesday and following Thursday in June, 1844. Voted that no member of this council be allowed to speak more than ten minutes at any one time—nor more than twice on the same question till all others have had the opportunity to speak.

The papers referred to in the report of the Committee of Discipline, having been read before the council, and the subject duly examined and discussed, the following preamble and resolution were adopted.

Whereas Christianity, and the principles upon which our social organization rest, require an *unblemished moral character* in a minister of the Gospel—and whereas our Committee of Discipline has heretofore been subjected to reproach for their faithful discharge of duty, especially in the case of Br.



W. H. Waggoner, while the proceedings of that Committee have been sanctioned by this body, which is bound to protect its officers in the discharge of their imperative duties—and whereas there appears to be abundant evidence to believe that said Waggoner has been guilty of falsehood and unchristian conduct since his written acknowledgment made in Feb. 1841, of a criminal or an unjustifiable attack upon our Committee of Discipline—and whereas more mischief, dissension and bitterness have resulted to this body from his misconduct, than from all other causes combined since the organization of this Association in 1823—and whereas complaints were presented last year against said Waggoner to the Committee of Discipline of the St. Lawrence Association, a part of which complaints *only* were acted upon by that Committee—and whereas the council of that Association refused to hear the evidence in his case—and whereas an appeal has been made to the N. Y. State Convention of Universalists, whose special Committee on this subject decided that the 4th article of the Constitution of said Convention, excluded the consideration of the facts in the case of said Waggoner, and confined their examination to the proceedings of the St. Lawrence Association, *because* the charge was made to that Convention by an individual and not by an Association—and whereas the charge against the St. Lawrence Association was with reference to their proceedings in the case of said Waggoner; and was withdrawn because the main design was to obtain a hearing and decision in Br. Waggoner's case—and whereas strenuous efforts have been made to put off or elude an investigation of said Waggoner's case; which investigation seems to be demanded by the rules of the Gospel and the interests of our denomination—and whereas this body feels bound to respect the laws of social order, secure a full investigation of this case before the constituted tribunals of our denomination; and equitably terminate this discreditable difficulty. Therefore, Resolved, that our Committee of Discipline be instructed to present the facts and testimony in the case of Br. W. H. Waggoner to our delegation to the next State Convention, and that said delegation present the same charges and testimony to the Committee of Correspondence of said Convention, which were presented last year by Br. Morse, (*first* giving Br. Waggoner three months from this date—June 22, 1843, to settle the affair with our Committee of Discipline) and that said delegation be also instructed to use their best exertions to obtain a fair hearing and an equitable decision by the Convention in the case of said Waggoner.

The Committee on fellowship and ordination reported in favor of granting a letter of fellowship to Br. J. Averill—and ordination to Br. G. S. Abbott, to be conferred during the interim of the annual sessions of this body. Approved. Appointed Br. P. Morse to prepare the minutes of our proceedings, with accompanying remarks, for publication. Recess for public worship. Adjourned.

P. MORSE, Moderator.

G. S. ABBOTT, } Clerks.  
J. S. KIBBE, }

Sermons were preached by Brs. French, Van Campen, Skinner, Abbott, Douglass, Kibbe and Morse.

*Delegates present.*—Henderson, L. M. Hawes, H. Bates; Ellisburgh, D. Stearns, R. Cheever; Mexico, B. Thayer, F. Davis; Sandy Creek, N. W. Noyes, P. T. Titus; South Champion, R. D. Murray; Champion, T. A. Granger; Watertown, W. Patridge, J. M. Clark; Dexter, H. Pomeroy; Fulton, C. Case.

*Ministers present.*—J. French, O. Wilcox, P. Morse, S. Jones, W. Sias, H. Boughton, C. G. Person, G. S. Abbott, J. Averill, J. Sax, H. Van Campen, J. S. Kibbe, J. Douglass, and W. Skinner, of Vermont.

**REMARKS.**—It pleased the bountiful Parent of the universe to grant us an overflowing cup of spiritual blessing at this annual feast of fat things pertaining to the holy kingdom of his grace. The weather was fine—the singing and preaching truly

acceptable to the constantly increasing crowd of worshippers—the hospitality of our friends at the place of meeting was bountiful—the presence of the Lord was most sensibly felt—the tear of love and gratitude beamed from many an eye—integrity, independence, and good will were universally exhibited in our council—and no discord disturbed our deliberations except what grew out of a deficiency of *light* (and all men act by the light they have, rather than by that which they have not) and which was certainly removed by the light of truth—and we saw and felt *how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.* We admit the vast importance of knowledge and virtue; therefore we labor to extend the light of truth and vindicate its everlasting claims upon rational beings. It has long been proverbial that ignorance is the parent of vice; hence he who contends for any thing in the darkness of ignorance, may ultimately find to his own disadvantage, that like an ancient brave knight, he has been fighting “wind mills.” God has established an unalterable distinction between *good and evil*; and it is worse than useless for vain mortals to disregard this distinction. “*Wo unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness: that put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter.*” Let the doctrine that, *there is little or no difference whether mankind do right or wrong* prevail any where, and ruin will ensue. Man must learn to listen to the voice of God with a disposition to obey his requirements; and Christians are bound to walk as children of light and love. A judicious organization, with a full determination to regard it, accompanied with good will to all mankind, are indispensable to the well being of associate Christians. If a denomination of professing Christians can find no way to bring an offender (and offences must and will come) to justice, nor even to trial; but must allow him, like the scuttleship, effectually to hide in the darkness he creates, while they as a religious body endorse his character before the world, their bond of union becomes a *rope of sand*; and their pretensions to the promotion of *righteousness*, like the perishable hope of the hypocrite. But *charity*, heaven-born charity, which is greater than all faith, is the special ornament of the Christian character, and is destined to reign in fadeless bloom and glory—when prophecies shall fail, tongues cease, and all earth-born knowledge vanish away—must not be *forgotten*: no, nor should it be *prevented*, till its form is lost and its very nature changed. *Charity* is ever lovely in its exercise, and eternal in its nature and operation; but it is by no means *blind*: nor does it ever require or allow us to abolish or disregard the immutable difference between *good and evil—truth and falsehood.* When a tower has leaned so much as to tumble down, it is no longer a tower. When *parental kindness* degenerates into unrestrained indulgence, to the lasting injury and disgrace of the child, it becomes *parental cruelty.* Any attempt “to strengthen the hands of the wicked,” or prevent the exercise of justice, should never be dignified with the name of *charity* it should be ascribed to its true cause—*human weakness.* Let us, my Christian friends, not be weary in well doing—and may the divine blessing ever rest upon us and all people.

P. MORSE.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## MINUTES

### Of Proceedings of the Otsego Association, for 1843.

The ministers and delegates of the Otsego Association of Universalists met agreeable to adjournment of last year, at Fly Creek, Otsego county, on Wednesday the 28th of June, 1843; and organized the council by appointing Br. Pickering, Moderator, and Br. C. S. Brown, Clerk. Prayer by Br. C. S. Brown.

Delegates present—Joseph Bennett, and Cyrenus Clark, Cooperstown; J. W. Brewer and J. S. Perkins, Hartwick; William Williams and Thomas Taylor, Fly Creek; Ambrose Clark, and Theodore B. Farley, 1st Society, Minden (Fort Plain); J. W. Cronkhite and Jacob Sneek, 2d do. do;

Hamilton Coleman and Alexr. S. Gardner, Richfield Springs; Stephen Wilcox and Jason Cook, Butterouts; Elijah Button and George Thomas, Burlington; Asa Wilcox and Augustus Green, Newville.

Appointed Brs. Whiston and Williams, a committee to arrange the order of public services.

Heard and accepted the report of the Committee of Discipline for last year—“No complaint”—of the Committee of Fellowship and Ordination for the past year—No application.

Appointed Brs. Anderson, Wm. Williams, and Ambrose Clark, Committee of Discipline for ensuing year—Brs. Whiston, Barry, C. Clark, Committee on Fellowship and Ordination—Brs. Whiston and Anderson (clerical,) Hamilton Coleman, Asa Wilcox, and Theodore B. Farley, (laymen) to represent this Association in the next State Convention—Br. Anderson to preach the next occasional sermon, with power to appoint a substitute.

Whereas the Universalist Society located at Frankfort and German Flats, Herkimer co., and within the constitutional bounds of this Association, has requested and received the Fellowship of the Mohawk River Association, without any official action on our part—Therefore, Resolved, That Brs. Barry and Whiston, (clerical,) and Br. J. W. Cronkhite, (layman,) be appointed a Committee to confer with the Clerk of said Society, as to their reasons for a measure which deprives us of the co-operation of many zealous and substantial friends.

Resolved, That a Committee of three be appointed by this Association to confer with the society located at Cedarville, relative to their contemplated withdrawal from this Association; and report at the next session of this body. Appointed Brs. Whiston, Brewer, and Thorn that committee.

Voted, That the Standing Clerk be authorized to receive written applications for, and appoint, Conferences during the ensuing year; and that the number thereof be six.

Voted, That the thanks of this Association be tendered to the brethren at Fly Creek, for the generous reception they have given us on the present occasion.

Voted, That Br. Anderson be requested to prepare the minutes of this session for publication in the Magazine and Advocate, with a request to be copied into other of our denominational papers, accompanied with such remarks as he may deem proper.

Adjourned to meet at Burlington Flats, Otsego county, on the 4th Wednesday and following Thursday in June, 1844.

D. PICKERING, Moderator.

W. G. Anderson, Clerk pro tem.

During the session sermons were preached by Brs. Barry, (occasional,) W. G. Anderson, C. S. Brown, D. S. Morey, D. Pickering and E. M. Woolley: and on Wednesday evening a praise meeting was held, in which Brs. Woolley, Barry, Anderson and Brown took part, which was highly interesting. Concluding addresses on Thursday, by Br. Woolley.

**REMARKS.**—Truly this was a “season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.” We had fair weather, good singing, and first rate preaching; which was listened to by a multitude of devout and pious hearers. The Council met with the best of feelings, and separated in the kindest manner. The brethren at Fly Creek understood how to make provision for a crowd, to whom they dealt out their bounties with unsparing hands.—Their doors like their hearts were to open to receive us. They exerted themselves to make every one happy. Above all, the “author of every good and perfect gift,” vouchsafed us a refreshing shower of heavenly grace: and caused the light of his reconciled countenance to shine upon us. We enjoyed a rich Gospel feast—the feast of love. The wavering were confirmed, the frail were strengthened, and the weak animated; every soul was

\* NOTE BY EDITOR.—This must be an error—the Association is entitled to *only two* lay delegates.



made glad; many declared that they never enjoyed a better meeting before, because they there found Him of "whom Moses and the prophets did write, the son of Joseph." Let us pray, then, for the prosperity of our Zion; "that God who hath loved us, and given us good hopes through grace, would comfort our hearts, strengthen our hands, and establish us all in every good word and work,"—that the word of his Gospel may run to and fro and have "free course and be glorified"—that willing converts may be added to the church which his right hand hath planted, like drops of evening dew—that he would take up his abode in our hearts; and hasten the time when the "stone cut out of the mountain" shall fill the whole earth—when "peace shall be within our borders, and prosperity within our walls"—yea "when his saving health shall be known among all nations." So mote it be.

W. G. ANDERSON.

## MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry.

UTICA, FRIDAY, JULY 14, 1843.

### LOVE OF MAN AND GOD.

"If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

The celebrated Pestalozzi, the founder of a new and much admired system of education, and distinguished for his unwearied and self-sacrificing philanthropy, has furnished us with a beautiful illustration of our text, which I shall take the liberty of quoting. "How does the idea of the divine Being arise in my soul? Whence is it that I believe in God—that I throw myself into his arms—that to love Him, to confide in him, to thank and obey him, is infinite bliss to my heart? I find that the feelings of love, confidence and gratitude, and the habit of obedience, require to be developed in man, before they can be directed to the divine Being as their object. I must *love men*, confide in men, be grateful to men, and *obey men*, before I can cherish the same feelings, and practice the same virtues toward God."

After some further remarks, he adds—"All these virtues *originate* in the relationship established between the infant and its mother. The mother is impelled, as it were, by instinct, to nurse and foster her child, to afford him shelter and happiness. She satisfies all his wants—she removes from him all that is unpleasant to him—she assists his helplessness; the child is provided for, and happy; the seed of love begins to be unfolded. A new object strikes his senses—he is astonished, afraid—he cries; the mother presses him more fondly to her bosom—she plays with him, amuses him—he ceases from crying—but the tears remain in his eyes. The object reappears—the mother throws round him again her protecting arms, and comforts him with a smile—he cries no longer; his bright, unclouded little eye answers his mother's smile: the seed of confidence has taken root in his soul. The mother runs to his cradle whenever he has any want; she is there in the hour of hunger; at her breast his cravings are hushed—when he hears her step approaching, his whinings cease—when he sees her, he stretches out his little arms—while hanging at her bosom, his eye beams with satisfaction—*mother and satisfaction* are to him but *one idea*—it is that of *gratitude*. The germs of love, confidence and gratitude grow rapidly. His ear listens to the mother's footstep; his eye follows her shadow with a smile; he loves whoever resembles her; a being that resembles his mother is, in his idea, a kind being. He beholds the form of his mother, the human form, with delight—whoever is dear to his mother is dear to him—he embraces whomever she embraces, kisses whomever she kisses: the love of mankind, brotherly love, springs up in his heart."

Thus far the testimony of that great and good man, who himself became as a little child, that he might the better instruct little children—and who, from the stores of his own abundant experience; as well as from a life spent in observing the development of infant capaci-

ties of affection and thought, so clearly traces self-love up into universal benevolence and affection—the exercise of which is so necessary a precedent to the love for God himself. And though we may not exactly agree with Pestalozzi in the minute details—their order and origin—of the human affections—nor yet their absolute identity with the same affections toward God—yet it is easy to perceive that what causes man to love his fellow, will cause him to love his heavenly Father. Let him but learn the all-affecting truth that God is a far better parent than the tenderest mother—that all the affection he loves in his mother—all the goodness he admires in man—is but the gift of the great Fountain of all Love and Goodness, and he will love God as well as man.—But "he that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen"—whose affection, whose goodness, he *hath* experienced—who is the object of God's unchanging love—"how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" Such is the inquiry of our text; and in answer to it shall be our remarks in this article.

So prominent a requisite is the *love of mankind* in the divine economy, that even under the Mosaic law, it was commanded—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." But the narrow and wicked minded Jews contrived a way to elude the command, and to construe it into a permission to hate those of their neighbors whom they were pleased to term their enemies.

And in our own day, we find those whose hearts prompt the questions—"Who is my neighbor? Who is my brother?" in order to find some way of confining their affections to but a portion of our race. Blessed be Jesus, who has prevented the possibility of evading his precepts by a quibble, in that he has commanded us to love our *enemies*—thus including all men, without exception, as the objects of our love. We all have but one father—even God—hence all men, without exception, are our brethren. But what, in man's nature, are we to love?

We are not to fix our hearts on evil and unloveliness. By no means! But we are to love man—our brother. Look, then, at the unfathomable, and sublime powers inherent in man, by which, when cultivated, his intellect may grasp the universe, travel from system to system, subject nature's elements to his control, call life from death, people space with its creations, converse with all ages—anticipate the future, read the history of creation in the changes of the globe, follow the comet in its wanderings, live through eternity, and approach with filial reverence in eternal approximation to the Deity. Look at man's moral capacities, which being filled with the fulness of the Gospel become a partaker of the divine nature, an image of God, and the practising child of heaven. Surely these qualities of man—this, his true nature—should excite admiration and love! They are ours—they are our brother's—all, we, have this same nature—all are children of God, and the destined inheritors of boundless and immortal holiness and bliss.

Now if we can love these—and we must love them, for they are our own nature—we can love our brother. And if we love these, we must love God—for what these are finitely or derivatively in man, they are infinitely, or inherently in God.

But there is another view of man, in which we must love him, before we can truly love God. Look at this noble creature before his intellectual capacities are filled with knowledge. How blinded—how ignorant! Oh, who but must pity such an empty void! Look at his uncultivated moral powers—what an Eden despoiled of its beauty! Who but must ardently desire that it be filled with loveliness and light—with blossoming and fruitfulness! Man's dependence and wants—who does not long to aid and supply them! Every consideration of what man is, when ignorant, erring, frail and needy, fills the benevolent and holy soul with deepest pity and compassion—such as led Jesus to die for us, and God to at-test his love for sinners.

Do you feel these emotions? Then are you prepared to realize what angels, Jesus and God feel toward you in your best earthly estate;—for what ignorant and sinful man is to you, are you, with all your wisdom and

all your piety, to our Father and our God. And those feelings of benevolence, mercy and goodness, which bind us so closely to our fellow being as to make, as it were, even his weaknesses and his wants our own—and which elevate us to the height of pure spiritual goodness—those feelings that in us are but finite, in God are endless and boundless. They constitute his very nature, and exist with his very existence. He who can not feel them toward his fellow being, can not know their loveliness and beauty; and can not therefore, adore and love them as they exist in their infinite Fountain, our Father who is in heaven.

In view of these undeniable positions, how clear—how irrefutable is the declaration of our text! "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

If our views of the subject are correct, and the text may be relied upon, it will necessarily follow—that we are to love, in God, the substance of which man's goodness is but the shadow—the original, of which all man's exalted intellect and moral powers are but the small miniature. Our compassion and kindness to the children of want and misery—of vice and folly—which render us so blissful and godlike, are small trickling rills flowing from the exhaustless ocean of his endless love to the same miserable objects. And it follows, that by tracing these faint resemblances up to the great Original, and by following these minute streams up to their infinite Fountain, we are led to love the Creator in man, and man in his heavenly Father. Loving our brother in all wherein he resembles God, we love God the more fervently and deeply, the more we perceive how infinitely greater are his perfections than those he has imparted to his creature and offspring. The love of the divinity is the love of all that is great and good in humanity, but exalted to infinity, and freed from all earthliness and imperfection.

In this there is a wise adaptation to human imperfection and weakness. None of us can comprehend infinity, or by searching, find out the Almighty to perfection. Hence to ask us, at once, to love infinite loveliness, before we have attained to any knowledge of finite loveliness, would overpower, confuse, and paralyze our affections. As well might we ask a child to read, before it had learned its letters—or to calculate an eclipse ere it had learned to count its fingers. But by leading us to discern the loveliness of finite beings around us—to admire and rejoice in our own finite goodness as it is developed and grows up within us—we can be led forward and upward, to comprehend one degree of love above another, until we can form a faint but transcendently happy idea of infinite goodness, and to call the Being, of which that universal goodness is an embodiment, our Father and our God.

A. B. G.

### SALVATION.

It is a matter of anxious inquiry with many, how it can be, that those who live and die hardened and impenitent, can be saved—that if the Gospel can not reach them in this state, and subdue the heart in its kindness, how they can be reached and subdued in the world to come. And there are those, who, because they can not see how the sinner can be cleansed of his pollution in the future state, are resting in a belief which is in direct contradiction to every good desire of their hearts, which crushes every hope, and makes "life itself a cruel bitter." It is not enough for them that God has *promised* to bless all in turning every one away from his iniquity—it is not enough that he has bound himself by an *oath* to fulfil his promise—it is not enough that he has *purposed* in his immutability to gather the whole human race to himself, and link them together in love, as one body—they must know *how*, and by what *means* all this will be effected and brought about, or they can not believe. Now this is asking for more than is revealed, and more than any individual has properly a right to ask. All we can know is, that, in accordance with his promise, and oath, and purpose, and will, and pleasure, God, in his own time, and in his own way, will change every vile heart, and bring every wanderer home.



It is not for us to say, because we can not see how God will bring about a certain event, that it will never come to pass. People once thought and believed that there was no hope for the drunkard—that there was no influence or power that could reach him in the depth of his degradation. The poor, fallen man was abandoned, because people could not see *how* he could be lifted up from the bottom of infamy, and restored in the pride and dignity of manhood to his proper station in society.—And yet they were not to blame. There was a deep darkness resting upon this subject, through which no human eye could penetrate. But when God says, "Let there be light!" there is light. When he said, Let the drunkard be reformed! his voice reached a few down-trodden and miserable men, whom intemperance had stripped of hope and character, and the Pledge was drawn and signed; and from that moment a mighty reformation was in movement, bearing upon its front the impress of God, and carrying light and life where darkness and death long had reigned. So when the Almighty says, "Let the reign of sin be finished! Let death be swallowed up in victory! Let the wandering come back! Let tears be wiped away! Let my love triumph!"—that voice will be heard and answered, and the plans and purposes of God be consummated in the salvation of a world. We can not tell *when* all this will be—we can not tell *how* it will be; but this we do know through the word of truth, that the principle of love which constitutes the nature of God, will at last, in the right time, and in a right manner, root out every opposing principle—purify every heart—bind man to man, and each man and all men to God; thus fulfilling what the prophets have spoken—what the Father has willed and purposed—what the Saviour came to do, and what the Christian hopes and prays to be true. A. C. B.

**BAPTISM.**—The extract from a sermon on this subject, sent us by Br. Lee, and contained in this paper, is worth perusing by all. It breathes the right feeling—to meet such a truly Universalist spirit, my soul reaches out both her hands across many waters. And it is only when I meet with this spirit, that I almost feel a half-way regret that I can not coincide with all the opinions of my brethren and unite in their ceremonies—while the opposite feeling, when manifested by those who are tenacious for formal outward signs, can not but make a man thank God that he has nothing to do with a tree bearing such fruits! We thank Br. Lee much for his article—it is evidence needed at this time, that there are some who advocate baptism among us, who retain the *spirit of Christ*—that we have brethren from whom we can differ in opinions and ceremonies, while we agree in feelings of fraternal love to each other. A. B. G.

We refer our subscribers to the short article headed "Inducements to Subscribers." We make that offer to let them know that we *really* need the small sum of money due us, to make up large ones due from us, and which we soon have to pay. Also, that we are willing to sacrifice something for their good, if it will induce them to do justice to themselves, for our benefit.

#### INDUCEMENTS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

All of our subscribers who have not paid for the present volume, by sending us two dollars, *free of postage*, shall be credited in full for this year and be entitled to the first and second numbers of the Theological Library. The first number contains Winchester's Dialogues complete, and is sold in book form at 62 1/2 cents. The second is *Petitpierre* on Divine Goodness. The first we have on hand, the second we expect to receive soon.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In reply to several letters, I would state that I conceive it my duty to publish *any* communications that are sent me *officially* as the proceedings of one of our regularly constituted ecclesiastical bodies, as a church or society, an Association, or a Convention. It is not my place to sit in judgment, and re-judge their doings, and refuse to publish what they have ordered published.—As an individual, I may dissent from them, and deplore their wrong doing, and labor to procure the reversal o

their acts; but as an Editor, my duty is to publish what they send me, and to throw the responsibility on them alone. Should *individuals* dissent from them, like myself they have that right, and must seek their remedy by applying to the proper tribunals for redress and correction. But as I have not allowed *individuals*, heretofore, to make use of our columns to attack an Association while there was any other way open, I shall not do it now. In plain terms, I *can not* and I *will not* open these columns to a discussion of *personal* matters by individuals with individuals, nor by individuals against an ecclesiastical body. I have looked this subject in the face long enough to *understand* my duty; and have felt the peace of right-doing, and the ultimate triumph of proper motives over all misunderstandings and misrepresentations, long enough and often enough, to *do* my duty. Last year I was deemed *wrong* in my course by one side—this year it is possible that *the wind may change*; but, brethren, *my course is the same!* I trust I am understood. A. B. G.

From the Christian Warrior.

#### BR. GROSH IN AMAZEMENT!

In the last number of the "Magazine and Advocate," Br. Grosh copies from the "Warrior" the short paragraph I wrote, in which, as I then stated, without even asking the permission of Mrs. T. B. Thayer and A. B. Grosh, I returned my most sincere thanks to my "good friends" who had bestowed upon me so many marks of confidence and affection. Br. "A. B. G.," laboring under the false impression that I intended the article for himself, and "T. B. T.," is exceedingly puzzled to know what it means—and calls on me to tell him plainly what was the intent of the article. This I now proceed to do. And—

1. "A. B. G.," in connection with "T. B. T.," said so much upon the *supposed* impropriety of publishing "cards of thanks," that I was forced to the conclusion that it might be deemed a violation of editorial courtesy to publish an editorial card of thanks, without first asking their permission—but I had received from my Richmond friends so many tokens of kindness and affection, that I was constrained to thank the donors publicly, without first asking either "A. B. G." or "T. B. T.," to grant me the liberty to do so.

2. The term "good friends," the propriety of which "A. B. G." could not find out, was not intended for "A. B. G." and "T. B. T.," but for the persons from whom I had received the many favors: And I am astonished that a man of "A. B. G.'s" cleverness, did not immediately conclude, that, inasmuch as he had exhibited towards me *no particular* feeling of friendship, the reference was not made to him—for although I might possibly admit that "A. B. G." and "T. B. T.," are my *friends*, the idea never entered into my mind, that they are my "good friends." Dost thou understand me, this time, brother? If not, signify it, and I will make the effort to be more plain and pointed: Perhaps the article of thine to which I now have replied, was written for your own amusement, to exhibit the pertness with which you sometimes attempt to weed your neighbor's garden! Is it so? D. D. S.

#### REPLY.

No, Br. Smith, it is not so—but *so*—that is to say, it is as I about half-suspected. The truth is about one half of our Editors, about one half of the time, do make such abominably careless blunders and mistakes about facts and other plain things, that it is a little more than the other half can do in half their time to make straight what has been thus crooked about. Among these blunders Br. Drew, Professor of *ps* and *qs* and Corrector General, stands about "A, No. 1;" and we are now obliged to put Br. D. D. Smith into the same list of blunderers. For instance:—

1. Where will Br. Smith find a line of my writing on "the supposed impropriety of publishing cards of thanks," except what I wrote in reply to Br. Thayer's proposal against the practice, after it had been endorsed by Br. D. D. Smith himself?

2. Does not Br. Smith remember that I, for publishing two cards of my own, and one or two for my brethren,

was linked with Br. Drew, by Br. Thayer, as one notoriously guilty of that "supposed impropriety," and was named as one of the Editors of that card-of-thanks paper? Surely, Br. Smith, you can not forget that you endorsed Br. Thayer's proposals for the paper, and his nomination of me as its Editor; and that I declined the nomination in *your* favor, inasmuch as you excelled even Br. Drew and myself *unitedly*, in the number of cards you published! Do you not remember it? I am sure our readers do, if you will but name it for them.

3. And now, finally, will you be so candid, and frank, and generous, as to inform your readers that my thick-headedness was all owing to *your* mistake in this matter—that I and Br. Thayer were *not* in "connection" in opposing cards of thanks—that *unlike yourself* I was all on *one* side of the fence in that business? If you will do me this act of justice, I will consider you sufficiently plain for the present, whether my remarks are pertinent or impertinent, and whether *your* garden needs weeding or not. A. B. G.

#### MARRIAGES.

In Poughkeepsie, September 26th, 1842, by Rev. A. R. Bartlett, Mr. HENRY TRAVER of Hudson, to Miss NANCY HOLLENBECK of the former place.

Also, in same place, October 16th, by the same, Mr. JAMES JACKSON to Miss LYDIA ROBERTS.

Also, in same place, November 27th, by the same, Mr. WILLIAM GOULD to Miss EMILY GRANT, all of Poughkeepsie.

Also, in same place, April 11th, 1843, by the same, Mr. JOHN B. MYERS of Fishkill, to Miss PHEBE WILLIAMSON of Poughkeepsie.

Also, in same place, June 4th, by the same, Mr. JAMES ORCHARD to Miss JANE SMITH, both of New Hamburg, Dutchess county.

In Homer, June 25th, by Rev. Mr. Bigsby, Dr. J. H. MASON, of Genoa, to Miss CAROLINE GRAHAM, of the former place.

In Rochester, July 3d, by Rev. I. B. Sharp, Dr. GEORGE HINDS, of Farmersville, to Miss ELIZA L. STOUT, of the former place.

#### DEATHS.

In Stockbridge, May 17th, Mrs. ELECTA A. CURTIS, wife of Br. Seymour Curtis, aged 29 years and 11 months. In the death of Sister Curtis we have another example of the power of Universalism to support the living and dying in their afflictions. It was to her a source from which she could draw abundant pleasure, in reflecting that God had provided a better state of existence, where a world of intelligences shall meet to enjoy the favor of our heavenly Father. Her sickness was long and painful—yet she murmured not; trusting in her God she would often say, "I found the doctrine good in health—it supplied every spiritual want; but I find it far better now." Once after speaking to me in reference to the duties of Universalists, she said, "I thought that I was about as happy as I could be when I could attend meeting; but I find that it was but a foretaste of what I feel now. My faith grows stronger and stronger, and all I want is patience to wait until God shall see fit to take me home." And she did wait with patience for many months, giving testimony to the most superstitious, that a firm confidence in God, and faith in Christ as the Saviour of the world, are enough to prepare the soul for its entrance into the immortal world. She died leaving to her husband and friends, the evidence that to live right is peace, and that to die in the triumphs of the Gospel faith, is pleasant. And may He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, give peace to the afflicted, faith to the doubting, and hope to the sorrowing. D. S. MORREY.

In Augusta, May 17th, of scarlet fever, JOSEPH C., only son of Polly Root, aged 6 years and 7 months. Thus the fondest hopes of a tender mother, and the strongest ties of an earthly nature, are broken. P. B. A.

At Henderson, Knox county, Ills., January 12th, 1843, after a protracted illness of three years, Miss SUSANNAH, daughter of Stephen and Sarah Hitchcock, aged 15 years and 7 months.

So sinks the weary soul to rest,  
So fades the lovely rose away.  
Reclining on her Saviour's breast,  
To bloom again in endless day.

Funeral discourse by the writer.

A. GREGG.



## HOPE.

BY J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES, ESQ.

Hope! ready promiser, unsure performer;  
 Unequal architect, that builds the mole,  
 Which breaks the mountain billows into spray;  
 Or fabrics fragile, as the gossamers,  
 That come and vanish with the dews of morn;  
 Bitter betrayer yet sweet counsellor,  
 Voucher, believed, with thousand broken oaths!  
 Friend false, yet, with a fair face, trusted still—  
 Why do I listen to thee? Joyful dream,  
 That turns oft, on waking, blank despair,  
 Why do I trust thy visions, and dream on,  
 Grasping the good I never may enjoy?  
 Yet thou art blest so far—the naked wretch  
 Goes clad by thee, the while—the hungry feasts!  
 The wo-begone forget their tears and smile!  
 The better part of being is fill'd up  
 With solace by thee, and the load, that else  
 Would break the back, is borne with patience still!  
 Thou art the anodyne which lulls the pang,  
 That should not chide thee, tho' it wake again!  
 The stimulant which breaks the lethargy,  
 Which, tho' it close on us again, thou robbst  
 Of so much being, else were swallow'd up!  
 Thou art a good, altho' a doubtful one,  
 And, wanting thee, this fiftful course of life  
 Were never half run through. I'll deal with thee!  
 But yet, with question; so, by thy default  
 I suffer less, and if thou keep'st thy word,  
 Lose nothing of the gain thou promisest!

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## TALES OF THE PASSING WINDS.....NO. III.

BY MRS. S. ELIZA GIBSON.

## THE SHIP WRECK.

It was a gloomy evening hour, when the bearer of dread tidings approached. Dark and portentous clouds, which shut out even the faint glimmering of stars, and a hollow deep toned voice from a distant forest, had foretold its coming, and now that it was near, bearing on its wings the roar of the raging ocean, the towering sons of the forest bowed submission to its power, and tossed back their branching arms to widen its pathway. And yet, though all so stern and haughty, I would listen to its fearful message.

"I bear tidings," it said, "of disasters, ship-wreck, and death—of disappointments too, and anguish, and despair! Two brothers, young and brave, the only sons of a widowed mother, were returning from across the sea with treasures gained in other lands, to diffuse peace and happiness around the hearth of the lonely and long neglected one. But black clouds gathered above their heads—fierce lightnings flashed; and thunders, which sounded to their frightened ears, as though they came up from the horrid abyss, reverberated from every quarter. Closely they neared each other, and trembling beneath the angry frown which bent on them from above, they cast anxious glances upon the dreadful space between themselves and the waiting mother."

"But thicker and faster the dangers gathered around them. The ocean, lashed into fury, at one moment carried the unresisting vessel to a fearful height, and at the next, precipitating it to a more fearful depth, threatened to engulf them. Masts were torn from their upright stations, and hurled headlong into the deep, and the once proud vessel rent with frightful seams, drank in deep draughts of the briny waters! Shrieks, and cries, and burning words of supplication mingled with the wild tumult of the raging elements, and yet no succor came! Another blast and the seams were wider rent—the dark wave oped wide its yawning chasm to receive the shattered barque—the brothers clasped their arms around each other's necks, and in that last and clinging embrace, sank down deep into the dreaded grave!

"A deep, whirling pool showed for a moment where they disappeared, and then I hastened to the childless widow's home. She trod the desolate rooms with disordered step, and as the frail tenement rocked to and fro, and she saw the threatening heavens, she paused in fearful agony, and wringing her hands in anguish, cried,

'O my sons! my sons!' Ah! she knew not that the loved ones were even then sleeping!"

This is a horrid and heart-rending tale—but reader, did you never fancy when the fierce winds told their might, and threatened destruction, that you listened to such recitals! Alas, the truth is often thus! When we are singing the glad song of safety, others are encountering dangers and death. Let us think of this, and with the song of safety, raise the hymn of thanksgiving.

Monroeton, Pa.

## RATTLESNAKES.

A physician, one of my intimate friends, passed a night in a state of great perplexity, of which the following account may give the reader some idea. He had, like me, entertained the desire of observing the particular ways of these terrible reptiles, kept in a cage, and succeeded in furnishing himself with four of them, of various sizes. For fear of some accident on account of the negligence of his negroes, he had placed the cage which enclosed them in a spacious room, which he made his bed-chamber. A negro was selected to feed and attend them. It was my friend's custom, on his return home, to take a glance at his animals, to assure himself of their being properly fed, and their cage door being well shut. One night, having come home very late and tired, he neglected this precaution and went to bed.—The weather was very hot, and, notwithstanding his state of fatigue, several hours glided away without his obtaining any sleep. He suddenly heard a light, sliding noise on the floor along the wall of the apartment, which left off very soon, and he ceased to give any more attention to the circumstance. After some moments, the same noise revived, and he then cautiously looked out of bed to ascertain what might be the cause of it. The moonlight shining full into the room, he observed the largest of the snakes [he had 18 rattles] roaming free along the floor. I leave the reader to imagine what were his impressions at this unexpected sight! What was he to do in this case? A loaded gun was hanging at the extremity of the room. How to reach it was the question. Farther: was this animal the only one out of the cage, or were all the others, too, at liberty? The whole of the servants were asleep. He resolved to wait for the morning; but first took the precaution of slowly and carefully drawing up his mosquito curtains around the bed; afterwards he sat down and patiently watched the issue. The animal continued to make some undulatory movements through the room; after which the Doctor heard him approach the bed, and at last all became silent.

At daylight, he heard the steps of a servant who was coming according to his custom to perform his morning duty. The Doctor cried out to him not to open the door, but to go for an old African negro, named Isaac, who was known to approach these reptiles without fear. The latter arrived, entered confidently, and saw the snake rolled up under the bed. The three others had remained in the cage, although the door was open—his first care was to shut it. My friend insisted on his shooting the snake. Isaac refused, and declared himself able to seize the animal, without the least fear of being bitten by him. In effect, he advanced to the bed, whistling softly with his lips, pronouncing some words in English in a caressing tone, and then, after some minutes, he ventured to pass his hand over the back of the snake, all the time trying to soothe him. Afterwards, lifting him gently by the head, while he continued to whistle, talk and soothe him, he induced the animal to place himself on his arm and body. The snake let the negro carry him thus through the chamber, without betraying either fright, or any offensive motion. The Doctor asked Isaac to replace the reptile in his cage—"oh master, this is impossible," says he; "if I attempt it, the snake would be angry and bite me—look." Indeed, scarcely did Isaac stop and lean towards the cage, before the animal began to move briskly and sound the rattle.

Isaac immediately got up, began again his soothing caresses, and the animal fell calm. He then asked for a strong sheet; by degrees accustomed the snake to the view of this object, and then passed one end of the edges out between his arm and the animal's body, continuing

his wheedling and walking about all the time. As soon as he was certain that he could in a moment, envelop the animal in the sheet, he rapidly threw it around him, and thus was the snake mastered. All that remained now to be done was to reinstate him in a cage; of which the door was very small comparatively with the mass which formed the animal so wrapped up. Isaac displayed the same dexterity in unrolling the sheet that he had done before in all his interesting manœuvres. He succeeded, by a series of quick and skilful movements, in getting him back to his old quarters, without receiving the slightest injury, shut the cage, and thus my friend's unpleasant affair terminated. The negro, however, said, if a similar affair happened again with the same snake, he could never venture to approach him for fear of being bitten, because he had in this manner deceived him.

These facts are of undoubted authenticity, since I had them from the mouth of my friend. But I confess that I do not know how to comprehend the perfect security of the old African, and still less perhaps the sagacity which he attributed to the snake. To be able to establish the fact necessary to found any serious discussion on this subject, it would be necessary to try the same manœuvres employed by the negro, to observe their effects, and afterwards attempt an explanation of them. This is a hazard which I certainly do not choose to risk.

There is an attribute peculiar to the hog, in relation to the rattlesnake, the mention of which will not, I trust, prove entirely uninteresting to the reader. On his approach, the latter seems terrified and tries to escape.—But the grunter pursues, seizes and devours him with the most absolute indifference of his rattle and his fangs. If it be a sow, accompanied by a litter of young ones, she even divides the prey amongst the little squeakers. It is also usual in certain localities where those reptiles abound, to drive forward a hog fastened to a leash to remove them from the places to be visited. The doctor questioned the negro if he had something about him belonging to this animal, or other substance equally efficacious in intimidating or appeasing the snake. Isaac directly replied that he did not employ any other means than the caresses which he had witnessed.

I will close these remarks with the relation of another adventure, which threatened in its effects, perhaps, to be still more terrible. A hunter of my acquaintance, used to amuse himself whenever he met some fine specimen of the rattlesnake, with endeavoring to catch him. This he was enabled to do by means of a long stick cleft at the end, with which he was accustomed to seize him by the back of the head.

One day, as he was posted at some distance from his friends, watching for his game, (deer,) he perceived one of these reptiles; he seized him in the above mentioned manner, and then, after having firmly placed his fingers behind its head, he diverted himself by opening his mouth, in order to examine his teeth and fangs. In the mean time the snake, quite unobserved by my friend, who was entirely absorbed in his inspection of the creature's head, had twisted his body in numerous folds round his arm. Little by little he was conscious of a pressure, accompanied by an alarming numbness in this member. He immediately endeavored to disengage his arm, but at the same time the pressure and numbness kept augmenting—he by degrees felt with horror that his fingers were losing all power of retaining their hold. At last the head of the animal began to slip away, gradually drawing near the palm of his hand, and the thoughtless hunter had just made up his mind to the horrible consequence of his imprudence, when his companion a the next post, alarmed by his cries for help, most opportunely arrived, hastily pulling out a little bottle of ammonia, and, uncorking it, poured its contents into the rattlesnake's mouth. Suddenly this frightful scene was completely changed; the animal unrolled himself, fell to the ground and was killed.

I will just mention, *en passant*, for the information of the uninitiated, that some hunters in these regions are accustomed to carry with them a bottle of this alkali, to provide against the chance of their dogs being bitten by the snakes.—[Southern Sportsman.]



# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."....."PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

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For the Magazine and Advocate.

## ORIGINAL SERMON.

### RELIGIOUS VIEWS OF DEATH.

BY REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

"There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest." Job iii: 17.

A short time since I passed through the winding paths of Greenwood Cemetery. Around me lay the great City of the Dead, where nature and art seemed striving to strip death of its gloom, and to present the grave in the aspect which it wears to the true Christian—not so much the dreary charnel and the sepulchre of crumbling mortality, as it is the goal of earth's weary, changeful pilgrimage—the very gate-way to a bright, immortal heritage. Around me lay the City of the Dead—the earth was clothed in its resurrection garments, and the sunlight of heaven rested peacefully upon it.—Voiceless and silent were the sleepers there. No rude mirth, no boisterous revelry, no clack of labor, no groan of sorrow, jarred that serene stillness, where the green things that grew around the mansions of the dead seemed conscious of their sacred guardianship, and death kept, in silence and in beauty, his solemn mystery. Around me lay the City of the Dead—but not far was the great metropolis of the living, full to overflowing with the hurrying surges of life. A few steps further, and you might pass from the quiet of the tomb to the confusion of the clamorous Babel, where the great realities of existence, masked or unmasked, were that hour accomplishing their several destinies.—Here, the heart was still and cold; there, it throbbed with all the high ambition and all the longing aspirations that urge man to his plots and to his toils—there, glowing with success, or aching wearily with pain, it still beat on, as though there were no grave—as though, so real is life, death were indeed a shadowy thing, and you row of white and glistening tomb-stones, a picture or a show. And beyond, blended and lost in the far horizon, swept the sea, its waters glancing in the morning light, fit emblem of that eternity that encompasses alike the living and the dead—the sea, that mocks with its everlasting heaving the hopes and the labors and the life of man, and that shall roll there in its changeless being and its unfathomable sublimity when his very monuments have crumbled! Thus, *life, death, eternity*, the three great mysteries that encompass us, and in which we live, appeared before me by their appropriate emblems—the crowded city, the quiet tomb, the everlasting ocean.

It is a beautiful idea of the present day, to select the fairest spots of earth for the repose of the dead, and while avoiding every thing incongruous with the intrinsic solemnity of the tomb, to deprive it of that dreary horror which has been thrown around it. There are, doubtless, emblems peculiarly appropriate for the place of graves, and these are always of a reverent and subduing character—but they need not wear the aspect of gloom and terror. In the flowers, and the sunshine, and the green arches of the forest, there is no rude contrast with the shadow that has fallen on the brow of the dead, or with the grief that reigns in the mourner's heart. There is no rude contrast, yet there are consoling associations, that blend softly, that mingle sweetly with the memorials of the stern reality. They do not shock reverence, but they forbid horror; they do not conceal death, but they reveal its intimate harmony with all God's works—they exhibit it as part of the great plan that is going on under the control of Infinite Goodness, and they send up the green shoots of Spring, and wreath the flowers of Summer, in beautiful sympathy with those who

have bowed to that great law of decline and decay that subdues all things—yet in their own calm cheerfulness they would teach us that this is not for a terrible but a beneficent purpose.

And if thus they harmonize with and explain the circumstance of death, they also kindly console the living. This is what the mourner needs. He does not want that which shall harrow still deeper his lacerated heart—he does not want that which shall add to his gloom by exhibiting death associated with every thing repugnant and stern; with the mouldering clod, and the dank grass, and the frightful revelations of the half-open charnel-house. He requires that which shall pacify and comfort, which shall sink into his heart with balmy healing and infuse a calm and holy trust. And the beautiful objects that cluster in our modern cemeteries are calculated to produce these results. No one can enter their green and silent paths without acquiring calmer and better ideas of death. They will check even the thoughtless and the young, and fasten the attention of the giddy soul upon the great fact with which it must come in contact. They will win to solemn reflection, they will penetrate by sweet influences the spirits that would have shrunk from the damp sepulchre and the dreary vault—they will sink with gentle monitions into their thoughts, and will be remembered with blessed efficacy amid the more dissonant and diverting scenes of the world. And the mourner's soul, though insensible to so many appeals, can not resist that which nature makes. Soothingly its teachings shall console his grief—kindly it shall win him to resignation—in the beauty with which it decorates death it shall suggest the great truth of *immortality*; and though it may melt to tenderness and tears, they shall not be wrong from the heart in pain, but fall in balmy drops that purify and heal.

The loveliness with which modern taste has enwreathed the grave, then, has in it nothing discordant with the dead who lie there, or the mourner who visits it with the offerings of affection. It is only discordant with those sterner views of dissolution which do not belong to Christianity. Why should we go behind that which we see, and conjure up all the stages of decay, and all the secrets of the closed vault, in order to make death disgusting and horrible? Why should we exhibit our idea of him as a skeleton form, which is only the result of natural causes that operate upon the inanimate and corruptible flesh? Why should we go behind that which is apparent to us, and search out that which God has kindly veiled from us, in order to make death more terrific? Death, so far as it is known to us, is cessation of life—a viewless messenger, that stills the pulse, stops the blood, closes the eye, and seals with dumbness the lips. A strange alteration comes over the loved and the familiar. Those who but now were communing with us, commune with us, visibly, no more; and that which saw, and felt, and responded, has gone—mysteriously gone! This is all we know of death, and sad as its visitations are, I know not that we should go beyond the hour when the form that was dear to us was laid in the grave, and rake up all the processes of change and decay that go on in the silent earth, hidden from mortal eyes. Our Gothic emblem of death—the skeleton and the dart—is not so *Christian* as that of the pagan Greek, who, in the graceful spirit that pervaded his mythology, represented him as a boy, weeping, with his torch reversed and dragging on the ground.

I said this idea of modern taste in regard to the burial-place, is accordant with the Christian view of death. It is that Christian view of death to which it is calculated to lead us. Let us, then, at

this time, even as if we stood among the green and sunny graves—as though we were musing amid the silent Necropolis—let us attend to a few brief thoughts of death, which religion, in accordance with such a scene, may suggest to us.

And the first idea that may strike us, under such circumstances, is that of *rest*. "There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest." The calmness of nature is calculated to inspire this thought—the prevailing stillness suggests it. Yes, there, in those silent chambers, is rest—repose. I pause not now to discuss the point whether those who have lived here, actually remain inert for any length of time, after death. This involves a long and complicated argument, which is not in unison with the sentiment that I would at this time excite. But, in the first place, the idea of rest is suggested by the repose of the body, by its motionless stillness, so like to sleep—that rest which we gladly seek at the close of the tiresome day. Motionless, with eyes closed and hands folded, rests that tabernacle of the soul, whether the spirit that inhabited it rests with it or not—as though it had lain down to slumber until the blast of the resurrection trumpet. But, again, that there is rest is true in a higher sense.—There is rest from the burden of this life's toils, rest from the pursuit of this life's sins, rest from the weariness of this life's cares. A new sphere has been entered—a new course of action ordained—and from the earthly, as from that which has forever passed, the soul rests. The mortal strife is ended—the sins of mortal frailty are committed—the burden of all the grief that this pilgrimage inspires has been laid down at the doors of the grave. Life-long that labor may have been—those sins may have run on with the sands of every hour—that burden may have tightened around the heart at every advancing step; but when death came there was a release from all this—from all this there is now rest. So the tomb suggests repose—and it is a great truth.

There the wicked *do* cease from troubling; there the weary *are* at rest. How many clamorous passions are laid to sleep in yonder dust! How many visions of ambition hath the closing of those lids sealed up forever! What active energies lie prostrate and helpless here! What weary, footsore labor lies stretched out in breathless repose! "There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest." The *old man* lies there. Feebly did he drag out his latter days. His senses became faithless and betrayed their trust. The once flashing eye grew leaden and purblind. The once manly frame stooped until it doubled; the vigorous strength departed, feebly the wrinkled and palsied hand groped for its staff, the voice crackled and became an inarticulate hiss, the vivacity of intelligence wasted into more than childlike apathy, and not even the features of children and companions could call up a smile of recognition upon that withered face. The mechanism of the body had run down, and from its darkened casement the soul could no more look out, and in its inanimate enclosure it was like a thing of naught. But the old man has gone at last. His grey head lies low with the sleepers. How appropriate for *him*, the silence and peace of the tomb! "There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest."

The *young girl* lies there. She drooped and faded like an early flower. Yet even at the heart of that flower the spoiler was at work. Years had been condensed into days, and the pangs of disappointment and the experience of earth's hypocrisy and sin had already shed their blighting there. Evil lay before her. The hope on which she leaned was broken. The dearest friends she knew had



gone to their silent home. The shadow was upon her brow, and the pallor in her cheek. But peacefully she lies there now. There is no deceitful smile in heaven's sunshine—there is no hypocrisy in the tears of the summer-rain. It was well that heart should be stilled when it was. It was well that beauty should go down thus early to the tomb. Life would have been a dreariness—but “there, the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest.”

The *man of ambition* lies there. How beautifully the humble grass and the tender flower contrast with that rash and stormy life! How meekly they come to adorn his tomb, who, while living, never read a lesson from their humility—never paused to consider their instruction! Yes, the strong man is very still there, and the throbbing heart is strangely quiet. The dreams that thronged that brain have all vanished, and left that dome of thought tenantless, to moulder back to dust.—The fierce nature has all become spent—the tissue of schemes and efforts has ended abruptly here.—The chafed and foaming waves have suddenly sunk and become blended with the tranquil repose of the tomb. Let the flowers grow fearlessly above his head—let the sunshine linger upon the doors of his sepulchre. He, too, is at peace like them. No aspiring thoughts will visit him in the tomb—no giant passions rouse him from his sleep. “There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest.”

The *careworn mourner* lies there. Strained were the chords of that poor, aching heart even to breaking asunder. Those hands were lame with toil, those eyes were dim with weeping. Sleepless were the nights, and gloomy the days of her who sleeps so pleasantly now. Did she not see the fair and the beloved die before her? Did she not watch by the bed-side of the departing child? Did she not grasp the feeble hand of the dying husband? Did she not see the common source of human happiness drying up and becoming choked with dust? Did she not behold sin early twining its hateful and treacherous coil around those to whom she looked for consolation and honor? Oh! who did not pity the suffering of that poor, weary soul—sufferings borne, perhaps, without murmurs, borne without any prayers for death—yet none the less deep and keen for all that. But release has come, and the tried heart is still. There was *one* shelter that God had appointed for the storm-beaten head—there was *one* place of repose for the drooping and shattered spirit. “There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest.”

But time would immeasurably fail me to consider all the varieties of human action and passion that lie hushed and motionless there—it would immeasurably fail me to enumerate the sins and the sorrows from which the tomb has given release. All schemes, all toil, all cares, all interests, all thoughts that agitate the human soul, are there laid at rest. The waves of human life may surge by the doors of the tomb, but they can not enter it—there all is stillness and repose. And I ask you if this truth, which the teachings of nature in association with the burial-place so vividly suggests, is not, after all a blessed truth? Here is *rest* from earth's toils, and trials, and sins. Concerning this fact we can not be deceived. Our hopes may be blighted, our sorrows may deepen, our burdens may accumulate—but there is an *end*. Foot-worn pilgrim, there is an *end*! Toiler up life's rugged hill, press on with courage; there is an *end*! Sufferer from human wrong, there is an *end*! Is it a gloomy thought? Nay, even to *you*, most happy of men, is it a gloomy thought? In the midst of all thy joy, is there not weariness—in the round of all thy prosperity, is there not the truth that these are temporal and fleeting? Does the idea break in rudely upon *you*, oh young man!—man of health, and hopefulness, and many friends? It is all wisely ordained. Our reforms, our remedies, remove not one half the *heart-sickness* and the *heart-evil* there is in the world—but death removes them. There must be a cessation to pain and grief and toil—a cessation which even *thou* mightest rejoice in—for *thou* too mayest live to grow weary, at least to

grow trustful and resigned. Rest! yes, there is a place of rest—a time when repose and silence close in around the sins, and the follies, and the cares that agitate and heave the bosom of human life.—To many—how many!

“Life is the torrid day,  
Parched by the wind and sun;  
And death the cool, calm evening hour,  
When the weary day is done.”

But, again, a religious view of death, will suggest to us the reality of our own dissolution. Ask any man if he knows he must die, and he will be amazed at your question—amazed that you should inquire concerning such a universal and palpable fact. Let me ask any one of you—“Do you know that you must die?”—and you answer, of course, “Yes.” Yet, my friends, do we *realize* the fact of *individual* death? Do we realize that *this* heart that we can now feel beating, beating, in its curious frame-work, must become still forever? Do we realize that *we* too must lie, as we have seen others, with dim, glazed eyes, gasping, struggling, for breath?—that *we, ourselves*, must pass through this change? We know it. We know that it is not absolutely certain that you sun will rise to-morrow, yet it is certain that we must depart. Yet, life is now so intimate with us—we are in such close contact through our senses with this beautiful and animate nature—we hear so audibly the voices of our friends, we press so palpably their hands—we are so veritably in communion, a life with the great tide of life—can we realize an extinguishment and dissolution of these facts? And yet it must be so? No matter how busy we may be—there will come a call from our labors which we must obey—there will come a time when we must lay by the implements of our toil, and touch them no more forever. There will come a time when the light of the pleasant sun will fall upon our brows, and we shall know it not—when the fragrance of the air shall breathe into our nostrils and we be heedless—while with muffled step and suppressed whisper, they will gather about us and say—“he is dead!” One by one, the sign-boards in our streets shall be taken down, and men shall point to our names and say—“he is dead!” They shall come to our empty chair at home, to our vacant place at the board and the hearth, and say—“he is dead!” And by and by some friend will call up our memory to another, and he will reply, “Oh, ay, I remember—he died a long while ago!” And little children will prattle through the streets where we now tread, and will not know that we ever existed. And the flowers will bloom on, and the sunshine fall, and the tide of happiness and pleasure and care rush by—and we shall heed nothing of it—we shall be “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest.” Solemnly yet beautifully has the poet said,

“Yet a few days, and thee  
The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
In all his course. Nor yet in the cold ground,  
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,  
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim  
Thy growth to be resolved to earth again.  
And lost each human trace, surrendering up  
Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
To mix forever with the elements,  
To be a brother to the insensible rock,  
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain  
Turns with his share and treads upon.”

I ask again, Do we *realize* this? Do we make it an actual *fact* to our minds? Thy blood flows—it must stop! Thy heart beats—it must cease! Thine eye sees—it must become dim and dark! We should learn to realize these facts more than we do. It is not wise never to think of death—to put it by, as a subject too disagreeable to occupy our attention. We should reflect much upon it, and act in reference to it. And surely when we go abroad among the mansions of the dead, the thought must rush vividly upon us. Here are no distracting circumstances to draw us from it—every thing leads us to it, gently, yet earnestly, and we can look upon death amid the beautiful accompaniments of nature, with a steadier and calmer mind. And as nature exhibits death, so does religion. It is only a false view of death that makes it all gloom and terror. Our repugnance arises from lack of

thought—more thought would correct it. If death is an ordinance connected with our lot, let us remember that it is, like all such ordinances—of God; and let us believe that the messenger that stills our hearts, and calls us from the associations of this life, is a messenger of the, very *Beneficence* that has ministered to every joy and made us glad with many mercies. This is the train of thought into which religion will lead us. While it will help us to realize the certainty of death, it will also help us to contemplate it with calmness and resignation, to strip it of its gloom, and to perceive its sober harmony with all God's works. Is it wise, then, to neglect this theme? We do not alter the *fact* thereby, though we may fail to realize it. Look yonder! *There*, “the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest.” Yet that life that has now ceased, was once like ours—vigorous and active. That mouldering dust was once animated with a soul, and the form that lies prostrate in the mansion of its rest, was once erect and busy amid a crowd, that like it, now are still. We tread in the foot-prints of the dead, our children shall tread in our foot-prints when we are dead. We must leave the path behind us in which we have trodden—we can not stay in it forever. Do we *realize* this? And yet, why should we view it through shades of gloom? True, there are mysteries connected with death—painful mysteries. It is hard to say the farewell-word, and to take by the hand the hand that has often pressed ours so fondly, and to feel that we are launched and they on the shore—that we are receding, fast receding. It is hard to take a death-look at the dear faces of those who depend upon us, whose very life is woven with our's, and whom we could strain to our hearts forever. This is the pang of death, that perhaps no philosophy can utterly assuage, and there are mysteries, too, in regard to many who are taken away. It is not always the wicked and the weary, but the useful, the happy, the young, the much-needed father, the only friend, the counsellor and support. Yet how shall faith be born without mysteries? Were all things apparently good, what merit in trusting God? Enough breaks in upon us to see his wisdom and his love, even in this the saddest dispensation—the dispensation of death. Shall we not, unfalteringly, trust him who can guide through its shadowy valley? Learn to look upon death in the light of God's character, and it shall be relieved of its gloom, and wear an aspect in accordance with that which modern taste has given to its outward circumstances.

But death! What is death? Is it the *end*? Oh Christ! thou speakest from the sepulchre—“No!” The spirit can not die! That which loves, and thinks, and communes with us, can not die. Death! is it not the gate-way to rarer glories? Its dark and noiseless surges bear us to the shores of a better land. Thou art here, oh! man, in a narrow sphere. But see yonder! There are worlds innumerable—they are golden ladders—steps of an immortal progress. What glories lie beyond us! What sights our eyes have never seen!—what sounds our ears have never heard. And to these death is the avenue. Lo! this changes the sound of wailing to a triumphant jubilee, and the gates of the tomb open like the wings of cherubim. Rest sweetly, oh! pale sleeper, in the light that Jesus has given. In that light death is a herald of immortality, and the tomb but a place of calm repose, “Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest.”

But only the religious man can enjoy these views—only the religious man feels their efficacy. Is it not wise, with death all around us, such an undeniable fact, a fact that must come to us, too—is it not wise to acquire religious views of it, by living religious lives? I ask you, and the very doors of the tomb echo my question—is it not wise? oh!

“So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan that moves  
To that mysterious realm where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged by his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## CONTEMPLATION.

BY REV. H. BELDING.

In the works of nature we behold the impress of an all-powerful hand. We can cast our eyes to no part of the universe, without being sensible, that there is, somewhere, an almighty Intelligence whose wisdom is unbounded, whose resources are unlimited. "The heavens declare his glory; and the firmament sheweth his handy work." We are not confined to our earth, as the sphere of our speculations. Travelling outward, we find indubitable evidence, even in the remotest star, that this same being has been there—there to create—there to show the evidences of his wisdom and power.

But leaving the contemplation of other worlds, and other systems, let us come directly to what more nearly concerns ourselves. We know that all that our eyes behold stand in some relation to him that spake them into being: and we, existing as we do, must stand in some relation to him also. Viewing things only through the medium of his works, that relation seems quite distant. We do not feel as though we were entirely forgotten by him; for the continuance of our existence assures us, that we are, in some measure, the objects of his care; but there is in us a disposition to consider ourselves as holding but a common place among his works; and hence must, of necessity, be well nigh lost amid their immensity.

By stopping here, and indulging our contemplations no farther, we should soon become a prey to gloom, doubt, and fear; but by catching a glimpse of his providences, by taking into consideration that wonderful provision that is daily, nay hourly, and even momentarily made—provision so ample, and so well adapted to our wants, we seem to approach comparatively near to our Creator.—A new relation is here brought to view; and we feel that so far from being overlooked, or forgotten, we are continually noticed by him, and supplied with every needed good.

Here then we stop, and enjoy ourselves in pleasing reflections. We know our own weakness and destitution; but, contemplating upon the power, the wisdom, and the munificence of him who is our Creator and Preserver, we seem lost in the vastness of the scene before us. That amazing fulness discovered in him, becomes measurably ours, in as much as it tends for our benefit, and is exerted in promoting our happiness.

But all this regards only the past and the present; and, without other light, the future would still present but a dark and dreary waste. The wheels of time must move on; and soon our present existence must be terminated. And what then? Is this all? Here we are; and without something to point us onward, here we must remain in the midst of uncertainties. This same kind Being, for the purpose of relieving us from this condition, was pleased to make a more perfect revelation of himself; and, in that revelation, we are made fully acquainted with that relation that exists between him and us. We gain a clearer view of his character, and attributes: and had we nothing farther, whence to infer his designs toward us in future, little doubt could remain.

But these his designs are not left to be inferred. They are stamped, in legible characters, upon the pages of inspiration. They assure us, that we are rapidly advancing toward the centre of all perfection; and that the time is coming, when man, universally, shall be pure as angels, clothed with immortality; and hence fitted for the highest enjoyment of which his nature is susceptible. Here then let us rest, satisfied with the blissful hope of a future, happy, immortal existence.

From the Star in the West.

## LAKE ERIE ASSOCIATION.

This body met in annual session at Randolph, Crawford Co., Penn., on Wednesday, June 14th, 1843.

Organized by choosing Br. Edson Beals moder-

ator, and Br. B. F. Hitchcock clerk pro tem.—United in prayer with Br. N. Stacy. Chose Brs. O. D. Wade, J. Thompson and Wm. Seely, committee of arrangement. Invited Br. L. Payne to take part in the deliberations of the Council. Brs. E. Beals, Wm. Walker, and L. S. Raymond, were chosen a Committee on Fellowship and Ordination. After receiving and reading certificates of delegates present from Concord and Sparta, Randolph and Conneaut, the first Universalist Society of Pine-grove received the fellowship of the Association. Brs. O. D. Wade, Francis Webb, and B. F. Hitchcock were chosen a committee on Conferences. Adjourned to meet at 5 o'clock P. M.

Met pursuant to adjournment. Invited Brs. Burgess, Crouch and Pinney, to take part in council. Chose B. F. Hitchcock standing clerk of the Association.

After listening to verbal reports from delegates respecting the prosperity of Truth and Grace in their respective churches and societies, adjourned to meet at 8 o'clock Thursday June 15th.

Met according to adjournment, and after uniting in prayer with Br. B. F. Hitchcock listened to report of committees. Committee on Discipline for the past year, report, "no cause of complaint."—Report accepted. Appointed Brs. Wm. Burgess, F. Webb, and S. G. Krick, a Committee of Discipline for the ensuing year. Committee on Conferences reported no requests. Committee on Fellowship and Ordination reported in favor of bestowing ordination on Brs. E. Dayton, and O. D. Wade. Report accepted. Appointed the Semi-annual session of this body to be held in Conneaut, Crawford co., Pa., on the 2nd Wednesday and following Thursday in September next, and the next annual session at Conneautville. The following resolutions were brought before the council and unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That this council earnestly recommend to the churches and societies within its limits and to the believers in the great Salvation in all places, that they forsake not the assembling of themselves together for religious worship and social improvement, but that in all cases, where they are destitute of the preached word, or enjoy it but a part of the time, that they meet at least once a week to sing, pray and exhort; and thus endeavor to build each other up in a knowledge of the truth, and in the possession of all the Christian graces.

Resolved, That we recommend to the delegates here met, that they use all suitable means for the establishment of Universalist Sabbath Schools in their respective churches and societies, that the minds of the children and youth be strengthened by the possession of Truth and Virtue.

On motion, it was resolved, that the proceedings of this body be forwarded by the Standing Clerk for publication in "The Star in the West and Glad Tidings," with request that the "Magazine and Advocate," "Western Luminary," and "Nazarene," copy the same. On motion, adjourned to meet in annual session at Conneautville, Crawford co., Pa., on the 2d Wednesday and following Thursday in June 1844. By order,

B. F. HITCHCOCK, Standing Clerk.

## ORDINATION SERVICES.

Sermon Br. N. Stacy (John xxi: 16.) Ordaining prayer Br. E. Beals; charge and delivering of the Scriptures, L. Payne; right hand of fellowship Br. E. Beals.

## REMARKS.

The weather was pleasant and we had a good, and we trust profitable meeting. Six preachers were present, viz: N. Stacy, E. Beals, L. Payne, E. Dayton, O. D. Wade and B. F. Hitchcock.—The Meeting House was filled to overflowing, and a more intelligent and devotional appearing assembly we have seldom if ever witnessed. Our friends in Randolph received us with all cordiality and welcomed us to their homes in such a manner as to give us a demonstration of the power of Universalism to open, refine, and expand the affections of the soul. May they never be weary in

well doing; but continue to press forward in the good cause, increasing in numbers and in all those graces which will render numbers efficient in the upbuilding of "Zion, city of our God."

Brethren of the Lake Erie Association, allow me to call your attention particularly to the recommendations of your council in relation to Sabbath Schools and religious worship. There can be no doubt we think, in the minds of any that reflect upon this subject, that an increase of attention to the things, on the part of those who profess to be Universalists, would tend to the rapid and permanent establishment of the cause of truth and righteousness in our midst. Let those then who profess to love the doctrine of God's impartial and boundless grace, and would be consistent, take these things into consideration and act with an eye single to the glory of God in the upbuilding of his cause, and the happiness of his creatures. Finally brethren, go on and heaven bless your labors. May you enjoy many happy meetings on earth and ultimately be brought to meet all the nations, families and kindreds of the earth, in the General Convention above, to part no more forever.

B. F. HITCHCOCK, Standing Clerk.

## LIST OF BOOKS

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

No. 32, Genesee street, (up stairs).

Ely and Thomas Discussion,	63
Bacon on Religion,	50
Endless Hell Torments Overthrown,	38
Family Prayer Book, by Otis A. Skinner,	50
Winchester's Dialogues,	19
Names and Titles of Jesus, by Rev. E. Spear,	1.00
Combs Moral Philosophy,	62
"    on the Constitution of Man,	62
"    Digestion,	62
Influence of Religion on health,	69
Miller Overthrown,	25
Merchant's Widow, by Mrs. C. M. Sawyer,	50
Campbell and Skinner's Discussion,	1.00
Skinner's Letters to Aikin and Lansing,	56
Memoir of Rev. J. Freeman, by S. R. Smith,	50
Doct. Campbell on the Four Gospel's,	5.00
Palfrey on Jewish Scriptures and Antiquities,	5.00
Gieseler's Text Book of Ecclesiastical History,	
6 Vols. of Godey's Ladies Book, bound, cheap,	
6 Vols. Family Magazine,	
Miss Martineau's Works, a number of small vols.	
School and Classical Books, Bolener's Levizac's Grammar,	
Gray's Chemistry, Graeca Majora, Xenophon,	
Works on Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, Mathematics, &c., &c., for higher Schools and Colleges,	
11 Vols. Unitarian Tracts, bound,	
Life of Rev. John Murray,	50
Biography of Winchester,	69
Pro and Con of Universalism, by Rev. George Rogers,	1.00
Causes of Infidelity Removed, by Rev. S. R. Smith,	69
Practical Hints to Universalists, by Rev. J. G. Adams,	75
Ballou on Atonement,	50
Ballou's Select Sermons,	75
Do. Notes on the Parables,	63
Do. Nine Sermons,	50
Do. Future Retribution,	50
Balfour's Second Inquiry,	1.00
Sawyer's Review of Hatfield,	50
Duties of Young Men, by Rev. E. H. Chapin,	50
Discourses, by           do.	50
Lectures, by           do.	38
Christian Comforter, by Rev. H. Bacon,	50
Law of Kindness, by Rev. G. W. Montgomery,	50
Universalist Manual, by Rev. M. Rayner,	50
Universalist Belief, by Rev. A. Moore,	50
Sermons, by Rev. O. A. Skinner,	50
Voice to Youth, by Rev. J. M. Austin,	75
Illustrations of the Parables, by Rev. T. Whittemore,	75
Christian Visitant, 3 vols. in one, by Rev. A. B. Grosh,	75
Streeter's Hymns, (large and pocket),	50
Ancient History of Universalism,	1.00
Lectures to Youth, by Rev. S. R. Smith,	50
Convention Sermons for 1841,	50
Universalist Register and Almanac for 1843,	13
Catechisms for Sunday Schools,	
Hymns of Zion, by Rev. A. C. Thomas,	50
Gospel Harmonist, by Rev. T. Whittemore,	1.00
Paige's Selections,	1.00



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## TALES OF THE PASSING WINDS.....NO. IV.

BY MRS. S. ELIZA GIBSON.

FROM HOME.

Ah! with what pleasure did I greet the messenger, which came on one golden eve with tidings from home. Other breezes had whispered of Italian skies—of classic scenes, and pale artists, toiling in distant lands, apart from friends and home, to win the smiles of fame; and theirs were cherished words; but this wafted the warm breathings of friendship, and the sweet tones of enduring affection, and I would turn from all others to listen, to even its faintest murmurings.

"And wouldst thou then," it said, "learn of home's loved scenes? They are as tho' but a day instead of a year, had passed since the eve before thy departure.—The same carpet of living green is there as widely spread, and the trees clothed as then in the beautiful and variegated dress of pink, white and vernal hue, send forth the same fragrant perfume, and the same glad carol of birds. The sky, clear as then, reflects back the gorgeous dyes of the setting sun, and the same rose-bush beneath the window, is cherishing its buds for early blossom.

"But is it of home's inmates and friends that thou wouldst more gladly learn? They are there, the loved ones and dear, and she the dearest of them all, is in their midst—yea, in their midst, for they know that she is a mother, and they have gathered about her to win the maternal smile. Joy has many times beamed in her countenance, during thy absence—tears have often wet her cheek, and pains have sometimes called for a soothing hand; but health, and peace, and cheerfulness are shedding their smiles upon her, and upon the lovely group. With happy voices, they each recounted the incidents of the day—the sunshine which had illumed their pathways—the hopes which had promised future joys, and then with one consent, they spake of those whose places in their circle were left vacant. They numbered the weeks since their departure, and counted the days of their stay, and then spake of the joys which would accompany their return. Of thee too, they spake as one of that number, and of the pleasure which would attend thy coming, and then I kissed the cheek of each, and hastened hitherward to bear the tidings."

Reader, art thou far away from the home of thy love and the friends of early youth? If so, would not a message like this, even though it were interpreted only by the low and beguiling voice of fancy, make thee for a moment forget the regrets and repinings of the day; and would it not awaken all the joy and thankfulness of the heart, to feel that a home was yet open to receive thee, and a few at least of its friends, were even then anxious to welcome thy return? Ah, yes; feelings such as these could not but gladly greet its reception. Listen, then, to the low whisperings of the passing winds; for such tidings thou mayest sometimes hear, and sweeter tales and more precious than those which I have repeated, will oftentimes be rehearsed; and never, no, never, will their spirit-voices instil into thy heart, less ennobling emotions than love, gratitude, and devotion.

Monroeton, Pa.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## DEATH.

BY MISS M. E. TILLOTSON.

Although Death is the lot of all, and the theme of familiar converse; though his call is the consummation of earthly sorrow, and the dawn of eternal felicity, he still wears the same formidable aspect—still his approach is terrible to many, who reluctantly submit to his unyielding grasp! But why is it so? Is it because he has no respect to persons? Truly he has none—age and childhood; youth with flushing cheek, and expectation high; middle age with lion strength, and genius fired with emulation, are the daily subjects of his dread triumph! Wealth and fame are no obstacles to his approach; though man's possessions may extend from shore to shore—his hoards of wealth ap-

pear like massive mountains in human view; and his mental store-house overflow with erudition, he must relinquish all, and receive the pale visitant.

But why, we asked, does his approach bring terror; and why is the grasp submitted to with reluctance? It is not so much, that we are taken irrespective of circumstance and station, as, that there is fear: fear that he is not a messenger of peace to bear us to realms of bliss, but of vengeance to drag us down to regions of despair and anguish! Would that the fearful and unbelieving could contemplate with unprejudiced mind, the beauty and consistency of a love which casteth out fear, and a faith which maketh free. Then might the "king of terrors" haply be transformed into an angel of mercy.

Then might the "joyful anthem" rise,  
Hosannas echo from the skies:  
That love no sting in death shall leave,  
That faith no victory in the grave!

From the Western Luminary.

## MINUTES

Of the proceedings of the Genesee Association of Universalists for 1843.

The Council met according to adjournment, in the Universalist Meeting House, Aurora, Erie co., Wednesday morning, June 21st. Organized by choosing Br. J. S. Flagler, Moderator, and J. M. Day, Clerk. United in prayer with Br. S. R. Smith. Read the minutes of the last session.

The following named brethren appeared as delegates from their respective Societies: Wm. J. Ferris, Heman Olen, Perry; Moses Baker, A. C. Moore, Buffalo; J. Sprague, Jr., Alpheus Wait, Pavilion; Cyrus Pond, Alabama; S. Crane, Thomas Prentice, Aurora; Freeman Chapin, Stafford; Earl Kidder, Alexander; N. M. Jones, Wm. Andre, Boston; J. Hastings, Pembroke. The Alabama and Pembroke Societies, through their delegate, asked and received the fellowship of the Association.

Ministerial Delegates present—S. R. Smith, J. S. Flagler, S. A. Skeele, J. S. Brown, S. Remington, B. Hunt, J. Simpson, J. M. Day—8.

Ministers from other Associations—K. Townsend, N. Brown, W. J. Goss, J. M. Cook, G. S. Gowdy, S. Goff, E. W. Locke, J. Todd, A. B. Copeland—9.

The following resolutions were passed unanimously:

Resolved, That the respective Societies in this Association, be requested to report annually to this body its number of members, whether it owns a Church—what part of the time it has preaching—whether it has a Sunday School, and what number of pupils—together with such other information as may be deemed proper.

Whereas, The Rev. E. W. Locke, having for a season suspended his labors as a minister of the reconciliation, and whereas his present desires and views impel him again to devote himself to the work of the ministry, therefore

Resolved, That having full confidence in the moral integrity and ability of Br. Locke, we approve of his determination.

Committee on Fellowship and Ordination, reported no application. Accepted.

Voted that the Committee on Fellowship and Ordination, consisting of J. S. Flagler, D. Ackley, and N. Reynolds, be re-appointed to serve another year.

Brs. S. R. Smith, J. Sprague, Jr., and W. J. Ferris, were appointed a Committee on Discipline to serve the coming year. Council then took a recess.

Thursday morning—Met at the appointed hour, and joined in prayer with Br. Goff.

Committee on Discipline reported no regular complaint. Passed the following resolutions:

1. Whereas, We have heard with regret of the indisposition of Br. Ackley, which has prevented him from attending upon our deliberations, and whereas, Br. Ackley was appointed to deliver before this Association, at its present session, a dis-

course on the subject of Sabbath Schools, therefore

Resolved, That we deeply sympathise with Br. Ackley in his afflictions, and respectfully request that he publish his discourse in the Western Luminary.

2. Resolved, That this Association appoint three Conferences within its bounds during the current year, the first to be held in Boston on the fourth Wednesday in September. The second on the fourth Wednesday in January, in Buffalo. The third on the fourth Wednesday in February, in Alabama.

3. Resolved, That this Association recommend to the respective Societies within its limits, to take into consideration the propriety of asking the fellowship of the New York State Convention of Universalists for this body, and by their delegates report their decision at its next annual meeting. This resolution, after some debate, was passed with one dissenting vote. Immediately after its passage, Br. Flagler read the following paper, which was adopted by a unanimous vote of the Council.

Whereas, it is asserted that this Association has heretofore refused to unite itself with the New York State Convention of Universalists, for the reason that one of its ministers, Br. J. S. Flagler, is opposed thereto.

Be it therefore Resolved, by and with the consent of the said J. S. Flagler, That if it is the desire of the Association to be a member of said Convention, he, the said Flagler, hereby declares that he wishes himself exempt therefrom, and that he remain in fellowship with said Association as heretofore, and no further.

Resolved, That the above be expressly understood, that the said Flagler has no fellowship for, nor is he to be considered as being under the jurisdiction of said New York State Convention, or a United States Convention.

Voted that the Clerk prepare the minutes for publication in the Luminary, and request that the Magazine & Advocate publish the same.

Adjourned to meet in Morganville, town of Stafford, Gen. co., on the third Wednesday and Thursday of June, 1844.

J. S. FLAGLER, Moderator.

J. M. DAY, Clerk.

REMARKS.—The late session of our Association was the most interesting one I have ever attended. The congregation was very large, and the meeting must have been highly gratifying to our friends in Aurora. One year ago, there was but a handful of them—now they are a large society, and have a beautiful house of worship. The dedication of the house took place on Tuesday, an account of which will be furnished probably by Br. Hunt.—We think our cause is in a prosperous condition within the limits of our Association. Two new Societies were received into fellowship at the session just closed. Nine, of the eleven Societies belonging to the Association, were well represented. During the past year, two Churches have been organized, one at Alexander, and one at Perry.—Five, of the eleven Societies, sustain preaching the whole of the time. There are ten preachers belonging to the Association, one of whom, however, Br. Remington, expects to remove soon beyond its limits. We hope his place will be soon supplied. Since our last Session, one Meeting-house has been built, and another commenced (in Boston) to be completed in August. The condition of our cause, then, within the limits of the Genesee Association, is prosperous. In view of the past, we have reason to thank God and take courage. We hope to see all our ministers at Morganville next year, and have a Council composed of delegates from every existing Society, and a good many new ones. It is highly important that there be a full representation.

J. M. DAY, Clerk of the Council.

D. ACKLEY, Standing Clerk.

Our conversation should be such as to afford youth improvement, women modesty, the aged respect, and all men civility.



From the Western Luminary.

## MINUTES

*Of the Proceedings of the Allegany Association of Universalists, June, 1843.*

This body held its annual Session on the 28th and 29th days of June, at Yorkshire. The Council organised by appointing Br. S. Adams, Moderator, and B. Hunt, Clerk of the Council. United in prayer with Br. N. Stacy, when the Council was opened for business.

Credentials of Delegates were received, and the following lay delegates were found present, with the statistics of the prosperity of the cause in their several Societies. Independence: Augustus Beach, Reuben Kent—69 members in their Society—cause prosperous—preaching all the time by Br. George. Portage: Elisha D. Moses, Marvin Wood—Church and Society numbers not stated—cause prosperous—preaching all the time by Br. Kelsey. Hume: A. Adams, R. Istead—Society, 54 members—Church, 38—preaching all the time by Br. I. B. Sharp. Yorkshire: S. R. Crittenden, B. Wood. Heard the report of the Committee of Discipline, no cause of complaint. Reported that we have not heard from Br. Babcock, and consequently the charges against him have not been officially presented before him.—Committee discharged. When A. Kelsey, L. Graves and S. R. Crittenden were chosen as a Committee of Discipline for the year ensuing.

Br. Kelsey moved that Br. Babcock's case be examined into and investigated. Carried.

Resolved, That each Society in the bounds of this Association take up a collection on the first Sabbath in January next, and immediately thereafter forward the same to the Standing Clerk of this Association to be appropriated to the purpose of defraying the expenses of the delegates chosen to represent this body at the annual meeting of the New York State Convention.

Voted that Brs. D. Lee and I. B. Sharp, act as advocates for Br. Babcock, and that we enter into an investigation of this subject immediately after the preaching of the day.

Voted Brs. Kelsey and Sharp, ministerial, and L. Graves and — Cummings, as lay delegates to State Convention.

The Committee of Fellowship and Ordination reported—no business had come before them—report received, and they were discharged. When Brs. J. Todd, S. R. Crittenden and L. Graves, were appointed the Committee on Fellowship and Ordination.

The Society at Independence requested that Br. George receive ordination—referred to Committee.

Br. Babcock's case was now brought before the Council for investigation—the Committee of Discipline as prosecutors, and Br. Babcock's advocates on the defence. After the witnesses were examined, and the case submitted to the Council, the following preamble and resolution were presented and adopted:

Whereas, a complaint has been referred to this Council through the medium of their Committee of Discipline, against the Rev. Judah Babcock, containing four specifications of charges of immoral and unchristian conduct, either of which, if true, should disqualify him from holding our testimonials of fellowship as a preacher of the Gospel—and whereas, three of the specifications have been amply sustained by competent witnesses, therefore

Resolved, That the Rev. Judah Babcock be suspended from the fellowship of this Association until its next annual session, and that the Committee of Discipline be instructed to furnish Br. Babcock a statement of the proceeding of this Council in this case, if within the compass of their ability, and invite him and urge him by every consideration, then, and there, to appear, and vindicate his character, if he be innocent, and heal the wound under which the cause of divine truth is now suffering in this section of the Redeemer's vineyard, on his account.

Committee on Ordination reported in favor of conferring ordination on Br. George. Adopted.

Voted, that when this Association adjourn, it adjourn to meet at Cuba, Allegany county, the fourth Wednesday and following Thursday in June, 1844.

Voted, that the Standing Clerk shall have power to appoint such Conferences as he may deem proper during the coming year in this Association.

Voted, that the Clerk of the Council prepare the minutes of this Association, to be published in the "Luminary" and "Gospel Advocate," and that they be copied in all our Western periodicals.

Voted, that Br. Gowdy be appointed to preach the next occasional sermon before this body.—When the Council adjourned.

REMARKS.—There were ten preachers present, A. Kelsey, B. Hunt, I. B. Sharp, N. Brown, S. Adams, J. Todd, G. S. Gowdy, L. Paine, N. Stacy, I. George. Four sermons were preached—added to this, the usual addresses. Although we had frequent showers of rain, and held the meeting in a barn, yet the congregation was large, and the best attention was paid to the preached word. At 6 o'clock, on Wednesday, we had an excellent praise meeting, in which our lay brethren and sisters took part, and there the spirit and power of the gospel were felt. On Thursday in the afternoon, Br. George was ordained. Sermon by Br. N. Stacy. Ordination Prayer and laying on of hands by Br. S. Adams. Charge and delivery of the Scriptures by Br. Sharp. Right hand of fellowship by Br. Gowdy. We have reason to believe that many hearts were made to rejoice during this meeting, and we hope that all our friends, who were there, will carry to their homes the holy precepts which they there heard proclaimed from the desk, that it may influence and purify their lives, that they may walk in newness of life, conformed to the spirit of Christ.

B. HUNT, Clerk of the Council.

## THE LORD'S PRAYER.

In the consideration of this prayer we may remark, that as to its character:

It is *divine*. How excellent must be the petition which the king himself has drawn up! It must certainly meet with acceptance from its author.

It is *comprehensive*. There cannot be mentioned a petition necessary for man, not included in these, Thy kingdom come,—Thy will be done,—Give us this day our daily bread,—Forgive us our trespasses,—Lead us not into temptation,—Deliver us from evil.

It is *sublime*. This character of grandeur appears

1. In its *design*. What is more ennobling than prayers? The loftiest place on earth is the footstool of Jehovah. The grandest posture is prostration before his throne.

2. In its *language*. The simple grandeur which struck Longinus in, "Let there be light, and there was light," breathes in every sentence of this prayer. Here are no swelling words of man's wisdom, here is nothing redundant; nothing deficient. It is the language of sublime devotion, chastened by filial awe.

3. In its *conceptions*. In vain look we for sublimity, where these are poor. But what vastness have we here! God,—the kingdom of God,—angelic obedience,—earth,—the will of God, the only law of its one thousand millions of living men; evil implying all that men can suffer, or dread; deliverance from evil; the power, the glory, the eternity of God! Was ever so much comprehended before, or since, in so few words?

Secondly, consider the *spirit* of the Lord's Prayer.

It breathes a *filial* spirit—"Father."

A *catholic* spirit—"Our Father."

A *reverential* spirit—"Hallowed be thy Name."

A *missionary* spirit—"Thy kingdom come."

An *obedient* spirit—"Thy will be done, on Earth."

A *dependant* spirit—"Give us this day our daily bread."

A *forgiving* spirit—"And forgive our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

A *cautious* spirit—"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

A *confidential* and *adoring* spirit—"For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen."

## BUILDING ON THE SAND.

"And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell; and great was the fall of it."—Mat. vii: 26, 27.

The fishermen of Bengal build their huts in the dry season, on the beds of sand from which the river has retired. When the rains set in, which they often do very suddenly, accompanied with violent northwest winds, the water pours down in torrents from the mountains. In one night, multitudes of these huts are frequently swept away, and the place where they stood is the next morning undiscernable. A traveller states,

"It so happened that we were to witness one of the greatest calamities that have occurred in Egypt, in the recollection of any one living. The Nile rose this season three feet and a half above the highest mark left by the former inundation, with uncommon rapidity, and carried off several villages, and some hundred of their inhabitants. I never saw any picture that could give a more correct idea of the deluge, than the valley of the Nile in this season. The Arabs had expected an extraordinary inundation this year, in consequence of the scarcity of water the preceding year: but they did not apprehend it would rise to such a height. They generally erect fences of earth and reeds round their villages, to keep the water from their houses; but the force of this inundation baffled all their efforts. Their cottages being built of earth, could not stand one instant against the current; and no sooner did the waves reach them, then it levelled them with the ground. The rapid stream carried off all that was before it; men, women, children, cattle, corn; every thing was washed away in an instant, and left the place where the village stood without any thing to indicate that there had ever been a house on the spot."—*Weekly Visitor*.

## THE UNITED STATES CONVENTION.

We take the following from the Star in the West

"Our friends here are looking forward to the annual session of the Convention in this place, with high expectations. We trust it will be one of the greatest and best meetings for religious purposes, ever held in the goodly State of Ohio—a joyous jubilee, where the captives will be set at liberty—a festival of Zion, where every wanting soul shall be refreshed by the dews and manna of heaven, acceptable as that which descended in the wilderness, and conformed itself to every palate. Such are the facilities of arriving here by land and water, from every point of the compass, that we anticipate a great gathering of the believers and friends of our cause. The society in Akron will be ready, with joyful hearts and liberal hands, to bid all a hearty welcome to their hospitable boards. Every arrangement will be made in their power, to render the stay of our friends from abroad, comfortable and pleasant. We hope to see a goodly number of our ministering brethren from the New England States and from the State of New York. The interesting tour by the Falls and up the Lake—a desire to witness the enterprise and improvements of the West—and a wish to learn the condition and prospects of our cause here, we trust will induce many to come on. A boat will be in the City of Cleveland from this place on Monday evening preceding the Convention for the purpose of conveying to Akron the preachers and friends who come up the lake. Arrangements will also be made on the part of the Universalist Society in Cleveland for the reception of our Eastern friends on their arrival there—which arrangements will be hereafter announced. Come on then brethren, one and all. May the North give up and the South keep not back—bring your sons from the West and your daughters from the East—and may we have an



anniversary which shall long be cherished in grateful and pleasing remembrance by every lover of Zion.  
N. DOOLITTLE.

## MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Rens. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry.

UTICA, FRIDAY, JULY 21, 1843.

### THE EARTHLY AND HEAVENLY FATHER.

The term "father" awakens in nearly every bosom the same feelings of filial affection, gratitude, and respect. It carries us to the home of our childhood, and brings vividly before the mind the venerable form, as it was last beheld—the head slightly sprinkled with the frosts of age, the wrinkled forehead, the beaming eye, the step that has lost its elasticity, if not its vigor, the frame slightly inclining to the stoop of age—all are again before the mental vision, so distinct and life-like that the heart leaps up yearning to embrace that loved form once more. We are carried back to the days of extreme youth, when almost constant indulgence rendered us impatient of occasional restraint, and led us to repine and murmur at parental prohibitions intended only for our good, as if they were selfish schemes devised for another's aggrandisement at the ruin of our dearest happiness. And, brightly relieving that dark picture is seen many a bright and sunny spot of unalloyed enjoyment, furnished to us most cheerfully by hours of toil and care by that lately exacting father. But, as we advanced in life, and learned truth and wisdom by experience, how changed became our views of the paternal government! We learned the love a father bore us, and saw that love alone dictated every law of his lips, whether it was a law imparting or withholding what we called enjoyment.

True, in the waywardness and self-sufficiency of our youthful hearts, we often thought our parents erred in the choice of means; and sometimes, perhaps, we even dared to distrust his choice of an end; but our confidence in his affection for us, overbalanced our distrust of his wisdom, and we were fain to submit. We advanced further in life, and entering on the busy stage as one of the actors thereon who had his own part to play, we learned to appreciate the labors, cares, anxieties and expenditures our guidance and control and support had cost—but still we did not know their number nor their greatness. We readily learned, also, on putting our own wisdom to the test, in plans for future life, that the wisdom of the aged is not easily excelled by the crude theories of youth.

And when we became a father in turn, and found developed within us the dormant affections and cares pertaining to that station, we were then, only—and even then, not yet *in full*—prepared to sit in judgment on a father's government. But even now, looking back on the past, amid all the dissatisfaction felt at times at a father's law when it crossed my path with a barrier I did not dare leap over—or when it administered to me the deserved rebuke, the stern warning, or the more kindly admonition, but all in opposition to my meditated pleasure—amid all these unwelcome checks, I still find confidence in a father's goodness causing me to bow in reverence even where his wisdom was not fully credited. I knew that that father's care was for his family—that neither toil, nor thought, nor heart-wearying care would be spared by him to provide food, and raiment, and shelter for the body—amusement and instruction for the mind, and to imbue the soul with pure principles of righteousness, and a manly resolve, a firm resolution to stem evil or stand by good in all their course through life. And oh, by what deeds was that confidence proved to be well-placed!

That father's rule of action, was the law of kindness, aided by all the powers of reason he possessed. We knew well, when temptation wooed to do things contrary to his will, that no corporeal suffering would follow the daring deed—but there was that in being obliged to hear the remonstrance of affection, to see the eye of compas-

sion bent upon our guilty countenances, and to converse upon the now hated act, and to give its history, with all its details and the silly senseless reasons, as they were called, that led us to, and in, and through the course of evil-doing—there was that in all these, that would have rendered the blows of the rod unfelt—yea, even a pleasure in the comparison. We knew that whatever might be our conduct, we were sure of retaining his love—we might trample upon that heart, but its stores of affection would but gush out more warmly and abundantly to bless us—we might draw from it remonstrances and rebukes and solicitations, but could not tire it into feeling indifference and least of all hatred—and that knowledge—you may speak of its licentious tendency as you will, and tell of the necessity of torturing fear of losing a father's favor and love—that knowledge was most efficacious of all motives to restrain from sin, or to lead us to repentance when it was committed.

And when the chastisement we had merited, came upon us—however grievous it might be—however we might deem it severer than was necessary—it was submitted to, and the inflictor of it was revered for the motives which we knew actuated him in inflicting it.—And thus we were led to the fulfilment of the declaration—"We have had fathers of our flesh who chastened us after their own pleasure, and we gave them reverence"—reverence, if not for its wisdom, at least for the love which we knew led them to inflict it at an expense of pain to their own hearts far greater, many times, than it gave to us—reverence, if not from a consciousness of our deserving of it, at least for the oftentimes undeserved goodness that had so constantly preceded its infliction. And now, in looking back, and beholding all our fathers have toiled, and suffered, and cared for us—beholding the wisdom and anxious thoughts they exercised in planning for our welfare and advancement in life—in beholding the strong love that led them faithfully to chastise our perversity and frowardness and heedlessness; though in doing so they were more pained than we were—in beholding how unweariedly they forgave our thoughtlessness and folly—how unceasingly they loved us in despite of our frequent disobedience and ingratitude—is there a heart that does not swell with emotions unutterable, and that does not feel to its inmost depths a thrill of gratitude and reverence for their memories? Well—"We have had earthly fathers who corrected us, and we gave them reverence: shall we not, then, much rather be in subjection to the Father of spirits and live?"

A. B. G.

### I. O. OF O. F.

When we used these initials to announce the lecture of Br. E. H. Chapin, in this city, last month, we had no intention of tantalizing the curiosity of our readers.—We used a term well understood here, forgetting that hundreds of our readers would not think of its meaning; and now we are requested by several of our readers to answer the curiosity we have innocently awakened.—Our paper is not devoted to such subjects, but we suppose our friends have some claim upon us to answer their questions on this subject.

Be it known, then, that "I. O. of O. F." means the "Independent Order of Odd Fellows." This Independent Order of Odd Fellows had its origin as at present constituted, a number of years ago, in England, and was started in this country only about 25 years ago. It is a mutual aid, or beneficial, association on a large scale—divided into Lodges, subordinate to State Lodges, and these into a U. S. Lodge in this country—the members of which are to be chosen only for their good moral character, and social standing, and good health. These pay an initiation fee, say \$5.00—a weekly due, say 6 cents—a quarterly contribution of 25 cents, to constitute the Widow and Orphan's Fund—and such other sums, from time to time, as may be agreed on, or necessary, to carry on the institution. The motto of the order, "Friendship, Love and Truth," discloses its principles. Its objects are, to secure aid and assistance for each other and their families—and hence each one is bound to seek out the stranger, to relieve the needy, to succor the dis-

tressed, to visit the widow, and to clothe and educate the orphan, as far as lies in his power to do, without injury to himself and family. If an Odd Fellow is travelling, he finds among his brethren aid and relief—if a stranger, they assist him to get into business—if sick, two are deputed each night to watch with him, and a stipulated sum (say four dollars, to make the proportion agree with the sums named above) is paid him each week as his rightful due—if he needs more, a donation is voted, or a collection is taken up, each week, to supply it—if he dies, \$30 are appropriated to pay his funeral expenses, (and half that sum if his wife dies,) and his brethren attend his funeral—at his death, his widow is cared for and placed in a situation above want and temptation, so that she may provide honestly for her family; and his orphans, if necessary, are clothed and educated until old enough to be placed at a trade or profession, and watched over until that apprenticeship is ended.

The mode of initiation is secret—but the obligation is a simple pledge of honor, and is declared not to interfere with any duty man owes to God, to mankind, to his country, to his family or himself. A strict regard for morality, and general benevolence, and propriety of life, is inculcated; and no refreshment except cold water is allowed at any of their meetings. To prevent imposition, they have, besides sundry signs and tokens by which they may recognize each other, carefully framed certificates which show the standing of the members at home. And to prevent injury, their investigations of the characters of applicants, the condition and standing of their own members, and their general pecuniary transactions, are carefully preserved secret from the public, as well as their form of initiation, the meaning and use of their emblems, and their signs by which they recognize each other—for these could serve no public use beyond the mere gratification of an idle curiosity; and their revelation would at once frustrate the benevolent intentions of the order, and break up the universality of its mutual aid operations. Its principles and objects—its Constitutions and By-laws are published, and freely disclosed; but those private affairs which are connected with the money matters of the society, the condition of its members, the characters of applicants, and its mere forms and ceremonies, emblems, and passwords, and signs, belong only to its members.

Thus have I endeavored briefly, but plainly, to answer on the most important points the questions proposed to us. In regard to the extent of the order, there were in the United States, last August, about 270 subordinate Lodges, having about 24,000 members, of which number 7,755 had been admitted within the year; so that the present increase is rapid. These lodges had paid for the relief of brothers, \$30,596; for the relief of widowed families of brothers, \$3,876; for the education of orphans, \$831; and for burying the dead, \$4,463.

Religious disputes and political topics are strictly excluded from all their meetings; and the only religious test, is a belief in God. "In God we trust," is one of their principal mottoes—and reverence of him, one of their chief inculcations, while the Golden Rule of Jesus is strongly insisted upon in their charges and lectures.

A. B. G.

### RELIGIOUS NEWS.

REMOVALS.—Br. A. Wood has removed from Antwerp to Gouverneur—Br. J. Chase from Rochester to Middleport—and Br. C. Hammond from Royakton to Rochester, to take Br. Chase's place as pastor of the society in that city, and Agent for the proprietors of the Western Luminary. Br. R. Thornton from Carroll, in this State, to Ann Arbor, Mich.

NEW PREACHERS.—Br. F. M. Alvord, of Carroll, Chautauque county, in this state, is named in the Primitive Expounder, of Mich., as a new preacher of much promise. Br. J. J. Austin, of Oxford, has also commenced his labors as a preacher of the Gospel. He is a young man of fine talents and excellent moral character.

We have a lot of additions to make to these items as soon as we can find time to hunt them up in our exchange papers.

A. B. G.



**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—Br. P. H. S., of Oswego—Your letter of the 13th ult., was duly received. I do not deem it advisable to publish an article against an individual who can be better reached by regular complaint, if needed. The article complained of, named neither persons nor places, and was not understood to be any thing except *general* in its remarks.

The defence of the late Committee of discipline of the St. Lawrence Association, in correction of some alleged misstatements of the Black river Association will be published next week.

Br. Lee—our only safe conveyances are the Expresses. All others, except the Mail, are uncertain and irregular.

I have had no time to answer letters for some weeks past. The late and imperfect returns for the Register have delayed me much in preparing that work, that I must drive it through as fast as I can, leaving other matters to take care of themselves for a short time.

I shall send proof sheets of the Register for 1844, with a copy of the work for 1843, to a number of the brethren for their correction, within a few days.—I hope they will make the corrections and additions with great care, and return the proof sheets immediately. If they write any thing but mere corrections, etc., I will have to pay *additional* postage on each sheet, or subject them to a fine of five dollars for each offence. I have pretty full and accurate returns for most of the Western states, the proofs for which will be sent out late, perhaps too late to be returned in time. Those who receive them will therefore make haste.

A. B. G.

**"THE PRIMITIVE EXPOUNDER."**—This new laborer has commenced its work in the West. The second number is now before us, containing much interesting matter. It is published every other Saturday, in Ann Arbor, Mich., at one dollar per annum, payable within three months. Brs. J. Billings and R. Thornton, (late of this State,) resident Editors; and A. H. Curtis and C. P. West, Corresponding Editors. It is published in 8vo form—16 pp. each number, and will be found well worth its cost to all who take and pay for it.

A. B. G.

From the Christian Messenger.

### THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CAUSE.

We gladly give place to the following Circular Letter from the Corresponding Secretary of the New York Sabbath School Association, and ask Br. Grosh and Br. Hammond to transfer it to the columns of the Magazine and Advocate, and the Western Luminary, which we have not the least doubt they will cheerfully do.

It would doubtless be best, as far as possible, to communicate the desired information directly to the respective paper offices—to Br. Hammond, of the Luminary, Rochester; Br. Grosh, of the Magazine and Advocate, Utica, and to this office—in the shape of concise communications, and we could then publish them, as the best method of placing them in the hand of the Secretary. We are sure there will be interest enough in the subject, with general readers, to tolerate this detached publication of them, as different sections are reported to the different offices, and then a General Abstract of the whole, from the Secretary's hand.

It is certain that there is a rapidly growing interest in the Sunday School cause, in our state, and we most devoutly hope that no one appreciating its importance in the least, will relax his exertions at this time, to make this interest as universal as possible.

The desired information can be given in most cases while persons are communicating with the respective offices, on other business. If postage must be incurred, let it be paid by the respective Schools, for it will be nothing to them separately, and in the aggregate would be too heavy a tax on the Secretary, from his individual pocket.

### CIRCULAR LETTER

To the Superintendents of Universalist Sabbath Schools within the limits of the State of New York.

Brethren: On reference to the Minutes of the An-

nual Meeting of the Sabbath School Association recently held, I find no reports of the condition of your schools, as required by Article V, of the said Association. Those presented at the Convention in August of last year, were imperfect; and meagre as they were, purported to be the statistics of but *nine* schools. Now it is desirable to obtain, if possible, complete and uniform accounts of the condition of our Sunday Schools, that we may ascertain our strength, afford data to show in the future what progress we may make, and discover what exertions may be necessary to further the interests of the cause. And I have presumed to make this request: that you forward to me, as soon as your convenience will possibly allow, in the mode pointed out below, the statistics of your respective schools, embracing the following particulars:

1. The date of the formation of the school.
2. The number of scholars on the register on the 1st of June, after erasing the names of all such as had ceased to attend, and distinguishing between boys and girls.
3. The number of teachers, distinguishing between male and female, and including superintendents, librarians, and other officers.
4. The average attendance of scholars, distinguishing between boys and girls, for six months previous to the 1st of June.
5. The average attendance of teachers, distinguishing between male and female, for the same period.
6. The number of volumes in the Library.
7. The number of readers on the Librarian's books.
8. A list of the books used as text-books.
9. The times at which sessions held.
10. Any information in regard to discipline, modes of conducting schools, &c., &c., which it may be deemed advisable to present.

These reports may be forwarded, free of expense, (as can easily be accomplished), to either of the following persons, with whom I will advise as to the mode of transmission to me: Rev. S. R. Smith, Buffalo; Rev. C. Hammond, Rochester; Rev. G. W. Montgomery, Auburn; Rev. A. B. Grosh, Utica; Rev. S. B. Brittan, Albany; Rev. C. C. Burr, Troy; and P. Price, New York.

Brethren: I trust you will not overlook this matter. On the receipt of the reports I will arrange them into form, and have them published in our papers. I have no doubt that they will, if complete, form a very interesting document. Do not fail to attend to it.

Yours in the bonds of faith,

G. L. DEMAREST,  
Corresponding Secretary. N. Y. U. S. S. Association.

Br. Tompkins—Send Repository, one copy each, to Mrs. A. Rappleye, and Mrs. M. G. Almy, Farmer, Seneca Co., N. Y., and one copy to Miss Seraph Oliver, South Dansville, Steuben Co., N. Y. Credit each \$2.00 and charge us.

### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching on the fourth Sunday in July by Br. SKINNER at Little Falls and Br. P. HATHAWAY at Mohawk—Br. H. SOULE in Vernon—Br. GROSH in this city—Br. W. H. GRISWOLD in Clinton.

There will be preaching on the fifth Sunday inst., by Br. WOOLLEY at Ford's Bush in the forenoon, and Southville at 2 P. M.; and by Br. ANDERSON in Cedarville—Br. SKINNER in Syracuse and Br. GROSH at German Flats.

There will be preaching on the first Sunday in August, by Br. BARRY in Bridgewater, and Br. WOOLLEY in Fort Plain.

The second Conference of the Central Association will be held at Hamilton Center, on the last Wednesday and Thursday (the 30th and 31st) of August. The usual invitation to attend is cordially extended to all. By order of Committee on Conferences,  
H. B. SOULE.

The First Conference of the St. Lawrence Association will be held at Nicolville, the last Wednesday and Thursday, 26th and 27th, of the present month.

Ordination will be conferred on Br. S. W. Squire on this occasion. A full attendance of the ministering brethren is particularly requested.

W. H. WAGGONER, Standing Clerk.

### MARRIAGES.

In Poughkeepsie, June 5th, by Rev. A. R. Bartlett, Mr. J. FREEMAN MOORE of Clinton Corners, to Miss HANNAH M. LAPHAM, daughter of Dr. Thomas Lapham, of Poughkeepsie.

In Minden, Montgomery Co., July 6th, by Rev. W. G. Anderson, Mr. JOSEPH MOYER, to Miss MARIA MILLER, all of that town.

In Russell, July 2d, by Rev. Amassa M. Worden, Mr. HARTSON THOMAS, to Miss MARY WORDEN, both of the place.

In Deerfield, on the 13th inst., by Rev. D. Skinner, Mr. HIRAM DODGE, to Miss SABRINA PHILIPS, both of Frankfort.

### DEATHS.

In the town of New Hartford, on the 8th inst., of influenza, Mrs. ELIZABETH, wife of Jeremiah Powell, aged 84 years. Her funeral was attended on the 10th, and a discourse founded on 2 Cor. v: 1, was given by H. B. SOULE.

In Canton, June 27th, after a protracted and painful illness of from three to four weeks, Br. ALVIN C. LOW, the County Clerk of St. Lawrence Co., in the 43d year of his age; leaving a most worthy and amiable companion and five young children, to mourn their great and irreparable loss. Br. Low was one of our most respected citizens, and a most excellent and generous member of the Universalist society in Canton, and we deeply sorrow that we shall see his face no more.

The Hon. Silas Wright, who furnished his obituary notice for our county paper, says of Br. Low, "that he has been four times elected to the same office by the voluntary suffrages of the freemen of the county, that he has served three full official terms of three years each, and that his election for the fourth was by a stronger vote than he had ever before received."

"In constant devotion to the duties of his office, and a prompt and accurate discharge of them, no word of complaint has been heard against Mr. Low. All who have transacted business at the Clerk's office, every Judge who has held a seat upon the bench of our Common Pleas Court every Circuit Judge who has held our Circuit Court, and every member of the bar of our own county, and of the adjoining counties, whose practice has led them to attend our courts, will cheerfully give evidence as to the kind deportment, the untiring faithfulness of our Clerk, and the neat and orderly and accurate manner in which every official duty was discharged."

"The funeral of Mr. Low was unostentatious, but most gratifying to us, as it must have been to his numerous mourning relatives. The long line of worthy citizens of Canton, who so cheerfully presented themselves to bear in their arms and upon their shoulders, the remains of their cherished friend to the last resting place, and the almost equally long line of ladies of the village and surrounding country, who followed in the slow and solemn procession, presented the richest tribute to departed worth, and tried and approved virtue; and when enclosed within these extended lines of friends, we noticed several of the Judges and ex-Judges of our county courts, several of our ex-Sheriffs with their deputies, and those of the present Sheriff, quite a number of the members of the Bar of the county, many of whom, as well as several of the Judges had come from the remotest parts of the county to pay this last tribute of respect to our lamented Clerk, and this line closed by the present deputy Clerk and his assistants, the whole moving in silence, and solemnity, and order, under the direction of our present Sheriff—we confess that the impression was deeply made upon our mind and feelings, that no amount of parade and pomp could have offered so appropriate a funeral to so worthy a man, and so universally lamented a public officer."

The services of the funeral above alluded to, were held in the Universalist church in Canton, at 5 o'clock, P. M. on Thursday, June 29th, where the writer delivered a discourse to that very large and solemn audience, assisted in the services by Brs. Jones, Abbott and Potter.

W. H. WAGGONER.

May 10th, at the residence of Linus B. Steel, Putnam co., Ills., STEPHEN E. TUCKER, aged 32 years. He was a native of the State of N. Y., and a stranger in this country.—For a year or two past his health has been poor.

### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P M, Ledyard, for B C—P M, Corfu, for S C—P M, Cohocton, for P H, L S, J L, J P and D P—P M, Parkman, (O.) for S S.



From the Star of Bethlehem.

### THE RESPONSE.

O Youth! if thou wilt consult Reason and Experience, and wilt lend the listening ear and the understanding heart, thou shalt hear and be profited by the following:

Bird in the water and fish in the air,  
And earth-worm in either, will die  
And Nature, if right our minds we prepare,  
Analogous truth will supply.

Bird to the air, and fish to the sea,  
And worm to the earth, shall ever be:—  
Knowest thou what is appointed for thee?

Not in air foul and dank,  
Where poison-plants grow rank,  
And the hiss of the serpent is nigh,  
Shall thy body be stout and strong,—  
Nor can the breathing soul live long.  
In what is prefigured thereby.

Understanding what thou redest,  
See that thou the lesson heedest.

The atmosphere only of holiness can  
Give vigor and life to the soul of man;  
And he who is sinful, inhaled the breath  
Exhaled from the lungs of the Angel of Death.

A. C. T.

### THE HARD NAME.

"Well, it is certainly very mysterious!" said Mrs. Smith.

"Very mysterious, indeed!" said Mrs. Brown.

"Altogether beyond my comprehension!" said Miss Willowbough.

"Mysterious! do tell me all about it!" said Mrs. Jones, who had just entered the room, and heard enough of the conversation to convince her that scandal was its subject; as, indeed, she might have known had she not been deaf—for what other subject had been started at Mrs. Smith's for a twelve month?

"Have you heard nothing of the mysterious stranger?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Nothing."

"Who has been here ever since the day before yesterday morning?" added Mrs. Smith.

"Not a word! how remarkable!"

"And whose name no one can discover!" continued Miss Willowbough.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones. "But what is the *peculiar* mystery about him?"

"A great deal, I assure you," answered Mrs. Smith.

"In the first place, he—wears a black coat and drab pantaloons—and then, again, he—he—indeed his whole appearance has an air of very peculiar mystery."

"Bless me! what are we all coming to! But is there no way to find out who he is?"

"I expect Miss Vinegar here every moment," said Mrs. Smith, "and if any one knows any thing about him, she does."

"What, the old maid! Oh, I detest her!" said Mrs. Jones, "she is so terribly inquisitive. I never could bear any one who is eternally prying into the affairs of their neighbors. Then you can't find out even his name. I would give any thing to know. But here comes Miss Vinegar, perhaps she can tell us."

Miss Vinegar poked her sallow visage into the room. She looked the very incarnation of scandal, and well she might, for it had been her daily food for more than thirty years. Miss Vinegar was not of a certain, but of a very uncertain age, varying from twenty five to forty, according as you took her assurance, or the family Bible for your guide; and the whole of that time she had passed in the laudable occupation of investigating and regulating the affairs of her neighbors. She had a general oversight of the whole village. She knew every thing that ever happened, and was positive of a great many things which never did happen. Like the glorious sun, she shone on all alike. None so elevated as to be above the reach of her tongue; none so low as to escape the vigilance of her condescending scrutiny. But, alas! most distinguished powers are sometimes compelled to remain inactive from the want of proper objects for their exertion. Such seemed to be the inevitable fate of Miss Vinegar. Possessed of every facility and blessed with every inclination for the manufacture of scandal, she

was alarmingly deficient in the raw material. She had worked up every character within her reach. With the intuition of genius, she had seized upon every incident susceptible of expansion, and had stretched it to its utmost extent. She had done every thing that could have been done; but, alas! who can make bricks without straw? Her best exertions met with no encouragement. Nothing would happen out of the regular course of events. Every body went to church on Sundays. Nobody was getting married, or liked to be, poor woman; she felt sure of that. In fact there was nothing worthy the attention of Miss Vinegar, and people began to fear that, for want of any other, she would attack her own character. Never did any thing occur in better time than the appearance of the mysterious stranger.

Miss Vinegar's researches had not been attended with that success which usually rewards persevering industry.

"The landlady knows nothing about him," she said, as she entered, "I have ascertained that he rises at eight—and drinks two cups of coffee without cream."

"Without cream!" echoed Mrs. Jones.

"Yes, without cream. I was very particular in my inquiries and the information may be relied upon."

"Very singular, indeed! Now I think cream is all the beauty of coffee."

"I should not at all be surprised," said Miss Vinegar, "if he should prove to be the bank robber, whom we saw advertised."

"But he is a dark man, with black hair," said Miss Willowbough, "and the stranger has a very light complexion."

"Nothing easier than to alter the complexion, as you must know, Miss Willowbough;" retorted Miss Vinegar. Miss Willowbough enjoyed the reputation of improving her complexion with pearl powder, but she blushed through it all, and continued, "but the robber is a large man, and the stranger is tall and slim."

"Nothing easier than reducing the size of the waist," answered Miss Vinegar, sharply, and glancing at Miss Willowbough's hour-glass form.

Really the conversation was becoming quite personal. So at least thought Miss Willowbough, as she answered.

"But there is one thing he could not alter. He is evidently not more than twenty-five years old, while the advertisement describes the robber as over forty; and, your own experience, Miss Vinegar, must have convinced you of the impossibility of any one's appearing twenty years younger than he really is."

Miss Vinegar began to mutter about "some people," and "some other people," but was interrupted by an exclamation from Mrs. Smith, which drew all eyes to the window.

"There he goes, as I live!"

"See," observed Mrs. Jones, as the mysterious stranger took a long step to avoid a muddy spot, "see how mysteriously he lifts his foot."

Poor man, he little knew the interest he was exciting in the kind souls who were watching him.

"I wonder if he is married!" said Miss Willowbough.

"If he is not," said Miss Vinegar, "he will not probably fancy a piece of paint and whalebone."

"Nor a woman old enough to be his grandmother," retorted Miss Willowbough.

"There, did you see Mr. White? He bowed to the stranger, so he must know him. I will knock on the window, and beckon for him to come in. I will inquire concerning his daughter—she is in delicate health, you know. Indeed, I have some preserves for her. A capital excuse, is it not?"

Mr. White was the only person in the village who had ever been known to keep a secret, consequently his popularity with the ladies was below zero. He was a complete anomaly. He could enjoy a cup of tea, although not sweetened with scandal; and, really, it never seemed to destroy his appetite for his own dinner, because he could not tell what constituted that of his next door neighbors.

"Oh, why did you beckon to that man? I never could bear him," said Miss Vinegar.

"We have no other means of ascertaining any thing

about the stranger," answered Mrs. Smith. "But what objection have you to Mr. White?"

"Because he is so very impertinent. Would you believe it—no longer ago than last Monday, I saw him go home with a covered market basket—strange, that people will use such things—I sent Betty over to see what he was going to have for dinner—the most natural thing in the world, you know—and what do you think he said? He told her he should dine on scandal, and, were it not so very common a dish, he would invite her mistress to dinner. So impertinent! and to a lady, too! I can't bear him. Betty found out, though. He had a salmon. It could not have cost him less than three or four dollars—say three dollars and fifty cents."

The amiable Miss Vinegar was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. White, himself. Mrs. Smith was very kind in her inquiries about Miss White's health. Miss Vinegar apologized for the impertinence of her maid, who, she declared, went off without her knowledge, and had grown so very inquisitive, that she expected to be compelled to dismiss her.

"What gentleman were you speaking to, just now?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"O, he, he—was a stranger."

"Well, what is his name?" was the enger question, as they all pressed around him. But none of them observed the mischievous smile that played upon his lips, as he answered, with assumed hesitancy, "I really do not know—as I ought to—in fact, I do not exactly recollect his name."

"Oh! but you must tell us; it shall go no farther; I assure you."

"I should like to tell you; but, really, there are some peculiar circumstances; which—"

"But you certainly would not hesitate to inform us," said Mrs. Smith. "I have not the least curiosity in the world, but I merely—wish to know, that's all."

"He has a very hard name," said Mr. White.

"Hard name,—what is it—Stone?"

"Oh! no—Harder."

"Harder than stone? then it is Iron, I suppose."

"No,—harder yet."

"Harder than iron? impossible—Adamant?"

"Harder still."

"Harder than Adamant! I can not imagine what it is."

"I do not feel at liberty to tell you; but, if you can guess, I shall not be responsible. So good morning, ladies!" and in spite of all their entreaties, Mr. White fairly made his escape.

"What can it be," said Mrs. Smith; "harder than Adamant?"

"I have it," said Mrs. Brown—"Heart."

"You do not mean, pray, that the heart is harder than adamant?" said Miss Willowbough with a sigh.

"I speak in a spiritual sense," said Mrs. Brown; "the heart is by nature totally depraved, and until—"

"I wonder if it is not Pharaoh," interrupted Miss Vinegar. Many other names were proposed and rejected. At last they arrived at the conclusion, that his name must be Diamond; and with this opinion, the ladies separated.

Again the ladies were in conclave, at the house of Mr. Smith. Again Mr. Diamond—so they had named the stranger—passed the window; and again, all eyes were directed towards him.

"There! he has dropped a letter in the street," said Miss Vinegar. "Send some one for it, while I keep watch."

Mrs. Smith's maid was immediately despatched for the important document, while Miss Vinegar stood sentinel at the window, lest some more fortunate individual should secure the prize. But her caution was needless; the maid picked up the letter, Mrs. Smith received it at the door, and without looking at it, so great was her haste, bore it in triumph to her anxious guests.

"Now we shall know his name," said Miss Vinegar. Mrs. Smith held up the letter and read the superscription:—*to submit to* "WILLIAM HARDER, Esq."



# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE

## AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL." ..... "PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY JULY, 28, 1843.

NO. 30.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### DISCOURSES ON PRAYER....NO. I.

BY REV. DAY K. LEE.

"Continue in prayer." Col. iv. 2.

I propose to give you a series of some three or four discourses on the subject of prayer, calling your attention this morning to the first of that series. The consideration of several circumstances connected with us as a set of professed Christians, has prompted me to this labor; and I believe if I am listened to with that attention which you generally give, and which a subject of this nature demands, my effort, however feeble, will produce at least a serious reflection on a subject upon which Christians should frequently exercise their most solemn meditations.

It is known to us all, that our brethren of other churches have set us down as a people who are strangers to the spirit, and the service of prayer.—But when we are misrepresented in so many particulars; both of belief and practice, those brethren should not take it unkind in us to repel this charge also, and represent them as in the fault of judging their neighbors, without really knowing whereof they affirm. Prayer in its predominant import, signifies a communion with God—a referring of our cause—a directing of our supplications—an offering of our gratitude to him; and as this communion, this intercourse may go on in its holiest and most earnest, most blessed spirit, without making an outward exhibition, to be passed upon by the judgment of men; God only knows who is possessed of a praying disposition, what prayers are made, and who oftenest engages in acts of devotion. Man may be sometimes allowed to sit in judgment upon outward appearances, and say whether they savor of evil or good, prayerlessness or devotion; but God only can judge the heart, whose secret operations are open to him. As the Scripture beautifully expresses the thought, "The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

This being the case, it would seem but an act of Christian modesty, to say no more, for every man to refrain from a hasty judgment in regard to his neighbor's devotions, and entertain a charitable reflection before he takes it upon himself to affirm, that any denomination of professed Christians are aliens from the spirit and habit of prayer. He who has ever enjoyed spiritual communion with his Creator—he who has ever felt a throb of genuine devotion in his soul, can testify, if he will, that it has not always been the long and audible prayer, which has seemed to bring him nearest God: and has been the most precious to his bosom. I believe that a fluency, and an audible expression in prayer, "is not always essential to praying. A man may pray most powerfully in the estimation of God, who is not able to utter even one word. The unutterable groan is big with meaning, and God understands it because it contains the language of his own spirit. Some desires are too mighty to be expressed, there is no language expressive enough to give them proper form, and distinct vocal sound; such desires show that they came from God, and as they came from him, so they express what God is disposed to do."

A prayer may be made in the hurry of business, and go up in silent eloquence from the struggling soul of the sweaty reaper, that will fall audibly, and sacred upon the listening ear of God. And the individual who may be judged of men as one who never uttered a breathing of prayer, may be the

one whose lofty soul enjoys that privilege in its most blessed fruition, and who draws near to God by continual, and grateful, and generous spiritual devotions!

And since there are many choice hearts in the world who prefer, as a privilege, to make their prayers in silence, and in secret: it is not well for any man to say who are, and who are not accustomed to the spirit of prayer. But that our own people, as well perhaps as the very persons who reproach us—that a majority of professed Christians, need more of the ardent, pious feelings, and an increase of devotional affection, I can say doubtless with a becoming modesty that I am not disposed to deny. And as there is no positive perfection in this world, I may believe that all men need a continual increase, and unabating progress in that, as well as other Christian qualities, until they pass into the skies. It is a source of satisfaction, it is a blessedness of mind in which we may be changed into a loftier, heavenlier image from glory to glory! It is an exercise of heart which may carry it on toward perfection, and grow more pleasing, more generous and ennobling, while we discover our dependence for life, and for grace, and for blessing upon the beneficent Creator!

It is, however, a tender, a delicate spirit, and may be quenched by vain repetition, or by being professedly uttered in the corners of the street, where some man, righteous and saintly in self-estimation, would appear unto others as warning with devotion. It is a measure of enjoyment which may also cease to flow like a living, exhilarating fountain into the soul, when men become so very retiring, and so very secret in their communion with God, as neither to appear unto him, nor their own selves to pray!

And while on this subject I will remark, that if our people are not devotional, if they are not given to the genuine spirit of prayer, they not only neglect a sacred requirement, but they shut their bosoms against a state of enjoyment—nay, of beatitude as great and as precious as can be found below. They have the faith and the name to live, while they are morally dead. They profess to be happy, while the sweetest source of happiness they have never found. They profess to love God, and to recognize his blessings, while they are without genuine love, and without God in the world.—They stand by the tree of life, and declare to others that they feast upon its divine, its delicious fruitage, while the golden apples of fruition are all above their grovelling reach, and they fill themselves with the withered leaves that fall in the shaking. "They have committed two evils—they have forsaken God, the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns that can hold no water." They have seized upon the profession as something indeed excellent and desirable, while they have neglected the more important practice, which contains the duty and brings the reward.

It would grieve me to know that our people, especially the brethren worshipping here, did no praying that is audible in the ear of God, and acceptable in his sight. If they were obnoxious to this charge of our neighbors, and I knew it, I should believe that their enjoyment was indifferent, and their prosperity verging closely upon its termination.

"Can the rush grow up without mire? can the flag grow without water? Whilst it is yet in its greenness and not cut down, it withereth before any other herb: so are the paths of all that forget God"—saith the Scripture. And can we be Christians, following holy examples, and living in the joy of

religion, unless we possess at least a semblance of the devoutness of soul which was evinced by our excellent Master?

The New Testament gives no formal delineation of the character of Jesus. Yet in what we gather from circumstances incidental to his history, we find traces of a deep, and ardent, a lofty devotion that his followers would do joyfully well to adopt as their daily example. How frequent was his retirement to prayer! How habitual, how often his thanksgiving! How significant, yet how unadorned; how simple, yet how sublime were his instructions on the subject of worship! His earnest addresses to his Father and the exalted piety of his behaviour, especially when the agonies of the garden, and the anguish—O what poignant, torturing anguish of the cross were pressing upon his spirit, exhibit a devoutness of mind that men may emulate, though they may never in this world approach its parallel!—And are not those examples beautiful for us to follow? Great as the Messiah was; high and sublime as were his origin and destiny; wide and glorious as was his inheritance; many as were the legions of strengthening angels that he could at any instant have called to his aid; yet he momentarily felt his dependence upon God—for his grace, for his sanctifying spirit, for his blessing; and most frequent were the instances of his prayer and thanksgiving!

After feasting the famishing multitudes in the wilderness of Bethsaida, and they had quietly withdrawn, "he went up into a mountain apart to pray, and when the evening was come he was there alone." Beautiful season, and appropriate place to pour out his lofty soul into his Father's ear, and ask for a fuller measure of grace, and love and tenderness! The character of his devotion found no parallel on earth. If he sat down to eat of the bounty of God, he would return thanks. If about to perform a marvellous cure, he would invoke the Father's aid and sanctifying influence. If he attended the wedding of an opulent Jew, he would add solemnity to the occasion, by invoking the smile and assistance of the Giver of gifts. When about to call forth the dead from the shroud of the tomb, he says—"Father! I thank thee that thou hast heard me, and I know that thou hearest me always." When the torments of the crucifixion were visioned to his mind in Gethsemane, we hear him ask in childlike love and confidence, "Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me," and immediately add with a most kingly resignation—"not my will, but thine be done."

Such were the examples of our good Messiah. Such his delicate, his lofty, his sublime spirit of devotion. And shall we not seek that spirit by emulation? If Jesus had need of the Father's aid, and the Father's strengthening grace, in how much greater need are we, his frail and tempted followers! And if he could express a thankfulness for mercies, in foresight of his coming agony, and cruel death; should not we also be thankful to God for the gift of Christ, and that victory which overcometh the sins, and sorrows, and separations of the world? Who have more reason to be thankful—who have more encouragement to commune with God, to wait upon him and unbosom the burden of their hearts before him, than those who profess to rejoice in an animating faith? If we are not given to ardent prayer, and spiritual meditation, who should be? If we do not recognize our entire dependence upon God for present benefits and future glory, who can be encouraged to make that recognition? If we discover no moral sublimity in the Saviour's example of devotion, and nothing in it worthy of emulation, and blessed to imitate, where are the believers that can make that



discovery while beholding the character of their immaculate Redeemer?

It was the assertion of some truthful poet that

"The *undevout* astronomer is mad."

And what shall we say of the *undevout Universalist*, when he professes the most glorious—the most devotional faith that has been delivered to the churches? I am sincere when I say, I believe there is no system of religion that is so encouraging to devout aspirations, and so animate with a fire that can melt the affections, and kindle in our bosoms emotions of continual prayer and thanksgiving, as the one which has our favor. We believe that God is our Father, and the Father of all. We believe that he loves as no human parent can; that he blesses as no human parent will; that he has a father's concern for our welfare, a father's joy in our redemption; and that it was out of his great love that he sent his own Son and delivered him up for us all. We believe that he created us to bless us, that he wounds to heal, and though he caused grief, yet will he finally exalt us to the glory of his heavenly kingdom. We look up confidently to him for every benefit, for every excellent gift and desirable meditation, and love in our controversies, and in our declamations to represent him as good, and merciful, and abundant in loving kindness.

We love to repeat the Scriptures which say, "O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good—for his mercy endureth forever;" and believe, or profess to believe that the obedient, devotional heart receives a recompense of high-wrought joy and happiness, on earth. And are we not forsaking the sweetest influences of our religion, leaving unpracticed our holiest sentiments and shutting up our souls against the most elevated and refined enjoyment, if we neglect the duty and the privilege—the *blessed privilege of prayer*?

Is any man so blinded to his own spiritual interest, so superficial in the faith of the Gospel, as to suppose he can meet the ills of life with a becoming resignation, and be prepared to triumph over the gloom, and fear, and agony of death, if he has never risen to an intimacy, and an affectionate communion with him who will swallow up death in victory; and anchored his heart, his all within the vail, by the habit of prayer, and an assiduous cultivation of all devotional feelings?

We feel that we could ill endure the evils, and ill appreciate the blessings of social life, if we should shun the presence and sympathy of our friends and neighbors, and undertake an entire dependence upon our own individual resources for a sufficiency of enjoyment and a support in afflictions. How a little pleasure may be increased, how some common joy may be heightened, if we know it is shared and relished by one whom our heart holds dear. When in the fruition of some rare occasion of happiness, how instinctively will our mind call up some absent object of its affections, and recognize the enhancement of happiness that we should receive, could that dear one share the sacrament of love, and enjoy with us the rich felicity!

So also in the bitterness of our sorrows, we may find alleviation—we may find relief, and comfort, and refuge in the assurance that there are those around us who sympathize with us, who are interested in our welfare, who are recipients and reciprocators of our love, and sharers of our griefs and burdens. What a blessing do we receive—what endearments do we find in the interchange, in the commerce of kindred sympathies, and attachments, and the division of mutual cares and sorrows!

Let us apply this thought to a communion with God. Let us conceive of him as a Father, the tenderest in compassion; a protector, the most unslumbering in his care; a benefactor, the most liberal in his bestowments, and a friend, the most constant, the most wakeful, the most infinite in love. Revelation encourages us in this noble conception. And now let the question be put to the struggling, soaring soul, how she can enjoy the good and endure the evil of this life, as they should be enjoyed and endured, without living, if I may so speak, in affectionate *intimacy* with that father, protector, benefactor, friend? How can we place a just valuation upon a single blessing, without living in the

constant intercourse of his spirit, in the refined society and sunshine of his presence; and thus giving life and strength to the feeling that that blessing is the benefaction of a friend, the nearest, dearest, kindest, highest in the universe?

A ring, or a lock of hair, if found at the jeweller's or at the barber's may be contemplated with indifference, as of trifling consideration, and may call up no associations that we would desire to cherish for a moment. But let a ring of the same material and finish, or a lock of the same hue and texture, be the bestowment of some friend with whom we have found a paradise below, in whose affections we have lived, in whose smiles we have rejoiced, and over whose sorrows we have shed the sympathetic tear; and they re-animate associations of the most endearing remembrance, and beget a value in price above gold and a multitude of rubies!—How some trifling relic has been hoarded by the most sacred cravings of the soul, loved above our chief treasure, and made to supply the absence, and raise up the familiar image of a kinsman or friend, long after that friend has been gathered to his people; when the same thing separated from every association of friendship and affection, would be cast to the winds as of no imaginable worth!

You readily enter into my feelings, and can see the application of this idea, to things relating to God. By the individual who seldom has them in his thoughts; who holds with him no communion; who entertains of him but a cloudy and indifferent conception, and feels, if he can feel at all, that he is far away from his merciful, spiritual presence—by that individual the most stupendous, as well as the most trivial—the most endearing as well as the most common benefits of life are all received with an ignorance of their value, and an indifference to their origin, resulting in heartless ingratitude, and torturing ennui.

He lives without prayer—he lives without a kindling of devotion in his bosom. Like the unconscious brute, he never lifts his mind above the indulgence of his lust and appetite, and how can he feel that God is his friend? How can he conceive that he is not driven away from his smiles, from his presence, from his kingdom? And how can he enter into his seared and grovelling heart to suppose that every favor of existence, every faculty of mind, every particle of good, and every beautiful prospect that his eyes behold, is a gift from that dearest, and most constant, most tender of all friends, our heavenly Father! Live without prayer! O most lamentable thought! O most desolate condition! It is to live without life, and without any of the higher enjoyments of our lofty nature! It is to live in sorrowing indifference to the love, and care, and continued mercies of the Friend of friends. It is living a stranger to the Father, while he is surrounded by the glory of his works, while he might discover his spirit warming in the sun, glowing in the stars, refreshing in the breeze and blossoming in the woodlands—a stranger to the Father while he is preserved by his hand, and while he abides in the bosom of his family!—a stranger to the Father, whose bestowments, if he would only make his acquaintance in prayer, would call up before his mind, as with a resurrection trumpet, the tenderest recollections, the most sweet and sacred associations; and benefits, which, like the gifts of the dearest earthly friends, would be yet a value, and elicit an out-pouring of gratitude, that the consciousness that they came from a Father, only could produce!

If such is the abandonment—if such is the moral and spiritual *bankruptcy* of him who never prays, what shall we say of that man's enjoyments—of his untold affluence, who by prayers and thanksgivings continues day unto day to draw near to God? Who by his generous and grateful devotions, dwells with the Father, in a connection, not irreverently speaking, that may be termed friendship—intimate, familiar, blessed friendship—of which that of earthly associations is but a feeble anticipation! He comes before his Maker daily—not in tormenting fear, not with cloudy, and narrow conceptions—not in base and sycophantic adulation. O no! He comes before him with a su-

preme love, with a holy reverence, with a radiant and rapturous vision, and a spirit of devotion that would ennoble the burning bosoms of angels and cherubims! O favored man, who shall describe thy happiness? What words have power to name thy joys, and depict the blessedness that crowns thy daily portion? Who shall set prices upon the gifts thou receivest from the merciful object of thy worship?

What shall separate thee from the love—what banish thee from the spiritual presence of God? Shall tribulation, or anguish, or famine, or nakedness, or sword? Art thou shunned by thy neighbors? God thy Father visits thee and crowns thee with his favors! Art thou hated and cruelly wounded of men? God loves thee with an infinite kindness and showers upon thee compassion according to the multitude of his tender mercies. Art thou an alien from the churches, and doomed of men to future unimaginable sorrows? An angel comes down and sings to thee saying, "Fear not: for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people!" Do fools make a mock of thy religion, and wicked men attempt to drive thee from thy loyalty to the banner and standard of the cross? The oracle of thy holy Father declares—"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint!"

To conclude—I say, my brethren, if there were no other blessing attendant upon a habit and spirit of devotion, this endearing connexion—this sacrament of love with God to which it exalts the prayerful mind, is enjoyment and reward of sufficient bliss, and sufficient glory! It is an earnest of heaven. It is an enjoyed inheritance of the kingdom of God. It enhances the value of every blessing, it mitigates the bitterness of every sorrow, and gives to us a confidence, a boldness in the day of trial, and care, and suffering and bereavement! Do we part with friends? We feel that God, a greater friend, is very near, our refuge, our strength, our comfort in the sorest trouble! Are we bereft of a dear parent? We feel that God is a parent, the kindest and tenderest and best in all the world, who will turn our mourning into joy and will comfort us, and make us rejoice from our sorrows! Do we languish in sickness, or disappointment, or misfortune? Our acquaintance with God assures us that he will deliver us in his own good time, from all our distresses, and bring us home to the desired haven!

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## THE CONTRAST.

BY REV. H. BELDING.

Let any one turn his thoughts within himself, and see how the case stands there. Let him take into consideration the course he has pursued, and is now pursuing. Let him reflect, and see what have been his motives and intentions all the while. Have they been such, as his own individual judgment and conscience can approve, and sanction? Has he been honest and upright in all his dealings with his fellow men? And can he look every human being in the face, and say in sincerity and truth, *never have I meaningly done you wrong?*—In fine, has he performed his duty to himself, his fellow man, and his God? If he has, on a review of his conduct, he will be satisfied with himself.—No guilty fears will damp his joys: and, to a man of this cast, we may safely say, he feareth God and worketh righteousness; and therefore, is accepted of God.

So much for the rule, to determine when a man is *righteous*: and I may add, this rule will hold good in every case. And when we see a man of this description, we need not ask the common question, "does he belong to a church; and if so, what one?" No; these things have no place, in deciding by the rule I have named. Nor need we question him as to the changes he may have undergone: nor have we any occasion to learn his "experience," before we can decide in his case. His condition speaks for itself, unclouded by mystery; and it tells you, the man is a *righteous* man,



Let us now turn our attention to the opposite character. He has not followed the same upright course with the other. His intentions have partaken largely of fraud, deceit, and treachery. Ask such a man, if he is satisfied with the course he is pursuing; and his down cast eye will tell you, that he is not and *can not* be: and, should his lips declare the true state of his mind, they would tell you, that his soul was far from being the habitation of peace.

Ask that miserable deluded youth, who is already far gone in the ways of sin; who has been frequenting the haunts of vice, and dissipation; who has fondly imagined happiness to be found in the paths of iniquity! O! ask him, if he is satisfied with his present practices; and if his condition is just what he desires? Is there no lack of any thing, to render him contented, and happy? Has he no want? Yes, he wants the one thing needful; and that one thing is innocence. Without this, though the whole earth may lend its aid, all is vain. For him the songster may tune his sweetest notes—for him the flowers may bloom, and fruits ripen upon the bough—for him the fields may yield their hundred fold. Nay more, the nearest, and dearest kindred may linger around, to soothe his peace-forsaken soul; all, all is useless, all alike unavailing and unsatisfactory. Memory, which to the righteous is the harbinger of peace; which brings back by-gone days, and kindles anew the joys of other years, to him is but the messenger of woe.

Ah, how gladly would such an one make an utter oblivion of much of the past, and bury it in dark forgetfulness! But alas, the memory of deeds, past recalc, haunt his guilty soul. He looks back to the days of his childhood, ere yet he had forsaken the ways of virtue. Those were indeed blessed days—days long to be remembered, but never to be recalled—days that will live in the recollection, and be as the sunny spots of existence, upon which the mind will delight to dwell.

He thinks of the time when, with a merry heart, he innocently passed away the period of his youthful days. But in taking a view of his after life, he comes to the time when temptation assailed him. Memory, true to its office, brings up the time when the paths of vice and virtue stretched out before him—when was made that choice, upon which depended future peace. Then virtue raised her warning voice, and proclaimed audibly, "this is way, walk ye in it." But vice threw her enchantments around him, and ruin dire has followed.

To many—alas, to too many, this description will well apply, answering as face answers to face. Many who are now travelling "the broad road that leadeth to destruction," a shame and a disgrace to themselves, and a burden on society, are so merely in consequence of a wrong choice made in past time; when their destiny was hinged perhaps upon a single circumstance. In an evil hour, when some temptation to vice proved too strong for resistance, a course of iniquity was commenced, that has brought ruin and desolation in its train.

But should any one not feel satisfied with the bitter things he has found mingled in the cup of the transgressor, and should he wish to go still farther, and learn more of the ways of the wicked, let me tell him, he will if he make the attempt, find he is treasuring up repentance against the day of repentance—laying up in store, sorrow for future use, which will, most assuredly, come upon him. Nor can it be evaded—no; for so surely as consequence follows cause, so surely must misery follow in the train of vice. You know what your own experience has uniformly told you thus far; you know that through your whole life, where you have dared to transgress, a righteous retribution has followed. And can you, dare you hope that it shall not be so in future? Can you think the sentence pronounced by God against the sinner, will not be faithfully executed? He hath said, "there is no peace to the wicked;" and the wicked, if they are honest, will tell you the same.—Nay, more, experience teaches the same truth, speaking in accents too plain to be misunderstood.

And should there be any not yet satisfied with

what he has seen and felt in his own individual case, who wishes information from him who is farther on; who has gone still *onward*, and *downward* in the path of iniquity; let the appeal be made, and of him learn, whether the road grows more smooth the farther it is advanced in.

Where is the old transgressor—he who is hardened in crime and villainy—whose soul is black with guilt! To him would I appeal! How is it with the murderer—who, forgetting all the ties of kindred and brotherhood, has been imbruing his hands in his brother's blood? Ask Cain, and he will tell you, in the agony of his soul, "my punishment is greater than I can bear." And so it will be in every case; the regulations made by God, for the guidance of the moral world, being impartial in their operation. They have their bearing upon each individual, and they are immutable. What was true of mankind, in olden time, is true now. "The way of the transgressor was hard," when the patriarch rested in the land of promise. It was so when the prophet raised his warning voice against Nineveh, Babylon, Tyre—when he told of the desolations hanging over Moab, and Edom! It was so when Sodom and Gomorrah met with their fate amid the fires from heaven! It was so when the proud Pharisee, and haughty Priest, met the Saviour's keen rebuke; and when Heaven frowned upon devoted Jerusalem, and sent the fell destroyer forth to the work of desolation!

Nor has an age or a generation passed since those ancient times, in the history of which, the same eternal truths may not be read; and the times are come down to us, stamped with the impress of the Deity, saying peace to the righteous; but woe to the wicked!

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### ANOTHER ACCESSION

To the Ministry of Reconciliation.

Br. Grosh—I have the satisfaction of announcing that another laborer has entered the vineyard of our Master. Br. J. J. Ausin, a young man of of irreproachable character, good attainments and excellent talents, about two months ago commenced and has since been proclaiming to good acceptance, in this place and the vicinity, the boundless love of Almighty God, and the final universal holiness and happiness of man. His discourses evince much deep thought and reflection, a logical and well disciplined mind, and a correct knowledge of the philosophy of man and of the works and word of God. His delivery is pleasing and agreeable, and rapidly improving; he is indefatigably industrious, and, if blessed with health, he can but succeed. At present he is residing with me, and will supply such societies and neighborhoods in this section as need and will procure his services. We cheerfully recommend him to our brethren in the faith of a world's salvation, as every way worthy of their confidence and liberality.

Oxford, July 21st, 1843.

J. T. GOODRICH.

#### U. S. CONVENTION.

There was a request passed by the Ohio State Convention, if I mistake not, at the request of the friends in Akron, Ohio, that this Convention continue its session over the Sunday following the third Wednesday in September—that is to say, that the Convention hold a session of *five* days instead of two. The following proceedings of the Western Reserve Association of Ohio, have reference to the same subject. Of course, it comes too late for many of the State Conventions to act upon the subject, and must therefore be left wholly to the delegates themselves when they shall assemble. But the request may be spread before the public in our periodicals, and talked over among the delegates, so that those concerned may be prepared to act when the time arrives.

A. B. G.

Br. Gurley:—We write to inform you that at the annual session of the Western Reserve Association of Universalists held in this place on Saturday and Sunday last, the following resolutions

were unanimously adopted—to wit, first by the Society at Akron.

Resolved—That the delegates from this Society to the Western Reserve Association be instructed to request through said Association and Ohio State Convention, that the United States Convention continue their next annual session at this place (Akron,) through the week and Sabbath following.

The following resolution was then adopted by our Association.

Resolved—That the Western Reserve Association request the State Convention of Ohio to recommend to all the State Conventions to instruct their delegates to remain in session in the United States Convention from the third Wednesday in September next, to the Sunday following inclusive.

Ravenna, June 5th, 1843.

N. DOOLITTLE.

☞ We would say to our Western friends, that we will receive good Ohio or Indiana money, on subscriptions, according to the terms of the paper, *at par*, if sent *free of postage*.

Br. Tompkins—Credit Cornelia A. Dill, Camillus, N. Y., \$2.00 for volume 12, Repository, and charge us. Transfer Repository from L. or Z. C. Judd, Syracuse, N. Y., (who will pay what is due, in September,) to Eliza A. Cole, La Fayette, Onondaga county, N. Y.

Br. Witherell—Discontinue the *weekly* Balm, to Wm. Robbe, Friendsville, Pa., and send instead the *monthly*. Credit him and charge us 50 cents.

Br. Price—Discontinue Union sent to W. R. Biddlecom, Utica, at the end of the volume.

#### LIST OF BOOKS

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

No. 32, Genesee street, (up stairs).

Ely and Thomas Discussion,	63
Bacon on Religion,	50
Endless Hell Torments Overthrown,	38
Family Prayer Book, by Otis A. Skinner,	50
Winchester's Dialogues,	19
Names and Titles of Jesus, by Rev. E. Spear,	1.00
Combs Moral Philosophy,	62
" on the Constitution of Man,	62
" " Digestion,	62
Influence of Religion on health,	69
Miller Overthrown,	25
Merchant's Widow, by Mrs. C. M. Sawyer,	50
Campbell and Skinner's Discussion,	1.00
Skinner's Letters to Aikin and Lansing,	56
Memoir of Rev. J. Freeman, by S. R. Smith,	50
Life of Rev. John Murray,	50
Biography of Winchester,	69
Pro and Con of Universalism, by Rev. George Rogers,	1.00
Causes of Infidelity Removed, by Rev. S. R. Smith,	69
Practical Hints to Universalists, by Rev. J. G. Adams,	75
Ballou on Atonement,	50
Ballou's Select Sermons,	75
Do. Notes on the Parables,	63
Do. Nine Sermons,	50
Do. Future Retribution,	50
Balfour's Second Inquiry,	1.00
Sawyer's Review of Hatfield,	50
Duties of Young Men, by Rev. E. H. Chapin,	50
Discourses, by do.	50
Lectures, by do.	38
Christian Comforter, by Rev. H. Bacon,	50
Law of Kindness, by Rev. G. W. Montgomery,	50
Universalist Manual, by Rev. M. Rayner,	50
Universalist Belief, by Rev. A. Moore,	50
Sermons, by Rev. O. A. Skinner,	50
Voice to Youth, by Rev. J. M. Austin,	75

#### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P M, Salisbury, for M M and J S H—J H, Clarence, for self and S H—P M, Nichols, for G S and C V L B—P M, Poplar Ridge, for S L—P M, Fleming, for J G P—J T G, Oxford—J F C, Schenectady—P M, Valparaiso, [Ind.] for E W—P M, Erie, [Pa.] for C S and H C—P M, Port Byron, for W D J—P M, Perryville, [Ind.] for D H D—W B G, Auburn, for H H F, A P, J W, J B and H H—P M, Albright, [N. C.] for J T.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

### THE PITCHER IN THE WELL.

I shall venture again a few words to say,  
Though censured so hard by my brother S. J.—  
There is much ridicule stamped in his words,  
Yet 'tis but the fruit which his doctrine affords.

It seems by his writing that he would have youth,  
Take all that his ministers say, to be true;  
Yes, they must throw logic entirely away,  
And take all for granted that the preacher may say,  
Though not from the Bible some subject he draws,  
Yet 'tis not for youth to ask him the cause;  
But they must keep silent, nor doubt in the least,  
The high "Ipse dixit" of the Partialist priest.

Had reason to youth never been given,  
They might by false teaching, have doubted in heaven;  
Then, thanks to our Maker and Father above,  
For this best of all blessings, this proof of His love.

I should not at present have taken the pen,  
To be called e'er again a teacher of men;  
Had my brother but answered the question proposed,  
I willingly then would the subject have closed.

Undoubtedly he an answer designed,  
To furnish from Scripture, but none could he find;  
For not one of the passages which he has shown,\*  
Will reply to the question, as he must have known.

In the first part of Genesis we can there read  
That heaven and earth, and all things were made;  
Now if there's a hell of endless despair,  
It would, without doubt, have been spoken of there.

A place of such vast importance to man,  
Would not been forgot when creation began,  
But would have been mentioned in accents more dire,  
Than the ministers use, when preaching hell fire.

That there is a HELL, I have not denied,  
And Jonah, too, knew it when from it he cried;  
David's soul, while on earth, was delivered from hell,  
Even from the LOWEST, as the Bible doth tell.

Where there is sin, there's a hell in the breast,  
Like the sea that is troubled, it can not find rest;  
But this too shall cease, for in Romans we read  
That when we are dead, from sin we are freed.

The grave, in the Scriptures, sometimes is termed hell,  
And we read that our Saviour not long there did dwell;  
But triumphantly rose at the dawning of light,  
Dispersing the clouds of error's dark night.

He died for the WORLD, and in time he will win  
The last wayward child from his bondage of sin;  
When this is accomplished, there'll be no more hell,  
'Twill then be destroyed, for ALL WILL BE WELL.

S. A. M.

\* Ps. ix: 17; lv: 15; lxxxvi: 13; cxxxix: 8; Prov. xv: 11; xv: 24; Is. v: 14; Amos ix: 2; Matt. v: 22; xviii: 9; x: 28; xxiii: 33; Mark ix: 43, 45, 47; Luke xii: 5, xvi: 23; James iii: 6; 2 Pet. ii: 4; Rev. i: 18; xx: 13, 14, &c.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### THE IMAGE OF GOD, IN WHICH MAN WAS CREATED.

BY REV. D. PICKERING.

We read in Genesis i: 27, that "God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them."

Thus is man distinguished by the inspired penman from all rest of the creation of God. The image of God was impressed upon him. This is not said of any other creature in the universe, but of man alone.

We are all concerned to know what this image is, and to be able to understand whether we possess this distinguishing mark of the divine favor, as well as the primordial pair, and why it was ever bestowed by the Creator.

Numerous conjectures have been afloat in the religious world concerning this image, and yet they fail to satisfy my mind. The most popular and wide-spread of which is, that it was "righteousness and true holiness." But I object to this definition, and offer my reasons.

1. Righteousness with man, is doing right, not being created or placed in any particular situation

by his Maker: but man was created in this image—therefore he had no action in the case. The same is true of holiness; it is thinking, meaning, or doing what is well pleasing in the sight of God.

2. With this error is connected another, viz:—That Adam by his fall, lost this image, so that all his posterity are ushered into being without it.—But what reasons have we to believe that Adam and his companion ever lost the image in which they were created? The Scriptures nowhere afford us any such instruction. Nay, the very reverse of this is contained in sacred writ. James tells us, "that the tongue is an unruly member, full of deadly poison. Therewith bless we God, even the Father; and therewith curse we men, who are made after the similitude (likeness or image) of God." Nor was he here speaking of Adam and Eve, but of their multiplied posterity. So that it is rendered perfectly plain by this testimony that the transgression of the primordial pair did not destroy, nor even affect this image in the least possible degree in their posterity: nor is there the least evidence that it impaired that image in themselves.—Thus far the subject appears perfectly plain.

It will now doubtless be demanded, what is that image? I answer, it must be moral intelligence. This, no creature on earth but man, possesses. It could not be his shape, for God is a pure, immortal and all pervading Spirit. Nor is there any other being on earth that possesses this moral intelligence; hence there is no other being here below who is capable of improvement in the science of moral virtue. If sin could destroy this divine image, man would cease to be a moral agent, and consequently cease to be accountable to his Maker, or any other being.

This is the plain line of distinction between the human and the brute creation. By this noble principle, man is rendered capable of improving in moral virtue, while the whole brute creation is utterly destitute of all such means of improvement.

Let us then, brethren, awake from our lethargy, and improve this noble, this distinguishing characteristic of our higher nature, that we may escape the condemnation of sin, and enjoy the constant approbation of our conscience and our God.

Butternuts, July 15th, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### THE BLACK RIVER ASSOCIATION.

Br. A. B. Grosa—In the minutes of the Black River Association, which we see in the Magazine and Advocate this day, we find proceedings of a most peculiar and extraordinary character—unprecedented in the history of our denomination—and they not only reflect upon Br. W., but upon the Committee of Discipline of the St. Lawrence Association, and the Association itself, also. We respectfully ask of you the privilege of saying a few words by way of reply.

It is well known to many of the readers of this paper, that the undersigned, with Br. J. Wallace, were the Committee of Discipline for the St. Lawrence Association year before last, and that a complaint was made to them against the brother whose name is so often given in the proceedings referred to. Said complaint, furnished by Br. Morse, and presented by Br. Briggs, was by the Committee carefully investigated, and the evidence produced on the trial, fairly and fully considered—the result of which was a unanimous report of the Committee that the charge had not been sustained. The Committee made their report to the Association the next day, (for the investigation, by mutual agreement, was held the day before,) which the council accepted and approved.

About two weeks after the above complaint was lodged, and before the investigation thereof by the Committee, and after the day was appointed for that purpose, a second letter was received from Br. Briggs, sent him by Br. Morse. Why the matter embraced in this second letter was not furnished and presented at the time of the first, we were not advised. But Br. Briggs, after meeting the Committee personally, on the day first appointed for in-

vestigation, desired to withdraw it, to which the Committee assented, upon his repeated declaration or promise that it should never be presented again.

This statement of facts will show how "the Committee declined acting on all the charges," and in what manner "the Council refused to hear the evidence in the case," and whether the matter was "disposed of in any rational way," and whether, also, it "has remained for years without an investigation."

The reflection upon our Association we conceive to be as unchristian and uncalled for as all the rest—and we hereby beg leave to say to the world, in behalf of the Association, that it, in harmony with "Christianity and the principles upon which our social organization rest," requires "an unblemished moral character in a minister of the Gospel," and that it has no desire whatever "to put off or elude an investigation" of any case "which the rules of the Gospel and the interests of the denomination demand."

Regretting the necessity which calls upon us to say even thus much in relation to the matter referred to in this brief reply, we would only add, that whether Br. Morse solicited, or the Black River Association volunteered assistance, is not material; that in either case it appears that assistance was deemed necessary. Yours respectfully.

M. JENISON,  
DANIEL MACK.

Canton, July 14, 1843.

P. S. Should Editors publish the minutes of the B. R. Association, they will do us the justice to publish the above also.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### TRUE MAGNANIMITY.

We have the presumption to assert that no one who has seen and carefully observed the ways of the world, will deny that more of the animosities, bickerings and contentions of mankind, have their origin in trifles, than in any real injuries, however aggravating or enormous they can possibly be.—These trifles are magnified by the passions, and seriously impressed upon the feelings, until a mole hill becomes a mountain, and a flake of snow an avalanche, and good fortune to the foolish fellow who contends for them, if he does not get more dust in his eyes than did Don Quixote when he encountered a flock of sheep, wildly supposing them to be a body of armed warriors.

Not only are trifles the subjects of much jarring and discord, but they are often sufficient to determine the character, whether good or evil; to show if there be that within, which scorns to do a mean action; which is respectful, kind and affectionate to friends, generous and forbearing to foes: which acts from principle, from motives honorable and upright. And if there is a severe struggling with the feelings or passions for gratification, there certainly is a more than counterbalancing enjoyment and dignity of character in "yielding a little for peace." Of this we have a case in point. Two lads at school, L. and H., contended for a place of preferment. Each seemed unwilling to yield, and the countenance too, and agitation of each betrayed the contending emotions within. After some little time of obstinacy, L. with a brightened eye and yielding smile looked the other in the face and said, "If he was going to feel very bad about it, he might do as he liked." H. did so with apparent triumph, but it was of short continuance; a few remarks comforted the one but abashed the other. L. kindly offered his book, ink, &c., and the unwillingness with which H. accepted them, his faltering voice and downcast eye told plainer than words could express, that coals of fire had been heaped on his head. A very easy matter was it to see which was the magnanimous conqueror; a trifle to be sure, yet it might be enough to determine their characters for life—so true it is, that by once governing our passions we disarm an enemy, the second time paralyze his efforts; and a strong one must be if the third struggle does not altogether subdue him.

LETITIA.

June 13th, 1843.



## REV. M. H. SMITH.

We have received several requests to furnish some information in regard to this great renouncer. We refer our readers to what we have already published on the subject, in 1841, and 1842—particularly "A Brother's Testimony" in our last volume. For those who can not refer to these articles, we furnish the following, which we select from reputable sources, as containing the most in the least compass. The first article is from Rev. A. A. Miner, of the Lowell Star, who quotes from the Olive Branch, a Protestant Methodist paper of large circulation and excellent literary and religious character. Rev. T. F. Norris, its Editor, and the author of the quoted remarks, is a gentleman of great candor, veracity and held in high estimation by all who know him.

## M. HALE SMITH—JUSTICE.

It speaks volumes for the condemnation of the individual whose name stands at the head of this article, that those of other denominations who have unwittingly given a puff to his fame, or currency to his falsehoods, feel themselves compelled by the flagrant injustice he has done us as a denomination, to counteract such injustice by rendering unto the fellow his deserts. We surely have not the least objection to his Rev. brethren of this city availing themselves of the rare talents and questionable integrity of this rabid apostate, however and whenever they choose; but then we think they should be made aware of the view which candid and disinterested men take of him, and of the fact that the holiness of the motive which employs him is by no means apparent.

The foregoing suggestions have been called up by the following paragraph which we take from the "Olive Branch," a Protestant Methodist paper, published in Boston.

"MATTHEW H. SMITH, who has been all around the lot, a little while every thing, and not long any one thing seems to be hot in water, at Nashua, N. H., where now he is settled as an Orthodox clergyman. We should judge from the Christian Register that Matthew's character at Nashua was in keeping with the history of his former life. Smith has been received too readily by different societies, as he has been whiffling round from one sect to another. He is now professedly Orthodox. He was last a Universalist, to which denomination he has twice belonged.—When his influence was just about wholly used up with them, he went over to the Orthodox, and published a book of scandal against those with whom he had last associated as Christian brethren. In the next somersault he very likely will play the same trick with the respectable denomination with whom he now associates. We publicly refer to this man in this way, because we incautiously notified the public of Smith's libellous book being on sale, which we supposed was only a polemical attack on the theology of the Universalists. But on reading it we found it a gross tissue of personalities, and of low charges against respectable individuals and societies, having really nothing to do with the theological views of those whom he attacked. We wish to wipe our hands from any participation in such a course. We would be happy to see what we think erroneous in the creed of Universalists refuted and put down, but we never will be a party to an attack on the morals and characters of a class of men, who, as far as we know, stand as high on these points as any of their more Orthodox neighbors."

As a farther manifestation of the lack of public confidence in his integrity, we would mention that we are credibly informed that several dozens of Mr. Smith's book have been sold at auction recently in Boston, at from 3 to 5 cents per dozen. This seems to be at present, therefore, the market price of orthodox slander.—*Star of Bethlehem.*

In addition to these "signs," it may be added that at a late election in Nashua, N. H., Rev. M. H. Smith (now settled there as a Congregationalist) ran for a town office in opposition to Rev. L. C. Browne, Universalist. The Reverend Renouncer and slanderer obtained six votes, and Br. Browne some hundreds!

The next article is an extract from the Sun, of Baltimore, Md., where it appeared as a public defence against some gross attacks made on Universalists, based on Smith's book. It was probably written by Br. Shrigley; and is well known by all who know Smith's course, to be very mildly correct—the half of the fellow's baseness and falsehoods have not been told; as his present supporters are beginning to learn. No honest and well informed Partialist in Massachusetts will vouch for Matthew H. Smith's veracity. A. B. G.

We have been personally acquainted with Mr. Smith, more than eight years, and it may be presumed that we are as well acquainted with his history as Br. Heiner. It may be asked, if the statements in his book can not be relied on as correct. I answer, he has been guilty of writing that which was not true, as the following testimony will show.

The following letter was written by him with the intention of preventing the settlement of a brother minister:

Providence, Jan. 12, 1836.

"Rev. Sir:—I write because I am your friend; before you remove to this place, you should be acquainted with the fact, that the Society are not united in you. I hope you will come, but in justice to you, I have told you a plain truth, that you may come with your eyes open, etc.

"Your friend, A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY.

"To Rev. W. S. Balch."

This letter was superscribed to "Rev. W. S. Balch, Claremont, N. H."

Rev. Mr. Balch became suspicious that the letter was a trick of Matthew H. Smith, and accordingly wrote him and charged him with the authorship of it. Mr. Smith denied it in the following letter:

Roxbury, March 24, 1836.

Rev. W. S. Balch—Dear Br.—I received at the Trumpet office this day, a letter from you, etc. \* I can only say to you, as I have said before, that I AM NOT the author of the letters to which you refer, I HAVE NO KNOWLEDGE OF THE AUTHOR, and have never had any more connection with the writing of them than yourself, etc."

Signed M. H. SMITH.

And yet after all, M. H. Smith did write that letter, and he has acknowledged it. He was called to account for his repeated falsehood in regard to this transaction by the Committee of Discipline of the Massachusetts Convention, and finding that all his denials were of no avail, and that the committee fully believed he was the author of the letter, he at last confessed it, and with great professions of sorrow, asked forgiveness. This circumstance saved him from expulsion at that time. The following is an extract from Mr. Smith's letter to Rev. H. Ballou, in which he acknowledges himself to have written that which was not true.

Salem, Jan. 5, 1839.

Br. Ballou—I have no reluctance in penning the following statement:

I WROTE THE LETTER TO W. S. BALCH, which on Friday last, I saw in your hands.

Signed M. H. SMITH."

Superscribed, Rev. Hosea Ballou, Boston, Mass. "A true copy of the original on file. L. R. Paige, standing clerk of Massachusetts Convention of Universalists."

This is the man whose writings are considered by Br. Heiner good authority against his Christian brethren. This is the man who Br. Heiner says was too good to remain among the Universalists!

REV. PARSONS COOKE, AN ORTHODOX PREACHER IN LYNN, MASS., and editor of a Partialist paper, called the 'Puritan,' published his opinion of Mr. Smith in his paper, on this wise 'if he (Smith) is an impostor, he is a foolish one—if he is a maniac, he is a strange one. The phenomena of such a mind defy classification. They are subject to no laws, either of rationality or delirium.'

Rev. Charles W. Upham, pastor of a Unitarian Church in Salem, Mass., writes of Mr. Smith as follows:

"Salem, March 10, 1841.

"Mr. Smith's moral honesty can only be vindicated, if at all, by pleading disease and alienation of mind; and such being the case, his conversion can carry no weight, and be of no benefit to any party, and his denunciation can do no harm."

Yours, respectfully, CHAS. W. UPHAM."

Mr. Smith's own brother, Rev. D. D. Smith, writes the following, under date of May 20, 1842:

"The description he (Matthew H. Smith) gives of his early life and conversion, are so untrue to nature, that we recognize nothing of resemblance in his biography to the actual history. He has followed a wild imagination, and its fitful wanderings have caused him to do great injustice to those of whom he professes to write. He has prepared for himself the bread of sorrow, humiliation and shame. We know that the most prominent statements in his book are false.

D. D. SMITH."

Matthew H. Smith acknowledges that he is subject to delirium, in his book on pages 18 and 46. Mr. Heiner is desired to read to his congregation, the account Smith there gives of himself.

I conclude this publication with the following, written by the Rev. Thomas Whittemore, of Boston, and published in his paper, under date of April 10, 1841.

"Mr. Smith commenced preaching among the Christian Baptists. Rev. Mr. Himes, of Boston, says he preached his first sermon in his pulpit, in Plymouth; very early in life he was baptized by his own father, and joined a Christian or Christian church. His first change was from that sect to Universalism. His second was from a Universalist to a Presbyterian, while in Hartford, in 1835. His third change, was from Presbyterianism to Universalism, in four or five days from his 2d.—His fourth change was to Unitarianism, in Salem, in 1839. His fifth was from Unitarianism to "Orthodoxy," in May, 1840. His sixth was from "Orthodoxy" to Universalism, in a few weeks after. And his SEVENTH change, was from Universalism, to endless misery, in a few weeks after his sixth change!!" Other facts in regard to this Mr. Smith, will be published if circumstances call for them."

\* The changes here should have been numbered from ONE TO EIGHT, for Mr. Smith's conversion to the Christian Baptists was his first denouement.

## NOISY CHILDREN IN CHURCH.

Br. T. B. Thayer, of the Star of Bethlehem, has returned from a tour up country, and published a journal of travels and labors. In this journal he has the following chapter on noisy children in church. (It was at Springfield, Vt.)

"NOISY CHILDREN IN CHURCH.—Just after we opened our mouth in speech, a child on our right did the same, very much to our discomfort. In a few minutes another on our left commenced operations, and responded most heartily to the communications made. The utterance was not with any sort of diffidence, but with perfect fulness and freedom. Not being accustomed to such decided expressions of approbation, and being rather modest withal, we were somewhat disconcerted. Not knowing, however, what "Varmount" customs might be, we endured for a while as well as we could. But at last it came altogether too fast and loud. Exposed as we were to a heavy fire from both the right and the left, and finding that our thoughts were drifting rapidly into chaos and darkness, we were compelled to run up a signal of distress.

Accordingly I very respectfully notified the "pa" and "ma" that I could not talk when others were talking, and that as only one at a time could be heard to advantage, we had better come to some arrangement. It was suggested farther, that if I was allowed the floor, I should be glad to have the children kept quiet, and if this could not be, that there was a remedy they doubtless knew, without my naming it—whereupon they arose, stood upon their feet, took up their "babies" and walked—and lo, there was a great calm!"



We can very fully appreciate the embarrassment of Br. T. in the case above recounted. He was annoyed by the chattering of the little ones, but he knew not how it might be endured by the mammas, or even papas of the noisy dears, if he should ask for silence. We, a few years ago, lost a member of our society, and procured the settled enmity of a family, by kindly asking that a noisy child should be removed from the meeting. The little innocent set up a talking, which continued for some minutes. We tried to drive through, fearing to give offence, and expecting every moment that the mother or friend of the child would remove him. He was gaining the attention of one after another, until at length the most devout had to give up the preaching to hear the baby. We could not then proceed, and stopped for half a minute in silence. Yet the cause of the disturbance continued. The lady sat with her head down, and we knew not who it was; nor would it have made any difference if we had. We modestly requested that the person in charge of the child should remove him from the house. Our request was complied with; but the price of it was the enmity of that family.

The preacher who is imbued with good feeling has many things to try him. All attendants at the house of worship should love and promote the good order of the meeting, and when the preacher finds it necessary to suggest a wish in regard to any matter which has fallen out of place, all should understand that he has it not in his heart to illy treat his friends, and should be as one in bringing things to the right. All things should, and may, in the concerns of a religious society, be done decently and in order.—*Christian Freeman.*

## MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Rens. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry.

UTICA, FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1843.

### "IF UNIVERSALISM IS TRUE, WHERE IS THE USE OF PREACHING IT?"

We teach it, that men may know what God is—who he is—how worthy he is of universal and unlimited love and confidence; and how deserving therefore of our best service and constant obedience. And should the unobservant and unreflecting inquirer wonder at our answer, we can turn him over to his fellow believer in God's infinite wrath and vengeance, and man's endless sin and despair, who, in the moment of more than common distress and grief, is vainly seeking consolation in a creed of bitterness and death.

Go to the mother, or wife, or sister, bending over the corpse of a rash but noble minded and generous son, husband or brother, who has been called from earth suddenly, or when bereft of proper reason or reflection.—That fondly loved son or brother, died and made no sign.

He lived reckless of life, and uncaring even for what is called religion. Often, and often, had he been solicited to attend to the concerns of his soul—but he turned away lightly from the entreaty with a remark, that there would be time enough for that after a while. Many a time, when he was in the busy store, or at the gay ball, has the fervent prayer, and the earnest supplication gone up, accompanied with sighs, and tears, and groans, that God would have mercy upon him—that the Holy Spirit might powerfully strive with him, and bring him to repentance and to life. But his bright eye remained undimmed, and his light heart unoppressed by such conviction and conversion. At last, he was called to leave the earth. Up to his departure, he remained the same kind hearted and affectionate child and brother—fondly devoting his energies to render comfortable and happy those around him, and winning the esteem and warm love of all who knew him in return. Suddenly was he taken from the warm embrace. With slight warning was that kindling eye quenched, and that warm heart-pulse hushed in death. He died, and made no sign.

That mysterious and miraculous change of which so

much is said and so little is known—deemed so absolutely necessary to salvation, and yet not experienced and continued in until death, by one out of a hundred in even our Orthodox Protestant Churches—to say nothing of Catholics, heretics, Mahomedans and Pagans—that mysterious change he never experienced in life! Where, then—oh where is now that almost idolized son, and brother and husband? In heaven?—in hell? Torturing—heart-wringing, brain-searing question! Go to that mourning mother and sister, and attempt to answer it with the promises of Jehovah—the assurances of God's universal goodness—and the bursting heart of the mourner will answer the question—"If Universalism is true, what is the use of preaching it?"

Oh, how often have we heard the Partialist mourner, whose son had been humbled, and purified, and rendered compassionately tender and affectionate by affliction—how often have we seen such clasp the hands, and raise the tearful eye as they uttered the fervent wish—"Oh, that I could believe as you do!—Oh, that I could see clearly that the Bible teaches, that ultimately all mankind will be made holy and happy—that my son whom I lost—my husband whom I have just buried—my brother who was even now stricken suddenly from my side—that these dear, dear ones will be made holy and happy in eternity—oh, if I could but believe this, I should be the happiest being in God's earth—I would be willing to die—to praise God and serve him forever!"

Yes, such is the language of the despairing Partialist mourner—and after hearing it as we have often heard it, who is there that will be unfeeling and unthinking enough ever again to ask, "If Universalism be true, where is the use of preaching it?" A. B. G.

### REV. LEWIS C. TODD.

Many of our readers will probably remember this name, and the circumstances connected with it and our denomination. Br. Todd, a number of years ago, while publishing a Universalist periodical in Jamestown, Chautauque county, in this State, and preaching there and in the neighborhood, became gloomy minded, distrustful, and finally renounced Universalism, bringing some severe charges against the doctrine and denomination.—He joined the Methodists, and wrote a work *against Universalism, but not in favor of endless misery*, (as we stated at the time,) in which also he complained of the denomination, or, at least a number of our brethren.—Br. Todd seemed strangely bitter against me for some remarks of mine upon his course, which were certainly well meant by me, and which, to this day, I can not see how he could misunderstand as he did. My information was derived from a friendly source, and was correct, and was given without any design to censure Br. Todd, or to cast any imputation upon his motives.

But let that pass—a time may yet come (and most sincerely have I ever desired that it might) when face to face we may talk over the matter, and fairly understand each other. Br. Todd, after remaining a preacher among the Methodists for about a year, left them—renounced endless misery as an abominable and pernicious error—Methodism as a web of corruption, and Methodists as no better than they should be—and declared that his views against Universalism were the result of *hypochondria*, and that he was no more responsible for what he had published in his renunciation and in his book, than a man is for the ravings of delirium caused by a fever!

Since then, Br. Todd has been settled on a farm—his house, and hand, and heart open to our brethren as before. His health has become good—his heart is warm and his mind clear again, and he has returned to his first love again, we hope and trust forever. He is now once more a Universalist preacher, in full fellowship and good standing. We welcome him gladly to our ranks; and his old friends in all this region most cordially unite in the welcome.

The following letter from Br. Doolittle, of Akron, Ohio, will further explain our meaning. We copy from the Star in the West.

Will not Br. Todd visit this region soon? His old

friends, and many others, would gladly see and hear him—and as our Editorial career (as *resident Editor*, at least,) ends with the present year, after which we shall probably leave Utica, perhaps even the State, we should be pleased to hear that he intended visiting this region this Fall, that we might see him also, and talk over old affairs with him. A. B. G.

### L. C. TODD.

Br. Gurley:—You will perceive by the Minutes of the W. R. Association, that Br. Todd has asked and received the fellowship of this Association as a minister of the Gospel of universal reconciliation. He is now desirous of devoting his time wholly to the work of the ministry. We welcome him into the moral vineyard, and from what we have seen and heard can cordially in friendship and confidence extend to him the hand of fellowship, believing that he will prove a faithful and effectual co-worker in advancing the cause of truth and righteousness among men, as in times past. You know he left us for a season. But like Noah's dove, a wanderer over the wide and watery waste, he found no rest for the sole of his foot, till he returned to the ark of infinite mercy and protection. You know also, that he wrote and published a book against us. But he says he can refute every argument against the doctrine of the final restitution, contained in that work. Thus you see that no weapon can prosper against the truth. He moreover says, he has never preached the doctrine of endless punishment. Br. Todd resides in Parkman, Portage Co. He will probably devote one-half of his time for the benefit of the Society there, and the remainder in the vicinity. May the Lord strengthen his hands, and encourage his heart. And may his labors be blessed abundantly to the upbuilding of the Redeemer's kingdom. N. DOOLITTLE.

CLINTON LIBERAL INSTITUTE.—The public exercises of this School will take place on Tuesday and Wednesday, August 1st and 2d—the examination on Tuesday; the exhibition on Wednesday. The board of Trustees will meet on Tuesday at 8 o'clock, A. M., and a punctual attendance is requested as there is important business to be transacted at this session. There will also be an election to fill vacancies. All interested in any way in these matters, are invited to attend.

### ERRATA.

We regret the occurrence of some errors of late in our paper, in consequence of hasty proof reading and other causes.

In No. 28, page 217, in the text, "Jew" and "Gentile" should be in the plural number—the same in the second paragraph. The word "experienced," column 1, line 31 from the bottom, should be "exercised."

The following note from Br. Morse, will explain and rectify his grievances.

"Henderson, July 17, 1843.

Messrs. Grosh and Walker.—In the Magazine and Advocate, of July 14th, in the published Minutes of the proceedings of the Black River Association, and accompanying remarks, I find the following omissions and mistakes: will you have the goodness to correct them?

Yours truly, P. MORSE.

"On page 220, third column, tenth line from top, for *received*, read *revived*. On page 221, second column, eleventh line from top, for *certainly*, read *entirely*. On page 221, second column, fifty second line from top, for *prevented*, read *perverted*;—same line, for *form*, read *power*. On page 220, third column, seventh line from bottom, after the word *adopted*, read, *without a dissenting voice*."

All but the last, occurred in consequence of mistakes in reading the copy, which was not as clearly written as usual. The last was *purposely* omitted; because, from information in my possession, I knew that the vote had not been unanimous, even though those opposed to it had not thought it necessary or useful to vote against it, and the statement of Br. Morse added to the original Minutes, (for the Clerk did not, probably, so record that vote,) was, in my opinion, likely to give an impression



contrary to fact—an impression, even, that the Clerk was in favor of that vote, and had so recorded it in the original minutes. To avoid controversy, etc., I omitted the remark. Br. Morse, it seems, wishes it inserted.—As he was appointed to prepare the Minutes, I yield to his decision, with this explanation of motives and reasons for my part of the business. A. B. G.

The Western Luminary says—"Br. Price credits the proceedings of the Ontario Association to the Magazine and Advocate. This is wrong. It originally appeared in this paper. The Magazine did not give us any credit but we expected the Union to do better."

If Br. Hammond meant the last sentence for an insinuation that we are in the habit of neglecting to give due credit, or that we have manifested a disposition to wrong the Luminary in this matter—and it *does* look to us just like the insinuations of past times—then we would ask him for instances in which we have shown such a habit or disposition. We have copied the proceedings of several Associations from the Luminary, and have never, I believe, except in this single instance, failed to give due credit. Why, then, on this single omission, publish an insinuation that we are guilty of such meanness?

But the fact is, we copied those proceedings from a copy sent us by the Clerk himself; with his request (not published in the Luminary,) that Br. Price copy them. Br. P. therefore did not do wrong in crediting the version of the proceedings published by him to this paper. It originally appeared here, and never was published in the Luminary at all, as any one may see by comparing the two versions with each other—wording, italics, and all.

Will Br. Hammond please to correct the statement he made about this matter, and the charge he insinuated against the Magazine and Advocate? A. B. G.

#### JUST RECEIVED.

The second number of the Theological Library, entitled, "Thoughts on the Divine Goodness," by Ferdinand Oliver Pettipierre. This is an excellent work and comes at the extremely low price of 12 1-2 cents. It is richly worth 50 cents, and can not be obtained in book form for less than that sum, and can be sent by mail at periodical postage, only. Those subscribers who have not paid for the Magazine for this year, by sending us two dollars current money, free of postage, shall be entitled to the above work, Winchester's Dialogues, and be credited in full for current volume of the Magazine.—Now then is your time to obtain two valuable Universalist books, well worth \$1.25, and the Magazine for a year, by sending us what is in reality due for the paper alone. Friends we need the money.

#### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching on the fifth Sunday inst., by Br. WOOLLEY at Ford's Bush in the forenoon, and Southville at 2 P. M.; and by Br. ANDERSON in Cedarville—Br. SKINNER in Syracuse and Br. GROSH at German Flats—Br. GRISWOLD in Clinton.

There will be preaching on the first Sunday in August, by Br. BARRAY in Bridgewater, and Br. WOOLLEY in Fort Plain—Br. D. SKINNER in Sullivan—Br. GRISWOLD in this city, Br. SOULE in Vernon, and Br. GROSH in Clinton.

There will be preaching on the second Sunday in August, by Br. GROSH in Little Falls.

The second Conference of the Central Association will be held at Hamilton Center, on the last Wednesday and Thursday (the 30th and 31st) of August. The usual invitation to attend is cordially extended to all. By order of Committee on Conference, H. B. SOULE.

#### MARRIAGES.

In Preston, May 11th, by Rev. J. T. Goodrich, Mr. STEPHEN E. BROWN to Miss LYDIA ROGERS, both of Preston.

#### DEATHS.

In Potsdam, May 27th, of consumption, Mrs. SYBIL BAILY, wife of Capt. Benjamin Baily, aged 58 years. This sister in the faith of a world's salvation, was long afflicted

with the disease that caused her death; but having imbibed many years ago, correct views of the principles of the divine government, she never complained of her lot. She bore her protracted illness with an uncommon degree of resignation, and died in hope of a union with all the ransomed of the Lord. Long known and highly esteemed for her many excellencies of character, her departure is deeply lamented.

In Malone, May 6th, of disease of the heart, ESTHER ALZINA, only daughter of Lauriston and Nancy Amsden, aged 14 years, 6 months. This was a lovely girl—one of those fair flowers which our kind Father in Heaven has seen fit to scatter here and there, in this world of tears, and yet that never remain but a brief period, to adorn and make fragrant the path of human life. Cut down in the bloom of youth, she has gone to be encircled in the arms of the Saviour, and to behold the glories of heaven.

In Clarence, Erie county, July 8th, after a protracted illness, which she endured with Christian fortitude and patience, Mrs. NANCY WARREN, wife of Orsemus Warren, Esq. In the death of this most exemplary woman, society in Clarence has lost one of its oldest members, and brightest ornaments; a kind husband has been bereft of an affectionate and devoted wife, and eight children are deprived of a mother's tenderness and watchful care. Her funeral was humorously attended in the afternoon of the 9th inst., at the Methodist Episcopal church in this village, and a very excellent discourse for the occasion, delivered from Colossians iii: 2; "Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth," by the Rev. N. V. Hull, (Sabbatarian). Mrs. Warren was a firm believer in God's illimitable and impartial grace, and her unshaken faith in Jesus, as the true Messiah, the Saviour of whole world, sustained her to the last. May He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb; bind up the lacerated hearts of the mourning family, and impart to them that heavenly consolation, which alone can afford them comfort in their bereavement. J. H.

In the town of Greene, on the 8th inst., Col. ALANSON D. CRANDALL, in the 33d year of his age.

A strong and well cultivated mind and an amiable and obliging disposition, combined with the strictest integrity and morality, secured for the deceased the sincere esteem of all his relatives and acquaintances. None knew him but to love him; and the loss suffered by his death will be long and deeply felt, and widely deplored.

He loved and practiced virtue for its excellency, and detested and shunned vice for its odiousness. As a Christian, he reposed strong confidence in God's unbending and unchanging goodness, and his unspotted life, godly conversation and triumphant death, powerfully exemplify the influence of the doctrine of universal benevolence and grace.—During a very protracted illness, he was cheerful and resigned, and enjoyed greater consolation than he believed any different views could possibly impart. But a day or two previous to his death, he assured those who surrounded him, that he had full confidence in a universal Saviour, and that he should meet them all in heaven. He requested that the Rev. Mr. Goodrich should preach a strong doctrinal sermon at his funeral, and inform the world that he died firm in the faith of universal salvation. And in the full possession of his reason, without a doubt or a fear, a struggle or a groan, he calmly and peacefully fell asleep in Jesus. So lived and died a Universalist.

He is gone! With him the dream of life is over, and the storms of adversity and the troubles that checker the path of humanity, are past forever! His body sweetly reposes beneath the clods of the valley; and his spirit has exchanged the vestments of earth for a better world, radiant with immortal beauty, and glowing with unfading splendor and loveliness. But his memory remains. The deep solemnity of the vast concourse of people, without distinction of sect, who followed his remains to the grave, proves it to be engraven upon the tablets of their hearts.

May his parents, brothers and sisters, and all his connections and friends, look forward to a happy period when they shall again be reunited with him—where friends no more shall part, farewells no more be spoken, and happiness no more be dimmed by the sorrows and separations of time.—Oxford Republican.

At the residence of her son, in Richford, Tioga Co., on the 8th inst., Mrs. REBECCA BROWN, wife of Mr. Thomas Brown of this town, aged 58 years.

For a long time the health of the deceased had been feeble. On the 3d inst., much more vigorous than usual, she left home with her husband, to visit a son residing about 40 miles distant. Unfortunately, a portion of the day was stormy, and in the afternoon and evening she suffered ac-

utely from exposure—so much so, that she did not proceed to the place of her destination until the following day; in the latter part of which her symptoms assumed an alarming aspect. Her disease grew more and more violent until her death. Her remains were brought to this village and interred on the 9th, and her funeral discourse was delivered in the Universalist Meetinghouse on the succeeding Sabbath.

Not only her partner, children and other relatives, but her neighbors, especially the poor and unfortunate, have experienced a great loss—she, an unspeakable gain. Regardless of the sneers of popularity, and the frowns of ignorance, bigotry and prejudice, she was for many years an honest, frank and unwavering believer in the final "restitution of all things, which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began." During the lucid portions of her last illness, and after all hope of recovery had vanished, she declared that her faith was firm and unshaken; and in her life and death we have added another to the multitude of instances which prove that her sentiments were not only "good to live by," but "good to die by."

May the sorrowful and bereaved look beyond these scenes of darkness and shadows to the land of eternal sunshine and substantial felicity; where they shall meet their departed friends, and sit down with them and rejoice; where they shall drink "clear waters unmingled with bitterness," hear sweet music unmarred by discord, and gather flowers that ever bloom in immortal fragrance.—[Oxford Times.

#### THE TWO MAIDENS.

"Good morning, Mrs. Hinton," said Martha Green, lifting her head as a visitor entered the room in which she sat, busily engaged in sewing. "You see that I am full of work."

"So you seem to be," was the quiet reply. "But I suppose you can spare to-night for a work of mercy?"

"How a work of mercy, Mrs. Hinton?"

"Poor old Mrs. Bender is very ill—so ill that she can not be left alone any length of time. I have been up with her two nights in succession, and am now looking for one or two young ladies who will take charge of her to-night. Can I depend on you?"

"Not to-night, Mrs. Hinton. It would be impossible. It will take me till twelve to-night and most part of to-morrow, to finish this dress, which I must wear at Mrs. Corrie's party to-morrow evening. Any other time I would go with pleasure."

"I am really sorry for that; I have been to two or three this morning, and all have declined on account of this party."

"Hannah Bell can go as readily as not, Mrs. Hinton. She had her new dress made at the mantua-makers."

"I have seen Hannah."

"Does she decline?"

"Yes."

"That is very strange. What reason does she give?"

"She says that if she were to sit up to-night, it would ruin her appearance to-morrow evening. That it would make her look dreadful."

"There is something in that, you know yourself, Mrs. Hinton. Loss of rest has the same effect upon me. I don't look fit to be seen for two or three days after losing a night's sleep."

"Yes, I know that sitting up does not improve the looks much," Mrs. Hinton gravely remarked; and then, after pausing a few moments, got up, and said, as she moved towards the door,

"Well; I must bid you good morning, Martha, time is passing, and I must find some one who will relieve me, or I shall get sick myself."

"I do hope you will," Martha said in a tone of concern. "Were I not situated just as I am, I should go with pleasure."

And then the visitor went away. After her departure, Martha Green sat thoughtful for some minutes.—She did not feel altogether satisfied with herself, and yet, on reflection, she could not see any cause for self-condemnation. Sincerely did she pity the condition of poor old Mrs. Bender, who was nearly seventy years of age, sick, and without any one in the world to whom she could look, and claim from consanguinity, a single kind office. "But it was impossible for me to go," she reasoned, in the effort to quiet her uneasy feelings, "under the circumstances; utterly impossible."



Still she sat thoughtful, without resuming her needle. At length she aroused herself with the half audible remark:

"Somebody will go of course." And that settled the matter.

It was perhaps an hour after, that a young friend and confidant dropped in to sit an hour with Martha. The conversation run, of course, on the party to be held at Mrs. Corrie's on the next evening.

"You will look beautiful in this dress," the friend remarked, lifting a portion of the garment upon which Martha was at work in her hand. It suits your complexion admirably; besides being of a rich material, and attractive, yet appropriate, and not too gaudy in color."

"I am glad you think so," Martha replied, with a smile of satisfaction. "I don't believe there will be anything half so elegant at the party."

"There will at least be one dress there that will fully equal it," the visitor said.

"Are you sure?" in a tone of disappointment.

"Yes. As I came along this morning, on my way here, I dropped in a moment to see Ellen Willard, and found her at work, as you are, upon her own dress.—She has certainly selected it with exquisite taste. Much as I admire yours, I really think that I should prefer the one she has chosen. She will attract much attention, of course, for you know that she is a girl of a great deal of taste, and knows how to dress to the best advantage."

This intelligence had the effect to change naturally the tone of Martha's feelings. As far as was in her power, she concealed this change from her friend, but after she had left, her countenance expressed much concern. The reason was this. A young man named Alton, had paid her a good many attentions in the last few months, and of such a marked kind, that she had suffered her affections to become a good deal interested. The extent of this interest had not become apparent to herself until within a week or two, during which time she thought that she perceived a slight change in his manner towards her, united with, on two or three occasions, a perceptible preference for the company of Ellen Willard. One reason for her being unusually desirous of making, if possible, the very best appearance at the party of Mrs. Corrie, was to fix again the wavering regard of Mr. Alton. To learn then, that Ellen was likely to equal if not eclipse her, was no very pleasant information, and it troubled her, in spite of every effort to rally her feelings.

Time passed, and the evening came for the anticipated company. Martha was there early, dressed with the most scrupulous regard to effect, yet tastefully, in every respect. Alton came in perhaps half an hour after.—The maiden's heart bounded as she saw him enter, while the soft tint of her cheek, delicate as the rose blossom, deepened its hue. The eye of the young man glanced around the brilliantly lighted room, evidently in search of some one, and then he seated himself alone, as if disappointed, and again slowly surveyed the company. Of course he did not fail to notice Martha Green. In a little while others made their appearance, and soon he found himself by the side of one of his own intimate friends.

"Did you ever see Martha Green look so beautiful?" he said to this young man.

"Where is she?—O yes, I see! Really, she is a superb looking woman!"

"Is n't she? But there is one whom I expect here to-night, that, if I am not mistaken, will eclipse her."

"Who is she?"

"Ellen Willard."

"There she is now. Look at her, and then yield the palm at once to Miss Green. Really, I never saw Ellen look so indifferent in my life."

Alton turned his eye towards the door, and sure enough there was Ellen, plainly dressed, though neat, and her face wearing an expression of weariness. It was a moment or two before he spoke, and then he said in a tone of disappointment—

"As you say, I never saw her look so indifferent in all my life. Still, she is a sweet girl, even though eclipsed to-night, in every way, by Martha Green."

"They certainly will not bear a comparison," responded the friend.

Martha Green, who was sitting beside the friend and confidant mentioned as having called on her the day before, had been glancing uneasily towards the door every time it opened to admit some new comer, and was among the first to perceive Ellen.

"O dear! if that is all, no one here need fear being thrown into the shade to-night," was her exulting remark. "Why, I thought you told me that she was at work on a dress even more beautiful than mine."

"So she was," replied her friend. "And I can not for my life tell why she has not worn it."

"She could not get it done, I suppose."

"Perhaps not. There was a good deal to do on it when I saw her. Indeed, she had just commenced working on it."

"Do you know that I am right glad of it?" Martha said.

"No—why?"

"Because, if she had come out in her very best style this evening, I am very much afraid Mr. Alton would have been much pleased with her."

"Indeed! I thought he was paying almost exclusive attention to you."

"So I have flattered myself until within the last week or two, when he has seemed to grow a little more attentive to Ellen than is agreeable to me."

"You have nothing to fear to-night, Martha. Just see! She has on that old dress worn by her at the last half dozen parties. And instead of her usual brilliant complexion, her skin looks sallow, and her cheeks pale; and her whole face has a dull, lifeless expression. What on earth can be the matter? Something has happened, no doubt, to prevent her getting that dress done, which has worried her so much as to spoil her very pretty face.—And see, with what a look Mr. Alton is now regarding her."

"Yes, I see; and what is more I see that I am safe."

In a few minutes after, Alton took a seat beside Martha, cured, he thought, of the evident preference which had recently existed in his mind for Ellen Willard, over her anxious rival. This preference had not been so distinct as to have been founded upon any serious comparison made in his mind between the intrinsic claims to estimation which the two young ladies presented. It was rather a leaning towards Ellen, without reflection upon the reason why she seemed more interesting to him than Martha. Of course, it required but a trifle to change that state of mind. He now renewed his attentions to Martha Green, with even more than his former assiduity, to the entire neglect of Ellen Willard, who retired at a very early hour.

Towards the close of the evening, he sat near Mrs. Hinton, who was present, and two or three ladies who were conversing. The name of Ellen, mentioned by one of them, attracted his attention.

"Ellen did not look like herself to-night," was remarked by one.

"No," said another, "I never saw her make so indifferent an appearance. And she was, besides, very dull while she remained, and has left the room at an unusually early hour. What can be the matter with her?"

"She is not very well," Mrs. Hinton said.

"But even that does not account for the want of taste and effect in her dress, two things that are always regarded by her."

"I think that I can explain it all," replied Mrs. Hinton, smiling.

Alton listened attentively to what followed, although it was not intended for his ears. He sat near enough to hear all that was said, without making any effort so to do—and he was too much interested to get up and move to another part of the room.

"Well, what was the reason?" asked two or three of the ladies.

"It is a very plain case," resumed Mrs. Hinton.—

"Most of you know old Mrs. Bender. On calling in to see her a few days ago, I found her very ill, and in need of nourishment and attention. In the condition that I

found her, it would have been cruel to have left her alone for any length of time. For two nights I remained with her myself, not wishing to trouble any one else, and being much in the hope every day that she would get much better. Yesterday, I found myself so much fatigued from loss of rest, that I was compelled to seek for some one who would relieve me. Accordingly, I called upon several young ladies and asked their assistance. But some, like Martha Green, had their hands so full in making up dresses for this evening that they could not possibly sit up—while others were afraid that the loss of a night's rest would entirely unfit them to enjoy this pleasant company. Any other time, one and all would have come forward cheerfully for the sake of old Mrs. Bender. With a feeling of discouragement, I called in to see Ellen, and found her busily engaged on one of the sweetest dresses I have ever seen. It was to be worn this evening.

"Busy too," I remarked, as I sat down by her side with a feeling that my search for a sitter up would prove fruitless.

"I am busy, Mrs. Hinton," was her reply, "but not so busy I hope, but that I can oblige you."

Instinctively it seems, had she perceived from my tone of voice, that I had a request to make, which her heart prompted her at once to grant, if in her power.

"I am rather afraid, Ellen, that you are too much engaged for what I wish you to do. This beautiful dress is for to-morrow evening, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"And is just commenced, I see."

"Yes."

"And of course will keep you busy to-night and to-morrow."

"I shall not certainly, have much time to spare," was her reply. "But what is it you wish me to do?"

"I did wish you to sit up with old Mrs. Bender, who is very ill."

"To-night?"

"Yes. I have been to six or seven young ladies, but not one can go. I have been up for two successive nights myself, and feel quite worn out."

"Is Mrs. Bender very ill?" she inquired in a voice of sympathy and concern.

"She is—so much so that she can not be left alone through the night."

For a few moments Ellen sat thoughtful, and then said, with a cheerful smile, "I will go over to-night, and sit up with her."

"But you can not finish this dress and do so," I said.

"I know that, Mrs. Hinton. But Mrs. Bender needs my kind attentions a great deal more than I need this dress, much as I have desired to appear in it to-morrow evening, and much as I need a genteel dress for such an occasion. But I had rather go with a calm consciousness of having done my duty, than, without it, to appear in the attire of a queen."

The dear girl spoke with an earnestness that made her cheek glow and her eye brighten. I thought that I had never seen her face wear so lovely an expression. True to her resolution, she went over to Mrs. Bender's and remained with her all night. Her dress could not, of course, be finished; and that was not all. An attack of sick headache was the consequence, the effects of which, upon her appearance, you all observed to-night."

"Admirable girl," murmured Alton to himself, as Mrs. Hinton ceased speaking. "How far more beautiful is a truly good, self-sacrificing action than all the exterior graces that art can put on."

As he said this, he looked up, and his eye fell upon the belle of the evening, Martha Green. But like magic, faded all her exterior loveliness, as he compared it with the moral beauty of the other. He sought not her side again, and left the company as soon as he could do so with propriety.

The next evening found him at the dwelling of Ellen, in whose every look and tone he now perceived a new attraction, and in every movement a new grace. He soon yielded his heart to the power of virtues unperceived and unfelt before—virtues whose bloom and fragrance time nor change can steal away.—[Olive Branch,



# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."....."PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, AUGUST 5, 1843.

NO. 31.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## ORIGINAL SERMON.

### THE TEST OF DISCIPLESHIP.

BY REV. S. P. LANDERS, OF WORCESTER, MASS.

"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." John xiii: 35.

Baxter truly says, that "Two things have set the church on fire, and have been the plagues of it for more than one thousand years. *First*, enlarging the creed and making more fundamentals than God has made. *Second*, composing, and so *imposing* our creeds and confessions in our own words and phrases, instead of the language of the Bible. When men have learned more manners and humility," continues the writer, "than to accuse God's language as being too general and obscure, as if they could mend it—and have more dread of God and compassion on themselves, than to make those to be fundamentals or certainties which God never made so; and when they reduce their confessions, 1st to their due extent, and 2d to Scripture phrases that dissenters may not scruple to subscribe—then, and I believe never till then, shall the church have peace about doctrinals. It seems to me no heinous Socinianism for which Chillingworth is blamed, viz., Let all men believe the Scripture, and that only, and endeavor to believe it in the true sense, and promise this and require no more of others, and they shall find this not only a better, but the only means to suppress heresy and restore unity."—*Preface to "Saint's Everlasting Rest."*

In this short extract, by which I have opened my present discourse, there are named two of the principal causes which have tended to produce, not only a diversity of opinions, but dissensions among Christians. The test of discipleship does not now consist in exercising love one toward another, so much as it does in believing, or rather subscribing to, certain articles of faith, which are made the fundamentals of the Christian religion. These articles of faith are not framed in the language of the Bible, but in such words as best suited the minds of the creed makers. There is no Bible language that can be made to express the ideas which they contain. To prove this, I will introduce to your notice the doctrines of one creed, which happens to be first in my mind, which are regarded as the fundamental truths of the Gospel—which are deemed indispensable to our salvation, to our virtue and happiness, and to our being a disciple of the Lord Jesus. We hear of the "holy Trinity"—"three persons of one power, substance and eternity," "the Son eternally begotten of the Father," "the holy Ghost eternally proceeding from the Father and Son," "God's eternal decrees," "conditional and unconditional election and reprobation," "imputed righteousness," "the final perseverance of the saints," "total depravity," "original sin," "endless sin and misery," and thus we might enumerate many others from the same book. A belief in these several doctrines is regarded indispensable to discipleship, by those who hold them as the principles of the Gospel of Jesus. But I frankly confess that it would be a thing utterly impossible for me to become a disciple upon conditions like these. There is such a broad and glaring inconsistency in them, so utterly opposed to every dictate of reason, that the pains of the most severe punishment could not bring my mind to subscribe to them.

But however the world may regard the test of discipleship, we know that Jesus placed this test on the ground of love one toward another. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if

ye have love one towards another." The apostle Paul says, that though he had all faith, so that he could remove mountains, though he bestowed all his goods to feed the poor, though he gave his body to be burned, and though he had all wisdom and knowledge, yet without love he was nothing—he was like sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.—Love is the central sun of the universe—it is the essence and nature of God, and the glory of his son Jesus Christ. It is the principle which inclines us to worship our heavenly Father, and the test of our discipleship. We do not judge a true Christian disciple by the amount of his learning, by the abilities he may display, nor by the shape and fashion of his creed. We do not judge him by the professions he may make, by the experience he may tell, nor by the particular sect he may join, but we judge him by the spirit he is of, by the devotion and character of his life, by the interest he feels and manifests in the cause of virtue and religion, by his firm integrity and constant adherence to right, and by the liberal charity which burns in his bosom. It matters not whether such a man be a Trinitarian, Unitarian, Calvinist or Arminian, Methodist, Universalist, Friend, or Baptist; he is a Christian in the best and broadest acceptance of that word. A Christian is known more by his adherence to principle in all the walks of life, than by the name he bears. The name and creed of his sect have nothing more to do with making him a disciple, than the fashion of his garments, the quality of their cloth, or the country to which he may belong. The true disciple "is a slave to no sect, a partisan to no party, a bigot to no creed, a zealot to no dogma, and a servant to no man, save the man Christ Jesus." He believes in no test of Christian faith, Christian worship, and Christian morality, save the doctrines of the Gospel. The creeds of men, as tests of Christian character, of divine acceptance with God, and as bonds of union, he rejects, because of their exclusiveness.—Governed by this spirit, he extends the hand of Christian fellowship to all names, parties, and individuals, who manifest the spirit commended to us in the text. In the rugged paths of poverty, he may be destined to walk, but he clings to the principle of right, acknowledging no man master on earth, for one is his Master, even Christ. He is not ostentatious, does not seek the applause of the world, but his great concern is to find the right path, and to feel the approval of his own conscience. When these objects are gained, it is a matter of second importance to him, whether this one or that is willing or not to award to him the Christian name. It was once said, "see how these Christians love another," while they of whom this was spoken, felt the severe intolerance and persecution of the age in which they lived. I trust that the question is settled in your minds as to what constitutes a person a true disciple of Jesus. It is love to mankind. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

When we look abroad upon the aspect of the Christian church, we find a great want of that sympathy and love among the believers in the same God, and the followers of the same Lord Jesus, which the text enjoins as being necessary to be his disciples; in other words, we find, not only a diversity of opinions, but divisions and strifes between different sects, and between differing parties in the same sect. In view of this fact, I wish to direct your attention to two subjects.

FIRST, *what are the causes of these evils?* and SECONDLY, *what is our duty in view of them?*—The causes which have operated to produce such a diversity of opinions, and such a spirit of disun-

ion in the Christian ranks, are numerous and dissimilar. The question is often asked, why is there such a diversity of opinions among Christians, when they all go to one book, and that book containing a revelation from God, for the articles of their faith? This is a question so frequently put in the form of an objection to Christianity, that in attempting to enumerate the causes of the evils of which I have spoken, I will attempt an answer.

In the first place let it be understood, that there are certain fundamental doctrines of the Bible, upon which there is the most perfect agreement in sentiment. The being of a God, which lies at the foundation of all religion; the divine authenticity of the Scriptures, as containing a revelation of the will of God; the divinity of Jesus Christ, as the appointed agent to reveal and execute his will; and the resurrection of all mankind from the dead, clothed with a new and immortal nature, are doctrines upon which there is the greatest uniformity of sentiment.

The difference of faith, then, is not upon all the doctrines of Christianity, though there is a diversity of opinion respecting some very important points. The cause of this, lies not in the Scriptures themselves; for they are clear, so that "The wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err" in respect to all the important subjects of faith; but the principal cause is circumstantial and accidental.—When we take into consideration the different circumstances under which mankind are placed, the very different manner in which they are educated and taught from early life up to more mature years, we cease to wonder at the diversity of sentiment we behold around us. The old proverb is true, which says, "as the twig is bent the tree is inclined." Experience has verified this maxim in thousands of instances. With respect to a religious education, we see its truth every day around us.

In the first place, mankind are differently organized and capacitated. Some are fond of the marvellous and strange, and hence they are liable to put forced constructions on the Scriptures and believe in extravagant and silly doctrines. Some have feelings which lead them to be cruel, feelings of pride and self importance, and they are inclined to those systems of faith, which allow of the full gratification of such passions. They regard themselves as better than others; and hence those systems which make a distinction in the final condition of mankind, are the systems of their choice. Some have benevolent feelings which revolt at such representations of God and his dealings, and hence they are inclined to a more merciful faith.

Now if we add to these natural causes, the more important one of education, the mystery of there being so many systems of religion, all professedly found in the Bible, is at once solved. The different religious professors have perhaps been bred up under very different influences. One has had sentiments of a certain kind instilled into his mind from early childhood. His faith, therefore, has "grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength." Another has come up under different influences, and the third under still different, and so on to the end of sects. They have all been pointed to the Bible as the great repository of spiritual life and salvation. They have fixed certain significations to the words and phrases therein contained, all tending to establish the truth of the respective doctrines in which they believe. In view of all these circumstances, I ask is it at all strange that there should be a diversity of opinions, as to the meaning of the Bible? Not in the least; but the great wonder is, that there should be such a uniformity of opinion.

After all, men do not differ more widely in their



religious opinions, than they do in other things, of common interest. Look at two farmers living side by side, who differ in opinion even as the best manner of raising a crop of corn. Look at two teachers of science, who have graduated perhaps at the same college, one preferring the Hamiltonian or Bolmanian system of teaching the Greek and Latin, the other the common method. Look at two politicians, both having the same means of information, and both equally sensible and candid, yet differing in all the essential doctrines of government. Look at two medical professors, who have gained their knowledge from the same sources. One plies mineral and the other vegetable remedies—one heals by steam, the other by calomel—one abstracts blood, the other pours in lobelia. The third differs from both of these, and cures his patients by the Homoeopathic system. Look at our statesmen as they assemble from various parts of the country in the capitol of this nation, gravely disputing with each other respecting the meaning of that venerable instrument, the Constitution of the United States. Why is it not, as mysterious that men should be divided in opinion upon all these subjects, as it is that they should differ in religious faith? They all have the same means of knowledge—all perhaps are equally sincere, and equally desirous that right views and practices should prevail. Yet each one believes that he is in the right, and his opponent in the wrong. It always has been that men have differed in opinion, and it always will be so, till we are created anew in the resurrection morn, when we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known.

We have now spoken upon the natural, circumstantial, and accidental causes of such a diversity of religious opinions, as we find around us. There were two others named at the commencement of this discourse. These were *First*, making more fundamentals than the Bible makes. *Second*, composing creeds and confessions in other language than the Scripture. It is these two things, more than all others, that have caused so much hatred and animosity in Christendom, and disturbed the peace and happiness of believers. It is useless, and perhaps injurious, to dwell upon the evils which have been suffered in consequence of attempting to force mankind into a union of opinion. We all know that heresy has been pursued with fire and the sword, and we know that there is yet much of that spirit in existence by which the apostles lost their lives, and by which the church, since their time, has been clothed in mourning.

*SECONDLY*—What is our duty in view of these existing evils? This may be expressed in a single sentence—by all the means in our power we should strive to do it away. We find a spirit abroad, which, like Procrustes with his iron bedstead, cuts off or stretches out, all who do not suit the standard measure which it has set up.—We must believe so much and no more, so much and no less, or we are not the disciples of Christ. This is a spirit with which we should have no fellowship nor sympathy, let it come in whatever form it may. Christianity is as broad as the universe, and the spirit of charity which dwelt in the mind of Christ, is no more like this spirit of arrogance, than an ice house is like Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. Let those who feel this spirit and arrogate to themselves the Christian name, go learn of the Saviour, and see how broad was his mantle of charity, how deep and universal was his benevolence, and how strong and impartial was his love for the world. It is our duty to imitate the example of our divine Master, and cultivate the meek and lowly spirit which he always manifested, and in this way, check that spirit of intolerance which confines all its charity within the bounds of a single sect.

I want no selfish feelings of this kind, and I will have none. I want a religion that embraces the world in one vast brotherhood; a religion that reaches and satisfies the wants of every human being, that breathes the spirit of love, as pure and as holy as when it gushed from the high courts of heaven. The Christian name has been denied us, and were we to return evil for this act of a bigoted

spirit, we might be guilty of as great a breach of duty as that of which we complain. But while we regard it as wrong in itself, for our sect to withhold that precious name from another, merely on account of a difference of faith; it is more divine and god-like to forgive the injury, than to gain redress by a similar course. Uncharitable feelings should not dwell in our hearts. An uncharitable sentence of condemnation should not pass from our lips. I know of no evil in the church which I more deeply deplore, than I do this spirit of contention between different sects. It breaks up the peace of families and neighborhoods. It divides community into parties, which like the Jews and Samaritans of old, have no dealings with each other. For my own part, I would suffer wrong patiently, rather than to add to this alienation. I would treat all mankind as the children of one common Father in heaven; as beings created by the same God, and of the same blood; as possessing the same desires and hopes, and as being subject to the same weaknesses and frailties, with myself and all others.—And could the Christian of every name and sect be brought to see and feel that God regarded all his children with equal compassion and tenderness—could they come into the belief of that great and glorious truth, which teaches that all are destined to share of his mercies at last, and to enjoy his salvation, I believe that their feelings towards each other would be better though they continued to differ in opinion on other points. It would bring down all feelings of pride and distinction, and lead them to love and cherish all whom they regarded as subjects of God's love and salvation. It is wrong views of the divine Being whom they worship, in addition to other reasons, that causes one class of men, or one sect, to arrogate to themselves all the piety and all the soundness of Christian faith, there is in the world.

And after all, the differences of opinion on the subject of religion, which agitate and distract the world, are generally speculative and unimportant. They can make no great difference with us under any of the circumstances of life. The leading principles of the Gospel with perhaps one exception, are recognized by all Christian sects. It is the fundamental truths of Christianity that are the most essential to our happiness, and to comfort and sustain us under the trials of life.

Upon what truths do we dwell with the most delight and satisfaction, when we are called in the providence of God to convey the last remains of a beloved friend, or a near relative, to the silent chamber of death? Is it the divine unity, or the trinity, that we think of then? Is it doctrines like these that occupy our thoughts in those solemn hours? No, no. These speculative systems are forgotten in times of grief and trouble, and the mind dwells with delight upon the great truths that God exists, that he is good, that all the events which he permits are ordained in love, and designed for our highest happiness, and that eventually we shall all awake from the sleep of death to the enjoyment of life immortal. May I not appeal to those who have been called to mourn, for the truth of what I say. To you, Christian mourner, may I not appeal, and ask, when you stood over the wasting body of your friend, or perhaps your companion and partner, and saw the last glimmer of life die away, and a cold and inanimate body come before you, when you wiped the sweat of death from the brow, and felt within your mind as though life itself could be no longer a blessing to you, did you not cling with a peculiar fondness to the truth of God's impartial and unchanging love for all, and to the hope of a resurrection, and a re-union with your friend in a land where parting and sorrow can never come? And mourning parent, when you have been called to yield up your tender babe into the arms of death, and when the little laughing cherub which had been as a star in the family circle, giving light, beauty, and happiness to all, came no more at your call, when the light of heaven and the beauty of earth seemed only designed to mock your ravished feelings, and add poignancy to your sorrow, have you not found a balm for your wounded spirit in the thought that it was safe in the hands

of our Creator who gave it; and that Jesus took such in his arms and blessed them, and said "of such is the kingdom of heaven"?

It is important to believe "the whole truth and nothing but the truth," if we can: but then it must be admitted, that there is a great difference in the moral power of many truths, to comfort and sustain the human mind in times of sorrow and affliction. It is these more important ones that we ought to believe and understand.

I believe in God the Father, who hath created a world for his own pleasure and for the happiness of the beings to whom he has given life, and who will ultimately bring them all to the enjoyment of that heavenly inheritance which he has in store for a world; I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person, who was compassionate and forgiving when among men, and who spent his life in serving the human race. I believe in the resurrection of the dead, to a state of immortality, incorruptibility, glory, and honor, and that then, Christ will deliver up his kingdom, and God the Father will be all in all. These truths I regard as essential to our happiness, and to our reconciliation with God; but I can not call the man a heretic who does not believe with me in these particulars. We say with the poet,

"Let party names no more  
The Christian world o'er spread;  
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,  
Are one in Christ their head.

Among the saints on earth  
Let mutual love be found;  
Heirs of the same inheritance  
With mutual blessings crowned."

Our duty is to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints," and while we maintain this faith openly before the world, not to confine our charities to those of our own sect. Let us strive with all the powers we possess, against all improper feeling that may arise in our minds towards others, on account of their difference of faith. Let us do all we can to make peace among ourselves, and to heal those wounds caused by a difference of opinions among Christians in general.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### THE RIVULET—A FRAGMENT.

BY MISS MARIA L. STACY.

'Twas one evening just at twilight, that I wandered thoughtfully along upon the banks of a beautiful stream which flowed through my native valley. Oft had I strolled up and down by its side when I was a gay and happy child; but I had been a wanderer from my home—time had passed away since I had mingled with the companions of my childhood, and I was now permitted again, for a season, to enjoy the sweet and well remembered pleasures of my infantile years. I thought of the many happy hours I had spent on the banks of that murmuring rivulet ere my young heart had known the flight of time, or been scathed by the blighting influence of a cold and heartless world. The gay carols of my youthful associates struck my ear as in former days—a pensive undefinable sadness stole over my heart, and I sat down upon the skirts of the stream to muse upon the frailty of human hopes and pleasures. The water wended its way playfully at my feet—a kind of abstract reverie took possession of my mind, and I soon found myself watching the glittering bubbles as they floated along upon the surface of the sportive waters. Some would float joyfully along, far beyond the range of my eyes; and others were caught up in their glad career by some gambolling eddy, and mingled back again with their parent waters. How like unto this, thought I, is the stream of life! Mortal man is indeed but a bubble, floating onward, and liable every moment to be swept into oblivion by some whirlpool of time. 'Tis true that some are permitted to float long and brilliantly, but they too must at last yield to the mighty and overwhelming torrent of time. Be contented then, oh man, to glide tranquilly along upon the stream of life, till



the destined time shall come, when you shall be wafted into your native and regained element, there to mingle with your kindred drops, and swell to fulness the broad ocean of happiness and repose.

Springfield, Pa.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### CONFERENCE AND ORDINATION.

The first Conference of the St. Lawrence Association was held at Nicolville, July 26th and 27th, and we only say, what many have already said of this meeting, that truly it was a good one. It was one of those happy and profitable seasons which the Christian experiences when a whole congregation seems to realize that we are all one in Christ Jesus. There were six sermons preached on this occasion, by Brs. Day, Mott, Hayward and Waggoner. Brs. Mott and Hayward, each preaching twice. The singing was performed by three choirs. The Nicolville singers were joined by the choirs of Canton and Potsdam, and were all led by Br. Ellis of the Canton society—and such music as they made, oh, it raised the soul to heaven!

The services of Br. S. W. Squire's Ordination were performed on Thursday, P. M., and were as follows:

1. Singing, hymn 489, Streeter's Collection.—
2. Reading of the Scriptures by Br. A. Day.
3. Introductory prayer by Br. D. Mott.
4. Singing hymn 486.
5. Sermon by Br. W. H. Waggoner, text, "Goye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature; he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned."
6. Ordaining prayer by Br. J. Simonds.
7. Charge and delivery of the Scriptures by Br. W. H. Waggoner.
8. Right hand of fellowship by Br. H. L. Hayward.
9. Address to Society by Br. W. H. Waggoner.
10. Singing, hymn 243.
11. Benediction by the Candidate.

All the above services were solemn and impressive, and were listened to with deep and tearful attention. Br. Squire was also baptized by immersion on the occasion—administrator, Br. J. Simonds. And he is now fully clothed for the sacred office of an Evangelist; and we hope and believe that he will prove a workman who needeth not to be ashamed. He is located in a very interesting part of the moral vineyard of God, and has already done much for the cause of righteousness and truth. May his bow abide in strength; and may he be sustained by the Master of Christians in all his arduous labors.

W. H. WAGGONER.

Canton, July 29th, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

**ANOTHER REVEREND SCOUNDREL.**—The Rev. Jeremiah Knowles, of Mina, Chautauque co., (Christ-ian,) has recently left his family in very destitute circumstances, and in company with a young woman has fled to parts unknown. Mr. Knowles has been very loud in his opposition to Universalism, and is a man of some revival notoriety. I think the public should be cautioned against this wolf in sheep's clothing.

L. PAINE.

### THE LIBERAL DEVISETH LIBERAL THINGS.

It will be seen by the following paragraph which we cut from the Bunker Hill Aurora, that the infidel Unitarians and Universalists sometimes do more in the way of real charity, than their Evangelical neighbors.

"The amount collected in the Churches in this town, last Sunday, for the benefit of the sufferers at Fall River, was \$635.23, which was forwarded to the committee next day, viz:

Rev. Mr. Ellis's Society, Unitarian,	\$204 50
" Chapin's, Universalist,	151 00
" Humphrey's, Orthodox,	72 00
" Buddington's do	70 39
Baptist,	65 74
Episcopal,	48 00
Methodist,	18 60

Total \$635.23

\$355.50 of the above amount were collected in the Unitarian and Universalist churches—a sum which overruns the whole amount collected in the other five religious societies \$81.37. Were a contribution to be raised for the purpose of sending the dogmas of Partialism to the Heathen, no doubt these five societies would contribute most generously. Well, Religion is one thing; and the cause of Humanity another. H.

From the Star of Bethlehem.

### EXPOSITION.

"All they that take the sword, shall perish by the sword." Matt. xxvii: 52.

These words of Jesus are supposed by a well known and distinguished critic to have been prophetic, and to have pointed out in the distance the overthrow of the Jews and Romans. His comment is after this sort: "This verse is probably a prophetic declaration of the Jewish and Roman states. The Jews put our Lord to death under the sanction of the Romans—both took the sword against Christ, and both perished by it. The Jews by that of the Romans, and the Romans by that of the Goths, Vandals, etc. The event has verified the prediction; the Jewish government has been destroyed upwards of 1700 years; and the Roman upwards of a 1000."

It is well that we should hear the opinions of all; but it is better that we should think for ourselves. It is well to know the views of others, though it is not safe always, or necessary to adopt them. The opinion just repeated may or may not be true, but it seems more easy and natural to suppose that the expression in question was an observation of the moment, called forth by the circumstances of the occasion; or perhaps a proverbial phrase, designed only to convey the general idea, that those who used the sword continually against others, must expect to have it used against them in return—that if they trusted entirely to this, it would perhaps be turned against them—and that the very instrument which they had used to the destruction of others would in the end prove their own destruction.

The object doubtless was to reprove Peter for his rashness, his readiness to take the matter in his own hands, when he should have looked to God, in such a cause, as the protector of his chosen Son and servant. The work in which they were engaged was God's work; he had sent them to perform it, and he would take care that there should be no failure. How absurd, therefore, for Peter to take the sword, and attempt, by the aid of this, to do what God had determined to accomplish by other means. And beside, if he intended to settle the question by an appeal to violence, to the sword, with the whole power of the government and the people against him, he would surely perish by the sword.

This seems to me the most probable construction, and to embrace what Christ would be most likely to say under the circumstances which gave birth to the text. It is certainly more natural and easy than to suppose they were designed to be prophetic of the fall of the Jewish and Roman governments.

T. B. T.

### TAKE NOTICE.

The Sunday Schools which reported at the last session of the State Association, are hereby requested to furnish other reports, more in accordance with the particulars suggested in the Circular of the Corresponding Secretary. Communications, post paid, may be sent to me, directed "Fort Plain, Montgomery county, N. Y.;" or to those named in the Circular. We hope soon to be put in possession of a list of every school in the State, together with statements of its condition, &c., &c. Let there be no delay, brethren.

A. C. BARRY,

Sec'y of N. Y. U. S. S. A.

### JUST RECEIVED.

The second number of the Theological Library, entitled, "Thoughts on the Divine Goodness," by Ferdinand Oliver Pentpierre. This is an excellent work and comes at the extremely low price of 12 1-2 cents. It is

richly worth 50 cents, and can not be obtained in book form for less than that sum, and can be sent by mail at periodical postage, only. Those subscribers who have not paid for the Magazine for this year, by sending us *two dollars* current money, *free of postage*, shall be entitled to the above work, Winchester's Dialogues, and be credited in full for current volume of the Magazine.—Now then is your time to obtain two valuable Universalist books, well worth \$1.25, and the Magazine for a year, by sending us what is in reality due for the paper alone. Friends we need the money.

### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching next Sunday by Br. RYDER in Marshall, and Br. BROWN in Litchfield.

There will be preaching on the first Sunday in August, by Br. BARRY in Bridgewater, and Br. WOOLLEY in Fort Plain—Br. D. SKINNER in Sullivan—Br. GRISWOLD in this city, Br. SOULE in Vernon, and Br. GROSH in Clinton.

There will be preaching on the second Sunday in August, by Br. GROSH in Little Falls.

There will be preaching on the third Sunday in August, by Br. GROSH in Syracuse.

There will be preaching on the first Sunday in September by Br. SOULE in Fort Plain, and Br. BARRY in Utica.

The Chautauque Association of Universalists will meet in Laona, Chautauque county, on Wednesday the 23d of August, and continue in session two days.

It is very desirable that all churches, and societies in its bounds should be represented.

L. PAINE, Standing Clerk.

The second Conference of the Central Association will be held at Hamilton Center, on the last Wednesday and Thursday (the 30th and 31st) of August. The usual invitation to attend is cordially extended to all. By order of Committee on Conferences, H. B. SOULE.

### LIST OF BOOKS

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

No. 32, Genesee street, (up stairs).

Ely and Thomas Discussion,	63
Bacon on Religion,	50
Endless Hell Torments Overthrown,	38
Family Prayer Book, by Otis A. Skinner,	50
Winchester's Dialogues,	19
Names and Titles of Jesus, by Rev. E. Spear,	1.00
Combs Moral Philosophy,	62
" on the Constitution of Man,	62
" " Digestion,	62
Influence of Religion on health,	69
Miller Overthrown,	25
Merchant's Widow, by Mrs C. M. Sawyer,	50
Campbell and Skinner's Discussion,	1.00
Skinner's Letters to Aikin and Laneing,	56
Memoir of Rev. J. Freeman, by S. R. Smith,	50
Life of Rev. John Murray,	50
Biography of Winchester,	69
Pro and Con of Universalism, by Rev. George Rogers,	1.00
Causes of Infidelity Removed, by Rev. S. R. Smith,	69
Practical Hints to Universalists, by Rev. J. G. Adams,	75
Ballou on Atonement,	50
Ballou's Select Sermons,	75
Do. Notes on the Parables,	63
Do. Nine Sermons,	50
Do. Future Retribution,	50
Balfour's Second Inquiry,	1.00
Sawyer's Review of Hatfield,	50
Duties of Young Men, by Rev. E. H. Chapin,	50
Discourses, by do.	50
Lectures, by do.	38
Christian Comforter, by Rev. H. Bacon,	50
Law of Kindness, by Rev. G. W. Montgomery,	50
Universalist Manual, by Rev. M. Rayner,	50
Universalist Belief, by Rev. A. Moore,	50

### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P M, Dewittville, for O C—H J, Gainesville, for D H, E G, A B and R C, (satisfied)—H M, East Bloomfield, for self, and A H—P M, Portageville, for S W, A K, and G W—P M, Jordan, for H M and J B—P M, Waddington, for A T M—P M, Lebanon, (O,) for J C H—P M, Elba, (Mich,) for T L S—D I S, Barrington, for self and J B—W H W, Canton, for J F B—M H C, Juliet, (Ills.) for R S and E A.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## TRIBUTE TO THE DEAD.

The following lines were written after returning home from the funeral of Mr. D. Coats. Thinking they might gratify the friends of the deceased, I have sent them for publication, should they be thought worthy.

Although you never can see here  
That father kind and husband dear;  
Yet still, my friends, you should not weep,  
For him who now in death does sleep.

You would not ask for one to stay,  
Whom God saw fit to call away;  
He's called him to that heaven above,  
Where all is joy, and peace, and love.

No more will your dear friend again  
Be subject to disease and pain;  
His spirit now has winged its way  
To regions of unending day.

Then mourn not for his exit here,  
Since he's transplanted to that sphere  
Where joy, and peace, without control  
Pervades and fills up every soul.

No more, my friends, may you complain,  
Your loss is his eternal gain;  
But raise your voices to heaven your home,  
And calmly say, "Thy will be done."

SARAH.

From the White Mountain Torrent.

## THE PLEDGE.

A TEMPERANCE HYMN.

BY REV. L. C. BROWNE.

I'll set the glass aside,  
And when companions call,  
No more will I for friend provide  
"The worm wood and the gall."

Our sires, a conscript band,  
By power unawed, unbribed,  
On freedom's pledge, with cheerful hand,  
Their honored names inscribed.

And I will write my name,  
And I will pledge my truth,  
To quench that all-devouring flame  
That withers health and youth.

I'll sign that blest reprieve,  
That breaks the captive's chain,  
That bids his wife no longer grieve  
And gives him life again.

What though I'm not a slave  
To goblet, glass, or cup,  
Yet I will bend, the lost to save,  
And raise the fallen up.

Then cast away the bowl,  
And pass the pledge around;  
The one can only wound the soul—  
The other heals the wound.

Nashua, N. H., April 17.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## SLANDER.

In contemplating the various circumstances that surround us, we are often pained to witness the unreasonableness and cruelty, the suffering and degradation of many on every side. But among all who excite our pity, no one is so much its real object as that one who asks it not—who, if he feels the poverty and emptiness of his soul, confesses it not—who spurns the words of kind remonstrance and tender admonition. It is he who depreciates worth; and not only rejects, but detracts from intrinsic excellence, and disrobes it of its beautiful habiliments of purity! It is the slanderer! The most fiendish imp that bears the semblance of humanity—the most dreaded foe that infests community, and whose weapons of vengeance are the venomous shafts of dire malignity! It is the slanderer who has withered the budding hopes of the promising, enthusiastic youth; and made the once fair world appear to him a cold, unfriendly theatre of accumulating discords; and sent him a lone Eremitic to his secluded cell! It is the slanderer who has made the misanthrope! 'Tis he who has

taught him to feel that the whole intelligent family of man are misjudging, heartless, and speculating barbarians—caused him to recoil from the proffered hand of friendship, as from a fair blossom whose fragrant petals he knew enclosed some deadly sting! 'Tis he who has led him to look with suspicious eye on all who approach him, and on all whom he approaches; and to distrust all, as unworthy of even a madman's confidence!

Who has caused the first deep sigh to rise from the maiden's heart? the first bitter tears to course down her blanched cheek—the first desire for utter solitude; and the first misgivings of a friend's sincerity? We need not reiterate, the slanderer—all know 'tis he; he who would pilfer, not from the purse of poorly-estimated gold; but from the inestimable, the priceless store of dear reputation!—Yes, the "fires of hell" have burst from his doomed bosom; and "as a roaring lion" he has sought to devour the only treasure of weak, unoffending woman, whose generosity forbids retaliation—and who, unlike "boasted man," may not strive to retrieve a blasted name! Has not this been long enough the case? shall she yet longer suffer in silence, and not a word of just indignation escape her lips? May not woman's voice be heard in defence of her frail sex, and still her delicacy remain inviolate? At least, we may dip our pens, which should long since have been active, in vindication of the rights of a suffering sisterhood, without incurring the charge of indiscretion from our "lords and masters."

Very many have been the cases of severe protracted sorrow, which were the entire fruits of the base tongue of slander. Those who are the immediate sufferers from cruel and unjust obloquy, claim, and should receive, our aid and sincere sympathy. Most people have experienced injuries enough, directly, or indirectly, from groundless censure, to teach them well to sympathize with the wronged, and to aid in defending from defamation and falsehood. But the injured have sources of hope in the darkest hour of trial. Truth can not always slumber—its light is not extinguished, and though for a time it may be unperceived, its rays shall again brilliantly burst forth, and dispel the dark cloud of falsehood which obscured the vision. The Author of our being overrules in mercy, and dispenses favors according to our deserts; and we shall not fail to receive due reward for our innocence and virtue! And the poor slanderer shall not escape just retribution for the undeserved ignominy that he with excessive liberality has dealt out to his victim. His devastating curses shall return with awful power upon his own heart, which shall endure the writhings of deep remorse! Truly wretched must he be! Though he laugh at the ruin his vengeful tongue has effected; in that demon grin his soul must sicken—rankling envy has not quite consumed the vapor from the crucible of conscience, and we indeed pity much as we detest him! His innocent subject may enjoy the consolation which an amiable, forgiving nature, and consciousness of rectitude, afford; while his breast is agitated by the conflicting emotions to which vindictive malice subjects him. Oh, vile despoiler of happiness! can no power or appeal arrest thy progress? are not the fair hopes which thou hast desolated, adequate to thy avarice? Withhold, then, from the land, thy blasing breath, thy cup of death! Let virtue rear her lovely temple unmolested by thy career of madness! If thou art savable, let seraphs say amen to the fulfilment of mortals' prayers!

M. E. T.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## A SKETCH.

In my youth I became acquainted with a maiden, bright eyed, beautiful and lovely. Her voice broke forth in the sweetest melody: modesty veiled her cheerful countenance, and the exquisite grace with which she moved caused her every where to shine, fair as the noon-day sun. She was the associate, the confident, ay, the intimate friend of every class and of all ages. She mingled with unbounded freedom in the gay or rude feats of lovely, happy childhood, and the bright, airy

step of youth betokened her presence. She joined with pleasure in their merry laugh, and heightened in a manifold degree the bliss of their day-dreams; dreams that when their "teens" were numbered, life would be an even, sunny path, strewn with flowers and pleasant fruit. O days of happy childhood, and pleasing dreams of youth! Why could ye not have stayed with us, and rendered our existence ever joyous and pleasant; or being gone, wilt thou never return to lighten the burden of care, or smooth the downhill of life?

Old age, too, sought her society; and when she was near, they clung to life with a firmer grasp, moved more elastic, and vainly thought they were not old. She entered the gloomy prison cell and whispered to its unhappy inmate that those iron walls would one day be opened for him to breathe again the pure air, and enjoy the undimmed light of nature. Report says that she sometimes told him that an opportunity would present itself for him to revenge an adversary, by committing some greater crime. But be this as it may, it was but one fault of hers, some vile slander, or a counterfeited visitor; for her mission was for good and not for evil.

She went with the mariner o'er the pathless ocean, and talked with him of his distant home, loved wife and children. She visited the bedside of the dying man, and pointed him to that better land where the weary rest;—told him that though the affectionate ties which bound him to earth must be severed, yet his Father in heaven would be the widow's Friend and orphan's Protector;—that though the way was dark, yet it would soon be lighted up with the smiles of undying love, and that the loved and lost of earth would meet in bliss to part no more. She often whispered to the toil-worn son of bondage, and talked of his degraded and oppressed condition till he sighed for the pure air of freedom, his father's land, or a skin unstained by Africa's blood. She told the red man that he might enjoy unmolested, his new hunting ground in the far west, or find another lake beautiful as "The smile of the Great Spirit,"\* and wherever she appeared, every countenance was lit up with joy.

If there were any whom she favored less with her society, they were those who had been nourished in the lap of indulgence, and grown to manhood without realizing her worth, or encountering any of the difficulties which are so necessary to develop and strengthen the noble faculties of the soul, or to excite the feelings of charity for others' faults, and of sympathy for their distress. When such first entered the untried scenes of life, and found in their intercourse with the world that instead of its being like the world of their imagination, always bright and happy, clouds and tempests would often arise to dim their fairest prospects, and the vacant look, or lengthened sigh, would tell too plainly that something was wanting to assist them along the uneven path of life; and though our fair friend could render them the necessary assistance; yet she deferred it for a season, that their hearts might be softened and learn to trust to something better than their own frailties, for wisdom and guidance.

As much as this maiden was courted and beloved by all, yet by all she was acknowledged to be at times coquetish and deceitful. She would appear in her most flattering garb, hold out the most alluring enticements, and was always sure to win her cause. When led by her, we never stopped to retrospect, but "onward" was her course; and she would often point to flowery vales and shady groves, but leave us amid fens and briars ere the Elysian spot was reached. Then we would half resolve to abandon her friendship, to see her no more; yet would she no sooner "enchantly smile and wave her hand," then our arms were extended, and our lips opened to welcome her approach.

On one occasion I had so long sought and invoked her presence, but obtained it not, that when her white robe did at length appear in the far dis-

\* Winnipiseog.



ance, I sat listless and repining till her near approach obliged me to give a feigned smile and cold reception. She tenderly inquired the cause of my sadness. I looked reproachfully at her, and said, "False maiden! have you not many a time deceived me? Have you not promised me joyous days and degrees of unhappiness untold?" "And have you not enjoyed them?" said she—"has not the morning sun often set and left you no cause for regret? and have not hours and hours of unalloyed bliss been yours?" "Yes; but then I have had some moments of anxiety; the future has been veiled in darkness, and I knew not whither to direct my steps." "Some moments," said she, reproachfully, "moments of darkness, but days and years of joy and happiness?" "But why could you not be always with me, that these moments might be unclouded?" Instinctively I shrunk abashed from her scrutinizing gaze as she said, "Inconsiderate mortal! why could not vegetation always flourish under the constant rays of the summer sun? Why are the fierce winds, the roaring thunder, terrific lightning and depressing rain necessary for the delicate flower to perfect its beauty, the tender vine to yield its fruit, or the forest oak to mature its giant strength?" "Why" said I, "I suppose these things are in the order of nature, necessary." "Equally necessary is it," she replied, "for clouds and storms, and even occasional tempests, to visit the children of men, that they may learn humility, meekness, love and childlike confidence; to learn to do to others as they would have others do to them, to endure with fortitude and resignation the ills and trials of life, to remove the various obstacles that beset their pathway, and to place their enduring affection on the Rock that will ever shield and shelter. And as for you," she said with reproving mildness, "did I not long since make you acquainted with my elder sister, Faith? Does she not point you to your Father in Heaven, and assure you that He is at the helm and will guide your bark safely o'er the sea of life; that He often guides thee into pleasant places by ways and means which thou knowest not? And has He not though severely as with a rod, often turned the course of thy wanderings when thine own inclination would have led thee into sin, and consequently sorrow's dark domain? Hast thou not seen this in times past, and does not Faith assure thee that He will do thus in time to come?"

My conscience could but give an affirmative answer to these interrogatories, and she proceeded; "Vain mortal; cease thy murmurings, and if my face is ever again veiled from thy sight, believe that it is alone for thy good: place unfeigned confidence in Him who knows even the number of the hairs of thy head, and suffers not one to fall without his notice. Be vigilant, active—watch and pray, for all will be well."

Saying this, HOPE spread her gay wings, once more "enchanted smiled," and was off on a mission of love, leaving me profited and thankful for her instructions.

LETITIA.

June 10, 1843.

From the Western Luminary.

## MINUTES

*Of the proceedings of the Steuben Association of Universalists for 1843.*

Met pursuant to adjournment, at Springwater, on the 5th day of July, 1843, and organized the Council by appointing Br. H. J. Huntington, Moderator, and Br. Wm. Andrews, Clerk.

Resolved, That the lay brethren present, belonging to Societies living within the bounds of this Association, not having credentials, be invited to act as members of the Council; also, that ministers, not living within the bounds of this Association, be requested to take part in the deliberations of the Council.

Adjourned to meet on Thursday morning, at 7 o'clock.

Met according to adjournment. Heard the reports of members present having letters from their respective Societies.

Heard and accepted the report of the Committee of Discipline. No cause of complaint.

Appointed Brs. A. Upson, J. Huntington and J. Phelps, a Committee of Discipline for the ensuing year.

Heard the report of the Committee on Fellowship and Ordination. No application having been made to them, the Committee were discharged.

Appointed Brs. Wm. Andrews, Thomas C. Grover and Horace J. Huntington, a Committee on Fellowship and Ordination for the coming year.

Brs. Upson, Clark and Andrews, a Committee to procure the book containing the Constitution and proceedings of this body, and produce the same at the next session.

Appointed Brs. Wm. Andrews and A. Upson, ministerial, and Br. Zera Bradley and Thomas C. Grover, as lay delegates, to attend the next State Convention.

Voted, That when this Association adjourn, it adjourn to meet in Kennedyville on the 1st Wednesday in July, 1844.

Voted, That Br. Andrews be a Committee to receive requests for Conferences, and to make appointments for the same.

Resolved, That Br. O. B. Clark be requested to visit, during the coming year, the different societies within the bounds of this Association, trusting to the liberality of said Societies for a compensation for his services, and to report their condition and wants at the next session of this body.

Voted, That Br. Copeland prepare the minutes for publication in the Western Luminary, with a request that they be copied into the Magazine and Advocate, and to accompany the same with such remarks as he may deem proper.

*Ministers present.*—G. S. Gowdy, Yorkshire; S. Goff, Wm. Queal, Bristol; J. S. Brown, Pavilion; U. Clark, Canandaigua; O. Roberts, Lakeville; A. B. Copeland, Rochester; O. B. Clark, Conesus; Wm. Andrews, Wheeler.

Sermons were preached on the occasion by Brs. G. S. Gowdy; J. S. Brown, A. B. Copeland, Wm. Andrews, Wm. Queal and U. Clark, who also gave the usual addresses.

*REMARKS.*—This was truly a most delightful and refreshing season, the weather, with the exception of the morning of the first day, was very fine. Owing, doubtless, to the rain in the morning, the congregation, on the first day, was not large, though respectable; but on the second day, the house was filled, at an early hour, with devout and sincere worshippers of the Lord Jesus, who listened with profound attention to the truths of the everlasting Gospel, as it is revealed to us by divine testimony, and demonstrated by the resurrection from the dead, of the Saviour of the world. The sermons were generally of a highly interesting and instructive character, and we trust that the seed there sown did not fall upon a barren or unfruitful soil; but that it was received into good and honest hearts of such as will show by their fruits, that they "adorn the doctrine they profess, with a well ordered life and godly conversation." The singing was good, and well calculated to elevate the moral and devotional feelings of the Christian above the fleeting and transitory things of earth, to a contemplation of those heavenly scenes that shall be enjoyed when the Archangel shall sound the resurrection trump, and awaken all the sleeping millions, and they shall come forth clothed in the shining robes of God's eternal and boundless love, to chant the immortal songs of redeeming grace with angels around the throne of God.

Owing to the impossibility of procuring the services of a sufficient number of preachers, a large number of societies have for a long time been without preaching, and consequently there is not perhaps the same degree of devotedness and engagedness in the cause of truth, in that Association, that there is in some other places; yet there are a large number of determined and well-tried friends, who are making every effort in their power to advance the cause of truth among themselves, and to "build again the waste places of Zion," and we trust the day is not far distant when the gentle rivulets of

God's eternal truth shall be seen issuing from all those sloping hill sides, and forming one mighty river of salvation, that shall flow through those beautiful valleys, and of whose waters many souls shall come and drink, and be made free from the bondage of sin and death.

In some of the Societies, where they have not preaching, the brethren meet and hold social meetings. Let all do so, and the Lord will surely prosper them in word and in deed.

A. B. COPELAND.

## MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry.

UTICA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 5. 1843.

### EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS.....NO. I.

As there were Jews from Rome, in Jerusalem, on the day of pentecost, it is highly probable that they carried a knowledge of Christianity with them, on their return home, after their conversion. But as the written authority for Christianity was based in the Old Testament, possessed and believed only by the Jews; and as Christianity was at first regarded only as a reformed system of the Jewish faith, not intended for the embrace of the Gentiles, nor yet to supersede Judaism; the doctrine of Jesus spread at first only among the Jews. And when the Gentiles did begin to be recognized as proper subjects of the Gospel, and came into its belief, we find the Jews universally, and the Jewish Christians generally, insisting on their adoption of the Mosaic law and ceremonies as a part and parcel of the true religion. This led to numerous and violent disputes among the early churches out of Judea—even after the first council, held in Jerusalem, had decided that the Gentile converts were not to bear the burden and yoke of the law; but only to abstain from blood; from things strangled, from things offered to idols, and from violations of chastity—all of which were so connected with idolatry, as to render this injunction highly necessary. But the discussions still raged and continued—and especially in Rome did they so far increase, that the Emperor Claudius banished both Jews and Christians (all of whom were considered as Jews,) from Rome, in the 11th year of his reign, or in A. D. 51. This disturbance thus came to the ears of Paul, and led him finally to address those who afterwards returned to Rome again, in the Epistle, which is the subject of our remarks.

In order clearly to understand the full drift of the apostle's letter, it may be well to remember that there are four distinct parties, and sets of opinions, spoken of, against, and referred to, in its remarks.

1st, The unconverted Gentiles, who held to idolatry as the religion of the State, or Empire—who rejected both the Jewish and Christian revelation—who contended that philosophy, and the light of nature, were sufficient guides in religious faith and practice—and who regarded every departure from these, or every pretension to a purer revelation and religion, as superstition. 2d, The converted Gentiles, who early began to set aside the Mosaic law and ritual, and confine themselves to the prophets, and to the teachings of Christianity, verbal or written, as the only guide of faith and practice. 3d, The converted Jews, who in adopting the Christian profession, received Jesus as a mere reformer of their religion, and supposed he did not mean to abolish what Moses expressly taught in the Law—who argued that as both revelations came from God, he did not mean the latter to supersede the Mosaic institution, but only to explain them—and who, therefore, insisted that the Gentile converts must become Jews, as Jesus had been, before they could be true Christians. And 4th, The Jews, who considered Christianity a delusion, yet united with the Jewish Christians, in supporting the observance of the law, and denying the favor of God to any who would not be circumcised, and conform to its ceremonies.

Each of these parties receives a notice from the apostle—he corrects their errors, refutes their objections and strengthens their virtues and correct views, as they oc-



our to his mind, or are connected with his subject—in some cases, stating their objections clearly; in others, only alluding to them—in some cases filling out his arguments and comparisons fully; in others, naming those parts only that were strange to them, or not recognized by them as correct and true. To the Jew, and to the converted Jew and Gentile, it is evident that he would use language in the religious sense—in the manner in which it is usually used in the Old Testament Scriptures. This he would do particularly with those who were, or had been Jews, and were therefore well acquainted with those writings. I wish this fact to be well remembered, for it is a very important one. Of itself, it is sufficient, in many cases, to settle the controversy on the words “predestinate,” “elect,” “reprobate,” “saved,” “salvation,” “damnation,” and the like. But in addressing the Gentile unbeliever, it is most probable that he used words, as far as he could, in the sense they generally attached to them in their systems of philosophy and polite learning.

As the church in Rome had been gathered and formed before it was visited by Paul—before this Epistle was written—he, as the apostle of the Gentiles, liberally diffuses through it, a general synopsis of the Gospel scheme or plan of salvation—disclosing God's final purpose in regard to man, as well as the means of its accomplishment, and the great prominent steps of its progress.—He does this, not directly, nor in the shape of a formal dissertation, but incidentally, as this purpose of God comes up before his mind, and connects itself with the subjects on which he is writing.

Now, it must be evident that in order to obtain a full, clear, and well connected idea of any subject as treated by this apostle, it will be necessary, not to read a few verses, or a few chapters only, but the entire Epistle—to read it often, and as continuously as possible—to bear in mind the four different classes of people to whose peculiar opinions it has reference. A. B. G.

#### CONFERENCE AND DEDICATION IN NILES, CAYUGA COUNTY.

A two-days Conference was held in Niles, on the 10th and 11th of July. On Wednesday morning, a large audience assembled; the house could not contain all who came. The Meetinghouse was then dedicated to the worship of God. Reading of Scripture by Br. T. J. Whitcomb. Dedication prayer by Br. A. Peck. Sermon by Br. G. W. Montgomery. In the afternoon, sermons were heard from Brs. Sawyer and Cheney.—In the evening we had a profitable and stirring conference meeting. On Thursday morning, Brs. Whitcomb and A. Clark, and in the afternoon, Br. Peck, preached. Addresses by G. W. M. Throughout the entire services, the congregations were large and attentive. We had a most delightful season of worship; and we hope that good seed were effectually sown in the souls of the hearers, to their growth in truth and righteousness.—Brs. Brown, Cheney, Whitcomb, Sawyer, Watson, Peck, Sias, Clark, Montgomery, were present, besides Br. Carpenter, a late convert from the Christians, whose remarks in the Conference gave great satisfaction, and Br. Peebles, a student with Br. Clarke. These latter Brothers are not yet in fellowship.

Our friends in Niles have done well—nobly. They have erected a beautiful house, containing 42 slips, and galleries on two sides and one end. It is surmounted by a handsome tower and dome. It is very pleasantly located. And it is much to their credit, to say, that they have prepared a way to have it entirely paid for by the coming winter. We pray that they may soon obtain a faithful pastor. As the best way to accomplish their object, I suggest the thought to them, to join with the society in Mottville, that, by united effort, they may settle a preacher over the two societies. May truth continue to flourish in the name of the Redeemer. G. W. M.

#### RELIGIOUS NEWS.

REMOVALS.—Br. E. Vose from Livermore to Mexico, Me. Br. O. H. Sawyer to Buxton P. O., Me. Br. S. B. Brittan from Danbury, Conn., to Albany, N. Y.—

Br. T. Gilmer from New Richmond to Chillicothe, O. Br. J. Clark, of Pittsburg, Pa., (formerly of Baltimore, Md.) to Cincinnati, O. Br. N. Ripley formerly of Pennsylvania, to Brimfield, O. Br. O. G. Hempstead, from Gibson (or Dimock), Pa., to Monticello, Sullivan county, N. Y. Br. A. S. Dudley from Easton to Boston, Mass. Br. Wm. Queal from the West to Bristol, N. Y. again. Br. C. Hammond from Royalton to Rochester, to be pastor of the Society, and Editor and General Agent of the Luminary. Br. J. Chase from Rochester to Middleport. Br. E. W. Locke from Maine, to Alexander, N. Y. Br. A. Sweet from Birmingham, Mich., to Springborough, Ohio. Br. D. P. Livermore from Danvers to Duxbury, Mass. Br. T. C. Eaton from Hancock, Vt., to Newark, O. Br. J. R. Johnson to Norwalk, Huron co., O. Br. J. Whittier from Union to North Yarmouth, Me. Br. J. O. Emery, to Carmel, Me. Br. R. Blacker from New Sharon to Livermore, Me. Br. D. T. Stevens, from Auburn to New Gloucester, Me. Br. A. Hodsdon from Dexter to Levant, Me. Br. J. R. Marr, to Hiram, Me.—Br. Levi Ballou from Newport, N. H., to Orange, Mass. Br. A. Wood from Antwerp to Gouverneur, N. Y. Br. T. L. Clark to Elmira, N. Y. Br. S. W. Squires from South Canton to Massena, N. Y.

NEW PREACHERS.—We notice the name of Brs. O. B. Clark, of Conesus, and R. Wooden of Chili, in the Luminary—we suppose they are new preachers. The same paper also announces the name of Victor Mix, of Warsaw, as an acceptable new laborer in the Gospel field. The Laughery Association, Indiana, has granted letters of fellowship to Brs. Joshua Hicks, of Patriot, and Ezekiel M. Knapp, of Cambridge. There are *lay preachers* in that Association—Brs. Samuel Follis, of Indian Kentucky, and E. P. Hicks, of Vernon, are especially named. The Maine Convention has recognized as new preachers, E. F. Quinby, E. H. Emerson, and as ordained F. Foster and J. S. Tuttle.

Ohio has lately added a considerable number of new laborers to the force already in the field—Brs. N. M. Byington, Cincinnati; C. F. Wait, Woodstock; L. C. Todd, Parkman; Esau Preston, Alonzo Smead, and Aaron Rogers, of the Huron Association—all fellow-shipped;—and Brs. Mitchell, near Woodstock; and A. M. Chappell, of Cheshire, are among the number. That Buckeye state is “going it with a rush” lately!

CONVERSION.—The venerable Rev. Jacob Norton, an eminent Congregational clergyman, formerly of Weymouth, Mass., and father of Rev. Andrews Norton, of Cambridge University, has lately embraced Universalism as the staff of his old age.

NEW ASSOCIATION.—The Upper Wabash Association was organized in Dayton, Indiana, on May 17th and 18th. Six churches were represented, and three or four preachers were present. Br. E. Manford, Editor of the Christian Teacher, of Terre Haute, is the principal laborer who planted and watered this goodly vine, and God hath given the increase. Br. D. Vines is Standing Clerk. Annual meeting, the Friday before the last Sunday in May.

NEW SOCIETIES.—Vernon, Ind., 14 members. Bank Lick, Ky., 9 members; and is building a brick meeting house 24 by 40 feet, all paid by themselves except about \$30!!! Conneautville, Pa., 19 members. Boonville, Mo., 50 members—Br. L. C. Marvin, formerly of this state, is its Pastor. Salem, Wisconsin. 1st Society in Woodstock, Pleasant Valley, Newton, Mechanicsburg, Quincy (12 members), Peninsula, Andover, and Sandusky city, all in Ohio. The West is going ahead wonderfully in forming societies and churches, and bringing forward new preachers.

NEW CHURCHES have lately been organized in Winchester, N. H.; Zanesville, Ohio; Perry, N. Y.; Ludlow, Vt.; and Portland Mills, Ind.

NEW MEETINGHOUSES have been lately erected and dedicated in Brooklyn, L. I.—cost \$20,000, and all paid for; Saco, Me.; Dighton, and East Boston, Mass.; Hume, N. Y.; East Brattleborough, Vt.—this last is a Methodist house run down, bought and refinished by

our friends;—and we notice that the new house in Cincinnati, Ohio, one of the largest and best in that city, is to be dedicated soon.

A State Sunday School Association was organized at the late session of the New Hampshire Convention of Universalists.

#### MY OWN MATTERS.

It would appear from several sources, that there are those disposed to censure me for—the Lord knows what; save that I was appointed to deliver the Occasional Sermon at the next session of the N. Y. State Convention. Was I to be blamed for that? It was none of my seeking—I cared nothing for the appointment—I would rather it had been conferred on some other individual. “But were you not one of the nominating committee?” I was. “You had a hand, then, in your own nomination.” Not at all. A friend of mine, Lewis Seymour, Esq., of New York, also one of the Committee, expressed a desire that I should receive the appointment alluded to, and so far insisted, that I finally consented to have my name appear, and withdrew from the Committee. Was there any thing *very wrong* in this? Many seem to think so. And a certain young man in a recent No. of the N. Y. Union, evidently makes a thrust at me, when he *very modestly*, proffers his very *sage* advice, to nominating committees. Your blade was too short, Sir—it did not reach me. But would not the same weapon applied to yourself wound an *itching* for notoriety.

To spare the feelings of a few *dear* friends, who seem deeply grieved, I hereby “throw up” my appointment, and name Rev. H. B. Soule my substitute. I hope he will not decline; and, unless he does I shall consider his consent given to my request. A. C. BARRY.

Fort Plain, July 29th, 1843.

P. S.—For the information of all concerned, I would state, that there was no contest between Br. Goodrich and myself by way of determining which of our names should be presented in nomination. A. C. B.

\* \* Will the Luminary, and Union and Messenger please copy?

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BR. MANFORD—Probably the fault was mine, that you did not get the Magazine and Advocate in exchange for your Teacher; as I neglected handing your notice to the Proprietors, and they never saw it. Do you want any back numbers?

BR. MOTT—The correspondence would not be interesting to our readers generally, who know M. H. S. to be just what he is—and as to his *friend*, in your place, he probably is *known* also to all who care to know any thing about him. To pillory every case in which a Partialist clergyman who has shown himself regardless of honor, honesty, veracity, decency, and fair play would require a sheet much larger than ours, or that ours be published at least daily.

“That Report” can not be inserted,—to publish it, would do more hurt than good—the party, in my opinion, was *not* desirous of the office, and it is too severe a punishment for its simple acceptance, though even *that* was an error. I have communicated privately with the person concerned.

¶ N. B.—Is there no help for us? Are *all* our correspondents asleep, or dead, or offended at us? Our copy drawer is empty!!! Oh, dear me, what an aching void! A. B. G.

Christina Cochran, or Gilmour, the woman accused of the murder of her husband in Scotland, and whom it has been decided, after an impartial inquiry, to send back, was, on Wednesday last, brought before the Recorder of New York, on a writ of habeas corpus, to obtain a postponement for a few days, until the messenger sent to Washington on her behalf could see the President and return; but the Recorder decided that he had no jurisdiction in the matter, and therefore remanded the woman to await the order of the Executive.

Mr. Ellsworth and Mr. Fogg, rival pedestrians, commenced on Wednesday morning last, at Chelsea, Mass.,



the feat of walking one thousand miles in one thousand hours.

The important case of Amos Lawrence and others vs. the corporation of New York, for goods lost by the blowing up of buildings during the great fire of 1835, has been decided by the Supreme Court, during the late term at Utica, in favor of the city, confirming the decision of the Superior Court. If the Court of Errors, the highest tribunal in the State, do not reverse it, the city will be saved \$1,000,000.

The water in the river Hudson, near Albany, was so low, that the steamboat Empire could not reach the city. She grounded at Drew's Point.

The Wyandots, the last tribe of Indians in the State of Ohio, have departed for their new home West of the Mississippi. A delegation from the tribe, consisting of three principal Chiefs, visited Columbus on Saturday week to bid farewell to the Governor, and, through him, to the people of Ohio. Jacquis, the head Chief, delivered a beautiful address on the occasion, to which the Governor replied, assuring them of the good feeling of the people of Ohio towards their brethren, and wishing them happiness and prosperity in their new home. The scene (says the Statesman) was very interesting, and the sentiments delivered by the venerable Chief were worthy the head and heart of a chief of this once noble race. May prosperity and happiness attend this remnant of red men, who have for so many years dwelt in peace and amity with our people.

All the canal lands in the State of Ohio, which remain unsold, are to be offered at public sale at Perrysburgh, O., on the 4th and 18th of September. These tracts are called canal lands, from the fact that they were ceded to Ohio by the State of Indiana, to aid in the construction of the Wabash and Erie Canal.

Mr. John Casay, a veteran of the Revolution, died at Rocky Hill, in Warren county, Ky., on the 16th instant, after having attained to the great age of one hundred and six years.

The barn and out houses of Mr. Morris, about four miles east of Greenbush, N. Y., were burned on Thursday night. A large quantity of hay and oats was consumed.

It is averred that the little town of Hull, Mass., has neither Minister, Doctor, Lawyer, Justice of the Peace, Coroner, Church, Poor House, or Pauper.

**A horrible mode of death.**—The Toronto Constitutionalist says that a young man named Bailey, a prisoner in the penitentiary, in consequence of insubordination, was placed for punishment in a cistern where it was necessary that he should work in order to prevent the water overcoming him, and that during the process he was overpowered by the water and drowned.

Two thousand houses have been built in Cincinnati within three years. There has been, in the three last years, an addition to the population of the city of thirteen thousand persons.

**Beware.**—The Narragansett [R. I.] Chief relates an instance of death caused by the use of kreosote in curing the tooth-ache. A particle got into the throat and caused an inflammation so as to close the wind pipe.

**Another American Invention going to Russia.**—Mr. Burden of the Troy Iron and Nail Works, yesterday made a contract with the agent of the Russian Government, to provide that Government with one of his patent spike machines. As the Russian Government will require a large amount of spikes for the Moscow and St. Petersburg railroad, perhaps it would be for its advantage to obtain a supply from the Troy works.—We believe they can be furnished here as cheaply as they can be made in Russia.—*Troy Whig.*

**The Influenza.**—A clergyman who has been settled two years in the vicinity of Boston, writing to his friends in this town, states that within a few weeks, he has attended more funerals from the effects of the Influenza, than of any other disease, during his residence in the place.—*Northampton Courier.*

We learn that the President has ordered the sloop of war, building at Norfolk, Va., to be called the "James-town"—that at Boston to be called the "Plymouth"—that at the Washington Navy Yard the "St. Mary's," in commemoration of the first place of permanent settlement in America.—*Madisonian.*

**Gone Clean Over.**—News has been received, as we are told, that the Rev. Roosevelt Bailey, late Episcopal Rector at Harlem, who lured towards Romanism and went to Rome for light on the subject, has become so much enlightened as to renounce Protestantism altogether, and will return a thorough adherent of the old mother.—*Journal of Commerce.*

## MARRIAGES.

In Hume, June 15th, by Rev. T. L. Clark, Mr. HENRY H. THING, of Rushford, to Miss LOVINA CALDWELL, of Hume.

## DEATHS.

In this city, July 16th, by drowning, ALFRED MAPES, aged 7 years.

In Litchfield, July 24th, of consumption, Miss ELIZA M. RANDALL, aged 21 years. In the death of this young lady, Universalism has again shown how triumphantly it will do to die by as well as to live by. During the whole period of her illness, it taught her to be resigned to her condition; on her own account she felt no solicitude; she felt anxiety only on account of the pain which her death would cause her mother—all else was well. And when death approached her, her faith failed not, but proved all-sufficient in the trying hour of death. Seeing her friends weeping, she calmly said to them, "mourn not for the dead but for the living; weep not for me, but weep for yourselves"—"it is a glorious boon to die"—turning to her sister who asked her how she felt, she said "I feel perfectly well, I am happy—I feel bad only for my mother; but we shall all meet again in a few days." She asked her sister if she was dying, her sister told she was, and asked her if she was sorry—"sorry," said she, "O no, no; I am reconciled," and in a moment was no more.

Miss Randall leaves a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn their loss in her death. From a very early age she became devoted to Universalism; she lived the doctrine, and in doing it, she gained the esteem and good will of all who knew her. She possessed an amiable disposition and a good heart. She lived beloved, and died lamented by all—and so lived and so died a Universalist. May the blessing of God in the Gospel of his Son, be with all who by this afflictive providence have been called to mourn. Her funeral was attended at the Methodist meetinghouse, on the 26th, and a discourse given from the words, "weep not for me; but weep for yourselves," Luke xxiii: 28, by

H. B. SOULE.

In Stockholm, June 23d, Mrs. MIRANDA, wife of Jonah Griswold, aged 28 years. By this dispensation a husband and seven small children have been bereaved of a kind partner and tender mother. Her family were near and dear unto her, and even in death her affections clung to them. Yet did she express her confidence in God as the protector of her motherless babes, and the Saviour of the world. The night before she died, she told a sister that watched with her, that her hope was in God—gave directions concerning her affairs—named the preacher to officiate at her funeral.

The consolations of the Gospel were tendered to the mourning friends and a large concourse of people, by

S. W. SQUIRES.

In Turin, Lewis county, July 22d, HAPPY LONIA, consort of Henry Ragan, Esq., aged 25 years, 4 months and 20 days. Her disease was the consumption. She was sick but a short time. In April she began to decline somewhat rapidly, but still her friends had hopes of her recovery, until about the middle of June, when all began to despair. She herself was fully aware of her situation, and became fully resigned to her fate. Thus in the short space of three months has passed from among us another of our number. She has left us in early life. But when we think of her happy exit, and remember how anxious she was to go, we feel that we can not mourn that she has left us even thus early.

It was during her sickness that she became established in the faith of a world's salvation. Like too many of us, she had never thought deeply and seriously of death, till she was reminded by the rapid work of disease that she was soon to

try its realities. Hence she, as yet, viewed death as the king of terrors, and seemed unwilling to die. But about four weeks previous to her death she dismissed all her fears and was never afterwards heard to express any unwillingness to die, or to utter a complaining word. About eight days previous to her death, she supposed herself to be dying.—She called her two little children to her, and committed them to the care of Jesus. At this time she was so unspeakably happy that she shouted for joy. She said it seemed to her that she could see shining angels standing around her, bedside. She desired to have all her neighbors called in that they might see how happy she was. She longed to go; said she should meet her children and all her friends, together with a ransomed world, in the paradise of God. The last Sabbath of her life, while struggling for breath, she was asked by her husband which she chose, to be restored to health, that she might enjoy her family and friends again, or die.—She chose rather to depart than live. A short time before she departed she called her little children to her and bade them farewell. She then bid her husband, mother, and sister, and all her neighbors, adieu. She held up her hands and saw the blood settling under her nails; she adjusted the bedclothes; and on being asked how she felt, said she was perfectly easy; that there was not a cloud between her and the tomb; that it was the happiest day she had ever seen. All felt that God was there, and that it was beautiful to die, when to die was to go home. She died without a struggle—calmly, and serenely and sweetly, she fell asleep in Jesus. Her last address seemed to be:—

"Let thy mourning and weeping be o'er,  
For death doth afflict me no more;  
If the hand that I love lay me low,  
There can not be pain in the blow!

"When the blood from its fountain hath gush'd,  
And the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,  
Let my memory still be thy pride,  
And forget not I smiled as I died!"

Her funeral was attended on the 24th, in the Methodist church, at which time a discourse was delivered from the very appropriate words, "To die is gain"—Phil. i: 21—by the Rev. Martin Salmon, Baptist.

W. H. G.

In Milan, Cayuga co., July 11th, Mrs. RUTH, wife of Hon. Isaac Sisson, in her 63d year. The deceased was a believer in the Restoration. It enabled her to die calmly in the Saviour. Her memory is cherished by all who knew her, as one whose Christian conduct was worthy of imitation. Consolation was administered to the mourners by Br. N. Sawyer of Wolcott.

G. W. M.

In Westfield, Chautauque co., on the 4th ult., Mr. HERBERT SQUIER, aged 85 years and 7 months. Father Squier has been a Universalist for many, very many years, both in theory and practice. He died, as he had lived, reconciled to the will of God, and rejoicing in the hope of the Gospel. The Lord comfort the mourners with the like precious faith. Sermon by the writer.

L. PAINE.

In Rochester, July 1st, HARRIET M., wife of William H. Lawton, and daughter of Josiah Mack, in the 23d year of her age. An affectionate wife, a kind and exemplary mother, and a friend to all, her loss is felt, and mourned by all who knew her.

"Affliction's semblance bends not o'er her tomb,  
Affliction's self deplores her youthful doom." Com.

Drowned at Theresa Falls, on the 4th of May last, JOHN J. SPOFFORD, aged 24 years and 5 months. Severe indeed was the shock of feelings produced by the removal of this truly worthy young man thus suddenly. His parents, brothers and sisters, who reside at Depauville, (a distance of some sixteen miles from the fatal spot,) unlike those whose friends are removed by sickness under their own roofs, had no time in which to prepare their minds and fortify their feelings, until the appalling truth that their beloved John slumbered beneath the cold and merciless waves of the Indian River, broke like the unthought-of thunderbolt upon their senses. Few young men stand higher in the esteem of their friends and acquaintances than did the subject of this notice; not, it is true, for the dazzling splendor of his genius, but for what was of far greater value, his sound judgment, amiable disposition, unswerving integrity, industrious habits and Christian like examples. He was a Universalist in faith, and the above description goes to show that he was such also in practice. His funeral was attended at Depauville, by a thronged and sympathizing congregation, who listened with deep interest to an excellent sermon by Br. H. Boughton, of Watertown. The friends wish that Br. B. would send a copy of the sermon for publication in the Magazine and Advocate, what say you Br. Boughton? will you comply?

J. F.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## LINES

Written on the death of Mr. Stephen Clark, late of Buffalo, who died suddenly on board the canal boat, July 19th, 1839, twelve miles from Rochester, N. Y.

What shall we say of him that's gone  
To that unknown and hidden sphere?  
He was a truly valu'd one,  
To all his friends and kindred here.

Dear husband, father, kindred, friend,  
Thy name is dear to all our hearts;  
Thy virtues pure, shone to the end  
Of life's short pilgrimage on earth.

We've oft enjoy'd thy pleasant smile,  
And in thy presence, felt the joy  
Of conscious worth our hearts beguile,  
In converse sweet, without alloy.

But now, alas! thy voice is hush'd,  
And cold and moulder'd is thy form;  
The grave receives thee to her trust,  
'Till breaks the resurrection morn.

Thy precepts in our hearts still live,  
And in thy faith we still rejoice;  
Looking beyond death's gloomy vale,  
To see thy form and hear thy voice.

Oh! blessed hope, that cheer'd thy heart,  
In all thy changes here below;  
That made thee willing to depart  
From this vain world of sin and woe.

We drop the tear of mournful grief,  
That we thy presence can't enjoy;  
Nor in thy counsels find relief,  
So full of comfort, peace and joy.

Then farewell father, husband, friend,  
Rest in the bosom of thy God;  
Where peace and joy thy soul attend,  
'Till we shall visit thine abode.

D. P.

Butternuts, July 15, 1843.

From the Plough Boy.

## THE SEWING SOCIETY.

"At whose house is the society to meet next time?" asked Mr. Barker.

"It has no invitation to meet with any one."

"Indeed! that is something new."

"Yes, Robert"—and instead of proceeding, as was evidently her design, Mrs. Barker became silent and abstracted.

"Lydia, what distresses you?"

"I have been sadly troubled. I wish you had not been called away to-day; we much needed your discreet counsel. A judicious reproof, administered by you, might have corrected the error—the folly—or, what shall I call it, Robert?"

"You speak dark things, Lydia—explain."

"I tried to exert a corrective influence; but they are not disposed to receive rebuke, though kindly given, from a lady younger than they are. Besides, they think it the interest of their minister's wife to enjoin virtues, which in private life she is not obliged to practice."

"Lydia"—said Mr. B. with astonishment—"pray tell me what has happened. Why this incomprehensible language? Sadly troubled, indeed, is your mind, if you can not speak so as to be understood."

"You must have observed, I think, that Mrs. Barbour bestows minute attention on external appearances, that she is not satisfied, unless she does much, and appears to do much for those she entertains; as you would express it, she is troubled about much serving."

"Pardon the uncharitable imputation,—but pondering, the bad effects of her example, I am forced to conclude, that she is of those who have a propensity to whitewash old sepulchres, lest any thing offensive to modern refine, ment appears to exist?"

"Well, Lydia, as this seems not to be a late discovery of yours, why does it suddenly affect you in this manner?"

"Yes, Robert—well—she gave us a very rich supper, —so great a variety and such kinds of food, too!—it was

whispered as improper after the Society had passed a vote to have only a plain repast at its meetings."

"Has not every one that has entertained the Society, violated that law? and is not this violation unrebuked?"

"Yes; but no one has transgressed to so great extent as Mrs. Barbour has."

"Are all the others excusable for the infraction of that rule, while Mrs. Barbour is so highly culpable for going a degree beyond their example? Your mind seems not clear, to-night, love."

"I am told that three of the members were ready to invite the Society to meet with them; but, having partaken of Mrs. Barbour's sumptuous fare, they are ashamed to ask it to such an entertainment as they can give."

"Ashamed to abide by the sound sense of the Society, deliberately and plainly expressed, because other members dare to break its laws! Are any so weak, so vain?"

"You understand now, Robert; that is, what I would say. I would that you could remove this feeling."

"Is it not better that you do it, love? Invite the Society to meet with you next Wednesday, and when you think it due time, offer your friends wholesome refreshment, show them that they do not meet to please the palate. I merely suggest it; you will form your own plan."

"Thank you, Robert; with your co-operation, of which I am sure, I may yet arrest the progress of this evil."

"What can you be doing with all these things? Lydia," asked Mr. Barker in astonishment, as he went into the kitchen a few mornings after the talk about the Sewing Society.

"Have you forgotten that the Society is to meet here on Wednesday?"

"No; but I can not see the connection between that and these articles. You were to give your friends wholesome food."

"The society allow one kind of cake."

"Well, the Society, this time, will permit its minister to select the materials for the cake; and his wife will gladly make it according to his direction."

"Certainly—Betty, hand that bit of paper, now Robert, the prescription."

"Mrs. Barker wrote a few words of her husband's dictation, and after waiting a few moments, said—"That is written—what next?"

"Oh, let it be baked till thoroughly done."

"It, Robert—what? this would be only plain bread."

"Which is their minister's cake, the staff which supports his physical frame. Do you forget Mrs. Barbour's supper? and the ill consequences which you so deeply lamented?"

"I remember; but she had so many kinds—I was making only one kind."

"Would you eat it? would you give it to your children, or your husband? Is what you were about to make, wholesome?"

"No, Robert."

"For food, will you give your friends an unwholesome compound? and will you do this as the wife of their spiritual teacher?"

"They will think me stingy, or wanting respect for them."

"You are not accountable to man for motives. Could you not meet this reproach, unjust as it would be, to remove the evil which so grieves you?"

"Betty—take away this butter and these boxes; but I think, Robert, that I could not do it without your approbation."

"As blinded as society is"—resumed Mr. Barker—"it would not groan under so many curses, if each one would cheerfully and heartily do what he sees his plain imperative duty."

On the next Wednesday, the Sewing Society received from Mrs. Barker a cordial welcome. The good minister said he was happy to see so many of his friends at his house; and, while he staid with them, he was careful to render their conversation unembarrassed, inno-

cent and instructive. At supper time, he was summoned to eat with them. Advancing to the table, he glanced at the nice bread and its accompaniments, which were spread before them, smiled, and looking around on the company, said—"My friends, we will give thanks for simple, nourishing food."

Earnest and heartfelt were the minister's brief thanks; and in a few words he implored a blessing from the Giver of all good. The party felt that they had met on an equality, and, that they were equally respected. They were pleased with themselves and one another, and parted well satisfied.

"I did not think our minister's wife so consistent; remarked Miss Hewitt to Miss Bean, the next day; she, really, has no wish for mere display. An afternoon was never before so happily passed by the society. Mrs. Benton, now, need not feel a reluctance to entertain us."

"I have not understood what her scruples are, Miss Hewitt. How was it?"

"Mrs. Benton told the President, that she should be happy for the society to meet at her house if she could give a proper reception; if she could afford a supper like Mrs. Barbour's. She says the society would be disgraced by meeting at her house."

"How?"

"It is so humble. Her reason is, she is so poor. She seems unwilling for the society to know her style of living. Mr. Barker did well, yesterday, in alluding to this feeling in his peculiar way. Each member took to herself a large share of the rebuke; and all knew he was sincere when he said he respected nothing more than honest poverty—when received cheerfully as the dispensation of unerring Providence, and borne patiently, not as a burden of shame, but as the part assigned in the gifts of life, to be faithfully studied and honorably acted."

"Yes, Miss Hewitt, and he felt all the grief he expressed at finding any members of our society, vieing in their style of living with their rich neighbors. Costly raiment, rich food, and elegant furniture do not, as he said, confer happiness or ensure real respect."

"I have Miss Bean thought much of the folly of imitating the luxurious habits of the rich. A well ordered house and simple attire are always pleasing, and none think them improper, or subject them to ill-natured remarks. But when persons in moderate circumstances, affect gentility and fall into expensive habits, exerting all their faculties, often depriving themselves of the conveniences of life, to make a fine appearance, they are only laughed at, or at best, pined. If they attract attention, it is the sneer given to excessive vanity, and the surprise that they are so weak minded as to deny themselves real enjoyment for mere glitter."

"How much pains many do take to make themselves ridiculous."

"Had I not, long ago, Miss Bean, risen above these foolish notions, I should think you alluded to me; but, now my cheap dress causes me no unpleasant feelings. I never think even, to contrast it with the beautiful and expensive garments worn by fashionable ladies. I can not understand how any can suffer their happiness to depend on the texture or the pattern of the cloth they wear, or on the style in which their clothes are made."

MIMOSA.

The chief properties of wisdom, are to be mindful of things past, careful for things present, and provident for things to come.

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# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL,"....."PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, AUGUST 12, 1843.

NO. 32.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## THE EARLY DEAD.

BY REV. W. H. GRISWOLD.

"If it be sad to mark the bow'd with age  
Sink in the halls of the remorseless tomb,  
Closing the changes of life's pilgrimage  
In the still darkness of its mouldering gloom;  
Oh! what a shadow o'er the heart is flung,  
When peals the requiem of the lov'd and young!"

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

I have seen the aged father die. I have stood by his bedside, and heard the death-rattle, and seen him in his last struggle for life. Around him were the weeping family. The mother wept; for it was the partner of her years. The children wept; for it was their father. Friends wept; for they sympathized with a family in tears. But still there was none there who refused to be comforted. It was the aged father in Israel that had died. This was not the death-bed of the young; it was him of three score years and ten who had died. We wept, yet not that he had left us so soon. We wept, yet we remembered that he had left us in a good old age and had gone down to the tomb ripe with years. We wept, but we wept not so bitterly, for it was the death of the *aged* that we mourned.

I have seen the mother laid in the tomb. Many were the mourning friends, but there was but one child to follow her to the tomb. He was calm and resigned. Hardly a tear moistened his eye. She too, had reached the age commonly allotted to our race. She had reared a large family. She had been spared to them long, but she could not be with them always. She had outlived some of them. Others were scattered over the world.—One only was left to follow her to the grave.—Could she wish to live longer? Could we mourn that a mother who had fulfilled her mission and was ripe with years, should die? We did indeed mourn, but still it was for the *aged* that we mourned. Shall not the harvest be gathered in, when the field is white and ready for it?

I have seen the brother die. In the bloom of youth; almost literally in a week, he was cut down. I did not think it possible that one so young *could* die. And when I was called to his bedside and laid my hand upon the cold clammy moisture of his forehead; when I found that the pulse was fast dying away; when I saw him gasp for breath and gazed upon him in his very death-struggle, I could not believe it a reality; I still felt that he could not die. He was too young to die; we could not spare him then; it was not possible that one so young should be torn from us thus early.—Thus I thought, and thus I felt. And yet he did die; he was dying even then; I saw him breathe his last breath, and then I gazed at his lifeless remains till I felt that my heart was breaking. I wept—I wept bitterly—I would not be comforted; I felt that I could not be. I had never seen the young die before, and I could not comprehend it; I could not understand how it could be. The death of the aged I could understand; I had learned that they must die! But why should the young die? Why should blooming youth be cut down? Why should health and vigor meet with the same fate of age and infirmity? I could not tell. I had not then learned that this world was not our home. I had never yet thought seriously of eternity. All my hopes were centered here. I was emphatically a creature of this world; I had never gone beyond this life as yet. I thought and felt, and made all my estimates with reference to this life, and this life alone. But here was

something that I could not comprehend. It was something that reached beyond this life. It awakened an inquiry that this world could not answer. But the lesson did not end here. Sickness now laid its palsying hand upon me. Long months I lay upon the very verge of the grave. Deeply I pondered upon another life. I asked myself the question, what is this life of ours? The only answer that came was, *brief at best*. The longest life is but a span. I saw my error. I saw that *seventy years* would not satisfy me. I felt that I was born for eternity.—Every thing around me appeared to change. I saw things in a new light. I beheld God as a Father, Jesus as a Saviour, and heaven as my home. I lost sight of this world in my contemplations of another. I could have died then resignedly. But it pleased God to restore me. The early dead have been no mystery to me since. I have seen them die; I know they do die; alas! the companions of my youth, *how many* of them have been numbered with the early dead!

But there is a sadness that comes over the mind, fortified as it may be ever so strongly with Christian philosophy and truth, which we can not feel when the aged leave us. I have followed a mother to the grave with calm serenity; for she was an aged mother. But when I heard of the death of a young mother who had watched over me during long months of pain; when I heard that she and her first born were laid in one tomb, I gave myself up to grief once more, and wept bitterly; I could set no bounds to my grief; and yet I was weeping for a sister's child. But the arm of fate has again been shaken, and another young mother has just gone. She has left behind her two little ones who are too young to understand what they have lost. And although her exit from this world was beautiful, and happy, and all that her friends could wish it to be, still there is a sadness felt that can not be expressed in any language of grief. It is a sadness, too, that is not confined to the intimate friends alone; it pervades a whole community. And it is such a sadness as is not felt when the aged die, however esteemed they may have been.

Nor are we alone in this feeling. We have seen hundreds and hundreds stand beside the graves of the early dead with similar feelings. We visit the graves of the aged with a feeling of reverence and filial respect. But when we visit the graves of the early dead there is a melancholy comes over the mind which is irresistible, and which makes us feel the worthlessness of this world and the vanity of all earthly things.

"Let me die young."

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## SALVATION.

The subject of salvation in a future state, seems to be matter of doubt and darkness to many, because they can not see how the change from sinfulness and misery, to holiness and happiness can be brought about. They can not see how a man dying in sin and rebellion against God, can go to heaven.

Man is a three-fold being, composed of a natural body, animal life, (or as it is sometimes called in Scripture the soul,) and an immortal spirit. All the sin of this world may be traced to the wants, desires, or passions of the body; or as the Apostle has it, "the flesh." The immortal spirit is that innate principle in every human being which condemns him when he does wrong, and approves when he does right; it is the only part of man of which God can properly be said to be the Father. God is the creator of our natural bodies in the same

sense that he is the creator of trees, plants, &c., and in no other, being like them, produced by his immutable laws; but the spirit came directly from God, and must return to him when it is separated from this tabernacle of flesh. "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." We know what becomes of this body when bereft of the spirit; it moulders back to dust; then the only part of man that goes into eternity is the immortal spirit.

Now if man exist at all in a future state, he must exist a spiritual being, and consequently must be holy and happy. As man in a future state must be a spirit and nothing else, he must be spiritually minded, which the apostle Paul says, "is life and peace." I hold that as God is the father of the spirits of all flesh, there is no difference in them; the spirit of one man is just as good as the spirit of an other, and no better. And as the spirit never has done wrong while connected with this body, it would be unreasonable and unjust to punish it in eternity for what the body has done here. Now the spirit coming from God, must be holy, and when released from this clog of carnal flesh, it must be happy; and this is what I call salvation in a future state. I see no mystery about it, or any thing complicated or doubtful; it is plain common sense, and like the operation of all God's immutable and divine laws.

G. Y.  
Dimeck, Pa., July 23rd, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## RIGHT OF OPINION.

"We hold that man is endowed by his Creator, with certain unalienable rights;" and that one of the most essential of these rights, is the right of *opinion*. It is a principle that is stamped in his very nature, and sanctioned by all free governments: it is that *privilege* which a person has of thinking on all subjects as he chooses, and also of *expressing* those thoughts; hence it may be styled a civil, political, or religious right. In exercising this right, however, he may not violate the rights of others, or disturb the good order of society. But what *sufferings* and *privations* have been endured in consequence of exercising this right!

It was for the purpose of exercising this right *unmolested*, that our Pilgrim Fathers fled from their parent country to seek an asylum in the wilderness wastes of a new and unknown continent. They chose to undergo the hardships of planting a colony on the rocky shores of New England, where they could exercise the right of conscience and the freedom of speech, unchained and unmolested;—rather than remain in the old world with all its luxury and grandeur, to be stamped by the iron hoof of tyranny, and be denied the privilege of worshipping God according to the dictates of their own consciences. Galileo, also, came near losing his life, for giving his opinion in regard to the doctrines of earth's motion and the sun's stability.—And it was only by publicly renouncing his vague notions, as they were called, that he was enabled to escape the doom that awaited him. Columbus was likewise treated as a visionary adventurer, for advancing the opinion, that if there is a continent on *one* side of the globe, there must also be one on the *other* to balance it; and gladly would many have taken his life, rather than listen to his schemes of future discovery. It was also for exercising his right of opinion, that the immortal Murray was stoned and persecuted by a class of denominated Christians, even in our own beloved country of freedom. And numerous other instances might be shown, in which men have been doomed to all the



penalties and privations imaginable, and even to death itself, merely for asserting their opinions.

But in our free government, the law inflicts no such punishments, neither does it require them.—Yet are we left free to advocate our own peculiar notions without censure or opposition? Very far from it. Surely, we have not the law to contend with, but we have something to contend with, which, if possible, is more powerful; and that something is *popular opinion*. If a person advances ideas that are a little different from the received and popular ones of the day, he does it at his peril; he heaps coals of fire upon his own head. Why?—Because public opinion being against him, his name is immediately loaded with anathemas, denunciations, and curses, which it would require the resolution of a Bonaparte to withstand. For example; a person happens to drop a few ideas on the subject of religion, or on some biblical question, which perhaps in themselves considered, vary a little from the doctrines we hear promulgated from the majority of our pulpits; and the individual attempts to reason a little on the subject; what is the result? He is immediately branded with the epithet of unbeliever, infidel, atheist, and a score of others, which in the eyes of the majority of people, will make him appear one of the most abandoned of the human race. Now is all this right? Should a person be harassed and persecuted, and be made to appear in the most ridiculous light, simply on account of his private opinions? I presume all reasonable beings will answer in the negative.—Therefore, if we have come to the conclusion that it is not right; then let us battle the *opinions* and not the *person* advocating them. AMICUS.

C. L. Institute, August, 1843.

"A REVEREND SCOUNDREL."—We intended to append to Br. Paine's article under the above heading, in our last, the following proceedings, but forgot it until too late. It is due to the Erie Christian Conference to publish their prompt and candid disfellowship of their revivalist preacher—and to the public, to copy the description they have given of this artful man. There are other revivalists abroad, however, as well as this one, whom the people will do well carefully to watch. Men generally do not make so much fuss in religion, unless they need the smoke and dust as a covert. A. B. G.

#### ERIE SPECIAL CONFERENCE.

At a special session of the Erie Ch. Conference, held at Arkwright, June 23, 1843, to take into consideration the standing of Elder Jeremiah Knowles, organized by appointing Elder G. C. Bailey to the chair.

Appointed a committee of five to investigate the standing of said Knowles.

Resolved, That Elders E. G. Holland, P. Lee, and Br'n. Harvey Totman, Jabez Burchard and Otis Golder, be said committee.

After due deliberation the committee returned with the following report.

"We your committee, after a faithful examination of the facts pertaining to the moral standing of Mr. Jeremiah Knowles, who to this time has been a minister and member of the Erie Ch. Conference of this state, do unanimously report, That he is proved by undeniable facts, to be unworthy of the confidence of the Christian connection—that he stands convicted of gross immorality, and that as he has absconded from this country, should be published to the world as one of the greatest impostors of the age."

Resolved, That the report of the committee be accepted.

Resolved, That the Secretary is authorized to publish a description of the person of Mr. Knowles, that he may be known through this report.

Resolved, That our proceedings be published in the Palladium and Herald, and that the editors of other religious papers, are requested to copy.

Resolved, That we adjourn *sine die*.

G. C. BAILEY, Ch'n.

ARMENUS ELY, Sec'y.

DESCRIPTION OF HIS PERSON.—He is in height about five feet and ten inches, weighing about two

hundred. His eyes are of a grayish color, his hair is rather gray, and his whole appearance indicates a man of strong and hardy constitution. His age is from 45 to 48 years, and when he speaks in public, generally takes off his coat, and speaks with considerable ability, with strong appeals to the passions, often creating great religious excitements. He rides in company with a young lady not his wife,—having left his family and gone they know not where.

ARMENUS ELY, Sec'y.

#### VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT.

We copy from the Baltimore Patriot the following letter from Professor Durbin, of Dickinson College, Pa., to the Rev. Henry Slicer, of Baltimore.

March 7, 1843.

My Dear Br. Slicer: Here I sit in the shade of the tomb of Zacharias, at the foot of Mount Olivet, where it ascends into the Valley of Jehosaphat, directly opposite to the eastern wall of the Temple, and towering high above the brow of Mount Moriah. *Mount Moriah!* What a world of heavenly and transporting energy does this word awaken in the bosom of the Jew, the Moslem, but particularly the Christian! The offering up of Isaac, the plague of David for numbering the people, when the angel of destruction stood here, with a drawn sword in the threshing floor of Onan, (1 Chron. xxi.) the travail and industry of the exiles returned by permission of Cyrus to rebuild their temple, the wonderful miracles of Christ and his apostles wrought on that Mount before me, the obstinate defence of the Jews, when Titus pressed them from the Temple to Mount Zion, the destruction of the sacred edifice, the appropriation of the holy mount to the service of Moslemism, its restitution to Christian worship by the Crusaders, and its return again to the Moslem service, in which it yet continues, crowned with the Mosques of Omar and El Aesa, whose beautiful domes sit above the sacred place with admirable lightness and grace. As I strolled by the open gateways, and looked in, how earnestly did I long to enter the sacred enclosure, linger in its walks, and amid its trees; enter even the mosques, particularly that of Omar, which covers, perhaps, the very spot where Isaac was offered, and where the magnificent Temple of Solomon was built, which he dedicated to God by the most eloquent and sensible of all prayers, except our Lord's; (1 Kings viii: 23, etc.) but the fanatical Moslem forbids the feet of the "Christian dog" to tread upon the sacred soil or cross the consecrated threshold.

But I must return to the Valley, from whence I promised you this letter before I left home, and which promise you received somewhat doubtfully. I have wandered up and down it, from the tombs of the Judges, just beyond its head, to the northwest of the city, about 1-2 miles, to the well of Job, perhaps the En Rogel of Scripture, a quarter of a mile below the southwest corner of the city. It is indeed a valley of the dead, or rather of tombs, for their contents are gone; and the sepulchral chambers, where they slept in peace many centuries ago, are now but gaping caverns in the rock, where reptiles nestle, if they be single, small sepulchres; or flocks lie down if they be as large as the tombs of the Judges, Kings and prophets, and some in the southern cliff of the Gibbon, both under and above the "Potter's Field." I have rambled through them all, and found not a fragment of their former contents. The limestone rock in which they are excavated is soft, and has yielded to the elements, and broken away in front of, and sometimes above the chambers. This is the case all over Palestine, (also at Petra, where the rock is as soft as sandstone,) and constantly reminds one of his mortality, and reduction to dust, and dispersion to the winds of heaven. What a glorious assurance, that the soul is not committed to the tomb, but returns to the God who gave it!

I have just come up from the pool of Siloam, which has a connexion with the pool of the Virgin, several hundred yards higher up. The first is in the mouth of the Tysopeon Valley, just where it

enters that of Jehosaphat, and the other is on the west side of the latter, not many hundred yards from where I date this letter. The connexion is by a narrow passage cut through the point of the hill which slopes down from the fountains—now subject to occasional violent, irregular flows of the waters, which make one think of the Pool of Bethesda, mentioned in the 5th chapter of St. John, whose waters the angel troubled "at a certain season."—Our countrymen, Dr. Robinson and Mr. Smith witnessed one of these singular movements of the water. We were not so fortunate. No one knows whence the waters come to these cavernous pools, but there is a steady tradition, and general impression, that they have a connexion with the fountains under the temple's area, and perhaps Milton was apprized of this when he wrote,

"Siloa's brook that flowed  
Fast by the oracles of God."

I descended into the pool to wash, as all good pilgrims do, and found a coarse, ragged, strapping Arab woman, washing a dirty quilt, which lay floating upon the little volume of water. She shrunk away from me as from the approach of a leper, and stood huddled up in a little chasm in the rock, looking upon my pilgrim devotions. The water is sweet and good.

I shall not now undertake to describe the tombs to you, but perhaps I may allow you to peep into my omnium gatharum, where I have plans of them and notes also. But I feel oppressed with sadness, as I cast my eyes up the side of Mount Olivet behind me, and look upon the Jewish cemetery spreading over the sacred hill side, covering it with short, thick stones; each of which lies flat on the ground, and pressed into it a little, as if they had once stood erect, and had been prostrated and pressed by some terrible storm. They are a striking emblem of that most wonderful people, prostrated and trodden down every where but in America; and yet the heart of a Jew turns towards the side of Olivet, over against the sacred Mount, on which once stood the temple of his fathers, and there he desires, above all things, to rest him when his earthly pilgrimage is finished. They linger about the holy city, and steal through its streets to the place of wailing, or to the west side of the temple, as ghosts that have been frightened away, and returned again to the resting-place of their mortal remains.

The first Jews that I saw at Jerusalem, were three sitting apart in the rent trunk of an aged olive tree, in the deep retired valley of the Gibon. I pity them from my very heart.

Just above where I date from, is the golden gate from which our Saviour used to issue at evening, and retire to Mount Olivet. It is now walled up in the temple wall. Above me in the valley is the reputed tomb of the Virgin, in which I attended the devotions of the crowd of pilgrims, and followed them into the little chamber, where they pressed their lips long and ardently to the cold rock, as a young mother kisses for the last time her only child before it is laid to rest in the grave. What a mystery this world is! The glory and great works of man have perished, but the savour of the deeds of the Almighty, and the presence of his primitive children, still perfume the rocks and mountains, and all nations send their pilgrims to honor the consecrated places; and it is painful to the Protestant to know that this external worship is considered efficacious for saving the soul. I wish I could describe to you what I saw in and around the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. But my letter to you at your request belongs to the Valley of Jehosaphat.

From the Valley, I ascended of course the Mount of Olives, paused and—under the gnarled and rent olive trees of Gethsemane, which seem as if they might be the same that witnessed of our Saviour, rambled out to Bethany, stood on the ascension spot, returned to the city along the way of our Saviour's triumphant entry into Jerusalem; but I must pause. Bethel, Shioh, Sychem, Samaria, Nazareth, Tyre, Sidon, Damascus, Balbec, etc., are before me, but my sheet is full. I have a stick for you, cut from the most consecrated of spots.—



My kind regards to your family, especially to the best one. As ever yours. J. P. DURBIN.

P. S. I seal this letter in sight of Smyrna, having this morning at sunrise gazed upon the Island of Patmos, and read with unwonted zest the introduction of the Revelation of St. John. It is astonishing what light and power the Scriptures have when read on the spots, and amid the scenes described. It may be my faith is stronger under such circumstances.

From the Universalist.

### INSANE PRAYING.

"I have heard a minister pray—'if it be for thy glory, sink the wicked still deeper in hell;' and he justified himself by saying that David offered a prayer somewhat similar; but forthwith there went abroad a suspicion that the minister was deranged, and he certainly was in this prayer."

So says Rev. Edward A. Park, Professor in the Andover Theological Seminary. What would he have said, if he had heard a man pray—"if thou hadst long since cut us down, and assigned our portion with the lost in perdition, thou wouldst have been only just." If he would not have said that this man was also insane in his prayer, methinks he would have said that he used a very polite way of accusing God with being wanting in justice!—And such language I heard in a prayer the other day at a funeral; as though justice had required God to send us to hell long ago, but he had neglected to do it! The ancient servants of God were more rational and consistent. While they prayed that God would reward the righteous in proportion to their merits, they prayed that he would punish the wicked according to their works. So prayed Solomon at the dedication of the royal temple.—"If a man sin against his neighbor, then hear thou from heaven, and do, and judge thy servants, by requiting the wicked, recompensing his way upon his own head, and by justifying the righteous by giving him according to his righteousness." He did not seem even to suspect that there was injustice in the administration of God's government, and he therefore prayed for the fulfilment of his will, as well in regard to the wicked as the righteous. Would that all modern teachers of religion had the wisdom of Solomon. A more amiable character would be ascribed to God. M. S.

### RELIGIOUS NAMES.

**Jews.** This name is derived from Judah, and was applied to the descendants of Abraham by Isaac his son. This is rather a national name, perhaps, and yet it is seldom used without religious associations. Hence, when the word Jew is heard, the first thought is that of their peculiar religious opinions in reference to Christ and his doctrines. Their sacred books are those of the Old Testament. They have no home as a nation, but in fulfilment of the prophecies they are scattered abroad as outcasts and wanderers over the face of the earth. They are most numerous in Poland.

**CHRISTIANS.** The term Christian was first applied to the followers of Christ about nine years after his death, (A. D. 42,) at Antioch of Syria.—Before this they were generally called *Nazarenes*, being disciples of Jesus of Nazareth. Their sacred books are all those, both of the Old and New Testament, known as the *Bible*. They are found mostly in Europe and America.

**MAHOMETANS.** This is a name given to those who accept the person of Mahomet, or Mohammed, as a prophet of God, and receive the Koran as a revelation of divine truth through him. Their holy book is of course the *Koran*. The religion of Mohammed is embraced by the Turks, Persians, and several nations and tribes of Asia and Africa.

**PAGAN.** The origin of this name is little known, yet is somewhat curious. It is from the Latin *pagus*, a village, or rural district; and, because the *pagani*, the country people, villagers, or peasants, as was natural, adhered longest to idolatry, the term became a general appellation; and all idolaters and heathen are now called by Christians *pagans*.

*pagans*. They are found in Asia, America, and Africa, and embrace the larger portion of the human race.—Rev. T. B. Thayer.

### UNITED STATES CONVENTION.

The following extracts from the records of the United States Convention of Universalists, are published for the purpose of reminding the brethren therein designated, of the duties enjoined upon them.

At the session held in New York in 1841, Brs. S. R. Smith and T. J. Sawyer, of New York, T. J. Greenwood, of Massachusetts, A. Moore, of Pennsylvania, and E. M. Pingree, of Ohio, were appointed a Committee "to draft a Constitution and Plan of Church compact and course of Discipline, for Societies, Associations and Conventions in the fellowship of this body, in conformity to the suggestions of the Miami Association of Universalists in Ohio, and to report at the next annual session of this body."

The Convention at its meeting in Providence in September last, passed a resolve, "That the report of members of the Committee appointed to draft a system of organization and discipline, presented at this session, be accepted and published; and that the Committee be continued for another year, with instructions to draw up a plan of organization and discipline, and publish the same as early as practicable, in our religious periodicals, and to make report of their doings at the next session of this body."

The Report above referred to, has not to my knowledge, been published, through some oversight, probably, of the Clerks of the session; but its purport was, in effect, if my recollection serves me, that the Committee had done but little, if any thing, toward perfecting the work entrusted to them.

Ers. R. O. Williams, of Connecticut, A. A. Folsom, of Massachusetts, and L. C. Browne, of N. Hampshire, were also appointed a Committee "to examine the code of rules which govern this body during its annual sessions, and, if they deem it necessary, to amend, revise, and enlarge the same, and make a report at the next regular session of this Convention. J. M. Austin, Standing Clerk.

**A TRULY DISTRESSING CASE.**—The brig Ohio sailed from Point Petre (Gaudaloupe) on the morning of the 2d of July, bound for St. Thomas. On the evening of that day, her second mate, Mr. Atwood, was taken ill, and died on the 8th; a few hours following the second mate's attack, her commander, Captain Berls, was taken; and on the 5th, the chief mate, (brother to the Capt.) was seized with the like symptoms, and died on the 8th. The captain lingered until the 11th, when he also died. In this situation, with but three souls on board, and one of them ill, the eldest seaman took charge of the vessel, with the hope of reaching some part of the United States. No one of the survivors had the least knowledge of navigation, and the vessel was but sparingly provided with water and provisions. Providentially they fell in with one of the Baltimore pilot boats, one hundred miles from land, on the morning of the 18th inst., in a state of hopelessness, bordering on despair, and in safety reached our port.—[Balt. Sun.

**CRUEL FRAUD.**—A scoundrel named Maltitz, who came over from Bremen in the ship Goethe, Capt. Hermann, which arrived at Baltimore on Tuesday, contrived on the way to ingratiate himself with many of the passengers, and obtain from them over \$1,000 in all on the pretence of paying their passage to their several destinations. Immediately on landing he disappeared in a coach, and has not since been heard of.

Seventy-two of the crew of the U. S. steamer Missouri have signed the pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors.

A beggar, 60 years old, was recently arrested in Paris, on whom 14,000 francs in gold were found, tied in a belt around his waist.

LANSINGUE is rapidly rising again from its ashes.—The Gazette says the loss by the late fire has generally fallen on men able to bear it, and they have taken hold manfully to rebuild the "burnt district."

**Peaches.**—Notwithstanding the great drought, and the consequent scarcity of this fine fruit in this vicinity we are glad to hear that there is likely to be no great deficiency in the supply for this market. The Messrs. Reybold, of the State of Delaware, who have devoted much time, labor and expense, to the cultivation of peaches, and by a variety of experiments brought the fruit to a state of great perfection, will supply the market during the season with about 30,000 to 40,000 baskets of the finest quality of fruit. A daily supply will arrive by the steamboats Independence and Swan, at Pier No. 2, North River, and the agent of the proprietors will be on the wharf when the boats arrive, prepared to dispose of the fruit in lots to suit purchasers. The first arrival is expected on Wednesday, the 2d of August.—*Even. Post.*

**Navigation of the Mississippi.**—Last year the navigation of the Mississippi included 450 steamers, averaging each 200 tons, and making an aggregate tonnage of 90,000. They cost above \$7,000,000, and were navigated by nearly 16,000 persons—about 35 each. Besides these steamers there are about 4,000 flatboats, which cost each about \$150, managed by five hands each, or 20,000 persons, and make an expense of \$1,380,000. The estimated annual expense of the steam navigation, including 15 per cent. for insurance, and 27 per cent. for ware and tear is \$13,618,000.

Mr. Alonzo L. Fish, of Herkimer, in this State, made last year from twenty cows, besides 301 pounds of butter, no less than 13,996 pounds of cheese, or 700 to each cow. He of course selects good cows of the best breed and keeps them well.—*Tribune.*

The farmers in Ohio are already selling their hogs, deliverable next winter. The asking price is \$3.00, but sales have been made to some extent at 2.50 per cwt. The quantity of Pork will be about equal to that of last season.

The Oswego county jail was opened with false keys on Saturday night last, and six prisoners escaped. A reward of 130 is offered for them.

Two persons have been arrested in Schenectady for passing counterfeit \$1 bills of the Bank of Rome.

The farmers of Washington county, Pa., have received \$200,000 for Wool this season.

The Louisville Whig says that about 600 buildings will be put up in that city this season.

### PROSPECTUS OF THE ROSE OF SHARON, FOR 1844.

EDITED BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

A new volume of this Annual will be issued in September. It will contain articles, consisting as usual, of Tales, Essays, and Poetry, from the pens of E. H. Chapin, T. B. Thayer, H. Greely, C. H. Fay, H. Bacon, J. G. Adams, L. C. Browne, D. K. Lee, H. C. Leonard, A. C. Thomas, T. B. Read, Mrs. L. J. B. Case, Mrs. C. M. Sawyer, Mrs. N. T. Monroe, Mrs. E. A. Bacon, Miss L. M. Barker, Miss C. A. Fillebrown, Miss H. J. Woodman, Miss M. A. Dodd, Miss Julia A. Fletcher, Miss C. W. Barber, and Miss S. C. Edgerton.

These names, together with the past favorable reputation of the work, (pronounced by many disinterested and competent judges to be the BEST Annual of the times,) must be a sufficient guaranty of the merits of the new volume, which it is believed, will not fall behind any of its predecessors in interest and value.

It will contain 304 pages printed in handsome type, on thick, elegant paper, and will be embellished by five fine steel engravings, executed expressly for the work. Embossed morocco binding, and gilt edges. Price TWO DOLLARS only, per copy. ☞ Seven copies for TWELVE DOLLARS.

If more convenient the work can be obtained wholesale or retail, of Rev. A. R. Gardner, Iowa City, I. T.; Rev. W. E. Manley, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. J. A. Gurley, Cincinnati, O.; Rev. A. Case, Charleston, S. C.; R. T. Wicker, Richmond, Va.; C. L. Stickney, New York City; Grosh & Walker, Utica, N. Y.; Rev. Eli Ballou, Montpelier, Vt.; Rev. J. E. Palmer, Colebrook, N. H.; Rev. J. F. Witherell, Concord, N. H.; C. T. Gill, Nashua, N. H.; Powers & Bagley, Lowell, Mass.; T. Whittemore, Boston, or of the Publisher.

A. TOMPKINS, 38 Cornhill.

Boston, August 1843.



For the Magazine and Advocate.  
LINES

INSCRIBED to the female believers in the faith of universal salvation in Oxford.

Dear sisters in our Zion—  
Sweet friends of charity,  
Accept my thanks sincerely,  
For kindness shown to me.

Your sisterly attentions,  
My gratitude excite;  
Awakening in my bosom,  
A thrill of pure delight.

My memory oft shall linger,  
On halcyon moments flown;  
When friendship's heavenly radiance,  
On my lone pathway shone.

May Heaven forever bless you,  
And on you ever smile;  
And give you peace and gladness,  
The world can never spoil.

May you repose when weary,  
In friendship's holy arms;  
And pure religion grace you,  
In all its native charms.

When summer gilds with radiance,  
The lofty mounts and vales;  
And feathered songsters warble,  
Sweet peans on the gales.

Remember me, then, sisters,  
At twilight's holy hour;  
When silvery moonlight sparkles,  
And dew-drops bathe the flowers.

But never would I have you,  
To think of me and sigh;  
I ever shall be guarded  
By God's omniscient eye.]

O, may we meet and mingle  
Our voices here below;  
If not, in that fair region,  
Where fall no tears of woe.

Hail, happy, golden era!  
When we shall meet above;  
A ransomed world adorning,  
The diadem of love.

German, N. Y.

LAURA EGGLESTON.

From the London Observer.

### ORIGIN, CHARACTER, AND PREVALENCE OF PUSEYISM.

The intense and universal interest now felt in the subject of Puseyism will ensure an eager perusal of a brief statement of the circumstances under which it originated, and the position it now occupies.

In the year 1833 the late Rev. Dr. Rose, of Kings College, the Rev. Mr. Percival, Dr. Pusey, and two or three other clergymen, met in the house of the first named Rev. gentleman, when talking over the progress of dissent and the unpopularity and even practical neglect into which high church principles had fallen of late years, they came to a resolution to form themselves into a society, though without any formal organization, to use their utmost efforts to revive and bring into practical recognition the class of principles to which we have referred.

The celebrated "Tracts for the Times," had their origin in the meeting in question. These tracts appeared at irregular intervals, and were published at prices varying according to the quantity of matter, from twopence to sixpence. The tracts soon attracted general attention, from the startling doctrines they advanced; and as the tendency of all of them was to exalt the authority of the church and increase the importance of the clergy, by investing them with a special sacredness of character, the new class of opinions made rapid progress among them. Every successive tract became bolder and bolder in its tone, and approached nearer and nearer the doctrines of the Church of Rome. The principal writers were Dr. Pusey, the Rev. Mr. Ward, the Rev. Mr. Williams, the Rev. Mr. Newman, and one or two others. The series

proceeded until it reached No. 90, which so openly and strenuously advocated Popish principles that the Bishop of Oxford felt called upon to interpose his authority and put an end to the farther publication of the tracts. The last of the series, No. 90, created a deep sensation, especially as it was soon discovered that it had contributed to make several individuals go openly over to the Church of Rome.

The doctrines now held by the Puseyites, who are sometimes called Tractarians, so closely resemble those of the Roman Catholic Church, that there can hardly be said, on most points, to be any essential difference between them. Among the points to which the Puseyites attach a special importance, is the assumption that all the clergy of the Church of England, in common with those of the Church of Rome, have descended in a direct line from the apostles. This is what is called apostolical succession. They also maintain that all children, baptized by the established clergy, are regenerated when the water is sprinkled upon them; but they refuse to recognize the baptism of ministers of other denominations, as baptism at all. They hold that there is no hope of salvation for those who are without the pale of the Church. They denounce the Reformation, and look forward with eager desire to a union between the Church of England and the Church of Rome. They maintain that the church has an authority above that of the state; and that the sovereign and the senate are bound to submit to the dictum of the church. They lay but little stress on those doctrinal matters which the evangelical clergy in the establishment regard as necessary to salvation. They attach much greater importance to the writings of the fathers, than to the narratives of the inspired evangelists and the epistles of the apostles.

They hold, indeed, that the Scriptures ought not to be read at all by the laity, unless accompanied by the exposition of their meaning to be found in the book of Common Prayer. They virtually reject the atonement, and set aside as fanaticism what is regarded by other bodies the religion of the heart. They look upon religion as mainly consisting in the observance of forms and ceremonies. They maintain that the bread and wine in the sacrament are converted, when consecrated by the clergy, into the actual flesh and blood of Christ, and that the sacrament constitutes a kind of continuation of the atonement of Christ on the cross.

It is for maintaining these two latter points in a sermon preached in the Cathedral of Oxford, 3 weeks ago, that Dr. Pusey has been convicted of Popish heresy by a board of divines, and sentenced by the Vice Chancellor to two years prohibition from preaching within the precincts of the University. The board of divines, six in number, separated without coming to a formal decision—but they afterwards severally gave in their decision, and were unanimous in their condemnation of the sermon as advocating heresy.

Dr. Pusey has entered his protest against the decision of the board and the sentence of the Vice Chancellor, on the ground that he was not heard in his defence, and that the objectionable parts of his sermon were not specified. A requisition, signed by about sixty members of convention and bachelors of civil law, has been forwarded to the Vice Chancellor, requesting him to point out the objectionable parts in Dr. Pusey's sermon. The Vice Chancellor has refused to comply with their request, though, before passing sentence, he furnished Dr. Pusey privately with the grounds on which he condemned his sermon. The sermon, it is understood, will be published in a few days, and will, doubtless, excite intense interest. Puseyism has made extraordinary progress in the church within the last three years. It is calculated that out of 12,000 clergy in England and Wales, 9000, or three fourths of the whole, are deeply tainted with it. In Scotland again, the whole of the Episcopal clergy, with the exception of three or four, are decided Puseyites. In Ireland also, the heresy is making alarming progress. It is calculated that the majority of the Bench of Bishops are more or less tinged with it. Those of the prelates who most openly advocate Puseyite principles are the Bishop of Ex-

eter, the Bishop of London, and the Bishop of Oxford. Among the churches and chapels of London in which Puseyite practice prevails to the greatest extent, will be found Shoreditch Church and Margaret st. Chapel, Oxford street.

In the latter place it would be difficult to perceive any difference between the form of worship and that observed in a Roman Catholic Church. In many of the Puseyite churches and chapels, daily worship has been established, and in all of them, we believe, the sacrament is administered weekly. We understand it is likely the subject will soon be brought before the Parliament, and the question to be determined will be, whether a Protestant country ought to be called on to pay from six to seven millions of pounds a year to the established clergy for inculcating Popish principles and observing Popish practices in their places of worship, in entire disregard of the solemn engagement they came under at their ordination to maintain the Protestant religion of the land.

### DISRUPTION OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

We have delayed, for lack of room, much longer than we intended, such a statement, brief as it must necessarily be, of the prominent facts attending the recent disruption of the Church of Scotland as should enable our readers to form at least some general notion of the nature of this controversy and the importance of the movement. But as the question is one of permanent and not merely of temporary interest, we may render our readers a service by doing now what we should have done before.

It will not be easy to trace to its source the difficulty which has now reached its climax. Secessions from the Church Establishment in Scotland have been frequent during all the last century; but they have been small, and in comparison with this, quite unimportant. The questions which have been of the most influence in effecting this separation are two:

1. The first relates to the legality of what is called the Veto Act, passed in 1834—since which time the subject has continued to excite great attention, and the division between the two contending parties has become yearly more and more decided. Previous to that time, the presentations to a very large proportion of the Scottish Churches were wholly *private property*, in the hands, some of them of the crown, and others of individuals. The patronage thus possessed, as all patronage inevitably does, soon became more or less corrupt; and the presentations were made with very little reverence or regard to the wishes or welfare of the members of the Churches. Of course they became unpopular, and the opposition to them became so strong and unpopular that the General Assembly—the Convocation or Ecclesiastical Parliament of the Kirk—in 1834 passed an act giving authority to the male heads of families in communion with the church, to *veto or reject any minister whom a patron might present to a vacant parish*. This act, of course, was the occasion of no little excitement and discussion, and its legality was loudly denied. Cases soon arose in which it was tested. The first was that of the Presbytery of Auchtermader. The presentee was vetoed by the Congregation, to which he was presented, and in consequence *rejected* by the presbytery, which acted under the General Assembly. In conjunction with his patron he at once appealed to the *Civil Courts* bringing an action against the Presbytery, maintaining that they had no right to reject him on the mere ground of the *veto* of the parishioners. The decision was in favor of the patron and presentee. It was carried by the Presbytery to the House of Lords, and there *confirmed*. A similar question arose in the case of the ministers of Strathbogie, with a similar result.

2. The other principal question was of still more importance, as its decision, as given, would have a more extended retrospective action—excluding, in fact, from their seats in the Church Courts, 277 ministers and as many elders. It arose thus:—the General Assembly is composed of representatives from different Presbyteries, from Royal Bo-



roughs and from the Universities; and as each parish minister is a member of his particular Presbytery he is eligible as a representative in the Assembly. During the several years last past there being great demand for Church extension, subsidiary places of worship, called chapels of ease, were erected: and there being great difficulties in the way of constructing new parishes, various localities in extensive districts were converted into parishes *quo ad sacra*, the ministers of which were provided for by a crown grant called the Royal Bounty. The ministers of such chapels and parishes have become very numerous and the General Assembly had conferred upon them the privilege of regular parochial ministers, thus constituting them members of their several presbyteries and so eligible to the Assembly itself. These acts have been called in question, and appeals have been taken to the *Civil Courts* by which the acts have been pronounced illegal. The effect would be as we have already said, to throw out 277 ministers and thus to change entirely the relative strength of parties in the Assembly.

These two parties had been organized with reference to the general question: the Nonintrusionists, or those opposed to this interference of the Civil Courts, with Dr. Chalmers at their head, having a very decided majority. They have, however, without objection, suffered the Lord High Commissioner, the Representative of the Sovereign in the General Assembly, to be present at its session; but he had no voice or vote in the proceedings, took no part in its business, and his presence was not even deemed necessary to the validity of the Assembly's transactions.

These were the principal questions which had caused the difficulty between the Church of Scotland and the civil powers. Minor points had increased it, and for a few days previous to the last meeting of the Assembly on the 18th of May, the excitement had been very great. That body met at St. Andrew's church in Edinburgh, with all its usual pomp and ceremony, the Marquis of Bute, Lord High Commissioner, being escorted by a splendid military array, and the nobility and gentry attending in great numbers, and amid a display of unusual brilliancy. The church was excessively crowded, and the number of members in attendance was much greater than usual. After the Marquis of Bute had taken his seat, the Moderator, Dr. Welsh, arose and said that the proper time according to usage, had arrived for making up the roll; but there had been so great an inroad, so decided an infringement, on the Constitution of the Church, that they could not proceed to organize the Assembly without a violation of the terms of the Union of the Church and State, as authoritatively defined. He then proceeded to read the "Protest of the Church," a brief, calm, decided statement of the wrongs the Scottish Church had suffered in the subjection of her Courts to the Civil Courts in the exercise of her spiritual functions, in the interference of the Civil Courts with the preaching of the Gospel and administration of the Church ordinances, and in general in the encroachments upon her authority, which were deemed inconsistent with Christian liberty and with the rights conferred by the Head of the Church upon the Church alone.

When he had finished reading this document, and amid the breathless attention and tears with which it was heard, he laid it on the table, rose up in his robe and cap of office and calmly walked out, followed by Dr. Chalmers, Gordon, Macfarlane, and others of the most powerful and influential members of the Scottish Church, including the whole body of adhering members and elders. For an instant a loud cheer burst from the galleries, but it was immediately hushed, and the assembled multitude looked on in solemn silence and admiration. They proceeded four abreast through the street, the windows and house-tops being filled with curious and interested spectators, and moved in a body to Tanfield, Canonmills. Thus with a heroism and self-denying nobleness of heart seldom equalled in the history of the world, they turned their backs upon Royalty, upon all that secured

them worldly honor and distinction, upon their incomes, their very means of subsistence, and proceeded unattended by troops, marshalled only by consciences void of offence and hearts filled with the spirit of Him in whose name they had taken this great and momentous step, to the Hall where they were welcomed by tumultuous applause. They immediately organized by the applauded election of Dr. Chalmers, as Moderator, who then addressed the meeting, briefly vindicating the decision of the Assembly, and most earnestly protesting against being considered as Dissenters or Voluntaries. They still believed, he said, in the union of Church and State, and if they left the Establishment, they wished it understood that they went out on the Establishment principle. Committees were then appointed, and the business of the assembly was entered upon. The number of ministers who had joined the Free Assembly was 454, and the attendance upon its session was very numerous. It is to meet again at Glasgow in October. In all respects except with reference to the propriety of a Church Establishment, there is a free communion between Dissenters and members of the Free Churches, and the former, in several instances, have opened Chapels for the use of the latter, until their own can be completed. One has already been finished for Dr. Candish, who leaves the Church of St. George, the most magnificent in Edinburgh, for a small, plain edifice, erected within six weeks. The deputation from the Presbyterian Church of Ireland followed the Separatists, and acknowledged them as the Church. The Marquis of Breadalbane has subscribed £10,000, and his lady £1000 for the Seceders. The contributions, up to the latest dates, had reached about £250,000. The aggregate income and property which they relinquished exceeded half a million sterling.—*N. Y. Trib.*

It is refreshing to meet so much truth, mingled with so little error, in a Partialist journal as we find in the following article: which we copy from the Christian Palladium, published at Union Mills, in this State, by Elder S. Marvin, of the Christian sect. "It is certainly a clear and able epitome of the New Testament doctrine of the kingdom of God or heaven, or reign of God.—The only error is making the state itself, the condition of entrance into the state of immortal blessedness, viz., reconciliation, or subjection, or obedience to God. But this is done to convey the idea that some will not finally comply with the conditions, and that, consequently there will be a part of the universe, and some beings in the universe, over which this kingdom of God will not rule—or, in other words, that God's moral reign will be limited—that there will be an endless government opposed to him and Jesus, which they can not subdue to obedience!"

A. B. G.

#### THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

The kingdom of God, and the kingdom of heaven, in the Scriptures, generally mean the same thing; and refer to his reign, and its effects, among men. The qualities of this kingdom are clearly defined, negatively, and affirmatively, by the Saviour and his apostles. "My kingdom is not of this world." That is, it is not earthly in its nature and attributes. "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink," "but it is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." And "the kingdom of God is within you." And as here defined, the kingdom has already been set up.

1st. Because the parabolical illustrations of it are incompatible with the glorified state of the saints. The parables of the sower and of the net, represent two kinds of people in the kingdom, GROWING TOGETHER, "until the harvest." One kind, is, "the children of the wicked one." Is this consistent with the eternal state of glory of the saints? 1st. This kingdom exists before the end of the world. That kingdom of glory will not be introduced till after or in connection with the end of the world. 2d. In this kingdom are "the children of the wicked one," "the bad," "things that offend," and "that do iniquity." But into that kingdom of glory, "no unclean thing can enter;"

but those "who do his commandments," the "blessed of his Father." 3d. From this kingdom will be excluded "the bad," "children of the kingdom" (Jews) and those "that do iniquity."—But those who enter that kingdom of glory, "shall go no more out forever." For these and other reasons, I view the doctrine of these parables as incompatible with the kingdom of glory; hence conceive the kingdom to have been previously set up.

2d. "The children of the kingdom" (the Jews) "were cast out of the kingdom,"—"broken off because of unbelief," which could not have been, if the kingdom was not yet set up.

3d. Men were in the kingdom in the days of the apostles. Inferred from John iii: 5, "except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he can not enter into the kingdom of God." Certainly this implies, that if a man was born again he did enter into the kingdom then. Again from Luke xvi: 16, "The law and the prophets were until John, since that the kingdom of God is preached, and every man presseth into it." Could they have pressed into it if it had not existed? That primitive Christians were in the kingdom is positively affirmed, Col. i: 13. "Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son." If the Colossians were in the kingdom in the days of Paul, the kingdom must have been set up.

4th. This is a growing kingdom, as shown in the parable of the mustard seed and of the measures of meal; which, though small in the beginning, increases till the mustard is a great tree; and the three measures are all leavened. How irreconcilable is this view with that of the eternal state, where all is unchangeable! Dan. ii: 35, "And the stone that smote the image became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth." This is another illustration of its growing nature. It is the stone that smites the image, and it is not till "the iron, the brass, &c., are carried away, and NO MORE PLACE FOUND FOR THEM," that the stone becomes a great mountain, and fills the whole earth. The kingdom can not be either universal or eternal when it smites the image; therefore it must be the kingdom in its present growing, progressive state.

5th. This kingdom exists in different states of perfection, as shown in the parable of the seed,—Mark iv: 26, 29. "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." Whatever application may be made of these different stages, it is evident, 1st, That they do exist, 2d, That none but the last, the full, or perfect corn, can be applied to the kingdom of glory; when they shall be as the angels, "to die no more."

Finally, as there are three stages of the kingdom, so there are three different methods of introduction into it. 1. By a fleshy birth. 2. A spiritual birth. 3. By a resurrection, or birth from the grave. So also there are three different terms of admission. 1. A lineal descendant of Abraham. 2. Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.—3. Obedience to the commands of God. The first stage is past; its "children cast out," "broken off." The second stage, that into which the Colossians were translated, is now progressing, and soon, as a stone, will smite the image and grind it to powder, when the third in all its fullness, and perfection of grace and glory shall succeed—death conquered—the grave vanquished—despisers punished—the everlasting gates lifted up, when to the numbered host out of every nation, kindred, tongue and people, with spotless robes, glittering crowns, and waving palms, midst sounding anthems, Christ shall say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." And thus, amid the mingled shouts of triumphant saints, and rejoicing angels, an "entrance shall be ministered unto them abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

Reader, have you been born again? Are you obeying the commands of God? And are you prepared to enter that coming kingdom of indescribable and increasing glory? B.



## MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Rens. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry.

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## EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS.....NO. II.

The apostle begins his letter by a brief statement of his apostolic commission and authority, as the apostle of the Gentiles; and the expression of his warm desire to visit them. At the 15th verse, he opens the subject of controversy, by declaring the Gospel to be the power of God unto salvation—a salvation and a life to be enjoyed only by faith in it. He then enters into the argument, by showing that the mere light of nature was not sufficient to guide man to holiness and peace; inasmuch, as their idolatrous and immoral practices had resulted from their having only the teachings of nature to direct them. In the second chapter he turns to the Jew, and shows that he is inexcusable in severely condemning the heathen, for that the law of Moses was unto condemnation, but not unto salvation—that the Jews had also sinned deeply against God, as well as the Gentiles, and that God would not spare either; but on the Jews first, as deepest in wrong, as well as on Gentiles, he would pour out his righteous rewards and punishments. To the Jews, he would deal out according to their law—to the Gentiles according to the law of nature—thus dealing fairly and truly, and without respect of persons.

In the third chapter he introduces the Jewish objection—first verse—and answers it in part; leaving a fuller answer to a subsequent period of his letter. This chapter is full of similar objections, and of replies to them. The argument appears to be, that though the Gentiles are to be admitted to be the true church, and the Jews to be cast out, yet, to the Jew the same door is open to enter by, as to the Gentile—even the Gospel. That their unbelief in Jesus, can not annul the promise God made to their father Abraham, which promise is the Gospel. That though this truth of God—this promise—is extended to the Gentiles, by Jewish unbelief; yet that will not excuse the unbelief of the Jews, no more than it would the Christians, if it were true of them, as had been slanderously reported, that they did evil that good might come. That having proved both Jews and Gentiles to be transgressors of their respective laws, both stand on equal grounds before the Gospel; and God is not unjust, therefore, in requiring both to enter into a knowledge of his favor by receiving that Gospel as their guide, instead of the laws of Moses and of nature. On this ground, all boasting of one over the other is excluded, and man becomes *just*, not by performing any outward deeds required by any law, but by embracing the spirit of the Gospel, by faith in its teachings.

The fourth chapter is devoted to showing that Abraham was justified—redeemed from idolatry and made just—by faith in the Gospel, and not by any outward works of idolatry, or ceremonies of the law of Moses—even before he received circumcision, which was the sign or seal of a *past* justification, rather than a promise or means of a *future*. If we, therefore, would be true children of Abraham, it must be not by any outward ceremony, but by also believing the Gospel—the promise God made to him.

The fifth chapter continues the subject of justification by faith—of becoming good men and women by believing the good news contained in God's promise of universal blessedness. He argues that the love of God, manifested specially in Christ's dying for us, will reconcile us to God. But if so, how much more shall we be led to peace and joy—to present salvation—by contemplating Christ's life? And this, too, even in the persecutions and afflictions heaped on the early Christians for professing their faith.

In the close of this chapter, Paul runs briefly over the causes that led to unreconciliation with God—and the means instituted to counteract those influences, and reconcile men again. He shows that moral death, or unreconciliation, began at Adam's transgression, and as all men sinned as Adam did, (not in Adam,) so that moral

death passed upon all. But the example, and power and influence of Christ's obedience is destined to extend unto all these, and raise them from this moral death, unto everlasting life and joy. After this unreconciliation, or death, had reached from Adam to Moses, the law was given to render it more *apparent*—that the offence might abound—but now, where sin abounded, grace did much more abound, &c.

The apostle, in the sixth chapter, again introduces the favorite objection of the Jews, that if, their unbelief, or the sins of the world, were the reason why God extended the Gospel farther, or manifested his goodness more powerfully, then let us abound in sin and unbelief, that the Gospel and grace of God may abound still more.—This, you know, is a very popular objection to universal salvation—or that portion of our views, in which we declare that God's grace will extend beyond our sins, convert our evil into good, and cause all the punishment we receive, to operate as a curing medicine to our souls. The apostle answers it conclusively—that they who have died to any *desire* even to commit sin, by receiving the Gospel, can not live, or have any delight in sin. He pursues this subject through the chapter—presenting this death to sin in various lights—and concluding with the declaration, that the daily wages of sin is death; but, *the gift of God*, (which follows *after* this death,) is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

The seventh chapter seems to be directed especially to the Jewish converts, to show them that as the Mosaic law was dead—that dispensation closed, and extinct—no Jew could be any longer bound by it; any more than a man or woman can be bound to their partner after that partner's death. He argues, not that the law made men sin, for it forbade sin; but it was not sufficient to prevent sin—and the same could be said of the law of nature. But the law of *love*, in Christ, is more powerful, and delivers the mind from its subjection to fleshly appetites and passions, and thus releases us at once from the insufficient power of the laws of Moses and of nature; and from their condemnation, also. This subject is continued into the seventh chapter, and intimately connected with the text subject there introduced. But, I trust this brief summary of the chain of the argument of the letter, will enable us understandingly to go through the examination of the following chapters.

Remember—Paul was a Hebrew of Hebrews—brought up in all the Jewish manners, learning, and religion, strictly a Pharisee—that he was anxious, to a great degree, to convert his countrymen to Christianity, and at the same time, faithful in his office as the apostle of the Gentiles. Remember, also, that the Jews had always held the Gentiles in abhorrence, as the rejected and outcasts of God; and that the Gentiles held the Jews in contempt, as narrow souled bigots, and unlearned barbarians. Remember that the Jews prided themselves on being God's special people—favored with his revelations, and guided by his divine law;—while the Romans prided themselves on their established religion, its pomp and glory—and on being philosophers, lovers of wisdom, and followers of the light of nature alone. Remember, that each of these classes came into the Christian church with all these feelings, errors, prejudices and opinions of national and sectarian superiority; and that the apostle had to contend with both, to reason with both, and to endeavor to reconcile both to each other. These facts being remembered, and the general course of his reasoning having been pointed out in the portions already reviewed, it is presumed that there can be little difficulty in coming to a clear and full understanding of the remaining chapters of this interesting and valuable letter.

A. B. G.

## PUSEYISM.

This term will probably require a frequent mention, and occupy a considerable space in the public papers, from henceforth. We have therefore given a long article in to day's paper, giving, what we believe to be a candid explanation of its history and meaning. *Probably* it represents Puseyism as going a little farther toward the Church of Rome than it really does; but,

from recent movements, it is evidently very nearly correct, if not wholly so.

It may not be uninteresting to give a brief statement of the events which have lately introduced Puseyism to public notice in this country, and especially in the city of New York. So far as I have been able to examine the hot and bitter controversy on the subject, the following appear to be the facts in this singular and important case, which threatens a division in the Episcopal Church in this country as well as in England.

Rev. Dr. Smith had a student, a Mr. Carey, whose high Church notions excited the Doctor's curiosity;—when, finding Mr. Carey to be almost, if not quite, a Roman Catholic in his views and feelings, he objected to Mr. C's ordination as a deacon of the Episcopal church. The Bishop called a council of eight clergymen including Drs. Smith and Anthon, for the examination of the candidate. Mr. Carey, being advised by his friends in this Council, answered very guardedly the questions put to him; but enough was elicited to show that he was *not opposed* to, even if he did not actually *favor*, the doctrines of transubstantiation, purgatory, prayer and masses for the dead, and invocation of the saints, besides some other doctrines and ceremonies of a similar character; and that he deemed the Reformation unjustifiable, and the Church of Rome a true church if not the true church, to which he might possibly go for license to preach, if refused by Episcopalians. Drs. Smith and Anthon opposed his ordination as a Protestant Episcopal clergyman; but Bishop Onderdonk and the other six clergymen were in favor of it. Accordingly arrangements were made for the ordination; but at the time and place, and during the preparatory services, Drs. Smith and Anthon rose and each read a protest. And when the ordination services proceeded, walked out of the house to the great scandal of the faithful. On being attacked for their want of decency and reverence, they came out with a history of the whole affair in pamphlet form. The "six" then came out with a card declining any reply, but pretty plainly insinuating falsehood and misrepresentation against the pamphlet. Subsequently one of the "six" has come out and cleared his faith from any participation with Mr. Carey in his Roman Catholic views and feelings. And so the war rages among these children of the Church of England.

In addition to those already named above as Puseyites in participation, if not in feeling and faith, Bishop G. W. Doane, of New Jersey, and Bishop Brownell, of Connecticut, have come out and declared that Dr. Pusey is *orthodox* according to the 39 Articles and Prayer Book of the Episcopal church in England and America. How many other Bishops, Editors, and clergymen of "the church" are tainted with this musty heresy, we have not yet learned. The papers opposed to it, represent the number as being small, and promise that Bishop Onderdonk & Co. shall be read out of "the Church," and "our Church," without any doubt or hesitancy. But it is presumed that this will be easier said than done. The high church party has many members and great influence, and holds the *purse* as well as the *press* under its control. Trinity Church, with its millions of dollars, will probably come out in aid of Bishops Onderdonk, Doane & Co. In this case, the contest between Roman Catholicism and English Catholicism in the Episcopal church, will be protracted, and the triumph doubtful. Probably the Puseyites will be beaten at last. But certain it is, that if the contest is openly waged for any time, the *people* will have such a very salutary exhibition of the tendencies and teachings and spirit of this legitimate daughter of the church of Rome, as to cure many of them of any love they now may have for Episcopal liberality, and ceremonies, and government. Those of our readers who read the Essays of Br. S. R. Smith on Episcopalianism, published in this paper a few years ago, can not fail to remember the graphic pictures he then drew of those tendencies, which history is now fulfilling rapidly.

Believing that this contest will result in advancing the spread of true liberality of Christian doctrine and feel-



ing, in the end, we have deemed it our duty to enter on record this brief statement of affairs. We may find it necessary, or at least useful, in our opinion, again to notice this affair, or some of the events daily rising out of it.

A. B. G.

#### SECESSION IN SCOTLAND.

We invite attention to the selected article in this paper on the great division in the Scottish Kirk. The tendency must be to give more power to the people, and take away power from the government. Like Puseyism in England, it must agitate to some good result, though the agitation itself may seem evil. Secession in Scotland, Puseyism in England, and Repeal in Ireland seem to be the three great means to work out a considerable reform in Great Britain and Ireland, the beneficial and liberalizing effects of which must ultimately extend across the ocean and be felt in our own land. God is at work in the earth.

A. B. G.

#### FATHER STACY.

By our religious notices it will be seen that Br. N. Stacy is to preach in Marshall, in this vicinity, next Sunday. We would be glad to hear once more this venerable and active servant of the Lord Jesus. But we are consoled in our deprivation by the belief that many of our brethren and sisters will enjoy the privilege we are denied—some, perhaps, who heard him, a solitary and youthful messenger of “strange things” yet “glad tidings,” about 40 years ago.

His stay is but short in this section, and this probably will be the only opportunity afforded to his friends in this vicinity of now hearing him.

A. B. G.

#### THE COMPANION AND REGISTER FOR 1844.

Attention the West!—It is our intention to have a small lot of the “Universalist Companion and Register, with an Almanac, for 1844” at Akron, Ohio, on the meeting of the U. S. Convention in that place. Br. J. A. Gurley, of Cincinnati, who will be present, will take charge and make sales of them. As, in order to do this, and thus accommodate our western brethren, we shall have to be at extra expense, we shall charge the ordinary cost of transportation per hundred more than we would on sales here. Without this small addition, our terms will be the same as last year—low prices and cash payments. Remember, brethren, without the cash we can not furnish the work to you—and therefore be prepared to pay for what you wish to get.

We give this notice thus early, that our friends may be prepared in time to avail themselves of this very favorable opportunity to procure the work; and save themselves the risk of transportation, and of remitting money by mail, as well as procure the work in time to make sales in every region, before winter. The work itself will be found cheap even to circulate as a tract, at the retail price. And purchased by the hundred or dozen, at the present low cash prices, it will yield a handsome profit to the retailer.

\* \* Genius of Truth, Star in the West, Christian Teacher, and Better Covenant, please copy, and I will send you my thanks in the bundle to Akron.

A. B. G.

#### UNIVERSALIST REGISTER, FOR 1844.

Prices.—Single copy, 12 1-2 cents—12 for \$1.00—25 for \$2.00—40 for \$3.00—70 for \$5.00—100 for \$6.50—500 for \$30.00—1000 for \$50.00—all, cash—discount and postage deducted from the amount sent—and all orders to be accompanied with the money.

Time.—It will be ready for sale in the various places to which it may be ordered during this month, probably as early as the middle of September. So send in your cash orders early, if you would have the work for sale as early as your neighbors. It will be seen that our prices are very low to those who purchase to sell again—it is because we ask cash—if they sell on credit, they should ask at least \$7.00 per hundred—and unless they have good luck they may lose even at that!

To sundry persons.—Br. L. Chase, there is yet due

you, (after deducting pay for 300, discount and postage,) about \$5.50. Shall we put you down for 1000 copies, to be sent to Akron, and credit that balance on account?

Br. I. B. Sharp, how many shall we send you?

Br. Eli Ballou, how shall I direct yours—via what place, and whose care?

Br. Hammond, please take out that proof sheet, and charge to me—I will repay you. The postage is too high, but I want the corrections soon.

A. B. G.

Br. Tompkins—Credit Harriet E. Wells, Westfield, N. Y., \$2.00 for Repository. Also Miss E. Cronise, Tiffin, Ohio, \$2.00. Also Miss E. A. Mason, Penfield, N. Y., \$2.00, and charge us \$1.75 (25 cents postage on the last). Alter the direction of Miss Mason's Repository from Penfield, to Perrinton, Monroe county, N. Y. Also change direction of Mrs. D. E. Barry from Victor, N. Y., to Rochester, Racine county, Wisconsin. She has paid T. S. Bartholomew \$4.00—the balance will be forwarded soon. Charge us the three first subscriptions above—\$5.75.

Br. Witherell—When we ordered the Balm, for Wm. Robb, of Friendsville, Pa., in March last, we did not understand which form was wanted, but supposed it was the weekly, and directed you to send accordingly. He paid 50 cents at that time. He now informs us that he wanted the monthly. He has paid our agent 50 cents more and wishes the weekly instead of the monthly (as we directed you a few weeks since) continued, unless you can send him the monthly for 1843 & 1844, for the amount he has paid. He would prefer the two volumes of the monthly, if you can send them on the above condition, but if not, he thinks he ought to receive the whole of the 2d volume of the weekly, and be credited in full.

REMOVALS.—About the first of September next this section of our State will lose a valuable laborer in the ministry of reconciliation, by the removal of Br. G. W. Montgomery, of Auburn, to Portsmouth, N. H. We have known of this intended removal for some time, but deemed it unnecessary to notice it until near the time. In fact we hoped, almost against hope, that something might occur to render it unnecessary. We shall regret—and there are many others who, even more than we, will regret to part with Br. M. His labors have been greatly blessed in this section, both of the pen and the voice, but greatly more that of his example in public and private life. May God bless him and his, wherever he may go.

Br. H. L. Hayward, of Homer, Cortland county, now rusticating for his health in St. Lawrence county, is to succeed Br. M. at Auburn. He will begin his labors there on the first Sunday in September. May the new connexion be greatly blessed to both pastor and people—for both are worthy.

A. B. G.

#### INDUCEMENTS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

All of our subscribers who have not paid for the present volume, by sending us two dollars, free of postage, shall be credited in full for this year and be entitled to the first and second numbers of the Theological Library. The first number contains Winchester's Dialogues complete, and is sold in book form at 62 1-2 cents. The second is Petitpierre on Divine Goodness. The first we have on hand, the second we expect to receive soon.

#### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching next Sunday by Br. N. Stacy in Marshall; and Br. N. Brown in Clinton—Br. Grosz in Little Falls.

There will be preaching on the third Sunday in August, by Br. Grosz in Syracuse—Br. N. Brown at Kelloggsville.

There will be preaching on the fourth Sunday in August, by Br. N. Brown at Howlett Hill.

There will be preaching on the first Sunday in September by Br. Soule in Fort Plain, and Br. Barry in Utica.

The annual meeting of the Hudson River Association of Universalists for 1843, will be held in the city of Troy, the first Wednesday and following Thursday in September.—

The council will organize at 9 o'clock Wednesday morning, and public services commence at half past 10.

Will every society within the bounds of this Association be duly represented at this meeting? Each society is entitled to two delegates, who, it is earnestly desired, will come prepared, (according to a resolution of the last session of this body,) to give statistical accounts, and particular information of the state and condition of their respective societies.—Brethren, this is an important measure; for we can never know our true state and real strength, until each society realizes the necessity, and enters heartily into the work, of giving correct statements, from time to time, of their standing, condition, prospects, etc. “I speak as unto wise men.”

J. A. ASPINWALL, Standing Clerk.

\* \* Union and Messenger please copy.

The North Branch Association will hold its annual session at Sheshequin, Pa., on the last Wednesday and Thursday in August. The usual invitation is extended to the public to attend, and as it is expected that ordination will be conferred upon a ministering brother during the meeting, we hope that our ministering brethren, who can conveniently, will not fail to be present.

S. J. GIBSON, Standing Clerk.

\* \* Will Union and Nazarene please copy?

The second Conference of the Central Association will be held at Hamilton Center, on the last Wednesday and Thursday (the 30th and 31st) of August. The usual invitation to attend is cordially extended to all. By order of Committee on Conferences,

H. B. SOULE.

The Chautauque Association of Universalists will meet in Laona, Chautauque county, on Wednesday the 23d of August, and continue in session two days.

It is very desirable that all churches, and societies in its bounds should be represented.

L. PAINE, Standing Clerk.

#### DEATHS.

At Alder Creek, on the 30th ult., JAMES, only son of Col. Thomas Traffarn, aged 7 years and 1 month. Br. Traffarn's loss is irreparable in parting with this last lovely one of the wife of his youth who departed this life several years since, as also a daughter subsequent to the death of the mother.—James truly was a lovely child, and tenderly was he loved by a kind parent and friends; but he is cut down as a tender plant and gone to join his angel mother and sister, where trouble never comes, in that house not made with hands eternal in the heavens. The consolations of the Gospel were tendered by Rev. Mr. Hunter, D. D., on the 1st inst., in a truly affecting discourse from these words, “Be still, and know that I am God.” Long will that discourse be remembered by the hearers of it. And may it have its designed influence upon the afflicted friends of the deceased.

L. M.

In Canton, July 24th, of consumption, Mrs. CHARLOTTE, wife of Br. Joseph F. Blood, aged 37 years. In the death of this sister, our society mourns the loss of another of its most worthy members. Sister Blood was possessed of all those virtues of a social, moral and religious character, which gained for her the esteem and attachment of all who knew her. She was an undoubted believer of the doctrine of the final restitution, and her life and conduct was an exemplification of its fruits. And having performed her duty, it might have been expected, as it truly was, that she would thus be enabled to look upon death, with all its gloom and terror, with resignation and submission. She had desires to live. She had a beloved husband to whom she was bound by sweet and sacred ties. She had other relatives dear to her, and kind neighbors and friends whom she respected; but it was decreed that she must thus early die, and she bowed to the supreme will of God.

She hath now left us, and gone home to her Father. Yes,

“She's gone to join the triumphs of the skies,  
And range the azure fields of pleasure there,  
With mingled feelings, lo! I see her rise;  
With mournful joy her exit I declare.”

May her respected companion, whose affliction is deep and poignant, be sustained and comforted in this dark hour of his existence, by the faith and hope of God's word.

W. H. WAGGONER.

#### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P M, Parishville, for H P—P M, Elmira, for F P—P M, Conneaut, [O.] for J H—P M, Clinton, [Mich.] for D B—A L W, Westfield—G S A, Dexter—J T G, Oxford—P M, Dexter [Me.] for C C—P M, Pittsford, for J G and E B—



## NIGHT SCENE IN A POOR MAN'S HOUSE.

It was in the middle of winter, on the night of the twenty-third of January, when the weather was miserably cold; it neither decidedly froze, nor did it thaw; but between the two it was cold and damp, and penetrated to the very bone, even of those who sat in carpeted rooms before large fires, and were warmly clad. It was on this evening that the seven little children of David Baird, the weaver, stood huddled together in their small room, beside a small fire which was burning comfortably. The baby lay in a wooden cradle on the corner of the hearth. The fire, to be sure, gave some warmth, because it had boiled an iron pot full of potatoes, but it gave very little cheeriness to the room. The mother had portioned out the evening meal—a few potatoes to each—and she now sat down by the round table, lighting the farthing candle, and was preparing to do some little pieces of housewifery.

"May I stir the fire?" asked David, the eldest boy.

"No, no," replied the mother, "it burns away too fast if it is stirred."

"I wish we had a good fire!" sighed Judith, the second girl.

"Bless me," said the mother, "it is a good fire! Why, there's Dame Grumby and her grandchild gone to bed because they have no fire at all!"

"I should like some more salt to my potatoes," said little Betsey; "may I have some more, mother?"

"There is none, child," she replied; "I put the last in the pot."

"O dear!" cried out little Joey, "my feet are so bad! they get no better, mother, though I did beat them with holly."

"Poor thing!" sighed the mother; "I wish you had better shoes."

"There's a pair," said Joey, briskly, "at Timmy Nix, on's for fourteen pence."

"Fourteen pence!" repeated the mother; "it would take a long time to get fourteen pence."

"Mat. Willis begged a pair of nice warm boots," replied Joey experimentally.

"We will not beg," said the mother, "if we can help it—let me see the shoes!" and Joey put one of his frost-bitten feet on his mother's knee.

"Bless thee! poor lad," said the mother, "thou shalt not go to work again till it is warmer."

"Mother," interrupted little Susan, "may I have some more?"

"There is no more," said she, "but I have a whole loaf yet."

"Oh dear, oh dear, how nice!" cried the children, clapping their hands; "and give Joey the bottom crust," said one, "because of his poor feet?"

"And give me a big bit," cried Susan, holding out a little fat hand.

The mother divided the loaf, setting aside a piece for her husband; and presently the husband came.

"It rains, and is very cold," said he shivering.

"Please God," rejoined the mother, "it will be warmer after the rain."

David Baird was a tall, thin man, with an uneasy look—not that he had any fresh cause of uneasiness—his wages had not been lowered; his hours of labor had not been increased; nor had he quarrelled with his master; but the life of a poor man is an uneasy life—a life of care, weariness and never ending anxieties. What wonder, then, if his face, have a joyless look?

The children made room for their father by the fire; Susan and Neddy placed themselves between his knees, and his wife handed him the portion of supper which had been set aside for him.

Mary, the eldest girl, was sitting on a box, feeding the squirrel with the bread which her mother had given her—she was very happy, and kissed the squirrel many times; Judith was sitting beside her, and David held the cup out of which the squirrel drank.

"Nobody has enquired after the squirrel," said the father, looking at them.

"No," replied Mary, "and I hope nobody will."

"They will not now," said the younger David, "for it is three months since we found it."

"We might sell it for half a crown," said the father; Mary looked frightened and held the squirrel to her bosom. "Josey's feet are very bad," remarked the mother.

"And that Doctor's bill has never been paid," said the father—"seventeen shillings and sixpence."

"'Tis more money than we can get in a week," sighed the mother.

"I go round by the back lane, to avoid passing the door," said the father, "and he asked me for it three times."

"We will get it paid in the summer," rejoined the mother, hopefully; "but coals are raised; and bread they say will rise before the week is out."

"Lord help us!" exclaimed the father internally.

Mary, fetch the other candle," cried the mother, as the farthing candle burnt low in the stick and went out.

"There is not one," replied Mary; "we burnt out the other last night."

"Have you a farthing, David?" asked the wife.

"Not one," replied he, rather hastily.

"Nor have we one in the house," said the wife; "I paid all we had for the bread."

"Stir up the fire, then," said David.

"Nay," rejoined the wife, "coals are raised."

"Lord help us!" again sighed David, and two of the children began coughing. "Those children's coughs are no better!" remarked the father rather impatiently. And the baby woke—so did Betsey, who had fallen asleep on the floor unobserved, crying, "I am so cold, father! I am so cold!"

"Go to bed with her Mary," said the mother, "for you were up betimes, this morning, washing—pull up the clothes on the bed, and keep her warm."

Mary went into the little dark chamber to bed with her sister, and her mother tried to hush the crying infant.

David was distracted. He was cold, hungry, weary, and in gloom. Eight children whom he loved were about him, and he thought of them only as born to poverty, and care, like himself—he felt unhappy, and grew almost angry as the baby continued to cry.

Cheer up, David, honest man! there is that coming even now—coming within three streets length of thee—which will raise thee above want forever! Cheer up! this is the last hour any of you shall want fire; the last hour you shall want for candle-light. Thou shalt keep thy squirrel, Mary! Betsey, thou shalt have blankets to warm thee! The doctor's bill shall be paid—nor Baird, shalt thou ever again skulk by backwards to work to avoid an importunate creditor. Joey, thou shalt turn the wheel no longer—thy feet shall get well in woolen stockings, and warm shoes at five shillings a pair! You shall no more want to sell potatoes, nor shall Susan go short again of her supper! But of this, all this, as yet, you know nothing about the relief—and such splendid relief, too, that is even now approaching your door!—Wail, little baby, and thou wilt—nurse thy poor tingling feet, Joey, by the fire! and muse in sadness on thy poverty, David Baird, yet for a few moments longer it can do no harm, for the good news is even now turning the corner of your street!

Knock, knock, knock! David starts from his reverie.

"Some one is at the door!" said the wife, and up jumped little David. "If it is neighbor Wood come to borrow some meal, you can get her a cup full," added the mother, as the knock was repeated more lustily.

Up rose David Baird, and thinking of the Doctor's bill, opened the door reluctantly.

"Are you David Baird?" asked the letter carrier who had knocked. "I am," said David.

"This, then, is for you; and there are twenty-two pence to pay on it," said the man holding forth a large letter.

"It is a summons!" cried the wife in dismay; "for what is David Baird summoned?" and she rushed to the door, with the baby in her arms.

"It is not for me," said David, half glad to escape his liability to pay the two-and-twenty pence.

"But are you not David Baird, the weaver?"

"I am," said David.

"Then," continued the letter carrier, "pay me the twenty-two pence, and if it is not right, they will return you the money at the post office."

"Twenty-two pence!" repeated David, ashamed to confess his poverty.

"One shilling ten pence!" said the wife; "we have not so much money by us, good man."

"Light a candle," said the letter carrier bursting into the house, "and hunt up what you have."

David was pushed to the extremity. "We have none," said he; "we have no money to buy a candle!"

"Lord bless me!" said the letter carrier, and gave David the younger four-pence to fetch half a pound of candles. David and his wife knew not what to think, and the letter man shook the wet from his hat. In a few moments the candles came, and the letter was put into David's hand.

"Open it, can't you?" said the letter man.

"Is it for me?" inquired David again.

"It is," replied the other, impatiently; "what a fuss is here about opening a letter!"

"What is this?" exclaimed David, taking out a bill for one hundred pounds.

"O!" sighed the wife, "if after all it should not be for us! But read the letter David;" and David read it.

"Sir, You, David Baird, the weaver of —, and son of the late David Baird of Marden-on-Wear, lineal descendant of Sir David Baird, Monkshaughton Castle, county of York, and sole heir to Sir Peter Baird, of Monkshaughton, aforesaid, lately deceased, are requested to meet Mr. Dennis, solicitor, at York, as soon after the receipt of this as possible. It will be necessary for you to bring your family with you; and to cover travelling expenses, you will receive enclosed a bill for one hundred pounds, payable at sight.

"I have the honor to be, sir, your humble servant,  
J. SMITH for Mr. DENNIS."

"Sure enough," said David, "David Baird of Marden-on-Wear was my father."

"O, O, O!" chuckled out little David, as he hopped about behind the group, "a hundred pounds and a castle!"

"Heaven be praised!" ejaculated the wife, while she hugged the baby in her arms.

"And," continued David, "the great Sir David Baird was our ancestor, but we never looked for any thing from that quarter."

"Then the letter is for you?" asked the man.

"It is. Please heaven to make us thankful for it," said David, seriously; "but," hesitated he, "you want that money."

"No," said the letter carrier, going out, "I'll call for that to-morrow."

"Bolt the door after the man; this money requires safe keeping."

"Mend the fire!" said the mother; and her son David put on the shovel full of coals, and stirred up the ashes.

"Kiss me, my children!" exclaimed the father with emotion; "kiss me, and bless God, for we shall never want bread again!"

"Is the house on fire?" screamed Mary, at the top of the stairs, "for there is such a blaze!"

"We are burning a mould candle!" said Judith, "and such a big fire!"

"Come here, Mary," said the father; and Mary slipped down stairs wrapped in an old cloak.

"Father's a rich man! we're all rich—and shall live in a grand castle!" laughed out young David.

"We shall have coats, and blankets, and stockings and shoes!" cried little Joey, all alert, yet still remembering his frost-bitten feet.

"We shall have beef, and plumb-pudding!" said Susan.

"We shall have rice-pudding every day!" cried Neddy.

David Baird was again distracted; but how different were his feelings; he could have done a thousand extravagant things—he could have laughed, cried, sung, leaped about, nay rolled on the floor for joy; but he did none of these—he sat calm and looked almost grave.—At length he said, "wife, send the children, to bed, and let us talk over this good fortune together."

"You shall have your Sunday clothes on to-morrow," said the happy mother, as she sent them up stairs. To bed they went, and after a while laughed themselves to sleep. The father and mother smiled and wept by turns, but did not sleep that night.



# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."....."PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1843.

NO. 33.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## DISCOURSES ON PRAYER....NO. II.

BY REV. DAY K. LEE.

"Wherefore—seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race set before us."—Heb. xii: 1.

The Christian privilege, and the Christian encouragement and career, are beautifully set forth in the text. With a great and a glorious cloud of witnesses, and examples indeed, are we surrounded, and we should be encouraged, and induced by them to lay aside every weight—every burthen and hindrance—and run with patience—nay with joy and a heart overflowing with devout feelings and aspirations, the race—the happy and triumphant race set before us. And if an individual discovers a lack of this patience, and a want of this cheerful enthusiastic devotion in the way he pursues, we may feel quite well assured that he has not yet attained to that perfection and that enjoyment in the faith which he should possess, and which he will some time receive. The most cheering, the most exalting profession in the universe, is assumed by the Christian and especially the Universalist Christian, and if we neglect those duties, and forget to cultivate those ardent sympathies, and generous sentiments which alone, under the grace of God in this world, will bring us into the full and living enjoyment of our faith, we commit a fault which is all our own, and which renders the best of professions, and the most animating all doctrines, a dead and indifferent letter. We have the mere outward sign without the inward spirit and life and joy—we neglect the planting and watering of the precious seed, and God withholdeth the increase. If there are any of my brethren, who upon self-examination find themselves in this condition while they name the name of Christ, and claim the faith once delivered to the saints, I exhort them to wake out of their sleep and lay hold on the duties and the joys set before them. We are compassed about with a great cloud of convincing witnesses, and striking examples on the subject of PRAYER. The Scriptures of our faith, the oracles of our Father abound with instances the most interesting, and the most encouraging to lead us into a devotional state of mind, and a spirit of ardent prayer and thanksgiving.

There are the Psalms—where can you find a more sublime code of oracles, and expressions on this theme, than among them? It would seem to me that the occasional reading of them would force upon you a feeling of devotional fervor that it would be hard to shake off. How melting, how ennobling, how refining! "How many human hearts have they softened, purified, exalted!—of how many wretched beings have they been the secret consolation! On how many communities have they drawn down the blessings of divine Providence."

It was once the charge of a clergyman to his student in the ministry, that if he desired to be ardent and effective in prayer, to study the Psalms, and bring his affections into union with their devotional fervor. And that was an excellent charge, which I would repeat to my hearers. I have never risen from a perusal of those sacred writings without feeling in my heart an increased and blessed measure of devotional spirit.

They contain so many beautiful and moving prayers—they record so many instances of genuine thanksgiving—they breathe such liberal, animating sentiments—they tell us so much of God, of his eternity, of his omnipotence and omnipresence—of his wisdom, of his universal goodness, and the

multitude, the impartiality and endlessness of his tender mercies—of his mindfulness of man—of his care over our destinies, his concern for our welfare, his joy over our prosperity and glory in our redemption—they possess such a resistless influence of seizing upon and calling out the most lofty, and refined emotions of the heart; that the man who studies the Psalms with a thirst after the spirit which they breathe, can hardly rise from his delightful duty without having a devotional aspiration, and a melody of praise in his soul!

They contain examples and exhortations not only for man to commune with his Maker, and implore his blessings, and his strengthening, preserving, protecting favor: and thank him for his goodness, and his abundant, tender, everlasting mercy; but the kingdom of nature, the birds, and trees, and fishes, and lands, and mountains are appealed to—as if to put a blush upon man for his ingratitude and indifference—to lift up their voices, and come before the Lord with prayer, thanksgiving and praise! "Let my supplications come before thee," said David—"deliver me according to thy word." My lips shall utter praise, when thou hast taught me thy statutes. My tongue shall speak of thy word, for all thy commandments are in righteousness. Let thy hand help me, for I have chosen thy precepts. I have longed for thy salvation, O Lord, and thy law is my delight. Let my soul live, and it shall praise thee, and let thy judgment help me." A beautiful and touching invocation that we can all adopt and breathe into the gracious ear of our Creator with the spirit and the understanding—with the struggling desire, the devout aspiration, and a sentiment of holy joy, and ardent gratitude.

Again he prays, and we can share his lofty devotions—"O satisfy us early with thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days—and let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish thou the work of our hands upon us."—Again with a strain of eloquent entreaties to man and the outward world, he lifts up his voice and exclaims—"O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness—fear before him all the earth....Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad.—Let the sea roar and the fulness thereof. Let the field be joyful and all that is therein; then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice."

I will cite no more evidence from the Psalms. If you know any thing of your Bible, you are familiar with this book of the spirit's utterances; and if there be a thrill of genuine feeling in your hearts, they will animate you to seek the communion of your pitying Father in prayer—"to serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with singing;" with the happy truth impressed more and more upon your minds—that "it is he who hath made us and not we ourselves"—that "we are his people and the sheep of his pasture."

The writings of the prophets are convincing witnesses, surrounding this subject. They contain petitions, and supplications, and expressions of thanksgiving that men and angels may repeat in their sweetest desires and most rapturous hallelujahs! "With my soul," said Isaiah, "have I desired thee in the night—with my spirit within me will I seek thee early." A prayer that we may take up, and words that we may repeat before the Lord our Maker, morning and evening; and grow ardent and joyful thereby. Again he commands us—"Seek ye the Lord while he may be found—call ye upon him while he is near. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he

will abundantly pardon." A most encouraging entreaty and assurance for poor, tempted, erring humanity, to renew its resolutions, and repeat, and increase its devotions.

The prophecies abound with examples of the kind showing us that God's ancient servants were of a devoutness and piety of soul that we may be richly blessed to imitate. And, indeed, searching the whole Bible on this subject, we find that all the teachers in Israel, and that the common people among them, as well as the apostles and early disciples of Christianity, were glorious witnesses in our favor. The most signal privileges that were ever enjoyed—the most gracious blessings that were ever received—the most stupendous, and astonishing miracles that were ever performed, were at the instance of prayer—at the call of pious and faithful supplication. God has so purposed in his wonderful counsels—that without the necessity of any real change in him, or turning in his ways the prayer of the righteous, trusting, contrite soul may be answered in its reasonable desires in every blessing of real ultimate benefit. And the promises, the Scripture promises, that reasonable and righteous prayers shall be heard, and shall prevail, are neither few, nor as I sincerely believe, possible of failure.

The prophet Moses was an example of the devout man; and the general piety of his disposition, the prayers he offered, and the miraculous benefits that were showered down upon his people in answer to his supplications—furnish us the encouragement, to say no more, of believing that all the prayers we make in accordance with the will of a benevolent, and consistent God, will be answered. It was in answer to his prayer in the wilderness, when his people were loathing, and murmuring, and threatening their leader with rebellion, that the miraculous provision of quails was sent to relieve them; to keep them in delicious food until they came to the fields of plenty on their way to Canaan the blest. He lifted his beseeching spirit to God and said, "If I have found favor in thy sight, let me not see my wretchedness." The prayer was heard, and the promise was made that, since they had complained of the Lord and reproached him wickedly, the supply of provisions should be so ample, so lavish as to cause the complaining ones to loathe it. Moses had reposed great trust in God—but yet the promise of provisions was so great that it exceeded even his enlarged expectations—and he said, "The people among whom I am, are six hundred thousand footmen, and thou hast said, I will give them flesh that they may eat a whole month; shall the flocks and the herds be slain for them, to suffice them? or shall all the fish of the sea be gathered together to suffice them? And the Lord said unto Moses, Is the Lord's hand waxed short—thou shalt see now whether my word shall come to pass unto thee or not." This promise was abundantly fulfilled to the whole camp, in the miraculous clouds of quails that were sent them. Again—when the people in consequence of their sins, were tormented on their journey by the fiery serpents, and their cries for deliverance ascended—Moses prayed for them, and the Lord directed him to lift up a brazen serpent, and promised that all who should look upon that should live: And this promise was fulfilled to them as he had spoken.

The victories of Joshua, and other leaders of the armies of Israel in the conquest of Canaan, were bestowed in answer to the earnest and pious supplications that were lifted to the God of battles. And they were given continually to remember, that they could do nothing without his aid, and would be swept as the chaff before the whirlwind, unless,



their operations were sanctioned, and blessed by him. And when he put forth an arm to fight their battles, and to crown them with his smiles, and favors—they had all needful blessings; the rains descended and the harvests flourished—five of them were enabled to chase a hundred, and a hundred were promised to put ten thousand to flight.

Some of the instances of prayer and blessing, as recorded on the sacred pages, are impressively beautiful, and to my mind powerfully convincing in the truth that God heareth our correct desires and crowneth them in due season. In that sublime prayer which Solomon lifted on the dedication of the temple, he said, "If thy people Israel be put to the worse before the enemy, because they have sinned against thee—and shall return and confess thy name, and pray and make supplication before thee in this house—then hear thou from the heavens, and forgive the sin of thy people Israel; and bring them again unto the land which thou gavest to them, and to their fathers.... If there be dearth in the land—if there be pestilence—if there be blasting or mildew, locusts or caterpillars—if their enemies besiege them in the cities of their land: whatsoever sore, or whatsoever sickness there be—then what prayer or what supplication soever shall be made of any man or of all thy people Israel, when every one shall know his own sore and his own grief, and shall spread forth his hands in this house; then hear thou from heaven thy dwelling place; and forgive, and render unto every man according to all his ways, whose heart thou knowest, for thou only knowest the hearts of the children of men."

The examples of Elijah and Elisha, are beautiful and encouraging ones for those to contemplate who have faith to believe that acceptable prayers will be answered. It was in answer to the prayer of Elijah that the widow's son at Tarephath was restored to life from the dead; that the fire of the Lord came down and consumed the sacrifice, prepared to confound the prophets of Baal; and that other miracles were wrought. It was in answer to the prayer of Elisha that the eyes of the blind were made to see. By prayer, the pious king Hezekiah, when sick unto death, and warned to set his house in order, received fifteen years in addition to those he had spent on earth in usefulness, and good. In answer to his weeping supplications, "the word of the Lord came to Isaiah, saying, Go, and say to Hezekiah, thus saith the Lord God, the God of David thy father—I have heard thy prayer—I have seen thy tears, behold I will add unto thy day fifteen years."

Some of the most stupendous miracles of Christ were permitted to be wrought at the request of the prayers that he lifted. And setting aside miracles which we believe ceased to be performed in the age appointed for them, and we have in the Scriptures a cloud of witnesses, and a multitude of examples that we of this day can imitate. We can study the devotional character and habits of the pious men of the old dispensation, and be better for the study—we can drink in the spirit of our adorable Redeemer—consider his continuance in prayer and thanksgiving—we can read the history of the early disciples and apostles—read of their strict attention to devotional habits; their prayers, their thanksgivings, their daily worship—we can search the numerous commandments in the Scriptures to continue in prayer—to pray without ceasing from the inclination; to pray for blessings, and give thanks for past favors; and have the encouragement to believe that it is *our duty* and *our privilege* to be regular in our devotions, feeling assured that an acceptable prayer, uttered in the right spirit—in accordance with the will of God, for a reasonable favor, will in due time be answered, and that without failure on the part of Him whose counsels never waver, or come short of the designed fulfilment.

The account of the primitive Christians assembled at Jerusalem after the day of pentecost—are strengthening to our convictions on this point. They remembered the solemn injunctions of their risen Master, they felt athankfulness to God for the wonderful displays of grace, and their spirits gave utterance to unceasing devotions. "They continued daily," says the divine historian, "with one accord

in the temple, and breaking bread from house to house—did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart—praising God and having favour with the people."

We have the example of Cornelius, the pious Gentile to whom the kingdom of heaven was first open among his people, and to the Gentile world. "He was a devout man—and one that feared God, with all his house—who gave much alms to the people and prayed to God always. The word of the Lord said to him, thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God."

We read in the epistles frequent exhortations of the apostle Paul for his brethren to *pray* for him, and commandments for them to continue in prayer for other needed blessings, and in thanks for the mercies showered down upon them. They are commanded to "pray in faith," to "be instant in prayer"—to "lift up holy hands without wrath and doubting." He says "let the peace of God rule in your hearts—and be ye thankful. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs—singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." "Continue in prayer—and watch in the same with thanksgiving—withal praying for us also, that God would open to us a door of utterance to speak the mystery of Christ."

In foresight of the tribulations that were to come at the destruction of Jerusalem and the dispersion of the holy people, St. Peter said—"be ye therefore sober and watch unto prayer." "Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time, casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."

And we have the commandment from the apostle Paul to pray as no others but individuals of Universalist hopes and desires can—the commandment that we love to adduce in our controversies, and that we should obey in our practices, making *us doers of the word*, and not hearers only. He lays down this requirement as a very prominent duty, saying, "I would, therefore, that first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for *all men*." And after naming some special petitions, he says, "That we may lead a quiet and peaceable life, in all godliness and honesty. For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God, our Saviour, who will have all men to be saved and come unto the knowledge of the truth." And who can find a more encouraging thought, a more sublime instruction? Supplications, prayers and thanksgivings for *all men*, lead us to a peaceable state of mind, and an honesty of disposition, by bringing us nearer to God, and to a more perfect knowledge of his counsels, a more joyful faith in his promises, in his mercies, in his love, and a more solemn realization of the fact that he sees our hearts—knows every secret thought, and will bring every meditation into judgment.—Making these supplications for all men, also, we know that they will be fulfilled, being good and acceptable in his sight, and accordant with his will and determination to bring about the greatest ultimate good of all his creatures.

Seeing, then, that we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses and examples—seeing that there are so many, and so animating commandments in the Scriptures for us to be devotional, to be prayerful, and thankful, why should we not perform the duties, run the race, and receive the exalted joys that are set before us? Who, having named the name of Christ, who having received the blessed Gospel, and gloried in the faith of a world's redemption should be so backward in his own enjoyment, and so stinted in common gratitude to his Father, as to leave undone this acceptable—this inestimable service?

We cannot expect—and we should not desire in this age of marvellous grace, and multitudinous benefit, to see miracles follow in answer to our prayers, as they came before the sight and to the aid of holy men of old—but a most prevalent indifference which runs to the other extreme should be remedied, and all Christians—especially those professing so much faith, and so much confidence in God as ourselves, should come up to their duty

and privilege, believing with all their hearts that every reasonable prayer which is consistent with the divine will, and for the ultimate benefit of mankind, will be heard, and answered in good time and in the needed blessing. Let us not faint, or weary, or doubt, when our belief stands upon such a sure foundation! Let us seek assiduously for an increase of faith, for an enlargement of confidence, and for an affectionate nearness to God as our unsleeping guardian. Let us study the witness and examples, exhortations and precious promises given us in the Scriptures on the subject of devotion. Let us cultivate those noble sentiments, sympathies, desires, emotions that are requisite in joy-inspiring prayer, and resolve this day that we will henceforth establish our hearts, our habits, our thoughts, our lives, in *vital, rational, exalted piety*. Why should we live without God in the world, when he surrounds us with more blessings than for which we can express our gratitude, and while he is a Friend, a Father who will be felt to be very near, and even hold us in his blessed presence when other friends and other fathers are afar off, and the world goes troublously without and within our tabernacle? Why should we live aliens, and strangers from home, when by an exercise of the devotional feelings, we can bring ourselves to a home here on earth—a home beautifully and joyfully typical of our inheritance on high? O come, let us rid ourselves of this cumbersome torpor, and come forth to a resurrection of life, and prayer, and peace.

#### SUNDAY SCHOOL EXCURSION.

By the Buffalo Daily Gazette of the 3d inst., we learn that the Universalist Sunday School in that city, took a pleasure excursion, by steam boats, and rail road, to Niagara Falls, accompanied by parents and a number of friends, among whom we notice the Unitarian clergyman of Buffalo, Rev. G. W. Hosmer. An address was delivered at the Falls by Br. S. R. Smith, pastor of the society, and the prayer preceding it was offered up by Mr. Hosmer. The recreations of the whole excursion were varied and pleasing in the highest degree, and the party returned delighted with the jaunt, and pleased with themselves and each other, at 10 o'clock in the evening, having been gone about 12 hours.

It will be seen by the following extract, with which the account is closed, that the party and the school was not a small one—loading down, as in fact it did, two steam boats. "Nothing can be hazarded in saying, that we were upon the finest excursion of the season, leaving and returning with from twelve to fifteen hundred individuals for the most noble and beneficent purposes." And certainly no more enchanting spot in this bright and beautiful world, could be chosen for such a party, than Iris Island.

We hope other Sunday schools throughout our Zion will enjoy such excursions, this season. They are productive of much happiness to the scholars and their friends; and endear the young and old more to each other, and the pupils to their schools and schoolmates; besides exerting an influence of a higher character on the minds that can read God in his works, and behold his goodness in the bounties of the season. A. B. G.

P. S.—Since writing the above we have received another account of the excursion, from which, on account of its interest and style, we make an extract for our columns. A. B. G.

Arrived at the Falls, a short time was devoted to an examination of the wonders and glories of that stupendous phenomenon, after which the company partook of a pic-nic dinner in the grove, preparations for which had been kindly made by General WHITNEY, and of course in excellent style. The board was spread with a rich and various abundance, and by the voluntary and kind attendance of many members of the society, and particularly the ladies, the least and humblest of the throng found his wants anticipated and gratified. It need not be said that water was the only beverage.

Dinner over, the company arranged themselves on seats, prepared by the kindness of Gen. Whit-



ney, in front of a raised platform, below which the children were placed in order. Five clergymen, viz: Rev. Messrs. Smith, Hosmer, Holland, Bunker, and Goss—three Universalists, one Christian, and one Unitarian—then took their places at the temporary altar, and by that great eternal altar, "not made with hands," when the exercises commenced with a feeling and appropriate prayer from Rev. Mr. Hosmer, after which Rev. S. R. Smith, pastor of the Universalist society, addressed the school and assembly substantially as follows:

The speaker remarked, that, impressive as were the circumstances of time, and place, and occasion—yet these circumstances had so combined, as to render it both desirable and necessary, that the present exercises should be as brief as possible. The fatigue of the auditory, the exhaustion of the speaker, and the irrepressible desire to see the wonders before us—to say nothing of the lateness of the hour, were abundant reasons for dispensing with much that the feelings might prompt, and the occasion otherwise demand.

Children, do you understand what is meant by *cause* and *effect*? The sun is the immediate *cause* of light—light is therefore an *effect*. So if you put your finger in the flame, you will suffer pain—pain is the effect of being burned. The privilege which you now enjoy of visiting this scene of wonders is the *effect*, in other words, the *reward* of your good conduct and attention to your lessons, as the pupils of a Sunday School. Let it teach you—that for every duty and every good act of your lives, that great and holy God, who is the Father of us all, will render an appropriate reward in your own peace of mind and continued happiness.

Fathers, and Mothers, and Friends, can you doubt the utility—the intellectual and moral influence of the Sunday School? Look at those young and happy faces—how does their enjoyment reflect back upon your own hearts, and expand them with new emotions, with higher and fuller pleasure.—This is your own, your appropriate work, and it yields an ample and enduring reward. In the name of humanity, we thank you for thus aiding the progress of human happiness. We thank these teachers and superintendents for the affectionate labors and cares which they have devoted to the objects of their charge. We thank the members of the U. S. Band, who have cheered us with spirit-stirring music. We thank all, who by their presence or liberality, have ministered to the rational festivities, and comforts, and objects of this excursion.

From this spot where meet and mingle so many, so great, so grand exemplifications of Omnipotence and benignity—look up from the cloud of the Cataract, from the rush of its everlasting waters, from Nature's most sublime displays, "to Nature's God." To you and all the great family of our race; to all of the past, the present, and the future generations of men—he is to you and to all of them, what you are to these little ones—a parent. He spreads the glories of earth around you, and he has sent down truth, pure, simple and sufficient from heaven for your redemption. So live every day, so believe and hope in Christ—that when age whitens your locks for the chambers of death, you may look back on all the past and be at peace; and forward, and upward to a glorious and coming life, to a common and blessed immortality.

There in that grove where once the Indian worshipped, and by that awful emblem of God's majesty, and power, and glory, where the red man's Deity had once, to his untutored belief, his everlasting home, thus rose to heaven the pure and pious strain of a *truly* catholic feeling, and each appeared to feel, while he listened to the beautiful words of the Spiritual Instructor—seeming himself almost exhaled to heaven—that it was *good* to be there, and that the Almighty *would* look upon and bless the occasion and its objects, and bless too the dear ones for whose benefit the festival was held.

At the conclusion of Mr. Smith's remarks—the unstudied but native eloquence of which seemed to touch the strings of every heart, and find there responsive and according strains of spirit-harmony—the little ones, to close the ceremonial, united in a

song of thanksgiving, and the sweet voices of two hundred and fifty children, mingling with the deep diapason of the Cataract's everlasting hymn, rolled up in holy tones of praise to heaven. It was a beautiful finale to the simple but sublime ceremonial, and there was a deep and *teachful* pathos in the sweet strain of children voices rising thus with the eternal roar of the cloud-compelling cataract, that went at once to the heart, and made it humbly acknowledge the wisdom and power and goodness of Him whose terrible majesty is scarcely shadowed by the stupendous scene which here compels the homage of all hearts; and whose love for man is but faintly emblemized by the beautiful bow which couches ever on the cataract's verge. Beauty on the brow of terror—God's smile of peace on the face of his terrible power.

After the exercises were over, the party enjoyed a pleasant ramble about that most beautiful, most favored, and most delightful spot of earth, Iris Island—a spot where the Muses might make their home—and seemed, from their reluctance to leave it, to think the whole day too short to linger about its sounding shores, and gaze upon the sublime displays of Omnipotent power and beneficence in the midst of which it lies so sweetly and so magnificently cradled.

At last tearing themselves away, the party was conveyed back, by different trips of the cars, to Schlosser, and the Kent proceeded on her return, followed half an hour later by the Columbus passing up on the American side of Grand Island, and thus enabling those who were strangers to enjoy the opportunity of seeing every part of the scenery of that majestic stream, which broad and deep and grand at its source, as where its course is run, seems to spring from Lake Erie as Minerva is fabled to have done from the head of Jove, in the fullness of its maturity and strength and majesty.

Every care that could be observed was taken to secure the enjoyment and comfort of the party, and though the passage down and back might possibly have been more pleasant had the number on board been less, no sound of complaint was heard; but, on the contrary, all seemed cheerful, hilarious, and highly pleased with the proceedings. Refreshment tables were arranged in the cabins, where the ladies dispensed tea, coffee, ices, and other refreshments and delicacies. In short, nothing was omitted that could contribute to make the excursion a pleasant one, and to the ladies, who in every good work are foremost, our thanks are especially due for their attention and kindness to the wants of the company, and particularly of the children, who, without their care, might not have found the jaunt in every respect so delightful.

The United States Brass Band, both on the down and return passage, contributed much to the general enjoyment, and are entitled to the warm thanks of the numerous company who listened with delight to the noble harmonies they gave with so much truth and spirit. As the Columbus entered the harbor they struck up the Star Spangled Banner, and the effect was almost electric. It is—no, it is *not* strange how readily our national melodies find their way to the heart, for there never was a people in whose bosoms burned so deep and pure a love of country, as the American; and whatever touches this chord of feeling is sure to awaken a quick and corresponding emotion—deep as the feeling it arouses, and quick as the instinct of our national temperament.

At a quarter before ten the Columbus touched the wharf, and in a few minutes the very numerous company were on their way to their several homes, and, as we trust, to the enjoyment of sweet sleep and pleasant dreams, after a day of delightful relaxation, the festivities of which were marred by no accident or disturbance of any kind.

Thus ended the excursion, which, from first to last, disappointed the croakers—if any such there were; and which was altogether the most successful and gratifying that has ever taken place from our city, whether we consider the number and respectability of the persons who attended, the completeness and harmony of all the arrangements, the general gratification of the party, or the ample real-

ization of the more peculiar objects of the enterprise.—*Buffalo Com. Adv.*

**TERRIBLE STORM IN PHILADELPHIA.**—On Saturday the 5th inst., this city was visited with the the severest storm that has been known there in many years, accompanied with great destruction of property, and the loss of several lives. It commenced raining on Saturday morning, and continued through the day with occasional intermissions. In the afternoon a dense mass of clouds collected, which, at six o'clock, poured forth an immense torrent of water, continuing incessantly for two hours, during which there was a high wind and terrific thunder and lightning. A deluge was the almost immediate consequence. Streets, cellars, and lower stories were inundated, and greater damage done than was ever before known in that city. During the progress of the storm, a tornado swept up the Schuylkill, passing over the northwestern part of the city, unroofing and blowing down houses, wrecking and sinking vessels. Of 44 schooners lying at the wharves only six escaped uninjured, twenty coal boats fully laden were sunk.—From 12 to 20 buildings were blown down, and nearly 20 unroofed. Accounts of the loss of 10 lives have already been received.

The Steamboat Sun, coming up the Delaware encountered the storm and broke shaft, reducing her machinery to ruin.

**CAUTION.**—A young child, thirteen months of age, came very near losing his life through carelessness, in this place during the past week. It appears that it got possession of a small box in which was tartar of antimony, a very poisonous medicinal preparation, and before discovered had eaten twenty grains of its contents. Dr. Gay was immediately called, and through his treatment the little sufferer is in a fair way of recovery.

From the numerous warnings almost daily published, it might be supposed that parents would be more careful of medicine, but the opposite appears to be the case.—[Quincy Patriot.]

**Fanaticism.**—The last Belfast Maine Signal, gives a new feature to the Fanaticism of the Millerites. It says that on Saturday last, their attention was arrested by a flag suspended upon a liberty pole in front of Mr. Jonas S. Barrett's house, and on visiting that place, we learned Mr. Barrett was celebrating the coming of the first year of the second advent of Christ. The flag bore the inscription of the "Opening of the Seven Seals," and a picture representing the Bible in seven clasps, three of which were broken. At nine o'clock seven cannon were fired, representing the seven Thunders that uttered their voices upon the opening of the Seals. The bugle, fife and drum, were introduced, with other ceremonies, and the military rattle was kept up in the grove of pine trees set out for the occasion in front of the house. Mr. Barrett is an honest and hard laboring man, and seems to be insane on no other subject but religion.—We regret that so industrious a citizen should waste his scanty funds in giving free dinners, and propagating such enthusiasm.—*Argus.*

Thomas Moore, who, in early life, published some poetry under a feigned name, whose distinguished characteristic was sensuality, is said, in his more mature years, to have frequently expressed his sorrow at having written them. A friend once asked, "When did you first regret having written these poems, Mr. Moore?" "When I had a daughter old enough to read them," was the emphatic reply.

**Death in the Cars.**—An elderly woman died of consumption in the railroad cars near Batavia, on Sunday week. She was on the way to the home of some children.

**Death on the Railroad.**—We understand that a hand employed at the depot at the head of the inclined plane, on the Mohawk railroad in attempting a few days since to unhitch the drag rope from an ascending train of cars, fell across the track, and the whole train passed over him, killing him instantly.



## IDLE WORDS.

BY MAJOR C. CAMPBELL.

The strongest love hath yet, at times,  
A weakness in its power;  
And latent sickness often sends  
The madness of an hour!  
To her I loved, in bitterness,  
I said a cruel thing;—  
Ah, me! how much of misery  
From idle words may spring!

I loved her then—I love her still,  
But there was in my blood  
A growing fever, that did give  
Its frenzy to my mood;  
I sneer'd because another's sneers  
Had power my heart to wring;—  
Ah, me! how much of misery  
From idle words may spring!

'Twas over soon, the cause—not soon  
The sad effects pass'd by;  
They rule beneath the summer's sun,  
And 'neath the winter's sky!  
I sought forgiveness—she forgave,  
But kept the lurking sting!  
Alas! how much of misery  
From idle words may spring!

Month after month—year after year,  
I strove to win again  
The heart an idle word had lost;  
But strove, alas! in vain.  
Oh, ye who love, beware lest thorns  
Across LOVE'S path ye fling;  
Ye little know what misery  
From IDLE words may spring!

## THE WORLD AS IT IS.

This world is not so bad a world  
As some would like to make it;  
Though whether good, or whether bad,  
Depends on how we take it.  
For if we scold and fret all day,  
From dewy morn till even,  
This world will ne'er afford to man  
A foretaste here of heaven.

This world in truth 's as good a world  
As e'er was known to any  
Who have not seen another yet;  
(And these are very many);  
And if the men and women too  
Have plenty of employment,  
Those surely must be hard to please,  
Who can not find enjoyment.

This world is quite a clever world,  
In rain or pleasant weather,  
If people would but learn to live  
In harmony together;  
Nor seek to burst the kindly bond  
By love and peace cemented,  
And learn that best of lessons yet,  
To always be contented.

Then were the world a pleasant world,  
And pleasant folks were in it;  
The day would pass most pleasantly  
To those who thus begin it;  
And all the nameless grievances  
Brought on by borrowed troubles,  
Would prove, as certainly they are,  
A mass of empty bubbles!

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## SIN AND THE SINNER.

In the Scriptures we are clearly instructed and warmly exhorted, to look upon sin with the utmost aversion; we are to hate it; not to look upon it with the least degree of allowance. But while we are called upon thus to regard sin—thus to feel towards it, we are at the same time as clearly instructed to distinguish between sin and the sinner, the man and his practice. For while we are called upon by the plainest injunctions of Holy Writ, to hate sin, we are commanded to love the sinner—to love the man, not as a sinner or because he is a sinner; but because he is a man, the child of God, our brother.

I do not remember an instance in which man is required to hate his fellow man, whatever be his character. His actions, if they be wrong and sinful, we are to regard with indignation: but towards himself we are to exercise the spirit of kindness; we are to detest the crime, but to pity and sympathize with the criminal. The spirit of the Gospel makes it our duty, not to abuse but to reform; not to condemn but to save; and all this we are to effect, not by denunciation and hatred, but by "speaking the truth in love," "overcoming their evil with good," by drawing them "with love's resistless might" from the ways of sin and misery into the regions of light, and life, and peace.

So God, the infinite Good, regards and treats the sinner. He hates sin, and can not look upon it with the least degree of allowance; but not so does he look upon the sinner. He hated sin, but so loved those who had fallen into it—the world, every one of whom had sinned and come short of the glory of God—that he sent his only begotten Son into the world, to manifest the Father's love to the world by dying for them, while they were yet in sin.

God hates sin because it is opposed to man's happiness; he loves the sinner and wills that he be happy; he therefore employs means to lead him to repent of his evil way and live. It is not his hatred to the sinner that causes him to manifest his love to the world; neither does his hatred to sin arise from his enmity to the sinner; but he hates sin because he loves the sinner. It is this when clearly perceived by the sinner, that moves him to take upon himself the resolution of the Prodigal. "It is the goodness of God that leadeth to repentance."

O when will men see the character of God in its beauty and glory, and "be perfect as he is perfect"! Not till then will the world be saved from sin, and men be exalted to the dignity of obedient and happy children of their Father who is in heaven.

H. B. S.

From the Christian Warrior.

## FEAR.

"FEAR, like the other passions, exhibits numerous shades or degrees. It may be slight and transient, or so aggravated as completely to dethrone the judgment, and jeopard, not only the health, but even the existence of its subject."

After this, the writer goes on to show the effects of fear. It affects the respiration—creates spasms—irregular and convulsive breathing—painful sense of suffocation in the chest—temporary speechlessness—oppression, contraction, fluttering and palpitation of the heart—unnatural or spasmodic contractions of the viscera of the abdomen—pallidness of the face—coldness of the skin—chills—cold sweats—partial tremors—wild glare of the eyes—painful expressions of the countenance—severe paroxysms of hysterics—convulsions of the muscular system—syncope—fainting—suppression of the action of the heart—hemorrhages—convulsions—epilepsy—and death. In his third chapter on fear, he reaches that subject of such eminent importance to all friends of humanity. He describes, clearly, the horrible effects of fear in religious matters—the desolating influence of those unreal, but maddening descriptions of a God of wrath, and endless burnings. Hear him:

"Religion, when perverted from its true purpose of hope and consolation, and employed as an instrument of terror, becomes a frequent source of most melancholly nervous complaints. Religion, in its widest signification, has been defined, 'An impressive sense of the irresistible influence of one or more superior Beings over the concerns of mortals, which may become beneficial or inimical to our welfare.'"

"Now according to the fancied character and requisitions of the Power or Powers it worships, it may be the parent of fear, cruelty, and intolerance, or of trust, charity, benevolence, and all the loftiest feelings that adorn our nature. The austere bigot who owns a God of terror and vengeance, becomes the slave of the direst passions. All who differ from his creed, are to be hated as the enemies of

Heaven, and the outcasts of its mercy, and he may even persuade himself that to inflict upon their bodily tortures, is an acceptable religious duty.—This spirit of gloomy fanaticism has been one of the severest scourges of our species. No human sympathy has been able to withstand its merciless power. It has set the parent against the child, and the child against the parent, and has blasted every tie of domestic affection. Even those naturally possessed of the most tender dispositions, have become so hardened under the customs of religious bigotry, as to look without the least feeling of compassion on the pangs of the heretic amid the flames, and who, in their faith, was to pass immediately from his temporal, into the indescribable agonies of eternal fires. "I was once," says Dr. Cogan "passing through Moorfields with a young lady, aged about nine or ten years; born and educated in Portugal, but in the Protestant faith, and observing a large concourse of people assembled round a pile of faggots on fire, I expressed a curiosity to know the cause. She very composedly answered, 'I suppose that it is nothing more than that they are going to burn a Jew!' Fortunately it was no other than roasting an ox upon some joyful occasion. What rendered this singularity the more striking, was the natural mildness and compassion of the young person's disposition."

"Need we feel astonished that such relentless and terrible passions, awakened by the gloomy and fearful apprehensions of the future, should oftentimes, especially in weak and timid natures, become the occasion both of bodily and mental disease?"

"The influence of the terrors of religion, in exciting convulsions and epilepsy, will be rendered obvious enough to any one who will visit the religious field-meetings that are annually held among us. On such occasions, I have witnessed the most distressing spasms, and contortions of the body, not only in females, but even in the more hardy and robust of our own sex. And the same morbid effects may occasionally be observed among all sects of religionists who seek to make proselytes by appealing to the fears rather than convincing the judgment; affrighting the imagination with

"—damned ghosts, that do in torments wail,  
And thousand fiends that do them endless pain  
With fire and brimstone, which forever shall remaine."

"Females, and indeed all persons of sensitive feeling and nervous habits, may suffer material injury from being subjected to such superstitious terrors. Not only epilepsy and hysteria, but even settled insanity, as is admitted by all writers on this disease, is liable to be thus induced. Dr. Prichard tells us that several instances of mental alienation from this cause have fallen within his own sphere of observation. "Some of these," says he, "have occurred among persons who had frequented churches or chapels where the ministers were remarkable for a severe, impassioned, and almost imprecatory style of preaching, and for enforcing the terrors rather than setting forth the hopes and consolations which belong to the Christian religion."

"The Society of Friends, or at least such is true of them in England, are in a great measure exempt from what is termed religious insanity. Now this immunity is only to be explained by the fact that their religion being one of peace and charity, they are but little exposed to those fanatical excitements and superstitious apprehensions which work so powerfully on the imaginations of many other Christian sects," *Mental Hygiene*, by Dr. Wm. Sweetzer.

## SHORT DIALOGUE.

Between a Universalist and Partialist, on the safe side.

*Partialist.* There are two classes of mankind, I discover; and it would afford me great joy to see you on the safe side.

*Universalist.* Indeed! I thought all mankind were the kindred of the earth; and God the Father of the spirits of all flesh, therefore all of one blood.

*P.* No, no, you mistake my meaning; there are two sorts; one composed of those who have been



changed from nature to grace. The others are the world.

U. Well to which class do you think I belong.

P. I think you are still in a state of nature, and are one of the "world." Pardon me, sir, I wish to give no offence.

U. No offence at all, sir, on the contrary what you tell me is really good news.

P. Good news—to hear that you are in a state of nature, and one of the world!

U. Certainly, for, if I am in a state of nature, I am not one of the characters Paul describes as being "without natural affection," and, if I am one of the world, I am on the "safe side," for "the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world." (1 John iv: 14.)

P. But I mean that the world will be lost, what then will be their fate?

U. God means the world shall be saved; for he sent his Son, in whom all fulness dwells, to save them.

P. But the lost, sir, what will become of the lost?

U. There must be an owner for every thing that is lost; and "the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Again I am in the ark of safety.

P. How can you believe that sinners will be saved?

U. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." See 1 Tim. i: 15—Matt. i: 21.

P. There is no use in talking with a man who will not see.

U. So I often think. When will men be freed from the pharisaical scales of self-righteousness?—*Uni. Watchman.*

#### SABBATH SCHOOL EXCURSIONS.

We understand that in a late *Evangelical* discussion on the propriety of Sabbath School Excursions, one person gave as a reason against them that he *never knew of a conversion being brought about by them.* To our mind nothing can clearer show the ultraism of the spirit of proselyting than this; to some, every thing is to be judged of according to the promise it gives of directly promoting conversions. The cultivation of social feeling and generous sympathies, is nothing in their sight, for the favorite name of the religionist to them is—*He is serious!*

Sabbath School excursions promote a kind of conversion that is very desirable—a conversion whereby warmth and activity are given to kindness, mutual interest and true sympathy. They cultivate acquaintance between the members of a school; for a few happy play hours do more towards this than years of attendance at school, and thus indirectly, but essentially, the interests of the School are promoted. It is with children as with adults; persons will go year after year to meeting and not know the occupants of the next pew, but an Excursion brings all together and a new interest is added to the church—an interest which is inseparable from mutual acquaintance with those with whom we weekly congregate.

A severe religion must be opposed to whatever tends to promote cheerfulness, but a liberal religion unites therewith. We rejoice that we have a liberal religion, teaching us while we mourn over the ease with which the young are led to sinful pleasures, never to throw obstacles in the way of their enjoying a healthy festival, where the moral restraint will be of the best character. Sorrows come soon enough, and let us be cautious not to darken the golden beauty of childhood, nor cheat children out of the enjoyment of the very poetry of existence.—*Gospel Messenger.*

BEAUTIFUL WHEN FINISHED.—A poor Irish woman, with the simplicity and intelligence that characterizes her country, upon witnessing some of the many wonderful improvements of the present age, exclaimed, "Ah, then, what a beautiful world it will be when it is finished!" The idea led to a train of thought not altogether uninteresting, the re-

sult of which was, to represent every thing that hitherto seemed to be perfect in a most imperfect state! from the contemplation of man, down to inferior objects! Will he be finished in this state of existence? No! the resurrection day must dawn ere his perfection will be accomplished! and, surely, when we turn to the page of history, and trace the movements that have taken place only a few centuries back, down to our time, may we not re-echo the poor Irish woman's exclamation of "Ah, then, what a beautiful world it will be when it is finished!"

FORGIVENESS.—How readily should we forgive those that offend us, if we considered how much there is in us that requires to be forgiven.

#### MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry.

UTICA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1843.

#### OUR PERIODICALS.

A pressure of other matters has caused me to delay much longer than I at first intended an act of just courtesy to several of our publishers and editorial brethren, whose papers have lately entered on new volumes.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY having dropped a title which it divided with another paper of our order, and which therefore caused some confusion in the way of credits, &c., entered on a new volume in June last.—We are greatly astonished to learn the fact, that the subscription list of this very neat, cheap and excellent periodical does not reach 2000 names! We are more than astonished—we are ashamed, mortified at the fact—our pride in our denomination is cast down. And what may astonish our readers still more, is the fact, that the greatest deficiency in this respect exists in some of the principal places where Universalism flourishes, in the *New England States*—in and around the boasted Head Quarters of Universalism! But we hope the announcement of this humbling fact, and the labors of new traveling agents, will remove this reproach in a short time. In the meanwhile, let every Universalist family that is supplied with the required number of our weeklies, and can afford to add a monthly to their family fare, send on for the *Ladies' Repository*. It is published on the first of each month, each number contains 40 large octavo pages of double columns, neatly covered and stitched, all for only \$2.00 per annum in advance. Br. Abel Tompkins, 38 Cornhill, Boston, Publisher—Editor, Br. Henry Bacon, of Providence, R. I.

"THE GOSPEL TEACHER, and Sunday School Contributor," is the new title in part of the old "Light of Zion," an excellent quarto that is published every two weeks at 38 Cornhill, Boston. Br. J. G. Adams, of Malden, Mass., is its Editor. It is mainly devoted to the interests of Sunday Schools, and addresses itself to parents and teachers, as well as pupils. Br. Adams is very anxious to have a hearing in our Empire State on the subject of Sunday Schools—and we need all he can teach us—for this branch of our Zion—this tender shoot from which so much fruit may be confidently expected if it is but rightly attended to—needs much more care and culture than it has yet received. Will not our parents and preachers, and Sunday School teachers take an interest in this periodical, and procure it a few subscribers?—Let a few copies, also, be introduced into each Sunday School for the use of the scholars; and as a source to which they may apply for pieces to speak at their Exhibitions. Published as above, at only \$1.00 per annum in advance.

"THE BALM OF GILEAD" began its second and improved volume on July 22d, with a beautiful engraved title or head. Its publisher and principal Editor, Rev. J. F. Witherell, is an industrious man, and possesses a good taste in getting out a neat paper—in filling it, he works more than readers are aware, for he condenses much, and arranges his matter carefully. It is a quarto, about

the size of our own, one page filled with advertisements, and is published every Saturday, in Concord, Manchester and Nashua, N. H., at one dollar if paid on subscription—\$1.50 if paid in three months—\$2.00 if paid with in the year. The *only Editor proper*, is Br. Witherell, who, only, resides in Concord where the paper is printed—all the rest are merely Corresponding Editors.—But Br. W. fairly divides his honors thus:—*Editors*, J. F. Witherell, L. C. Browne, G. W. Gage, C. Woodhouse—*Corresponding Editors*, Samuel Jenkins, E. Francis, H. W. Morse—a team large enough to fill a carpet sheet with a forty-editor power if all did their share of the work equal in quantity to the first named.

"THE TRUMPET, and Universalist Magazine," glided so quietly from its 25th into its 26th year that we never noticed its birth day. Is the old veteran afraid that people will begin to notice how old he is growing? Well, then, we will take the *new series*, and say he is but in his 16th year. Will that do? This paper continues its well known course—lustily buffeting the waves of opposition, sounding an alarm whenever it discovers a secret or hostile movement among the enemy, and carefully filling its capacious pages with useful and interesting matter. It is one of the largest and best papers in the order—is published in folio form, in Boston, Mass., every Saturday, by Br. T. Whittemore, its well known Editor and Proprietor, at two dollars per annum in advance, \$2.50 if not paid in 6 months.

"THE CHRISTIAN FREEMAN and Family Visitor," the neighbor of the Trumpet, and edited and published by our abolitionist brother, S. Cobb, entered on its 5th volume, in May last. I believe we noticed it at the time. Terms the same as the Trumpet. It is a good Universalist paper, and says a good deal on Temperance, Anti-slavery, &c., &c., with an occasional article on animal magnetism, in which Br. Cobb is not only a believer, but of which he is also a professor.

"THE UNIVERSALIST CABINET" is a small paper about one fourth the size of the Magazine and Advocate, lately started in Essex, Mass., by Br. John Prince, its printer, publisher, editor and proprietor, at 50 cents per annum. It is about the size to which nearly all our papers must ultimately come, if many more new ones are started and continued—for we now have only about 22 to 24 periodicals for our denomination to bear up, besides two annuals. On this plan, each preacher can print, publish and edit his own paper, and each society read in print its own doings, besides saving postage!

"THE UNIVERSALIST MISCELLANY," edited by Brs. O. A. Skinner and E. H. Chapin, has commenced its course by the issue of the first number. Generally it has been hailed as a good work, and one that may succeed—but unless the work is different from the promise of its prospectus, I must still adhere to my former opinion, that its character is not so different from our other papers, its contributors generally not of such eminent reputation or ability, and the paper not so cheap, as to secure for it 5000 subscribers—which its publisher, Br. A. Mudge, says it should have to warrant its publication! I notice that a few of our papers have given the same opinion—the Union and Messenger, and the Gospel Banner. Time will show whether 5000 of the denomination disagree with us *practically*.

N. B.—Not having received the first number, we can not speak of its contents. They are said to be good.—Br. Chapin's explanation of the character of the Miscellany and his relation to it, was mislaid, and the Trumpet containing it not found until too late, or we should have published it. What we said of the Miscellany, and its published list of contributors, we said in good faith to the denomination and the press generally; and we meant no contempt for, and to heap no disgrace on those whom we designated as fifth-rate writers—there are *few* in any denomination that are more, and it is their misfortune, not their fault, that neither nature or education has made more of them. Those who deem it a *fault* not to be a first-rate writer, may misunderstand my meaning. And I wrote as I did, because nearly all the few first and second rate writers we do possess were not



named at all as contributors to this 5000-subscriber and peculiarly superior-to-all-the-rest periodical, while these acknowledged inferior writers just around Boston, were paraded as the contributors to this *great* work! If I noticed the work at all, I must notice it as I had heard others around me notice it, and as I thought its claimed superiority *should* be noticed; that, not only the public, but the proprietor also, (for the Editors are not to blame,) might know what, in our opinion, they had a right to expect. Time will soon show whether those whose opinions I frankly expressed, were greatly in an error or not.

"THE UNIVERSALIST EXPOSITOR," we learn, is to follow closely on the heels of the Miscellany. We regret this—for the two can hardly live in these hard and newspaper-publishing times; and the publication of both must effectually prevent the success of *either*, besides affecting more or less the prosperity of others of our older periodicals. If the plans of both, and both periodicals, could be united, under charge of one enterprising Publisher, who would employ one or two good Editors, and all the best writers of our denomination as Contributors, we would then have such a periodical as our denomination *does* need—such a monthly as would do us credit—and such a one too, as I verily believe would be well supported. But as it is, we must, I fear, continue to pay six pence for a four penny loaf, of inferior materials, poorly baked, and have more of them than we can either buy or eat! Well—I can stand it as long as the rest can. A. B. G.

#### LETTER FROM BR. E. W. LOCKE.

Some of our readers may remember a notice from our pen, in the last volume, of the withdrawal of this brother from the ministry, on account of some painful doubts in relation to the inspiration of the Scriptures. Our Eastern periodicals generally bore testimony to the piety, uprightness, correct manners and habits and useful labors of Br. Locke, and expressed regret at the necessity for his withdrawal. At least so did the Gospel Banner. This Spring Br. Locke called on us, and after exhibiting numerous testimonials of character, and holding much converse, declared his mind satisfied of the truth and divinity of Christianity, and expressed his desire to preach again. We did not hesitate to believe his statements, and to encourage him in his resolution. He went to the Western part of our State, and while there, the Genesee Association noticed with approbation his intention to resume ministerial labor. A society of the order (in Alexander) employed him, and he is now laboring there all the time.

But now the tone of some of our Eastern papers seems changed. Since that announcement, the Banner and Trumpet have both noticed him as if he was endeavoring to impose on the New Yorkers, by concealing his former doubts. Such is not the fact. He was unreserved in stating what his thoughts and feelings had been, and now were. So far, at least, he has done all I could ask as an individual. And if the man can be believed, (and if he can not, then the Banner greatly deceived us last year, and numerous individuals of great respectability now certify falsely,) he has now done all that can be required to show to the world that he is a believer in Christianity. We hope, therefore, to read no more insinuations against him. If he is an honest man—of which I have no doubt—his word should be taken that he believes, as readily as it was taken that he doubted. If he is not an honest man, since when has that fact been discovered—and what are the proofs? It is due to Br. Locke, and to the friends in this region, and to the cause in general, to make known to the proper authorities the proofs of his wrong doing; or to stop the publication of articles that are calculated to awaken suspicions against him, without a why or a wherefore. Whoso readeth, let him do to others as he would be done by. Here is the letter of Br. Locke. Let it be received as true until the man is proved unworthy of credit and confidence. A. B. G.

Alexander, August 13, 1843.

"Br. Grosh—It is known to many Universalists in this State, and New England, that I once sus-

pended my ministerial labors on account of views which I was forced to embrace, and which rendered it improper for me to preach any longer as a Universalist—though I never disbelieved the final holiness and happiness of all created intelligences. It is unnecessary to recapitulate what has been said publicly. This much I say—I never advocated the doctrines which I held, in public, till after I left the ministry. But let us draw the pall over the past. I am now a full-believer in the Christian religion. Were it necessary, I could tell the cause of my rejecting some notions I entertained. But this is enough. I will not trespass on your time any longer.

Yours in the Gospel, E. W. LOCKE."

N. B.—Br. J. H. Sanford, after leaving for the same cause, returned and was received with open arms—and we have just joyously welcomed Br. L. C. Todd back again—what heart so little—what soul so narrow, that another returning wanderer can not also be welcomed back to Christ and the ministry? A. B. G.

#### NEW WORK.

"A discussion of the conjoint question, 'Is the doctrine of endless punishment for any part or portion of the human family taught in the Scriptures; or, is the doctrine of the final holiness and happiness of all mankind?' between Freeman Yates, Pastor of the Methodist church, South Berwick, Me., and Eben Francis, Pastor of the Universalist church, Dover, N. H., consisting of eight discourses, delivered in Dover, N. H., in the months of March and April, 1843. Exeter: Printed by Francis Grant, 1843."—pp. 157, 8vo.

We owe an apology for neglecting to notice this neatly printed work in pamphlet form, at the time of its reception. But really we have had no time to peruse it entirely through, and were waiting to do so. It is handsomely got up—the sermons (for the discussion was carried on by sermons preached by the disputants, at different times,) appear to be in good spirit—Mr. Yates was not very deeply acquainted with Universalism, and hence his objections are rather old, commonplace, and unfounded—and Br. Francis has ably answered, and in some cases ingeniously as well as ably refuted them.—We thank the individual who sent us the copy, for his kindness. A. B. G.

#### RELIGIOUS NEWS.

REMOVALS.—Br. J. Averill has removed from Ellensburg, to Dexter, Jefferson county, and wishes all letters and papers directed to him at that place. Br. W. H. Ryder of this city, purposes returning to Provincetown, Mass., next week, where he will probably reside for a season. All his letters and papers should be addressed to that place until further notice.

NEW PREACHERS.—"Br. Jacob Sax, a young man of moral worth and talent, has commenced preaching the doctrine of the restitution in this vicinity, to good acceptance"—so says a respected correspondent in Ellis village in this State.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are very grateful and highly pleased to hear again from Br. Ashley Clark, of Elbridge. He has sent us a very spirited and interesting correspondence of his with a respectable Presbyterian clergyman, which we have read with pleasure. Our readers will have it—at least a part of it—next week.

Br. Bullard's favor is also received, and will appear next week. It exhibits a dignified "backing out" of a blustering bragging Methodist clergyman.

The favors of I. I. F., of Scriba, Oswego county, are also received, and shall have place soon.

We have been very scarce of communications for a few weeks past, for the first time in some years, we believe. We hope the above favors are only an earnest of more good things speedily to follow.

Br. H. Lyon asks why Br. Woolley's occasional sermon before the State Convention has not been published. Possibly the delay may have been caused by a sad accident which happened the week after, by which Sister Woolley's ankle was badly sprained, and (I be-

lieve) the bone broken, in her attempt to escape from a buggy, the horse of which ran away. She has been confined ever since, away from home, and besides this, some others of our brother's family have been sick. So that between attending to his sick at home and abroad, Br. Woolley has been probably too busy to prepare the sermon for publication.

THOSE SERMONS, Br. Locke, will be acceptable whenever your Secretary has leisure and inclination to copy them for us. Thank you for the offer of them, and the other favors. The Magazine and Advocate will be sent you—the former order was overlooked by Br. Walker. If you want any back numbers, you can have them.

A. B. G.

CONFERENCE AT HAMILTON CENTRE.—The friends in the Central Association will remember the Conference at Hamilton Centre, on the last Wednesday and Thursday of the present month. Let there be a general attendance both of preachers and laymen. Would it not be a good thing at this meeting to hold social conferences in the evenings instead of having, as usual, a single sermon? We believe that this course would be productive of very signal good. It would put into operation a new power to further the interests of our cause—a power which has not been in this section, as yet, much employed; but if it is calculated, as we verily believe it is, to do good, to advance the vital and healthful influence of Universalism in the community, is it not high time that it was tried? What say you, brethren, shall it be done? H. B. S.

#### NEW WORLD PUBLICATIONS.

"Merideth," a novel by the Countess of Blessington. Those conversant with the writings of this distinguished authoress, can testify to the goodness thereof. Price 25 cents.

"Philip in search of a wife," by a Gentleman Butterfly, a sequel to "Kate in search of a husband," by a lady Chrysalis. Rich in humor, and worth three times its price just to laugh at. Price twelve and a half cents. The fifth number of "Froissart's Chronicles" is as rich in incident and illustrations as its valuable predecessors. Price 25 cents per number, 10 numbers of from 60 to 80 pages, complete the series of this truly valuable work, the English edition of which is sold at \$12.00 while the same work in the pamphlet form, (a good one for binding) can be had for \$2.50. For all of the above works address J. Winchester, post paid, 30 Ann street, N. Y.

Br. Tompkins—Send current volume Repository to Mrs. L. W. Thayer, Warsaw, Wyoming county, N. Y., and Miss Rosanna Phipany, Sheldon Centre, Wyoming county, N. Y., and credit each \$2.00. Also, send current volume to Mrs. W. Barber and Miss I. Hodge, at Warsaw. They are responsible, and will pay before the close of volume. The above four subscribers were obtained by Mrs. L. E. Holley, who considers herself entitled to the premium offered by you. Credit Mrs. E. L. Holley, \$2.00, current volume, and Miss Wealthy Hawley, same place, (Warsaw,) \$2.00, for last volume. Charge us \$8.00.

Br. Price—Credit Br. J. T. Goodrich, Oxford, N. Y., 78 cents, and charge us. Send him a bill of what is yet your due and he will remit either to you or to us the first opportunity.

It is a maxim of Cato's, that a man ought to respect himself; that is, respect his reason; that recommends an honest boldness, and forbids a servile fear, which is a kind of license and permission for others to have no regard nor consideration for us.

#### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P. M. Antwerp, for D S B—P. M. Homer, for W Y B—P. M. Silver Lake, for W T—P. M. Plymouth, (Ind)—P. M. Warsaw, for A H, W B, L W T, R P, L E H and W H—P. M. Monroeton, (Pa.) for L S and D S—P. M. Canadea, for A H—P. M. Locust Lane, (Va.) for A. W. Q.—P. M. Pittsford, for J M—P. M. Van Enterprise, for G. T. W.—P. M. Smithville, (W. C.), for A. D.



## RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching on the third Sunday in August, by Br. GROSH in Syracuse—Br. N. BROWN at Kelloggsville.

There will be preaching on the fourth Sunday in August, by Br. N. BROWN at Howlett Hill—Br. SKINNER at Little Falls—Br. SOULE in Vernon, and Br. GROSH in this city.

There will be preaching on the first Sunday in September by Br. SOULE in Fort Plain, and Br. BARRY in Utica—Br. C. L. SHIPMAN at Salem Roads, as Br. Pullman may appoint.

There will be preaching on the second Sunday in September, by Br. GROSH at Little Falls.

There will be preaching on the third Sunday in September by Br. SHIPMAN in Mesopotamia, Ohio.

The Chenango Association will hold its next annual session in Oxford, Chenango county, on the first Wednesday and Thursday (6th and 7th) of September. Each society is earnestly requested to send two lay delegates to represent them in council, which will convene at 8 o'clock, Wednesday morning. Occasional sermon at half past 10, by Rev. A. O. Warren. Ministering brethren, especially from other Associations, knowing our wants, are affectionately invited to meet with us if they possibly can. Of course it is expected that all within the limits of our own body will feel it their duty to be present. All lay brethren from abroad will receive a cordial welcome, and be accommodated to the extent of our ability. A committee will be in waiting at the meetinghouse, on Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning to direct visitors to places of entertainment.

J. T. GOODRICH, Standing Clerk.

\* \* Union and Messenger please copy.

A Conference of the Central Association will be held at Lee Centre, on the second Wednesday and Thursday (the 13th and 14th) of September. The usual invitation to attend is cordially extended to all.

Per order of the Committee on Conferences,

H. B. SOULE.

DEDICATION AND INSTALLATION.—The new Universalist church in Ellis village will be dedicated on Thursday the 24th inst. Sermon by Br. O. Wilcox. It is also expected that Br. Wilcox will be installed as pastor of the church and society at the same time. Ministering brethren are earnestly invited to attend. Per order of the Society,

D. STEARNS.

A Conference of the Black River Association will be attended at Fulton, Oswego county, on the first Wednesday and Thursday in September. Special considerations relating to the condition of the society in that place, and also to the circumstances of Br. Brown, require an attendance, both of ministers and people, as full and general as possible.

P. MORSE, Standing Clerk.

Henderson, August 14, 1843.

The annual meeting of the Hudson River Association of Universalists for 1843, will be held in the city of Troy, the first Wednesday and following Thursday in September.—The council will organize at 9 o'clock Wednesday morning and public services commence at half past 10.

Will every society within the bounds of this Association be duly represented at this meeting? Each society is entitled to two delegates, who, it is earnestly desired, will come prepared, (according to a resolution of the last session of this body,) to give statistical accounts, and particular information of the state and condition of their respective societies.—Brethren, this is an important measure; for we can never know our true state and real strength, until each society realizes the necessity, and enters heartily into the work, of giving correct statements, from time to time, of their standing, condition, prospects, etc. "I speak as unto wise men."

J. A. ASPINWALL, Standing Clerk.

The North Branch Association will hold its annual session at Sheshequin, Pa., on the last Wednesday and Thursday in August. The usual invitation is extended to the public to attend, and as it is expected that ordination will be conferred upon a ministering brother during the meeting, we hope that our ministering brethren, who can conveniently, will not fail to be present.

S. J. GIBSON, Standing Clerk.

\* \* Will Union and Nazarene please copy?

The second Conference of the Central Association will be held at Hamilton Center, on the last Wednesday and Thursday (the 30th and 31st) of August. The usual invitation to attend is cordially extended to all. By order of Committee on Conferences,

H. B. SOULE.

The Chautauque Association of Universalists will meet in

Laona, Chautauque county, on Wednesday the 23d of August, and continue in session two days.

It is very desirable that all churches, and societies in its bounds should be represented.

L. PAINE, Standing Clerk

## MARRIAGES.

In the Universalist church in Newark, Wayne co., June 14th, by Rev. O. Roberts of Lakeville, Mr. NOBLE J. STUART, of Catharine, Chemung co., to Miss MARY ROBERTS, of Phelps, Ontario county.

In Guilford, August 1st, by Rev. J. T. Goodrich, Mr. HENRY H. WELCH, of the city of New York, to Miss ASENATH J. HAVEN, of the former place.

In Canastota, August 1st, by Rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. JAMES LAWRENCE, of Parma, to Mrs. MARILLA B. CHAMPLIN, of Cleveland, Ohio.

At Frankfort, on Sunday, 13th inst., by Rev. D. Skinner, Mr. JACOB WICKS, to Miss MARY E. KEELER, both of Newport.

In Springfield, Pa., July 27th, by Rev. S. J. Gibson, Rev. T. L. CLARK, of Elmira, N. Y., to Miss MARIA LOUISA STACY, of the former place.

## DEATHS.

In Lansing, Tompkins co., May 20th, of consumption, LEVI WYCUFF, son of Jesse Wycuff, in the 26th year of his age. It was his happiness to believe in the final restitution of all things; and that faith which was his companion of health was his solace in death, after cheering him through a protracted illness of one year, during which every effort was made by those of an opposite faith, to shake his hope in God as the Father and Saviour of all.

The consolations of the Gospel were presented by Br. Cheney to a large assembly, embracing the mourning family and friends. And yet, some of the Partialists in that assembly, not content with having assailed the deceased while life remained, chose the time of the funeral for their scoffs and sneers—some of which were not a little insulting. It was remarked that our Methodist brethren, in particular, could be distinguished from the rest of the congregation, by their want of decorum; and yet there were some honorable exceptions. Some of our opposers expressed themselves well satisfied with the discourse, as were probably a majority of the hearers. When will bigotry cease to follow with malignity even the corse to the grave, and professed Christians learn to mingle with common decency in the rites of public worship, and bear with calmness, and judge without passion, the doctrine presented to them in sincerity and affection?

A. OZMUN, Jr.

Drowned, in Ellisburg, on the morning of July 29th, PULASKI CLARK, aged about 22 years. The circumstances, as near as can be learned, were these:—He went to the creek, with his younger brother and another young man, for the purpose of bathing. The younger brother fell in and strangled—the other young man went to his assistance and was pulled in himself, and strangled—the deceased then either jumped in, or fell in, and was drowned before the others had recovered to render any assistance.

By this dispensation a father and mother are deprived of an affectionate son, on whom they hoped to lean much in their declining years—so fleeting are our hopes in mortal aid, and all that pertains to mortality! But still, they, as well as the brothers and sisters of the deceased, have a hope in God, which enables them to say, "God's will be done"—believing that their loss is the gain of the departed—that the rod of affliction is wielded by the hand of infinite love, and will result in producing the best good of all concerned.

The deceased was retiring in his disposition, and I am informed spent his leisure moments in the study of the word of life. As far as is known, he was a believer in the salvation of all mankind from sin and death through the Redeemer. The funeral was attended in the meetinghouse at Ellis village the next day (Sunday) when an immense concourse of people assembled to take their last look at one taken from among them in the early prime of life. Funeral services by Br. Persons, assisted by Br. Jones. O. WILCOX.

Drowned in Camillus, Onondaga co., May 25th, DANIEL T. OAKLEY, aged 20 years. He was an amiable young man, and beloved by all who knew him. His loss is deeply felt by all his friends. His funeral was attended by the writer on the 27th, and a discourse was preached to a large congregation of mourning friends.

N. BROWN.

In Clinax, (Prairie,) Michigan, February 12th, Mr. JOB HARRINGTON, formerly of Laurens, Otsego county, N. Y.,

aged 79 years. Funeral services by Rev. Henry Worthington.

In Greenfield, Wisconsin, February 22d, Mrs. THERESA HARRINGTON, wife of Mr. Riley Harrington, formerly of New Lisbon, Otsego county, N. Y. She died as she had lived, a Universalist.

In Locke, Cayuga county, on June 14th, after an illness of 5 days, ELEAZAR WOODWARD, Esq., aged 53 years.

Mr. Woodward was formerly from the town of Brooklyn, Windham co., Connecticut; but removed into these parts about 26 years ago. He was a kind husband and father, an obliging neighbor, one whose counsel was sought even by his political and religious opposers, and an upright and honest man. He was a Universalist in his views of the extension of divine grace; and when taken sick with the recent epidemic, he seemed to have a presentiment that it would be his last sickness; and rejoiced that he had never taught his family those doctrines and views of the divine government which in his apprehension were at once a dishonor to God, and destructive of the soul's dearest joys. A. P.

\* \* Universalist, please copy, and request papers in the vicinity of Brooklyn to do the same. A. P.

In Eagle, Allegany co., July 13th, of influenza, Mr. JESSE DUTTON, aged 71 years, 2 months, and 16 days, and weighing, a little previous to his death, 430 pounds.

He was sick but a few days, and was able to stand upon his feet about one hour before his departure. About three years ago he moved into the place where he died, from Oneida county, in this State. But his new home was not an abiding one; and he has left it to return no more. I was informed, at his funeral, that he was conscious that the time of his departure was at hand, and died without a fear, in the faith of universal salvation. That he was a worthy man, and respected by those who knew him, was evinced by the attentions which were paid to his burial. That he was a kind father, the attachment which his children exhibited was sufficient and convincing proof. The funeral was attended the following day by a very large assembly of friends and neighbors, when a discourse was given by the writer, after joining in prayer with the Rev. Mr. Ward. May the consolations of the Gospel abide with the mourners, and prepare them to rest in hope, "until the redemption of the purchased possession." A. KELSEY.

In Nunda, July 14th, Mrs. MERITABLE HORTON, mother of Judge Elijah Horton, in the 80th year of her age.

The deceased had been growing feeble for some years, and her continuance in this earthly house, was not expected for any length of time. The spirit's tabernacle on earth, had nearly worn itself out, and must have ceased its action in a short time, if the influenza had not hastened her departure. But she had filled up a good old age—seen and felt the joys and sorrows of life, and had no more anticipations of earthly good to bind her to life, and has gone to the Father of all. May the same grace which has hitherto supported this mourning circle, minister unto them individually, the light of life. The funeral was attended Sunday morning, July 16th, and a discourse was presented by the writer to a respectable number of friends and neighbors.

A. KELSEY.

## LIST OF BOOKS

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

No. 32, Genesee street, (up stairs).

Ely and Thomas Discussion,	63
Bacon on Religion,	50
Endless Hell Torments Overthrown,	38
Family Prayer Book, by Otis A. Skinner,	50
Winchester's Dialogues,	19
Names and Titles of Jesus, by Rev. E. Spear,	1.00
Combs Moral Philosophy,	62
" on the Constitution of Man,	62
" " Digestion,	62
Influence of Religion on health,	69
Miller Overthrown,	25
Merchant's Widow, by Mrs. C. M. Sawyer,	90
Campbell and Skinner's Discussion,	1.00
Skinner's Letters to Aikin and Lansing,	56
Memoir of Rev. J. Freeman, by S. R. Smith,	50
Life of Rev. John Murray,	50
Biography of Winchester,	63
Pro and Con of Universalism, by Rev. George Rogers,	1.00
Causes of Infidelity Removed, by Rev. S. R. Smith,	63
Practical Hints to Universalists, by Rev. J. G. Adams,	75
Ballou on Atonement,	50
Ballou's Select Sermons,	75
Do. Notes on the Parables,	63
Do. Nine Sermons,	50



## THE GOLDEN MAXIM.

Mr. John Richardson was one of the most respected of London's citizens. He had arrived young in the metropolis, very foot-sore, and with five and nine pence in his pocket. In the course of thirty years he had increased the five and nine-pence to fifty thousand pounds. This was generally considered clever; but, in truth, the man had no genius in his composition. The lack was more than compensated for by the possession of that valuable quality called prudence. He was slow but sure; dull, but industrious; short-seeing, but sharp-sighted within his ken. He passed through life acquiring few ideas, but many guineas. He began ignorant and ended ignorant; he began poor, and he ended rich. Mr. John Richardson, at the age of sixty, found himself retired from business, a widower, with one son. Alfred, the son, was a spirited young man. He despised trade and tradesmen, particularly despised the tradesman, his father. He owned to a very dim notion of the east end of London, but paraded his intimate knowledge of the West. His associates were entirely aristocratic. Lord Cheroot, Sir Edward Allnight, and the Hon. Tom Daredevil (as he was always called) were his sworn friends. It was rather an expensive friendship, certainly, for amongst them they borrowed of him something like a hundred pounds a month, not one farthing of which they made even a show of returning. But he had his money's worth in praise. They assured him that his spirit, his wit, his good sense were something extraordinary, and for a citizen almost miraculous. To be sure there was a manner, an air, a something only to be acquired by companionship with persons of birth; but he had improved greatly, in this respect, they said, and would in time be perfect. All this was averred to his face, and behind his back their remarks were, I doubt not the same—that is, unless Lord Cheroot, Sir Edward Allnight, and the Honorable Tom Daredevil were swindling scoundrels, which, as they belonged to the aristocracy, was not likely.

One evening, Mr. John Richardson, that respectable, elderly, well-to-do individual was taken suddenly ill. He went to bed—and never rose again. Just before his death he called for his son Alfred, and taking his hand, affectionately uttered these words, in a broken voice:

"Son Alfred, I am about to die, and before I do so I want to say a few words, as I have always made it a rule to do every thing in a business like manner. I shall leave you more than fifty thousand pounds, all got honestly. There is something else I shall leave you almost as valuable. Attached by a green silk ribbon to the parchment on which is written my will, you will find a sealed paper, containing the wisest sentence ever put together. By acting in the spirit of that maxim, I made all my money, and by acting in it, you may use well the money I made. I'm not much of a philosopher, son Alfred, but I say that all a man need know is contained in that maxim. Do not take it in its vulgar interpretation; it applies to every situation in life, and if people understood it better they wouldn't be such fools. As you despise or venerate my maxim, so will you fail or prosper."

Soon after pronouncing these words the old gentleman expired. At the proper time the will was produced and read. Attached to it, sure enough, by a green silk ribbon, was a small sealed paper, on the back of which was written, in round text, "The Golden Maxim." The anxiety was intense as the man in authority broke the seal and opened the mysterious paper. With a loud clear voice he gave forth the contents, which were as follows.

*You must pay the best price if you want the best article.*

At this strange end of their expectations, the auditors were variously affected. Some laughed, some whistled, some were angry, but not one certainly felt the least respect either for the maxim or the eccentric maxim giver. Alfred, for whose especial benefit the seal had been broken, did not affect to conceal his contempt. As soon as the company had departed, and he was alone, he soliloquised thus.

"Well, this is pleasant; the old man must not only bore me with his musty maxim, but render me ridicu-

lous before my friends! As for the fifty thousand pounds, I'm obliged to him there; but I don't want his narrow minded posthumous advice how to use it and conduct myself in the world. These slow goers are always so ready with their council—and a confounded deal more ready than welcome! I can take care of myself, or I'm mistaken."

The first thing he did to show that he could take care of himself, was to sell the old house and the old furniture, and take a residence in a more fashionable situation, which he immediately set about furnishing. But here one of his peculiarities came into operation. In spite of being foolishly extravagant, he had a great notion of bargaining, so he went to a cheap establishment and purchased his furniture; and proudly did he chuckle when he saw the shining mahogany; the brilliant carpets, the resplendent gilding, and thought how little money he had given in return for these comforts and luxuries. It was not long, however, before the shining mahogany went to pieces, the splendid carpets faded and wore out, and the resplendent gilding peeled off—"Humph!" exclaimed Alfred, musing, "dad was certainly right here. As far as mere buying and selling, he knew something, though he was an ignoramus on other points. Yes, I suppose in trade the cheapest things are the dearest. *You must pay the best price if you want the best article.*"

He now gave himself up entirely to the society of his somewhat loose but well-born associates. Notoriety was the object of his existence. He wished to rank amongst the first rakes of the day, and become celebrated for breaking lamps, beating policemen, driving over old women, and so on; but either he had less spirit or more sense than the rest, for in drunkenness, brutality and vice, they went generally beyond him. Whilst their names were known far and wide, and their deeds were fondly imitated, he was known only as a third-rate genius, and more an imitator himself, than an original worthy of imitation. He retired from the field considerably worse in pocket and constitution.

"Alas," said he, "there was more in that fantastic maxim than I suspected. It does not apply to trade only; I was willing to purchase notoriety, and find, unhappily, that the first quality of that commodity costs me more than I can afford. It was foolish to wish to obtain it; but more foolish to expect to obtain it cheaply. Yes—*you must pay the best price if you want the best article.*"

He had now bidden farewell to his unworthy companions, and resolved to pursue a better path. Love entirely occupied his thoughts. He selected a beautiful, accomplished, and amiable girl, and thought that if he could induce her to become his wife, happiness would be his portion for ever.

But she was not easily won. There were points in his conduct which she wished to see altered, before she could choose him before all others. These concessions he was not exactly inclined to make; and there was Mary Tomlins, a very nice girl, who was quite ready to have him just as he was. He married Mary Tomlins. Six months after marriage she ran off with Ensign Jenkins.

"Ah!" sighed Alfred, "what an error did I commit. I lost a charming creature from idleness and pride. In proportion to the pain of acquisition, so would have been the pleasure of possession. *You must pay best price if you want the best article.*"

He had arrived at a time of life when love generally yields to ambition. Alfred determined to become great, and great as a philosopher. He would examine into the nature of man and the constitution of society, and endeavor to leave the world wiser and better than he found it. He studied—he meditated—he wrote—he published; but the course of his studies and meditations were very prudently and daintily in accordance with popular notions, whence it happened that the books he wrote and published were somewhat trite and common-place. He gained no reputation as a philosopher, but he lost none as a man. Truth was not in his compositions, and consequently, defamation and abuse were not in the criticisms on them.

"I see clearly," said he, "that philosophical fame and the world's love are incompatible with each other. Every man who greatly benefits his fellow creatures, is hated and despised whilst living, by the majority of those he benefits. The immortality of every great benefactor has been purchased dearly indeed. *You must pay the best price if you want the best article.*"

His hair was by this time beginning to grow gray, and the old gentlemanly advice stirred him exceedingly.

"I will make money," exclaimed he; "true, I have already some thousands, but a wise man should consider these merely as seed, to produce a plentiful crop. I am not young enough to enter trade regularly, but I will speculate. This is the way to make fortunes in a few years."

Accordingly he bought shares in Joint Stock Companies. He became a director of the "Dover and Calais Tunnel Company;" he held largely in the "Steam Balloon Company;" he was greatly concerned in the "Oxy-hydrogen Gas Street Lighting Company." Bull, bear, scrip, premium, were familiar words. He thought, he dreamed, of nought but speculation—of shares going down and getting up in the market—of paid up and unpaid up capital.

But commercial matters, even the most promising, are uncertain. "The Dover and Calais Tunnel Company," "The Steam Balloon Company," "The Oxy-hydrogen Gas Street Lighting Company," and all the other companies went successively to the dogs. A few knowing ones became astonishingly rich; but Mr. Alfred Richardson was not a knowing one, and lost all he had in the world. Some must suffer, that others may enjoy; such is the tendency of civilization.

Mr. Richardson retired to a garret in the neighborhood of Clerkenwell to meditate on his fortune-seeking. He came to the conclusion that wealth is most certainly procured by industry and self-denial, and that here, as elsewhere, *you must pay the best price if you want the best article.*

He had managed to preserve from the wreck of his property just enough to exist upon, and he employed his time chiefly in walking about, and viewing with unavailing regret those places where he had formerly exercised influence. But whether this had a bad effect on his spirit, or from whatever cause it might proceed, his health gradually became worse, until at last he was unable to stir from his room. His old and severely-punished sin however, once more tempted him. He could not prevail on himself to call in a proper medical adviser, which any man but a fool will always do, even if he pawn his only coat for the purpose. Mr. Richardson availed himself of the services of Mr. Abraham Solomons, who assured him, by advertisement in the news papers, that he was not only the cheapest, but the clearest surgeon in London. Mr. Abraham Solomons gave him some hope of recovery; but, finding that he got no better, he changed his mind, and declared the case hopeless.

"Mrs. Dickenson," said our unfortunate hero, "I am dying. You have been a kind landlady, and shall have all I possess. I am, and have been, a victim to my contempt for a noble maxim. Oh! Mrs. Dickenson, take warning by my sad example, and ever believe that *you must pay the best price if*—"

His voice failed—he fell back on the pillow a corpse. Through life he understood not the GOLDEN MAXIM, so in death was unable to pronounce it.

MORAL.—The earth yields nothing to one who refuses to labor. Whatever the object of your pursuit, you must give an equivalent; and, if that object be valuable, your offering must be in proportion. *You must pay the best price if you want the best article.*—Saturday Courier.

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# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE

## AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

'I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL.'.....'PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD.'

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, AUGUST 25, 1843.

NO. 34

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### CORRESPONDENCE—

BR. A. CLARK AND REV. S. MILLS.

MESSRS. EDITORS—The following correspondence was elicited by a discourse delivered some time in September, 1841, by the Rev. Sidney Mills, then Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Elbridge. The text selected was from 1 Samuel ii: 13, which treats of the case of Eli and his wicked sons. Eli was, in the estimation of our preacher, altogether blame-worthy, inasmuch as he did not restrain his sons; and, as a consequence, they had gone to hell, and were now suffering its dreadful torments.—Taking these things for granted as facts, he had been led at times to query whether Eli could be happy even in heaven; knowing as he must, that his two sons were suffering the torments of the damned in hell—and all this in consequence of their father Eli's neglect to restrain them. This he illustrated by reference to the neglect of individuals to save life when they could, but suffered them to perish. It was inferred that those who neglected to save life when they could, but suffered them to perish, were themselves the murderers, as in the case of Eli, who did not restrain his sons, but suffered them to perish.

The object of this discourse probably was to wake up Christians to duty, and shew them their great criminality in neglecting to restrain sinners, and thereby suffer them to perish everlastingly. The correspondence is somewhat tardy, and fails on the part of our Rev. friend to give the desired information. He objects to Universal salvation because it would work greater ruin to other parts of his (God's) creation." What or whothose "other parts," or what their "ruin" will consist of, he does not inform us, though frequently requested to do so. But here follow the letters as a specimen of modern Orthodoxy.

A. C.

To the Rev. Sidney Mills, Pastor of the first Presbyterian Church in Elbridge.

Elbridge, Sept. 29, 1841.

DEAR SIR—I noticed in your discourse of last Sabbath, on the life and character of Eli and his government over his sons, your remarks were interspersed with several affecting illustrations, from which you draw very correct and very just inferences. The destruction of life by fire, water, etc.—the cause of that destruction, as set forth in your illustrations, was traced to the right source—that is, the person having the power and means of saving from that destruction, but did not do it—that individual, you say, was the murderer. This you infer with confidence, and appeal to the congregation for the justness of the inference. I have no doubt that the congregation all concurred with you, and drew the same inference I did myself. But why, I ask, does it not occur to you that the character of these murderers is the character of your God!! Perhaps such a wicked thought as that never, for once, entered your mind. Well, now, I am very apt to harbor just such wicked thoughts; and when you drew the inference that the person who suffered that destruction of life when he might have prevented it, but did not, was the murderer; I also drew the same inference, and this inference was at the same time accompanied with another inference—viz., that that was just the character of your God!!

Understand me. I have not said this was the character of the true God, but the character of your God according to your views of his government, with this difference, viz., the murder committed by your God is as much greater, and more awful, as he is greater than man; but as much worse as

an endless murder is worse than murder for a moment. But such things, or inferences, it seems, do not enter your mind. I wonder they do not. According to your creed, God is the only being in the universe that can save man from endless misery, and still he *does not do it!!* "A word to the wise is sufficient."

You will pardon this liberty, when you are informed that it is from one of the sons of Eli.

Yours respectfully, ASHLEY CLARK.

REPLY.

Elbridge, Nov. 26, 1841.

DEAR SIR—I feel ashamed that I have so long neglected to answer your line of Sept. 29th. Without, however, stopping to apologize, I would say in answer—

That if I have been understood as attributing such a character to God as that he might have saved all human kind had he been so disposed, but does not, from indisposition—or that he might save all without working greater ruin to other parts of his creation—or that God neglects from indisposition to secure good to his creatures which he might do without, at the same time, causing the loss of greater good to themselves or others—I think I hold no such sentiment in regard to the character of God. It seems to me such a character attributed to God destroys his holiness, and makes him infinitely wicked. When I see in the world around me, suffering—great suffering, I do not adopt the conclusion that God is indifferent to it, as the reason that he does not prevent it; and when I understand the Bible as asserting that there will be some incorrigibly wicked, who will suffer eternally as they will be eternally wicked, I do not adopt the conclusion that they will continue thus wicked and suffering eternally because God is indifferent to their welfare, and does not do all he can consistently do for them, i. e., all he can without working greater evil elsewhere to others of his creatures.

I might say more, but it is perhaps needless.—I am with much respect, Yours, etc.

SIDNEY MILLS.

2d Letter to Rev. Sidney Mills.

Elbridge, Dec. 11, 1841.

DEAR SIR—Yours of Nov. 26, is received, and is now before me. I have perused it for the purpose of understanding. In it you say, "That if I have been understood as attributing such a character to God as that he might have saved all human kind had he been so disposed, but does not, from indisposition," etc.—that you "hold to no such sentiment," and that it seems to you that "such a character attributed to God destroys his holiness, and makes him infinitely wicked." It seems to you, then, that to leave mankind unreconciled and render them endlessly miserable from causes other than his own disposition, would make a material difference with regard to the holiness of God.

If I understand you, you attribute to God a character that he will render a portion of his offspring endlessly miserable. This you believe, and do not deny; but to attribute such a character to him as the result of his own disposition, this you deny; and it would seem to you to "make him infinitely wicked."

Let us see how the matter stands with regard to the dealings of God toward the children of men after their transgression, to say nothing of the design of God in the first creation of man. Mankind are in a lost and unreconciled state. God reconciles and saves some "without working ruin to others; or without, at the same time, causing the loss of greater good to themselves or others." How hap-

pens it that "reconciling the world unto himself" would cause ruin to others? Would it cause ruin to those whom God reconciles and saves? So it would seem, if I rightly understand you. But again—why does God reconcile any "unto himself," but because he is so disposed? Does he reconcile and save them, because they have done something good on their part to dispose God to reconcile them? If so, it appears to me you have departed widely from the Presbyterian creed, as also from the Scripture representation, "not by works of righteousness which we have done," "not that we loved God, but that he loved us." "We love him because he first loved us." But I need not multiply passages, for to this import they are numerous. If God reconciles and saves some, because he is so disposed; notwithstanding they were "enemies in their minds by wicked works," does he not leave others unreconciled and unsaved because he is so disposed? I do not know how you can alter it by saying, God will render them endlessly miserable because they have been wicked, when he saves others notwithstanding their wickedness, and all this because he is so disposed to do. If you will look at this matter candidly and dispassionately, I think you will see that the present and future destiny of man depends altogether on the disposition and character of God. Or will you say, that God was disposed to save all, but had not the means of accomplishing it? What! infinite wisdom can not "do all his pleasure" "without working greater evil elsewhere to others of his creatures?" Is it indeed so? If God can not reconcile "the world unto himself" without working greater evil elsewhere to others of his creatures, how happens it, I ask, that he (knowing this to be the case previously) ever commenced the work? Why did he "make peace through the blood of his cross, to reconcile all things unto himself," when at the same time he perfectly well knew it could not be done without working greater evil elsewhere to others of his creatures? Does not the Almighty know, or as the Scripture records it, "declare the end from the beginning?"

But, I ask, who are those "others of his creatures" to whom universal reconciliation will "work greater evil elsewhere?" Are they the inhabitants of other systems who will look on this delightful spectacle with feelings of envy? Or are they devils for whose rights you are jealous? Are you fearful that they will be cheated out of their just dues, and be robbed of their lawful prey? and thereby work greater evil elsewhere to others of his creatures, i. e., to devils? If it is the work of reconciliation to triumph over death, hell and the grave—to "destroy the works of the devil"—yea, "him that hath the power of death, that is the devil," according to the Scriptures—why then be concerned about his rights? But that universal reconciliation will work greater evil elsewhere to others of God's creatures!—is not this position rather assumed than otherwise? Let us see how the apostle's words would read, attaching to them this position. "For it pleased the Father that in him should all fullness dwell; and having made peace through the blood of his cross, to reconcile all things unto himself; to him, I say, whether they be things in earth or things in heaven" that he might thereby "work greater evil elsewhere to others of his creatures." How does that sound, neighbor Mills? Does not the phrase, "all things whether they be things in earth or things in heaven," include all? This is the opinion of some of the learned doctors—Professor Stuart for one. We have other phrases that include all intelligent creatures.—The "creation itself shall be delivered from the



bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God," Rom. viii: 21. When this is done, will it "work greater evil elsewhere to others of his creatures?" No, sir—you have "got the cart before the horse." If you had said, God can not reconcile and save some and leave others unreconciled and unsaved, without "working greater ruin elsewhere to others of his creatures," you would have hit nearer the truth; but as it is, you are wide of the mark. If you know, or can imagine, any "greater evil elsewhere to others of his creatures" than their endless unholiness and misery, you have perceptions which I do not possess.

Having said thus much, we will conclude with a few inferences—not my inferences particularly; but I would ask you whether they do not legitimately follow from the position you have assumed?

1. If God feels disposed to save all men, (or, as you have it, "all human kind,") but can not without working greater evil elsewhere to others of his creatures, has he not instituted such a system as will issue, in that which is at variance with his disposition and pleasure?

2. If he instituted such a system without knowing or designing the result, is he infinitely wise and omniscient?

3. All those passages of Scripture which speak of his doing "all his pleasure"—of his working "all things after the counsel of his own will"—"For thy pleasure they are and were created," etc., are null and void.

4. And this is partially included in the 2d—If God could not institute a system that would result or issue in his pleasure; is he a God of infinite wisdom as revealed in the Scriptures?

5. God has instituted such a system as has resulted in an infinite evil. In your letter you say you "understand the Bible as asserting that there will be some incorrigibly wicked; who will suffer eternally as they will be eternally wicked." Does not the inference legitimately follow, that God has instituted a system that issues in an *infinite evil*, not only to himself, (as he was otherwise disposed, desiring universal salvation,) but also to millions of his own offspring whom he created in his own image!! Sin, according to your creed, is an infinite evil; and here it is allowed to exist, not as an incidental evil terminating in the good of its subjects, but as an end or ultimatum, terminating to them *in no good whatever*, but evil, and *only evil endlessly!*

But you say, "I do not adopt the conclusion that they will continue thus wicked and suffering eternally, because God is indifferent to their welfare, and does not do all he can consistently do for them, i. e., all he can, without working greater evil elsewhere to others of his creatures. The conclusion, then, that you do adopt follows legitimately, that God looked upon the welfare of the world "lying in wickedness" with deep concern and solicitude, and therefore undertook their complete reconciliation and deliverance; but to his own mortification and "incorrigible wickedness and suffering eternally" of his subjects, it resulted in a complete failure! If I have not reasoned correctly, I should like to be informed wherein.

Yours, etc. ASHLEY CLARK.  
[Concluded next week.]

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### TO THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Friends—Ye are not yet able to endure strong meat, therefore allow me humbly to feed you, as an instrument in God's hands, with a little new milk. For one I must say, I have viewed many meetings of God's children, and their results, and this is my experience. I give it not as a true experience of every one, but as an isolated and individual case.

At those meetings where loud praise and painted views are given of heaven—its pearly streets, its joyful anthems, the splendid crowns given to its inhabitants—and God's love is depicted as surprising in preparing such an abode for the faithful; and also hell is represented as a place burning with fire

and brimstone, whose liquid lava continually ascends and torments its inhabitants—as a place continually stretched, as it were, with an open mouth to receive the wicked of earth—a place whose torments never cease; revivals, (as excitement which must be the result of such sounds continually vibrating on the ear,) oft are found to spring up.—But look at the result. Ere a few months, out of each ten only one is found, to return and praise God; and that too, so feebly, that Christ instead of noticing the praise and giving the plaudit expected, makes the inquiry, were there not ten healed? but where are the nine? Reader, stop, reflect, and answer—are these things so?

But let us cast a glimpse at another class of meetings. That class where the pastor deals plentifully in the milk of the word; where child-like simplicity is used—at that meeting where children are brought up as a fair example of Christianity—their love to their parents—their love to each other—with what attention and feeling they watch their parents—how they notice their smile or frown—how they love every object and thing that bears any resemblance to their parents, or is loved by their parents—with what complacency a child can retire to rest with its parents' smile—how sweetly it can sleep in its parents' arms—with what eagerness the first glance of its eye, upon waking, is turned towards its parents—how it can smile if but its parents smile—how happy is the life of the dutiful child; how miserable that of the unruly one; how the child enters as it were, into the joys and sorrows of its parents—how it mourns with the parents if duty compels them to correct an unruly member of the family; and oft the tear is seen to flow more freely from the uncorrected child than from the one punished from the pure motive of love; how the child, if in need of food, drink, or any other thing, asks, (or *prays*) to its parents for the thing desired; and if not noticed, continues to importune—with what implicit confidence it listens to its parent's instruction; how eagerly it obeys its commands; how sorrowful it feels after having offended its parents, and what joy it feels when having done a deed, it receives its parents' approbation! Again—look at a child's love to its brethren and sisters—it is equal to that of self in every particular; and if parent or brother or sister absent themselves for a time, how tedious the hours of separation, and how joyful the meeting! I say, the pastor that tries to square the walk and conversation of his flock by such a line as this, and the Christian who is willing to learn holiness from children, and the result of sinning from the same source, can enjoy heaven below—God will dwell with them, God will bless them; because he has said, "Except ye become as little children, ye can not enter the kingdom of heaven." Why? "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Now let converts be born under such preaching, and then the pastor can adopt the language of Christ when he comes to render up his account, "Here I am, Father, and all thou hast given me, except *Judas the son of perdition*." And like a child who rejoices having done a good deed, not on account of the merit of the deed, but because it causes pleasure in the breast of its parent, he can ascribe all the glory to God.

Please view this matter carefully and prayerfully, and decide this day whom ye will serve—God and his parental embrace, or Baal and his excitement.

J. J. F.

Scriba, July 25, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### A REVEREND SCRIBBLER.

Scowling bigotry and alarmed falsehood wears a species of impudence, or *daredevilness*, at times, which can not fail to arouse the tamest spirit of charity. Such is often the case with Partialism in its treatment of Universalists. I like to judge no man, nor his motives; but to pretend that there is no cause for complaining against the recklessness of some, yea, of many of our opposers, is sheer self-deception, and open delusion. Look at a portion of the popular clergy. We are sorry that liberal Christians are unable to place but very little confidence in that portion of community, especially

with regard to their *honesty* towards those sentiments and people which exceed Partialism in liberality and enlightenment. The following circumstance reveals a pretty specimen of a Protestant clergyman to talk about the destructive intolerance of Romanism in burning Bibles, defacing books, etc.

Not many weeks since, I chanced to stop, for a few moments, in a neighboring little village, where there was only one believer in Universalism, and that a married lady, at whose house I stopped. After conversing for a while, she left the room, and my eyes accidentally fell on a book which was lying upon the table. I took it up, and found it to be "*Skinner's Letters to Aikin and Lansing*," which had been circulating very freely in that little village. On turning over the leaves, I found many of the margins filled with the most outrageous abuses and accusations against Mr. Skinner and his sentiments; expressions like, "*A lie!*" "*a wilful and gross perversion!*" &c. Choice, delicate and charitable phrases and remarks like these, were scattered along throughout the book, rendering it sadly disfigured and mutilated.

On inquiring of the lady, I ascertained that the author of these friendly tokens and notes of caution, was the Rev. J. B. Wilson, the Presbyterian pastor of the place, who had taken such a kind interest in the welfare of the lady who had lent him the book, as to pass his opinions upon the sentiments of the same, by rendering it unfit for farther use: besides the evidences of his kindness which had been frequently manifested in the pulpit, in sundry suggestions indited for her particular benefit.

U. CLARK.

N. B.—Universalist authors, travelling West, and desirous of having pencilled notes and criticisms taken upon their works, will please call upon this Rev. Annotator, residing at Chapinville, on the Rail Road, three miles east of Canandaigua. The editors of this paper will please send this gentleman a copy of this, that he may be prepared, without surprise, to receive calls for the exercise of his critical acumen, and *gentlemanly* remarks.

Canandaigua, August, 1843.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—On the farm of Gen. Thomas C. Miller, in Dickinson township, Cumberland co., Pennsylvania, there has recently been discovered an immense vein of *pure red Ochre*, of the finest quality, second only to the finest Venetian red. Gen. Miller is now preparing it in large quantities for the market. Its purity is such, that it requires but to be dried in the sun and ground, to be used for the finest painting. From the appearance of the mine, it is supposed there is an amount sufficient to supply the whole United States.

BLOWING UP A SHIP.—A vast number of persons, male and female, visited Castle Garden and the vicinity on Tuesday, lured by the announcement that a vessel of 80 tons was to be blown up by Capt. Taylor's "sub-marine battery." An old vessel, with one mast, was anchored off Castle Garden, but just as Capt. T. was preparing to descend, the mast fell over the side, the swell from a passing steamboat having unshipped it, striking and breaking in two two small boats, the occupants however escaping without injury, and crushing the rocket intended for the explosion, which was on the deck at the time. This caused a delay of nearly an hour in order to make a new rocket, but finally the explosion did come off in splendid style, more effectual, if possible, than the same operation by Mr. Colt some time since.—[Sun.]

The Cheraw Gazette states that, in addition to the advantages of the Tomato for table use, the vine is of great value as food for cattle, especially cows. It is stated that a cow fed on Tomato vines will give more milk, and yield butter of finer flavor, and in greater abundance, than on any other long feed ever tried. It is thought, too, that more good food for cattle, and at less expense, can be raised from a given quantity of ground planted with tomatoes than from any other vegetable known in the southern country.

FATAL ACCIDENT ON THE ERIE RAILROAD.—The



freight train of cars, which started from Middletown on Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, after proceeding about 3 miles, to the Hampton bridge, the last car of the train ran off the track, and was precipitated some fifty feet, where it was dashed to atoms on the rocks. The bridge had no planks upon it. There was one passenger in the car, a Mr. Fitzsimmons, a very respectable man with a family residing at Goshen. He survived the accident in great agony, for three hours. A gentleman who was present, describes the scene which took place in the rude Irish cabin, whither Fitzsimmons was carried, as deeply affecting. His daughter, quite a young girl, was present, and after her father had ceased to breathe, she attempted, in the absence of a priest, to read the service from the Catholic Prayer-book, (none of the inmates of the family knowing how to read,) but her feelings so overcame her, that she was unable to proceed, and requested the gentleman, our informant, to conclude the reading, which he likewise found himself unable to accomplish. The daughter, however, would not consent that the body be touched by any one present until after she had given utterance to the prayer for the spirit of her departed parent to be conveyed to the land of the just.—*Tribune*.

## RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching on the fourth Sunday in August, by Br. N. BROWN at Howlett Hill—Br. SKINNER at Little Falls, and Br. HATHAWAY at German Flats—Br. SOULE in Vernon, and Br. GROSH in this city.

There will be preaching on the first Sunday in September by Br. SOULE in Fort Plain, and Br. BARRY in Utica—Br. C. L. SHIPMAN at Salem Roads, as Br. Pullman may appoint—Br. GROSH in Syracuse. A general attendance of friends from the vicinity is especially requested, for important reasons.

There will be preaching on the second Sunday in September, by Br. GROSH at Little Falls.

There will be preaching on the third Sunday in September by Br. SHIPMAN in Mesopotamia, Ohio.

The third annual celebration of the Canton and Potsdam Sunday Schools will be held in Canton on the first Saturday in September, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

HARTWELL JENNISON, Secretary.

A Conference of the Central Association will be held at Lee Centre, on the second Wednesday and Thursday (the 13th and 14th) of September. The usual invitation to attend is cordially extended to all.

Per order of the Committee on Conferences,

H. B. SOULE.

A Conference of the Black River Association will be attended at Fulton, Oswego county, on the first Wednesday and Thursday in September. Special considerations relating to the condition of the society in that place, and also to the circumstances of Br. Brown, require an attendance, both of ministers and people, as full and general as possible.

P. MORSE, Standing Clerk.

Henderson, August 14, 1843.

The Chenango Association will hold its next annual session in Oxford, Chenango county, on the first Thursday and Friday (7th and 8th) of September. Each society is earnestly requested to send two lay delegates to represent them in council, which will convene at 8 o'clock, Wednesday morning. Occasional sermon at half past 10, by Rev. A. O. Warren. Ministering brethren, especially from other Associations, knowing our wants, are affectionately invited to meet with us if they possibly can. Of course it is expected that all within the limits of our own body will feel it their duty to be present. All lay brethren from abroad will receive a cordial welcome, and be accommodated to the extent of our ability. A committee will be in waiting at the meetinghouse, on Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning to direct visitors to places of entertainment.

J. T. GOODRICH, Standing Clerk.

\* \* Union and Messenger please copy.

The annual meeting of the Hudson River Association of Universalists for 1843, will be held in the city of Troy, the first Wednesday and following Thursday in September.—The council will organize at 9 o'clock Wednesday morning and public services commence at half past 10.

Will every society within the bounds of this Association be duly represented at this meeting? Each society is enti-

led to two delegates, who, it is earnestly desired, will come prepared, (according to a resolution of the last session of this body,) to give statistical accounts, and particular information of the state and condition of their respective societies.—Brethren, this is an important measure; for we can never know our true state and real strength, until each society realizes the necessity, and enters heartily into the work, of giving correct statements, from time to time, of their standing, condition, prospects, etc. "I speak as unto wise men."

J. A. ASPINWALL, Standing Clerk.

The second Conference of the Central Association will be held at Hamilton Center, on the last Wednesday and Thursday (the 30th and 31st) of August. The usual invitation to attend is cordially extended to all. By order of Committee on Conferences,

H. B. SOULE.

## MARRIAGES.

On the 17th inst., by Rev. D. Skinner, at his residence in Deerfield, Mr. ERASTUS D. PALMER, to Miss MARY JANE SEAMAN, both of this city.

## DEATHS.

In Danube, Herkimer county, on the 8th inst., Mrs. CATHERINE DILLENBACH, consort of Mr. John Dillenschach, Jr., aged 45 years, 2 months and 21 days—leaving behind her seven children, with a loving husband to lament their loss. Mrs. Dillenschach had been unwell for upwards of two years, during which period, as well as in her last sickness, she was sustained by that "faith which overcometh the world." She was a Universalist both in theory and practice. She was an obedient wife and an excellent mother. Her children loved her almost beyond measure. She cultivated those virtues, that create esteem, inspire love and command respect. In her heart there existed a flame of heavenly love, which was continually kept burning with a full supply of the oil of charity, benevolence, and forgiveness. On the Sunday before her death, she sent for the writer to administer to her weary soul, the rich promises of the Gospel of Christ; and expressed her happiness at hearing on her bed of sorrow, those truths which had been her solace in health, and which she relied on in death. With repeated assurances of her own salvation and that of all the human race, she waited with patience until her change came. On the day of her death, about five minutes ere her spirit fled from its frail and attenuated abode, did she take the narrator by the hand, and desired him to commend her soul "unto God who gave it," at which she seemed satisfied. Then with a smile of inexpressible satisfaction, with the cold dews of death sitting on her brow, she gave up the ghost.

Her funeral was attended by a vast concourse of people, to whom and to the mourning friends, by particular request of the deceased, a discourse was delivered by Br. J. D. Hicks—Text, Luke iv: 3d clause of 18th verse, "He hath sent me to heal the broken hearted"—assisted in the services by Elder Russel of the Baptist persuasion, (who behaved not as Partisanist clergy generally do on such occasions,) and by Br. Barry and the writer.

W. G. ANDERSON.

In Minden, Montgomery county, on the 9th inst., ANDREW, son of Mr. Cornelius Maxfield, aged 2 years 1 month and 13 days. Sermon by the writer, assisted by Brs. Barry and Anderson.

J. D. HICKS.

In Mottville, on the 13th inst., an infant son of John and Sarah Carpenter, aged 11 months.

In Amsterdam, August 9th, Mrs. DEBORAH RAMSER, in the 93d year of her age. Mrs. R. though long a member of the Lutheran church, was for some time a believer in the final restoration; in which faith she peacefully died.

H. L.

In Westmoreland, N. H., July 17th, Mr. Timothy Skinner, a Revolutionary pensioner, aged 82 years.

The subject of this notice had the singular fortune, to rear to manhood nine children, all of whom are now living, with families around them. Of his own family, he himself was the first to obey that summons which bids the living join the congregation of the dead. After having raised up and educated according to the extent of his means his children, it has been with him and his worthy consort, a source of great happiness to see them all—a somewhat unusual circumstance in so large a number—comfortably and even prosperously settled in life, and not a few of them enjoying positions of eminence and distinction, among their fellow men. They have frequently been honored with the confidence and respect of their countrymen, and the aged patriarch who is the subject of this obituary, has lived to see his children in the Senate chamber, in the Halls of le-

gislation, on the Judicial Bench, and, also in the Sacred Desk. Brs. Warren and Dolphus Skinner, eminent preachers of the Gospel, are his children, and well have they honored their family connections and their sacred calling.

Father Skinner was not only a patriot in the Revolution, but he opposed tyranny wherever he found it, and particularly did he oppose all kinds of religious despotism. He was the first in the place of his residence to oppose compulsory taxation for the support of the clergy, and rather than submit to this system of oppression, he suffered his property to be driven off and sold under the officer's hammer. The next year after this occurrence, the "Toleration Act" was passed, and every man was permitted to act as to him seemed right, with none to molest or make afraid.

It is hardly necessary to remark, that as Universalism appeared to Mr. Skinner the only consistent system of religious faith, it for many years received his constant and open support. He who opposes religious oppression will seldom, under favorable circumstances, embrace a narrow creed, and hence it is that multitudes of those who in the State of New Hampshire, plead and contended for free toleration in religion, are, as was Father S., believers in a common salvation. Honor to those men, who thus severed the chains of priestly bondage! Let posterity hold them in grateful remembrance.—*Balm of Gilead*, C. W.

In Elba, July 17th, of a lingering consumption, Miss MARTHA CUDWORTH, daughter of Barnard and Polly Cudworth, aged 22 years. Her funeral was attended on the 19th inst., in the Free Will Baptist meeting-house, Byron, and a discourse delivered on the occasion by the writer.—*W. Lumsdary*, J. M. DAY

## PROSPECTUS OF THE ROSE OF SHARON, FOR 1844.

EDITED BY Miss S. C. EDGARTON.

A new volume of this Annual will be issued in September. It will contain articles, consisting as usual, of Tales, Essays, and Poetry, from the pens of E. H. Chapin, T. B. Thayer, H. Greely, C. H. Fay, H. Bacon, J. G. Adams, L. C. Browne, D. K. Lee, H. C. Leonard, A. C. Thomas, T. B. Read, Mrs. L. J. B. Case, Mrs. C. M. Sawyer, Mrs. N. T. Munroe, Mrs. E. A. Bacon, Miss L. M. Barker, Miss C. A. Fillebrown, Miss H. J. Woodman, Miss M. A. Dodd, Miss Julia A. Fletcher, Miss C. W. Barber, and Miss S. C. Edgerton.

These names, together with the past favorable reputation of the work, (pronounced by many disinterested and competent judges to be the BEST Annual of the times,) must be a sufficient guaranty of the merits of the new volume, which it is believed, will not fall behind any of its predecessors in interest and value.

It will contain 304 pages printed in handsome type, on thick, elegant paper, and will be embellished by five fine steel engravings, executed expressly for the work. Embossed morocco binding, and gilt edges. Price TWO DOLLARS only, per copy. Seven copies for TWELVE DOLLARS.

If more convenient the work can be obtained wholesale or retail, of Rev. A. R. Gardner, Iowa City, I. T.; Rev. W. E. Manley, Chicago, Ills.; Rev. J. A. Gurley, Cincinnati, O.; Rev. A. Case, Charleston, S. C.; R. T. Wicker, Richmond, Va.; C. L. Stickney, New York City; Grosh & Walker, Utica, N. Y.; Rev. Eli Ballou, Montpelier, Vt.; Rev. J. E. Palmer, Colebrook, N. H.; Rev. J. F. Withereil, Concord, N. H.; C. T. Gill, Nashua, N. H.; Powers & Bagley, Lowell, Mass.; T. Whittemore, Boston, or of the Publisher.

A. TOMPKINS, 38 Cornhill.

Boston, August 1843.

## INDUCEMENTS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

All of our subscribers who have not paid for the present volume, by sending us two dollars, free of postage, shall be credited in full for this year and be entitled to the first and second numbers of the Theological Library. The first number contains Winchester's Dialogues complete, and is sold in book form at 62 1-2 cents. The second is Petitpierre on Divine Goodness.

Br. Tompkins—Credit Miss C. I. King, (this city.) \$2.00 for current volume Repository. Also Phebe R. Palmer, Bridgewater, N. Y., \$2.00, current volume Repository—charge us.

## LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P. M., Kings Ferry, for S. M.—H. N. H. Rushford, for H. C., and A. B.—C. L. B., Cleveland, [O.] for self and C. U.—P. M., Depauville, for J. F.—P. M., Dansville, for S. S.—A. W. T., Lawversville—B. S., Branchport, for P. S.—P. M., Pittsford, for S. R.



For the Magazine and Advocate.  
PAST YEARS.

BY MISS M. E. TILLOTSON.

Past years, ye're gone—your fruits of sour and sweet,  
Gone with you—but their flavor lingers yet—  
Your seasons all with harvests richly laden,  
And changes that alternately grieve and gladden.  
Oblivion's veil is fallen o'er you now—

Mem'ry alone to your dark tomb may go;  
And if perchance she brings from it away  
A single trophy gilded with a ray  
Of righteous light, to show some good had blest,  
In former time, a soul with sin oppress'd;  
Then, was our being given not all in vain;  
Then, mem'ry wand'ring o'er the waste again,  
Tho' scenes she view that make our pleasures less,  
That trophy bright shall also moments bless!

'Tis bliss to scan the joys our childhood knew;  
The kind caress our little frolics drew;  
The merry task, the praise that raised our glee;  
These joys again are shared in memory!  
She brings again the haunts in youth we trod,  
The verdant hill side and the sloping wood;  
The boughs we gathered, and the blossoms fair—  
Yes, and the tender hands that led us there!  
The river, too, whose banks we loved to roam,  
The rippling current, and the eddy calm;  
The boat that bore us gently from the strand,  
And vine-wreathed willows that did o'er us bend—  
These spots of green enchain the thought that's cast  
Through the strange vista of the buried past!

Past years, ye're gone—and gone the early dream,  
That to expectant heart did lovely seem:—  
Anticipation in your life was bright—  
That, too, has with you passed to shades of night  
It raised the child awhile on pinion strong,  
But even youth in it perceived a wrong,  
Manhood sometime was lured by hope of bliss,  
But he full soon was taught he'd built amiss!  
Age may instruct, and we should heed it's lore,  
And deem our due, what others shared before.

Yes, ye are gone—and now are numbered all,  
With friends ye bore beyond reach of recall:  
And had we power, nor you, nor them we'd bring  
Back to a clime, whence joys from sorrows spring!  
Ye took our pleasures when ye bade adieu—  
'Tis well, since with them went some troubles too:  
I wren your scales do equipond'rate well.  
For 'gainst the wo, you drop the weight of weal.

Sealed is the past, the future still is spread,  
To four-fold pay the hand of gen'rous deed;  
If ill the act, the law all comprehend—  
The fruits we reap upon the seed depend.  
Pleasure is sometimes ours, contentment ne'er;  
Mortal still must we be, in time be e'er  
Children of circumstance, formed to endure;—  
And yet, 'tis said, that erst the world was pure.  
But these are time's concerns—the poor are they,  
Who faithless find the road a thorny way—  
The rich are they who read God's endless love  
In nature's book revealed—and heaven above!

For the Magazine and Advocate.

MOHAWK RIVER AND OTSEGO ASSOCIATIONS.

At the last session of the Mohawk River Association of Universalists, the Universalist society of Frankfort and German Flats applied for and received its fellowship. Two weeks after this the Otsego Association met in annual session and appointed a committee of two clergymen and one layman to confer with the clerk of said society as to their reasons for this measure, &c.

Now, to me, the appointment of such a committee for such a purpose by the Otsego Association, though perfectly harmless, looks like a very singular and unheard-of measure. For that Association can have no possible jurisdiction over a society that has never asked its fellowship nor placed itself under its government. No religious Association or society (especially in this free country) has the authority or power to compel any society or individual to come into its fellowship or under its jurisdiction. I have a perfect legal, moral and religious right, as an individual, to connect myself, (if I see

fit and such church or society will receive me,) with a church or society in Boston, Philadelphia, or even London; and no other church or society, either from local or other considerations, has a right to interfere with said connection.

Now, as I was present at the organization of said society, and also conversant with their feelings and views when they appointed their delegates and instructed them to ask the fellowship of the Mohawk River Association, I presume I can give the reasons of the measure adopted, and satisfy both the committee appointed and the Universalist public, of its propriety, and that no improper feelings or motives existed in said society, inducing them to said measure, without a long and formal correspondence between the parties.

The reasons were briefly these: 1. The members of the society reside on both sides of the Mohawk river, (which is the line dividing the two Associations,) though it is true most of them reside on the south side of the river. 2. The present pastor or preacher of said society resides within the bounds of the M. R. Association; though I am not positive that this had much, if any influence in the matter. But 3, and principally, (for this was the only *weighty* reason,) local considerations determined the society in favor of the Mohawk River Association. It felt no disfellowship, no unkind or unfriendly feelings towards the Otsego Association or any of its members, but the best and kindest affections. But the M. R. A. generally holds its sessions much nearer to Frankfort and German Flats than those of the Otsego are held, and therefore more convenient for their delegates to attend. While the former generally holds its sessions within ten or fifteen miles of these towns, the latter not unfrequently holds its sessions forty or fifty miles distant. And this was an important, altogether the most important, consideration, both with the society and its delegates. Had it joined the Otsego Association it would have been annually a serious tax on its delegates to attend its sessions, and it would have been far less likely to be represented than it will now in the M. R. A. Perhaps I might add one reason more, viz., the M. R. A. has a smaller number of societies within its boundaries, and therefore stands more in need of this society, than the O. A.

In conclusion I will say, it was almost entirely local affinity that determined its choice, and not the "elective affinity" of the old and new school Presbyterians, which a few years since determined the choice of that denomination, as to the Presbytery or Synod with which they would unite. We have no such distinctions as *old* and *new* school Universalists. We are happily one, and profess to belong to the school of Christ. D. S.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

LETTER TO MR. LAWTON.

Wellsboro, July 4th, 1843.

Mr. Lawton—I make no apology for thus addressing you—the circumstances speak for themselves.

I understand that, subsequently to my visit to this place last winter, you came out with a notice to the public, that you would preach at a certain time on or against Universalism—that having done so, or rather attempted it, (which, by the way however, I am told was an entire failure,) you then stated to your congregation that you had challenged several Universalist clergymen to a public discussion with you, that they (the Universalists) would generally accept your challenge, but that they would invariably back out. And, moreover, I am informed that you represented that such was the course which the Universalists generally pursued with other Methodist clergymen who had also frequently challenged them to a public discussion, but that they could never be drawn into one, &c., &c.

Now, my dear Sir, so far from acknowledging your assertion to be true in general, the facts already before the public, show it to be false—and that you knew it to be false when you made it—and now, Sir, we call upon you to produce one instance of the kind you mention—nay, we defy you to do it.

But, again, I am also informed that you said you would like the opportunity of meeting Mr. Bullard in a public discussion—that nothing would suit you better, &c. Well, then, why do you not challenge me and done with it, as you say you have others, and thus vindicate your courage and veracity at once? But no, I see no prospect of this. I have heard much from you—of your threats, etc., since last winter, and have been waiting all this time very impatiently for you to come out and take your stand like a valiant soldier—but I have waited in vain. And now, rather than to wait any longer, I have concluded to challenge you—and do hereby challenge you to meet me in a public discussion of the joint question of universal salvation on my part, and of a general judgment after death and endless misery on your part, which I will reduce to form as follows:—

The question to be discussed between Mr. Lawton and Mr. Bullard.

Is the doctrine of a future general judgment after death subject to the endless misery of the wicked—or the doctrine of the final holiness and happiness of all men, taught in the Bible?

My friends will wait upon you with this letter; and receive your answer. I would also say, that on account of the distance of my residence from this place, they are authorized to settle the preliminaries with you, report to me the result of the matter—leaving me the power of appointing the time for the commencement of the discussion should it take place. Yours with due respect,

W. BULLARD.

Clear the track.—Here comes the answer.—Reason for refusing a challenge!!!

"A Skunk challenged a Lion for a personal combat, but the Lion refused saying if I consent you will make your boast about town that you have had the honor of contending with a Lion!!! while at the same time I shall publish by my scent that I have associated with a Skunk." "18th July."

There, reader—them's the animals what we have to deal with in this region. Lions!!! Roaring ones, too, I can tell you—especially when they think the enemy is out of hearing distance!

It appears this roaring Lion has been trying for years to associate himself with skunks by his endeavors to draw them into a personal combat, but has hitherto failed in accomplishing his object, and now at last, after much boasting, suffers himself to be branded coward fairly. W. B.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

UNIVERSALISM NOT SECTARIAN.

That Universalists sustain in public estimation a denominational character, and hold a place, so far at least as the adoption of a name is concerned, among the Christian sects, is undeniable. The early Christians were also known as a religious sect, from the fact that they cherished opinions and practices peculiar to themselves, and by no means in harmony with the popular, and (in the world's estimation) orthodox doctrines of that age.

It is nevertheless true, that Christianity was perfectly unsectarian in its character, and that its founder never manifested any thing that looked like a sectarian spirit. 'Tis true that he and his followers had to do battle with their opposers, and it may perhaps be claimed that they zealously engaged in defending their sectarian views. But this is entirely a mistake; for their views were entirely unsectarian, and he must have been a superficial reader of the New Testament who does not know that the Saviour's most pointed rebukes were constantly aimed at what was then, and what still is, a party or sectarian spirit. What else are we to understand by his opposition to castes, classes and clans in the community; manifested in his caution not to invite friends and rich neighbors to a feast, but the poor, and the suffering, no matter of what party? He was anti-sectarian in his caution, also, that his disciples should not confine their salutations to their friends, but extend them as the honest testimonials of that love which he taught them to cherish for their enemies. But especially did the merciful Saviour manifest his utter contempt for an



opposition to all narrow party and sectarian feelings, by mingling, himself, with all classes, from the proud and self-righteous Pharisee to the despised publican, the outcast Samaritan, and downtrodden sinner (so called by the spirit of self-righteousness).

But I wish still further to illustrate this point by stating, what I suppose none will dispute, that a sectarian is the devotee of a party. But such was not the blessed Jesus; for he lived the devoted servant of Him who is the equal God of all. He lived and died the friend of universal humanity. Surely no one would think of charging Howard with a sectarian spirit, when he travelled Europe over and over, to mitigate the woes of the most miserable of the human race, no matter to what nation or what sect they belonged.

Now no careful and unbiased observer can fail to see the perfect coincidence between Universalism and primitive Christianity, so far as the copiousness and unsectarian character of its doctrines are concerned. The one regarded God as the Father of the human race, and Christ as the Saviour of all men; the other does the same. The one regarded every man a neighbor, however distant his location, or however bitter his enmity to us might be, and so does the other. Hence it is plain that Universalism, as such, has not and can not have any party purposes to accomplish. It is true that we, like the primitive Christians, must defend our cause against the attacks of our opposers. But what is the cause of this opposition? What is there in our creed which is so offensive to a portion of our fellow men? It is its *universality*—its opposition to *sect and party*. This is the point of contention between us and our opposers. While we spread the broad mantle of God's unchanging love over all; they contend strenuously that only a party, party, or sect (whichever the reader may please to call it) will be the final sharers of that love.

From the foregoing remarks I think it is plain, not only that Universalism is unsectarian and anti-sectarian in its character, but that this claim, noble and God like as it is, is peculiar to the cause we advocate. None else can make any reasonable pretensions to it. No man, while he contends for the salvation of a *part*, only, of mankind, can claim on that point any higher title than that of a *party* man or a sectarian. But it will be said that there are Partialists who appear to be guided but very little, if any, by party feelings. I acknowledge that such is the fact; and I rejoice at it. But it should also be remembered that such men have feelings but very little, if any, in harmony with their creeds. There is another fact, which, though painful to acknowledge, must not be denied, and that is, that there are men professing Universalism who have a large share of bitter party feeling. But it is equally true that the feelings of such men were never derived from their creeds. J. FRENCH.

### THE NEW BIRTH.

BY REV. S. C. LOVELAND.

Except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God.—JOHN iii: 3.

The expression, "*to be born again*," is undoubtedly a figure of speech, drawn from the circumstances of a natural birth, to which it seems to have an evident allusion. Figures of speech were very frequent with our Lord. In our text he speaks of the kingdom of God," used synonymously with the phrase, "the kingdom of heaven," which in other places he compares, at different times, to a variety of things.

The kingdom of heaven is spoken of in the New Testament as Christ's kingdom. In appearing in our world, as a king, though he assumed no outward throne, he brought his kingdom with him.—Hence it was said, The kingdom of heaven is *at hand*. It was brought by the coming of Christ, very near; brought to our world, that man might share something of its benefits and its glories in this life.

The qualities of this kingdom are righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. These qualities the members of this kingdom must possess;

indeed, it is the province of the kingdom to impart them. The school of Jesus Christ is the school of moral perfection, where we may be ever learning, and yet find that there is still an ample field before us, to excite us to diligence and to persevering industry.

On the subject of the new birth, it is often thought, not a small acquisition to understand what it is.—Figurative language makes ideas obscure, when the attending circumstances that go to elucidate a subject are not understood. And a multitude of conflicting interpretations seldom pave the way to the path of truth.

In natural things *to be born* is to be a child. This remark is equally true, when applied to the things of the kingdom of Christ. The Scriptures often speak of the sons of God, the children of God, the children of the kingdom, and few people think of attaching obscurity to phrases like those. But when we speak of a new birth, they are puzzled to attach any definite or satisfactory idea to the expression. To be a son always implies that a person has been born in the same sense in which he is called a son. So it is equally plain that to be born again is to be a child again, in the same sense in which the birth should be understood. But the Greek word which is translated *again* in our text signifies more literally, *from above*. This last sense describes the nature of the birth, while the common translation makes it only second in order, with an evident allusion to the first. But either translation will not vary the nature of our subject. If we adopt the common rendering of our text, we find the nature of our subject described from the principles of Christ's kingdom. If we adopt the words, *from above*, in room of the word *again*, we find an additional explanation of our subject. We find the source is the same as James' description of heavenly wisdom. And my hearers are informed that the same original Greek word describes both.—"The wisdom that is *from above* is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy." Thus the wisdom that is from above, describes the principles of the birth that is from above.

In the sacred pages the words *son* and *child* are used in a great variety of applications. We read of the sons of thunder, by which we easily understand men of heavy voices; of the son of perdition, by which Judas, the betrayer of our Lord was meant, who went to destruction. A son of consolation was one who possessed a peculiar power of sympathy in participating of the sorrows of the afflicted. In the Old Testament, we read in a few instances, of the sons of Belial, who were men peculiar for their stubborn and morose dispositions. Christ says to his disciples "into whatsoever house ye enter, first say, Peace be this house. And if the son of peace be there, your peace shall rest upon it." Here the *son of peace* must mean *peace* or a peaceful household. In view of the uses of the term *son*, we may the more easily comprehend the expressions, a child of the devil, children of disobedience, children of wrath, a child of hell or Gehenna, if we substitute the original for the common translation. The idea of literal offspring in these cases, is entirely out of the question. These are said to be children, merely on account of certain properties described by wrath, devil and Gehenna, of which they are said to partake or suffer.

As the terms for cities in the original languages of the Bible are used in the feminine gender, daughters are used for smaller dependent cities, as Jerusalem and her daughters, Samaria and her daughters. Sodom and her daughters. There can be no question, that daughters here mean cities. So the sons of the prophets were not their literal children, but their disciples or scholars.

This peculiar mode of phraseology is carried much further in the Hebrew Scriptures of the Old Testament than we find preserved in the common translation. I shall not multiply examples of this kind. Two instances to this effect may suffice. When David took the spear and cruise of water from Saul's bolster, while he and his servants slept, at a time when Saul was pursuing David to take him pris-

oner, if not to take his life, David, standing at a distance, cried to the servants of Saul, "As the Lord liveth, ye are worthy to die, because ye have not kept your master the Lord's anointed." The expression, *ye are worthy to die* is in the Hebrew, *ye are the sons of death*. This is usually found in the margin of those Bibles, which have marginal readings. See 1 Sam. xxvi: 16. My second instance of this kind is found, Gen. xxi: 3, where it is said Abraham was an hundred years old. The original makes him, *the son of a hundred years*.—Now the language might seem somewhat uncouth to us to say, that a man was born of years, as Abraham was, or that death was a father, as David applied it to the servants of Saul. But all this is analogous to the language of Scripture, and very much resembles the words of our Saviour, when he says in our context, "Except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he can not enter into the kingdom of God." So again in 1 Pet. i: 23, "Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God which liveth and abideth forever."

It does not appear from any thing which the Scriptures present on this subject, that we should attach a mysterious sense to the language of our Saviour. A reasonable interpretation in the light of the experience of mankind, and of the common usages of the sacred pages, should be adopted in this as in the usual topics of divine revelation.—St. John tells us expressly that "Whosoever believes that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God."—In another place he tells us, "Every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love."—Here are two instances in which the apostle in different terms describes the condition of the new birth. They are worthy of our particular attention in this place.

Of the first named instance, "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God."—A child of faith in Christ, becomes a child of God. Here it is plain to be seen that this faith in Christ must be something more than the mere speculative kind. It must embrace for its object, the true riches of the grace of God, as matters of personal interest. "For where a man's treasure is," as our Lord has said, "there will his heart be also."

Of the second passage which we quote from the apostle John, "Whosoever loveth is born of God," we have only to remember that this love is a divine principle; because it enables us to know God, whom he emphatically pronounces us to be *love*. We perceive then that this passage is in unison with the other. The language is somewhat different; but the sentiment is one.

We are further assisted in our subject by understanding that the new birth is an introduction to the kingdom of God. As we are taught the spirit and nature of this kingdom, so we come to an understanding of the qualifications, needful to prepare us for a suitable reception in the kingdom. Although this kingdom is not of this world, yet we may be confident we are not called to wait for its light and its glory, till after we pass the bounds of time. It has a light that shines into this dark world of ours. The children of men may see it and experience its effects through faith in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, in this their pilgrimage journey of human life. The qualifications of the children of the kingdom, must be like the nature of the kingdom itself. A child of the kingdom then is no other than one who is found with the principles of the kingdom of the Redeemer, one who possessed those spiritual refinements from moral pollutions, which the love and mercy of God are calculated to inspire.—*Balm of Gilead*.

Physic is of little use to a temperate person, for a man's own observation on what he finds does him good, and what hurts him, is the best physic to preserve health.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent, who can suit his temper to any circumstances.



## MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Reus. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry.

UTICA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 25. 1843.

## REV. LEVI CHASE.

This gentleman is a convert from the Methodist ministry, and formerly resided at Fall River, Mass. His present residence is in Illinois, at Mt. Hawley, I believe. He is not in formal fellowship with the Universalist denomination, nor amenable to our discipline, unless, by his actions at the West, in accepting office at the hands of our Associations, he may have rendered himself so in part. Some years ago the New York Universalist Union noticed a handbill published by Mr. Chase, purporting to be questions by him; but which were by Br. A. C. Thomas. Br. Price severely censured the plagiarism. Since then we have been told by one or two individuals that we ought not to publish his name in the Register—but they gave us no reasons for our guidance; while others living nearer to the man handed in (or suffered to stand) his name as a preacher of Universalism, but not in fellowship. We therefore continued to publish his name. For our rule (adopted after long deliberation, and frequently reconsidered under trying circumstances) is to publish the name of every person who is acknowledged as a preacher of Universalism by the friends or societies in the section where he lives, only marking whether he is in fellowship or not; and to continue doing so while he preaches, until the proper authority, or persons, by public action, show that they do not any longer so regard him. If any one does aught unbecoming the profession, let it be duly certified to the proper quarter, and let the persons most concerned, or having authority, do their duty.

Such being the facts of the case, we give the following caution a place in our columns with great reluctance—1st. Because the writer specifies no act of which Mr. Chase has been guilty. He warned us privately in the same vague manner, and promised particulars, but we have not yet received them. He is equally vague here. Now we do not doubt Br. Lumsden's veracity; by no means!—but may not his judgment be at fault? He is not infallible. Besides, he may only have heard the things that induce him to give the caution; and "hear say" is no testimony.

2d. Even if he knows whereof he insinuates (for he affirms nothing), and even if his judgment in regard to those things is not erroneous, still this is not the proper way to settle the matter. It is not right to drag every case of discipline into our newspapers, and convert all our readers into one vast Committee of Discipline, before the accused party has been examined, heard, and justly and legally tried by our regularly constituted tribunals. This is my opinion—others may differ from me, and perhaps with more reason than I allow them. But in this case, Br. L. could have forwarded his charges and proofs to Mrs. Gurley or Manford, and directed them to lay them before the Association in whose bounds Br. Chase now resides and labors; and left them do the publishing, if deemed necessary.

As to the plagiarism, that was undoubtedly wrong; and yet it might have been committed ignorantly. In calling them questions "by Rev. Levi Chase," he may not have intended to claim authorship. I find a case in the last Primitive Expounder, where some very ancient verses on the miseries of rum are published as the original production of a venerable old minister. Another case is in the "Banner of Love and Washingtonian Repository," where the lines of Leggett beginning "If yon bright stars which gem the night," are published as original, and signed "Harrietta A. Smith;" when, possibly, Miss or Mrs. Smith only meant that she copied them for publication. True—such ignorance in preachers and ladies, at this day, is not very probable, but still it is possible. But enough—here is the caution—let it pass for what it is worth,—not of sufficient value to condemn a man before he is proved guilty of something worth condemnation; yet sufficient to keep us in mind

that he is not yet in formal fellowship. Br. Chase, if he values his reputation will now demand charges and specifications, and have the whole affair thoroughly investigated by proper persons. A. B. G.

## CAUTION!

I will avail myself of this method, for the purpose of warning our brethren in the West, especially, against receiving REV. LEVI CHASE, as a minister in good standing in the Universalist denomination; for this good and sufficient reason, that said Chase is not connected with the denomination in any way whatever. He belongs to no Church, Association, or Convention of the denomination. His certificates of having been in good standing in the M. E. C., are not sufficient evidence that he is worthy of our confidence. We require better proof than Partialist certificates, to show that a man is in good standing in the Christian church. Such things amount to but very little, in our estimation. Let us be cautious how we receive them. Will papers friendly to a pure Ministry copy the above? G. L. L.

## RELIGIOUS NEWS.

REMOVALS.—Br. E. F. Quinby has removed to North Fryeburg, Me. Br. R. Blacker from Sharon to Livermore, Me. Br. D. M. Knapen to Hubbardtown, Vt. Br. W. Wilcox from Cheshire to Colerain, Mass. Br. Job Potter, of Cooperstown, has received and accepted a unanimous invitation to settle with the Universalist societies in Heuvelton and Ogdensburg, St. Lawrence county; and will immediately remove to the latter place. All letters and papers for him must therefore be directed to Ogdensburg, after the first of September.

Br. J. S. Kibbe has received and accepted an invitation to become the pastor of the Universalist societies in Collinsville and Leyden, Lewis county. Direct his letters and papers to "Constableville, Lewis county."

NEW SOCIETIES.—The Northern Association at its late session received into fellowship the new societies in Lowell and Tunbridge, Vt. A new society has been organized lately, in Franklin, on Spring Prairie, Walworth county, W. T. Br. J. B. Jackson preaches to them half the time.

NEW PREACHERS.—The Vt. Northern Association granted fellowship to Brs. James H. Burnham, Northfield; Sylvester C. Eaton, Chelsea; and Jabez Willey, Craftsbury. We notice also among the preachers present, the name of H. P. Cutting, Cabot—a name new to us.

NEW CHURCH.—Our brethren in Rochester city have lately organized a church in connection with the society there—number of members not stated. A. B. G.

## A VALUABLE WORK—CHEAP.

The third (or July) number of the "Select Theological Library" published by Brs. Gihon, Fairchild and Co., of Philadelphia, contains an exposition of the 24th and 25th chapters of Matthew's Gospel, illustrated with note and quotations of the parallel passages in Mark and Luke's Gospels, by Rev. Hosea Ballou, 2d—and all this, a large pamphlet beautifully printed, stitched, and covered, containing 20 large octavo double column pages, is afforded at the low price of 6 1-4 cents per copy! It being a periodical, can be sent by mail at a moderate postage.

Br. Ballou's style is one of the most simple, clear, and easy, we have ever read. His careful and very extensive researches, enable him to give with precision the most valuable authorities on the subjects and phrases involved in the subject. And his perfect candor and honesty render him a safe guide to those who, by their limited knowledge are compelled to rely on the information of others. We know not a writer of any denomination in whose theological ability, and candor, and judgment combined, we could recommend greater confidence. And in saying so, we are but uttering the opinions of all we have ever heard speak of the man. It is therefore only necessary, in order fully to recommend this work, to say that the publishers have also done their duty. It would be a capital work to purchase by the

quantity for gratuitous distribution—especially in *Mil-larised communities*. It can be had at this office—of Grosh & Walker, General Agents—at the Publishers' prices. Send in your cash—one, two, five, or ten dollars—and the amounts proper of pamphlets will be sent you in return, by mail or otherwise, as you may direct. A. B. G.

## BR. C. E. BROWN.

Many of our readers will remember the name, and peculiarly afflicting circumstances, and unwavering fidelity, of this ministering brother, and probably will wonder whether, after the immense sufferings he has endured, he can yet be in the land of living. To all such—yea, to all Universalists in this State—we answer—Br. C. B. Brown yet lives in that highest life pertaining to the man proper; and he yet lives in the body; but that body is *half dead*, and the remainder is painfully and slowly dying, day by day—and is in want of aid in the shape of medicine, food, and clothing. And the family of this dear, patient, suffering brother—especially his wife—also need aid in the shape of sustenance and clothing. They are nearly worn out, and are sinking under their long endured watchings, and toils, and cares, endured in his behalf. Can we say more to ensure their relief? Gladly would we fill column after column to do it. But need we say more? Is it not enough for Universalists to know the facts, to secure their aid?—not alone in the shape of commiserating sighs, sympathising tears, and wordy prayers; but in those *substantial* tokens, money, medicine, food and clothing, which show stronger than any other signs, that the head is clear and the heart is right before God and man. To state the facts, then, we give the following letter from Br. A. B. Simons, of Fulton, Oswego county, a faithful and active friend of our afflicted Brother, and a well known Universalist. Its statements in regard to Br. Brown's condition are confirmed to us by a trusty friend of ours who has just returned from personally visiting brother Brown, and who can not sufficiently express his wonder at Br. Brown's sufferings and patience, and at the devotion of his wife to her husband's service. Our friends may rely upon it, that this letter contains only the truth, as far as it goes; but that no description with pen or even tongue, can tell the whole truth—can fully and accurately describe the pain endured by, and the resignation and piety of the sufferer, and the unwearied attention which is wearing the wife to the grave with her husband. Let then, something be done immediately, to procure them proper aid—means, if possible, to hire such help as may, for a time, give rest to the family, should also be provided. Here is the letter. Read it, and then act.

N. B.—Any donations may be sent directed to "A. B. Simons, Fulton, Oswego county, N. Y." He will see them faithfully delivered and properly applied.

A. B. G.

Fulton, August 14, 1843.

DEAR BR. GROSH—I address you in behalf of our much afflicted Br. C. B. Brown—wishing you to lay his case before the Universalist denomination generally, in such form as you think best, from the information I here give you. I have visited him four or five times in the space of two months, and have found him in need each time. Yesterday I proposed to him to have some one draw up a statement of his case, and have it published in the Magazine and Advocate. He consented, and wished me to do it.

For the information of friends at a distance, I would say that Br. Brown's first consort lay some years confined to her bed, which kept him poor. I think in December, 1839, he was attacked, with the inflammatory rheumatism, in February or March, 1840, he got able to attend a Conference eight miles from home; and on his return, he had a more severe attack, which has confined him to his room to the present time, and for the last two years to his bed, with the exception of about twenty days the latter part of the past winter, when he was able to sit in a chair, from 5 to 45 minutes once a day. The posture in which he rests is lying; nearly flat on his shoulders, reclining on his right



hip, with his knees braced apart, and bent, so that the sole of the left foot rests square on the bed. From the hips downwards he has no use of his limbs—not to move even a toe. When turned on his left side he endures the most excruciating pain, and is not able to lie in that position but a few moments at a time. He has a sore located on the lower part of his back, nearly between the hips, which is from two to three inches in diameter, and which discharges at times large quantities of fresh blood.—*There is no time that he is free from pain*; and sometimes it is so severe that his groans have been heard forty rods, and the paroxysm continues from one to three hours! These severe turns or spasms, for the last two months have not been so frequent, nor held so long, as before, for a common thing.

Sister B. is in a decline of health, and has needed assistance to take care of her. The family consists of Br. and sister B., a daughter, and his son, (a lad of 16 years of age,) who is employed in attending to the family concerns and waiting upon his father.—Br. Brown has received the most of his support from the friends of humanity since his last attack, and a large proportion of that within the circle where he labored while able to preach. He has had no expense spared to get relief; but as yet in a measure failed in all attempts. He is now trying Bristol's syrup of Sarsaparilla, which his physician recommends. He has to take from 8 to 12 pills of opium as large as a pea, per day, to quiet his nerves and allay his pains.

I have been thus particular in describing his situation, to give the friends of humanity some faint idea of what a fellow mortal *can* undergo; but no tongue can express, nor mind conceive it fully; for it is past description how much he has endured. The object of this is, that wherever there is a friend to the suffering needy, they may have an opportunity to contribute to his necessities. The burthen has been on a small share, in comparison to what it would have been had others had the same chance to bestow their charities; and the aspect of things now require them, for Br. Brown is as likely to need them for three years to come, as for the past; and will need all the necessities of life that a family of four persons would want. If there could be some more systematic course pursued among the friends that have heretofore contributed to his relief, he would be more regularly supplied. Nothing is asked by him unless necessity compels, and then it is with reluctance. But let persons visit him, and they will not wait to be solicited to lend aid, but their sympathies will be excited and drawn out by affection and admiration of the sufferer, and they reap their reward in doing their duty. If it is asked what is needed, I answer nothing would come amiss that can be used in a family. His medicine that he now takes costs money, (that is, Sarsaparilla and opium,) of which he is now in great need. Friends who can forward either money, cotton cloth, clothing, etc., will confer a favor indeed. If our assembled bodies, such as associations, conferences, etc., would remind our friends of his wants, I think we should not have to appeal to them again, only that he still lives, and that on charity.

I must close, for I do not know where to stop. I leave it with you to put the above in such form as you think best. I regret that some one more able had not undertaken the task, and saved you the trouble. Yours in the bonds of peace,  
A. B. SIMMONS.

#### ATTENTION!

By the following it will appear that the annual meeting of the *Chenango Association* is postponed one day. We have made a corresponding alteration in the notice, which with this will, we suppose be sufficient, if the following is copied by Br. Price. A. B. G.

P. S.—Neither self nor Br. Soule can be present—other business and engagements preventing.

BR. GROSH—In consequence of having yesterday ascertained that there is to be regimental training in this village, on the first day to which our Association stands adjourned to meet, "by and with the advice and consent" of all the friends I have

been able to consult, I have assumed the responsibility of deferring the meeting a day. Hence it will be held on the first THURSDAY and following FRIDAY (7th and 8th) of September. Of course, the Council will convene *Thursday* instead of Wednesday morning. It is expected that a UNIVERSALIST CHURCH will be formed and recognized during the session. Please give all necessary notice of this fact, and of the above alteration, in the next two numbers of your paper, and much oblige me and all who are interested.

Yours with much respect, J. T. GOODRICH.  
P. S. Request the Union and Messenger to insert whatever you publish pertaining to the alteration, etc. J. T. G.

#### BLACK RIVER ASSOCIATION.

Having given the desired corrections of Br. Morse, in full, of the Minutes of this Association, and of his remarks on them—and having stated the reasons and causes of the omissions and errors thus corrected—it might be supposed enough had been said. But Br. Morse wishes to express his dissatisfaction of the reasons given, and we have no objection to his doing so, in the following note, which we have received from him. We will only add, to his note, that all Editors are not, perhaps, as accomplished and successful in their efforts to do exactly right and to avoid all difficulties, as Br. Morse was. *We did* as we would be done by. But hereafter we will deal with Br. Morse's articles as he requests us to do in the following—though we really doubt whether we shall, in so doing, please him as well as he always pleased his correspondents while he was an Editor.—Thank God, we shall soon cease to fill the station—and the worst wish we *could* have (we have it not) for Br. M., would be, that he might again try his skill at the business! A. B. G.

Br. Grosh.—The reason you assign in the Magazine and Advocate of July 28th, for omitting an expression I prepared for publication is not satisfactory. 1. I prefer to have an Editor *reject* my articles, rather than alter them. 2. When I was an Editor, I thought the rule of "doing as I would be done by," required me to publish what came from a responsible source, with the writers name,\* as he prepared it, if I published it at all, instead of altering it to suit my notions. 3. I did not write that the vote was *unanimous*, but that it was *without a dissenting voice*; and if any readers misconstrue the sense, the fault is not mine. 4. When I wish editorial aid "to avoid controversy" or conduct it, I will ask it. 5. "Give an impression contrary to fact!" and yet it was undeniably true. [*Literally true—not true according to impression.* A. B. G.] 6. Immediately after the vote, it was said in council, that it was remarkable the vote should be *unanimous* (as it was supposed to be, though it was not,) and then no voice was lifted against it. 7. Seldom if ever was there more unanimity on a question of that nature in any council.

Respectfully yours, P. MORSE.  
Henderson, August 16, 1843.

\* The omission was in an article bearing, not Br. Morse's name, but the name of *another*, which other would have been held responsible by many for Br. Morse's addition to the minutes—hence my omission of that addition. A. B. G.

#### ANOTHER NEW PAPER.

We have now 25 Universalist periodicals—27 if we include the two annuals; and 30 if we include the *Expositor* which is always about to be published, the *Philomath Encyclopedia* and *Alihn Bordman's* paper which may yet be in existence for aught I know. Of these but one is a source of any considerable profit to its proprietor—the rest, if their Editors, and correspondents and printers, were paid a fair compensation for their labors, would not leave a surplus, and the great majority would leave (as many now do leave) their proprietors in debt every year! Four-fifths of these papers call weekly, monthly, quarterly, and some of them constantly, for more aid, and piteously relate their sufferings for the want of more support. Once in a while one gives up the ghost, and proprietor, editor, printers,

paper and ink manufacturers, and good natured friends, mourn the loss of their dollars gone with it. But still, rapidly as one sinks, another starts into being, flushed with hopes of success that are destined, in nine cases out of ten, to perish. And yet, indignation is scowled on any person who shall breathe a word of caution, or utter a deprecating sentiment on the subject of starting new papers. We talk of the folly and madness of speculations in water and corner lots in 1836, yet have no eyes to behold the equally groundless speculation in publishing Universalist newspapers, though bubble after bubble is bursting around us.

"The Evangelist," a demy folio, published weekly, at one dollar per annum in advance, has been commenced in Salem, Mass. Brs. L. S. Everett, J. M. Austin, and S. C. Bulkeley, Editors. It is started because as Br. E. says, they want an organ through which to communicate with the public. There are now 13 papers published in the New England States, and 8 in Massachusetts alone, very few of which are crowded with communications—but probably Brs. Everett, Austin and Bulkeley's ideas are so large as to require one paper for their sole use, in addition to the room furnished them in the other papers!

PER CONTRA.—The *Genius of Truth*, published in Zanesville, Ohio, by Br. G. T. Flanders, after a trial of eight months, has died for want of support. It has not paid the cost of publishing, leaving the Editor minus his care, labor and time, and what it will yet cost him to furnish his subscribers with the *Star* in the West for the remainder of the year. Br. Flanders is able to "foot this bill," and so no one will feel the loss but himself. But if he had not been able, there would have been no little injury to others, and to the cause in that section, in consequence. Yet it is no one's business what new papers may be started! A. B. G.

JUST RECEIVED.—The third number of the Select Theological Library, entitled "Twenty fourth and twenty fifth chapters of St. Matthew's Gospel, illustrated with notes, etc., by Hosea Ballou, 2d. Price 6 1-4 cents.

#### ANOTHER CHANCE.

We have come to the conclusion (for which we shall give some good and sufficient reasons some of these days) to place the Magazine and Advocate, on the *advance pay* system, at the commencement of next volume. Now then, will be a good opportunity for those who have not paid for the current volume and who feel disposed to assist in sustaining our paper, to save the fifty cents due us after the first of May, last, by sending three dollars *free of postage*, and be credited in full for this year (1843) and next, (1844).

☞ We have just received a lot of new and handsome JOB TYPE, and should be happy to receive calls from our friends and others, who may want printing done either in the way of Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, or Cards, and we will endeavor to do it for them in as neat, cheap and expeditious a manner as possible.

Br. Hammond—I thank you for your trouble in regard to that proof sheet.—It is late to send another.  
A. B. G.

From the Balm of Gilead.

#### THE MISSIONARY AT HOME.

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

"Domestic love! to thy white hand is giv'n  
Of happiness, the golden key."

Kind reader, will you go with me for a little while into the snug parlor of Aunt Eunice Fletcher? Do not expect to find sofas and side-boards—ottomans and secretaries, for I can tell you before hand there are none there, but the cheerful aspect of every thing around, and above all, the sweet, good natured face of Aunt Eunice, (as she is every where called) while rocking to and fro in her high backed old fashioned chair, seems to say that Happiness sometimes deigns to dwell, where Fashion does not.



See! never was nice home-made carpet swept cleaner—never did an old fashioned clock tick in a more highly varnished case, and never did a greater profusion of sun-dial and Bachelor-buttons flourish beneath anybody's windows. While gazing at these outward signs of comfort, are you not almost tempted to exclaim with the poet quoted above,—

"Domestic love! to thy white hand is given  
Of happiness, the golden key!"

It does foreshadow look like a little Eden, shut out from the commotions of a wicked world, and was Aunt Eunice sole proprietor of the establishment, perhaps it would in some degree merit the name, but there is another genius connected with the household—one of those restless, active, thinking and petulant spirits, who, if they do not render the path of life thorny, make it often times rough and uneven. This was none other than Uncle Ichabod master of the domicile and consort of Aunt Eunice.

Picture to yourself a short thick man, with a cluster of light hair lying off from his high prominent forehead, with every motion betokening him to be of the nervous and sanguine temperament, one of those who can not bear contradiction, and will not brook insult, one who is easily irritated at trifles, and yet carries in his bosom as warm a heart as ever throbbed and you will have a correct idea of Uncle Ichabod.

To have seen him and listened to him while in a pet, one would have thought him destitute of every kind feeling, but let the voice of distress be heard in his own family, or that of his neighbor and there was none more ready to turn out, wait, watch and minister unto. He was moreover a thorough going business man. There was not a farm for miles around which could bear a comparison with his. In short he was forever planning, fretting, working, and calculating, and the result of all this was that the Fletcher farm as it was every where called, always produced the best of every thing, and every thing was always in the best repair. His fences stood erect while those of his neighbors were blowing down, and where could such heavy hogs—such high-spirited horses, and even such nice hens and chickens be found.

Aunt Eunice was in most things her husband's opposite—and it was always a great mystery among the neighbors how such antipodes in character ever came bound together in the holy bonds of matrimony. It was happy for the family that aunt Eunice was possessed of a happy heart—one which always made the best of every thing, for had it been otherwise, things must often have gone on badly at the Fletcher farm. She married her husband in early youth, knowing his peculiarities of temper, and she journeyed on from day to day, mindful of his comforts and heedless of his faults. She seemed to be determined in her own mind to be deaf and blind to his imperfections.

Three lovely children had risen like beautiful flowers in their path and the clear silvery laugh of little Edwin, their youngest, was always so full of glee and happiness that it had sometimes been known to soothe, even the moody spirit of his father. His curly hair was ever on the toss, and his clear blue eye was always liquid with delight, and there was not a knoll or stream—a bird's nest or a tree, but was as familiar to him as his mother's face. He knew where the "checkerberries" grew the thickest, where the strawberries ripened first, and he could hop the farthest—stand the longest on one foot, and say, "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers" faster than any boy in the neighborhood.

Felicia, their only daughter, was a tall romantic girl—fond of books, and there was not a day in which aunt Eunice was not told that she had "entirely spoiled Leccia."—"she never was good for any thing and never would be—just like her mother—not one bit of snap about her—always pouring over some old paper—for his part he wished her plaguy old books were at the bottom of Connecticut river." But when the Tuesday mail came in with the newspapers, Felicia was always called upon to read its contents to the family in the evening, and uncle Ichabod was always sure to find some piece, which he thought Farmer White, or Deacon Cobb, or Esquire

Hutchin ought to hear, and said neighbor was accordingly called in. On these evenings uncle Ichabod always occupied the high backed rocking chair, and any one could see while he was listening to the clear voice of his daughter, as she went through with page after page, and item after item, of newspaper matter, that he was as proud of her as father could be notwithstanding her "book learning." But at the end of every piece, she was sure to be told that "that piece warn't any great affair after all, and she needn't spend her breath reading any more such."

Harvey Fletcher was their eldest child, and uncle Ichabod's idol. But he never showed his idolatry by caresses of any kind. He seldom spoke to his son, save with harsh words. He however said that Harvey should have a good "education," and many a dollar did he expend for him at the high school. At the end of every term he questioned him very particularly about his "ciphering," for in uncle Ichabod's mind, ciphering was the soul and body of an education. He had no objection to the master's "learning Harvey other fol de rols if he thought best," he said, "but he must be a cipherer and that's all about it."

Now it happened, that Harvey, unlike his father, had a mind so constituted that it learned numbers slowly, and he abhorred mathematics "above ground," to use his own phrase. Place a Geography before him, let him read of the wonderful luxuriance of the torrid zone, how the fire-flies sparkled among the dark green vines, and the wild wonders of creative power roamed untamed about, or carry him away with the Greenlander while he trimmed his lamp with oil, and watched for the sun through the long, long night, and his eye would brighten, and his cheek glow with enthusiasm. But tell him of quotients and angles and he was dull and uninterested—he saw no beauty in the science. In vain Mr. Strickland reasoned with him, and told him of the necessity of mathematical knowledge to a business man—in vain he repeated to him the injunction of his father; even that had no effect upon him. He would sit for hours, dreaming over the pages of his Astronomy, picturing to himself bright worlds, and peopleing them with the fairy being of his fancy, until the remembrance of the black-board recitation would flit, like a dark shadow over his mind and rouse him up, to unwilling exertion. But his lesson in Arithmetic was always imperfect, and Mr. Strickland, knowing the fiery temper of uncle Ichabod, and fearing that his ire might be aroused in case Harvey remained longer with him without greater proficiency, resolved on sending him a note declaring the whole state of the affair. Accordingly when the four o'clock bell rung for dismissal one afternoon, Mr. Strickland called Harvey, and delivered to him a note to be given to his father. Harvey was ignorant of its contents, but he instantly surmised it must be about himself, but he was a straight-forward, truly-loving boy; so he folded it in a smaller compass, and safely deposited it in his vest pocket. He resolved upon giving it to his mother, for she usually did all the talking with uncle Ichabod—the children shrunk from the eye which always rebuked.

When Harvey arrived at home, aunt Eunice was just finishing her week's ironing. He marched up to the table and delivered the note into her hands.

"Why, who is this from, child?" said she. "From the master," said Harvey. "What is it about?" "I don't know; he gave it to me to give to father."

"I hope you have not been guilty of any 'saucy' tricks at school," said she, eyeing him sharply with her dark grey eye.

"None that I am conscious of," said Harvey with an air of perfect unconcern.

"I wonder what it can be about!" continued aunt Eunice, holding it up, so that the light from the window gleamed through it. "I will see."

She broke the seal and read the contents. A shade passed over her usually calm features, and sitting down in a chair which stood close by, she mused over it in silence. Felicia left her sewing by the window, and leaned over her mother's arm, to see, but aunt Eunice

folded it very quietly, and put it into her pocket. Preparations for supper were made in the usually quiet manner.

When uncle Ichabod came in to the supper table that night he was in a high passion. Esq. Hutchin's sheep had trespassed upon his land, and he declared in no very gentle terms, that he would kill every neighbor's geese, hens, sheep, or turkeys, which should henceforth shew their heads any where on his premises. Aunt Eunice did not venture to remark on the subject, but turned the conversation as soon as possible.

That night, uncle Ichabod listened to Felicia's reading with more interest than usual, and after she had read the paper through twice to the advertisements, and the marriages and deaths twice over, he went to bed and covering his head with the quilt was soon snoring audibly.

"Mother, you haven't told father about that note, have you," said Felicia, as she took the candle to retire.

"No; nor shall I to-night, child,—good night."

After every sound was hushed, aunt Eunice took the light and went towards Harvey's bed-room. She opened the door and entered.

"I am not asleep, mother," said Harvey. "I can not sleep. What time is it?" "It is late," said his mother, "but I have come to have a short talk with you, and am glad to find you awake. Harvey, do you wish to see that note?"

"Oh! yes, mother," said he, as he reached forth his hand eagerly for it. "It is a sad report, and would exasperate your father, how much you know as well as I."

"Mother, I can not study Arithmetic! I do not like it," and the poor boy covered his face with his hands.

"So I am to infer from that, am I, that you never intend to do any thing which you do not like to? That is a bad rule my son, one which never will win you one warm friend, and one which you will find it impossible always to follow. This is a world of sorrow and perplexity, and I know of but one way of being happy in it, and that is always to do what is exactly right, and to consult your own pleasure less than that of those around you. I presume you will find many obstacles in your way, but which will most betoken a brave spirit, to overcome them manfully, or to yield tamely without trying to conquer? I shall say nothing about the note. You will go to school to-morrow as usual, and I trust we shall hear nothing more of your nonproficiency." So saying she wished him "good night."

That was a long and weary night to the young spirit of Harvey Fletcher. He tossed and turned to the evident discomfort of little Edwin, who lay beside him, and at last, finding it impossible to sleep, he arose, and lighting a candle, reached up and drew down his slate and Arithmetic from his satchel. He sat down by the head of his bed and leaning his head upon his arm, reviewed page after page in his preceding lessons. The grey light of the morning found him thus engaged. A strong spirit was roused within him. The calm, sweet voice of his mother had acted like magic, and he determined to overcome every difficulty if by so doing he could contribute to her happiness.

The next day his recitation in Arithmetic was for the first time in his life pronounced good,—and uncle Ichabod's eyes sparkled brighter than they were wont, not long after, when he heard his son spoken of as one of "the best cipherers in school."

I have related the above incident, only to show in what a manner the quiet spirit of aunt Eunice always operates in stilling family disturbances, and making her home what it seems to the passer-by, a quiet and happy spot. Is she not a Missionary,—yes! a self-denying and devoted Missionary, on the very ground God has given woman to cheer and bless—the field of Home? Would there were more such!

Kind reader, have you a Missionary spirit? Do you long to see this wicked world going back to Eden innocence? If so, begin at home. Root out every weed of discord and selfishness—adorn, deck and beautify it. Humble and lonely though it may be, until,

"From its white walls, the very tendrils wreathing,  
Seem with soft links to draw the wanderer back;  
and I say unto you "verily you shall have your reward."



# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."....."PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

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For the Magazine and Advocate.

## ORIGINAL SERMON

Preached to the society at Collinsville, and repeated to the society at Leyden, on accepting their invitation to settle with them.

BY REV. J. S. KIBBE.

"And let us consider one another, to provoke unto love and to good works." Heb. x: 24.

The great object of the institution of the Christian ministry, was for the instruction, reformation and comfort of the children of men. Or, to say the least, this was one great object of this institution. It is needless, and it is not my intention, to dwell upon the importance and necessity of the introduction of the Christian ministry. Neither is it needful that I dwell upon the importance of the perpetuation of that ministry. As it ever has been, since it was instituted, it will ever be, so long as mankind are subject to mortality and liable to err, a needful institution to instruct and encourage the weak, to unclinch the shackles of error and to console the afflicted. No labored argument is necessary to convince the Christian believer of these facts.—Were arguments necessary, they might be multiplied almost without number. You might be pointed to the hallowed influence of the ministrations of pure and undefiled religion upon the face of society—its deep workings when it enters the domestic circle, where the strength of the social compact, the mildness and serenity it gives to every inmate, attest its benignity. You might be pointed to its hallowed influence exerted in preparing the Christian to live well and die well, giving him to "know that if this house of our tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Look at the calm, quiet and resigned Christian, whose soul is filled with this assurance. He has made the fast approaching dissolution of his frail tenement the subject of quiet and thoughtful contemplation. He has learned to realize that this is not "man's abiding place." But with this fact, he has also learned to realize that he is seeking "a city which is to come, whose maker and builder is God." Here is to be his eternal home. He associates therewith, the presence of God, with all its fulness of joy, and the pleasures that flow from his right hand forever more. He associates heaven with it, with all the purified sons and daughters of Adam—immortality with its endless continuance, and all its beauty, vigor and strength eternalized, and put on them as a garment—endless life with all its bliss and ceaseless round of pleasures, as their rich inheritance.

But I almost forget that I am adding arguments upon a point which I said needed no labored argument. For every Christian is ready to admit the importance, and the necessity of the perpetuation of the Christian ministry; and is ready to admit the great work it has executed and is still executing. These things, I say, are admitted by every Christian, though, by some, they are held in theory rather than reduced to practice. It is more particularly to the negligent, indifferent and theoretical Christian, that the following remarks are intended. And perhaps I might add with safety, that it is little to be feared that any of us are now, or will be too much engaged in the cause which we have espoused. Let us, one and all carefully look to this thing, and act with a full purpose of heart.

Brethren, as I have accepted your invitation to settle with you and dispense to you the "word of life," a fit opportunity offers itself for appealing to your hearts for energetic action in the cause of our divine Redeemer—for a deeper engagedness in the great truth of a world's salvation. We are all

aware that we have abundant reason to thank God for the civil and religious privileges we enjoy—for the blessed hope we have, through the death and resurrection of the Saviour to immortality. We can not but be aware, that no small share of our earthly enjoyment depends upon our building ourselves up in our joy-inspiring faith, upon our keeping our hearts warmed with the genial rays of Christian truth, and upon having our souls filled with the pure waters of life.

With the view of guiding us into some profitable reflections at this time, I have selected this text—"Let us consider one another, to provoke unto love and to good works." The text suggests what I wish to enforce. Let us clothe our hearts with our most holy faith, which works by love and purifies the inner man. Let a deep and all-absorbing energy possess our minds. Let us walk in confidence, trusting in that God whose arm is mighty, and outstretched to save. There is nothing like an earnestness and deep-rooted confidence in the faith we profess, to build us up together, to warm our hearts and make us glad in our earthly pilgrimage. Do we realize this? Do we bestow upon this fact a serious thought? Do our acts testify that reference is had to it? What is our faith and its teachings, for which this earnest appeal for their cultivation in our hearts, is made? It can be briefly summed up. They require no long, fine-spun articles of some creed-making man.—They are clearly enough developed in the Bible without any foreign aid. Our faith teaches that there is "one God and Father of all," who is above all, and through all and in you all." Eph. iv: 6. It teaches that the Saviour was "sent into the world, not to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved," he, having given "himself a ransom for all to be testified in due time." John iii: 17; 1 Tim. ii: 6. In reference to the future condition of the human family, it teaches that when raised from the dead, "they can die no more; for they are equal unto the angels, and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection." "And when all things shall be subdued unto him (Christ) then shall the Son be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all." Luke xx: 36; 1 Cor. xv: 28. More in confirmation of the above need not be added.

How fitted this faith to make the feeling heart rejoice! How fitted to prepare us for the great change that awaits us! How admirably adapted to calm our fears, to soothe us amidst the great One Sorrow of our existence, and to make us wait patiently till our change come? There is nothing in it to affright the child or terrify the adult. All are bright associations that cluster around it. All is beauty and grandeur in that upper and better world to which we are all tending. No sin, or sorrow, or death shall be there. No pains, or groans, or sighs shall be there. No mourning child shall sit down in grief that a father or mother has been separated from him or her, never to meet again. No wandering prodigal shall return to the "celestial city of the living God" and stand before its pearly gates, lifting up a ceaseless wail at the thought, or rather the painful reality that God, the Father of all mercies, has no mercy for him. But all is joy and gladness in that abode. All is harmony. For it is written in burning capitals upon every gate, to be read by every joyous and white-robed spirit of that celestial throng—THE LOST IS FOUND. Oh how this truth will send a thrill of gladness through the hearts of the heavenly host, which shall vibrate eternally from the centre to the circumference. Realize it for a moment. *The lost found!* Fit theme to awake rejoicing. The father greets the smile that will

never grow dim in sadness. The mother takes the hand that will never become cold in death. The child meets the long separated parents, and they embrace each other with a warmth that shall never cool. The happy spirit shall exclaim, "I am here with my God, my Saviour; yes we are all here, our kindred, our friends, our neighbors and our enemies converted into friends; all here, 'a happy family in heaven!'" Is this all fancy? Is there nothing of reality in it? Has this faith no power to "allure to brighter worlds and lead the way?" Does it fail to touch the heart—to soften our feelings—to fill us with resignation to the will of Heaven—and to console us amidst afflictions, by applying the prophetic declaration, "The days of thy mourning shall be ended?" I know your answer if you felt its influence. You can testify as an apostle of old, that "it is the power of God unto salvation." Rom. i: 16. You can look back and see its constant operations in making mankind better and happier—in spreading a holy charm over the prospect of futurity—foreshadowing the period when the purposes of God shall be accomplished, transgression ended, everlasting righteousness brought in, tears cease to flow, man be reconciled to God, and the Father glorified, praised, adored, by a universe of intelligent creatures, all participating in the joys of immortal fruition, and basking in the sunshine of an endless and unclouded felicity. This is no fiction. This is no powerless faith. It is filled with the outpouring of God's holy spirit. It is mighty to support all that will lean upon it.—And its power shall never fail. When the less attracting schemes of the religious world shall have been subjected to the reason of humanity and revelation, and their influence forever departed—when the sound of all partial systems shall have died away upon the lips of the future, and their very names left to slumber in forgetfulness—when the voices of false religion shall have ceased to echo around the graves of the old and the cradles of the rising generations, then will the sublime faith of a world's salvation through a crucified and risen Saviour, rise to cheer and gladden the heart with its peaceful sway—then will the local be lost in the general, the partial in the universal, and truth spread her wings to the encircling of all in peace, and happiness, and joy.

Brethren, allow me, as I wish now to come a step nearer to "your business and your bosoms," while I open the inquiry, What is our duty?—What is demanded of us? The answer is plain and obvious. If we would benefit ourselves and those around us, we must be awake, be up and doing; for it is not the forgetful hearer, but the doer of the word whose works are accepted and blessed of God. In short, *individual activity*, is demanded of us. Though every thing around us seems converging and tending towards the establishment of those principles for which we contend—though a spirit of inquiry is abroad, and old opinions laid deep in the reverential love of the people, cemented together with the blood of martyrs, are being examined and thrown away—yet, this is no time to be idle, no time to slumber. We should be among the first to catch the spirit of the awakening influence, and go forth in renewed strength to the work in the vineyard of our Master. If others are verging towards us, dropping one error after another—and if others are joining us in those truths we have embraced, and helping to spread them abroad, it can not effect us very materially. What I mean is this, if others are warming their hearts in the genial beams of Christianity, it will not warm ours. We must submit ourselves to the same task—we must sit where they have been,



and receive all from the same great fountain. The heart, like yonder moon in the sky, is an opake body, and may reflect some of the rays of Christian truth, and like that moon with respect to the sunshine, absorbs itself the heat, and reflects none. And if we have no more of Christianity than is reflected from the hearts of others, we may have a feeble light, but it will be destitute of warmth.—There may be some, even, among us, (for we claim little superiority over other sects in this respect,) whose chief enjoyment in the truth embraced, consists in the fact that many are embracing it. So certain it is, that their chief rejoicing consists in this fact, that they are quite indifferent about the truth, unless the multitude go there. If so, they have some little earnestness about them. But all the religion they have, is a little light, perhaps, without any heat. But this is not all that we would have. This is not the kind of piety we would desire, neither is it a kind that would prove very beneficial. We would have a religion that would make us individually religious, though the multitude should be profane. We would have a piety that would burn in our hearts, and warm our feelings, though it should burn solitary and alone. Then it will be fruitful, and repay us with a golden harvest.

Let me insist, then, that you be vigilant, lest the mists and shadows of indifference and moral apathy fall upon you. Let me caution you lest your harps be found hanging upon the willows, and all your spiritual energies congealed, as if they had been exposed to the chilling blasts of a December night. Let me insist upon individual action in this matter. For even in religious, as in political affairs, it is the individual that moves the mass. Now that you have a stated ministry, on each returning Sabbath let every one of you resolve to be at the house of public worship. No trifling circumstance, no affair of a moment, that would not, in the least, derange the ordinary business of life, should deter you from being there.—The watch-word of each should be, whatever others may think, or say, or do, I am resolved to be there. I will contribute the unit of my individual mind, the springs of my individual influence to further the cause I have embraced, to diffuse life and animation all around, lest we be found as a valley of dry bones, from which lifeless state, no breath of animation can awaken us. I will not be inactive while every thing around me is teeming with life and energy. While the planets as they roll, and nature through all her walks, are praising God, my tongue shall not be mute, my heart shall not be tuneless. Let this be your purpose, and what earnestness will be given to your devotion, what testimony will be given to the world that you are full of confidence in your faith, what newly awakened feelings will go out from our hearts, and create us anew in the likeness of the Redeemer. This is what we wish to see—this is what we wish to feel. For this let us strive—and we know,

"All hands engaged, the royal work grows warm!"

This call for individual action is not made for a benevolent purpose alone. It is not to benefit those around you altogether. It is not self-sacrificing in its nature. When a world-wide philanthropy goes out of our bosoms—our faith becomes a living thing—our piety becomes active, then it shall be ours to look abroad, and all around, and down deep into our hearts, and "see, like the husbandman, who sees his garden and fields covered with the beautiful creations of his own industry, and sees, like God, that all his works are 'good.'" You will feel that your alliance to the teachings of your faith is an honor to you—that your constant reliance on it, is your first and sweetest happiness—and that your friendship for it, is a source of never failing comfort to you.

If this be the case, your faith with a plastic hand will fashion the very body of your character, and "breathe into it by divine inspiration, whatever of life, beauty and loveliness it may present to the eye of the world." And a just conception of your duty to yourself and your Maker—a firm resolve to be faithful to the truth committed to your care—and

a continual pressing forward in the path of well-doing, will build us up in our most holy faith. We shall behold the people coming from the North and the South—the East and the West, and sitting down with us to the inviting feast of the Gospel.—There we can mutually drink at the same great fountain without fear of its exhaustion. There we can feast upon the same great bounty of our heavenly Father. There is enough and to spare in that great storehouse, as in the mansion of the prodigal's father. We shall be quickened to a lively hope, have our hearts set on divine things, and our minds filled with the fulness of the Gospel of peace.

But without this conception of our duty, and a firm resolve to discharge it—without a deep seated piety in our bosoms, which will be active, our professions will be vain and hypocritical—our places of public worship and our altars will be nothing but enduring monuments, bearing in living characters, the common but significant inscription, "Your faith, like your works, is dead." This would not tell very well for our zeal. It would seem little like holding fast the profession of our faith. We could none of us desire such a state of things. We should deeply lament it, were it to fall upon us. And I trust you will consider these things, and act in reference to these great truths whereof we have been made glad. We have experienced how great the tide of opposition is, which, in many places, is set in against us. We have seen the measures that have been, and are still taken to prejudice the public mind against those truths which to us are unspeakably precious. We are aware of the opinions entertained of us, by those who claim the honor of orthodoxy. And let us see that "our good"—our faith, by our loose and improper conduct, is not "evil spoken of."

Hitherto, brethren, you will perceive that my remarks have been general rather than particular. I have spoken of our duty in somewhat of a summary manner. Though I deem it non-essential to particularize to any great extent, yet it may not be out of place to mention a few individual particulars in our duty. It is but reasonable to suppose, in justice to your good sense, your moral integrity, and your soul-enshrined religion, that, while we remain in our present relation, you would not have me disseminate and encourage immoral principles, you would not have me sow the seeds of vice, and foster the sprouting germ—you would not have me inculcate a reckless daring in the path of degradation—neither would you have me declare myself in favor of looseness in your conduct, laxity in your morals, or lassitude in your social and religious principles. As you would not have me do the whole, or any one of these things, so you will expect that I will use my power and influence to discourage them. You will expect me to speak plainly and decidedly should occasion call for it. It is but justice to you as a Christian community, enjoying Christian privileges, and believing the Christian principles, to suppose that you would not expect me to disseminate erroneous ideas, to sow the seeds of discord, to foster vulgar and vicious habits, and to encourage a spirit of criminal indulgence. Otherwise, all your professions would be falsified—all your partiality for your faith would be hypocrisy—and all your religion mere mockery. And not only this, but such a state of things would be attended with loss of character, loss of reputation, and an accumulating weight of misery. And after all, you would present to the eye of the world the mournful spectacle, that the Christian religion had failed to touch your hearts, warm your feelings, animate your souls, verifying the poet's sentiment,

"It fell a sunbeam on a blasted blossom."

I have before spoken more plainly upon the duty incumbent upon you, to be regularly at the house of public worship, and to let no trifling consideration prevent it—a consideration which would not disturb the ordinary affairs of the week. I need but barely mention it again. Indeed, I should not be justified in reverting to it now, were it not the fact that more remissness is betrayed upon this point, perhaps, than upon any other. Not to say that I speak of you now,

from any personal knowledge. I do not know but with you it is, as I could wish it to be, and hope it will be while you live, namely, that you can not recognize the sin of remissness in review of your lives. Neither would I say that Universalists are much more remiss upon this point than other denominations. I believe, as a whole, they are not. Perhaps it would not be saying too much, were I to say, that there is undoubtedly a little too much remissness among all sects. On this point it is not saying much for us, even, if we do as well as our self-called orthodox neighbors. If they are in the fault here, we should profit by their error, and not feel contented in doing as they do, even, though it be conceded that they do well. The creed "*do well*" will answer in some instances, as that mentioned by St. Paul in reference to matrimony; but matrimony, and the duty of attending public worship—of cultivating religious principles in our hearts—are two things, and very different in their character. Then the creed "*do better*" is the one to which we should subscribe—this should be our motto, and we should look to it, and carry it out. I need not point out the many ways in which people strive to find an excuse for neglecting the sanctuary of the most High. For there, you may review your own lives, and if you fail to find them there, then ask your Christian brother the next time his seat is vacant in the house of worship, what excuse he has to offer, and he will tax his ingenuity for one. And in all probability, should you follow up this course with every member of the society, or every acknowledged believer in Universalism in the vicinity, before one year rolled away, you would be furnished with a catalogue of excuses which would amuse a fireside circle; and should it be read to the congregation, the blush of shame, perhaps, would be visible on the cheeks of more than one. *Brethren, these things ought not to be!*

Next to this, I would name the duty of integrity to your faith. I would see among you, a consciousness that you are walking in the light of truth. I would see among you an open manifestation that you esteem yourselves in the right. I would see you walking erect, manly, firmly, as if you felt that your course was approved by your conscience and your God. It may be that I should explain what is here meant, and how the application should be made. It is sometimes the case that we meet with a very timid Universalist. He may be strong in the faith. He may have a great partiality for it. It may give him an inward sense of joy when he contemplates its results. But he may be alarmed lest his self-styled orthodox neighbor should not approve his course, should he be more open. Something, he fears, may be said or done by a certain class who are nominal Christians, but practical Pharisees, that will injure his reputation—his good name, interest or trade. In short, he is very timid; even so much so, that should any one call him a Universalist he would be half inclined, like Peter, to deny his Master. If he chances to attend church, he is fearful while going—appears more like a galley-slave while there than a devout worshipper, and leaves, as if in a fright, when the benediction is pronounced. There is another class of timid Universalists who betray little integrity for the truth, in high political stations, or are angling for some great office. Were it not for politics, they would be found in their places with a right ready good will. But as it is, they endeavor to walk between Orthodoxy and Universalism, and shake hands with the adherents of both. This is betraying a timidity but little less than the other class, and no more justifiable. Now, I would see none of this cowardly spirit among Universalists—no compromise with truth and error. To all such, I feel inclined to say, as said Alexander the Great to one of his soldiers, on hearing that he bore his name and was a coward. After asking him if such was the case, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, he replied "Change your name, or your actions." *Brethren*, this cowardly spirit ought not to be among us. Let us put it away, if we have it, one and all.

The last particular I would specify, is, that you cultivate the social principles. I fear that with



many of us, this duty is too much neglected. As far as my observation extends, this is too true both of the city and country. I think that truth would not suffer were it said of either place, that often strangers come to our places of worship week after week, and very few know ought of them—whence they are. Few have exchanged the friendly salutation—have welcomed them among us with a warm greeting—have accosted them with a smile. Oh, there is nothing that will make a stranger rejoice more than to show him that he is welcome—that he is not altogether among strangers. How his heart will leap with joy when he learns that you have an interest in his welfare—that your sympathies are enlisted in his favor, and that he can rely on your friendship. Though he came a stranger, he has gone away rejoicing that he has found a welcome among friends. This is my duty, and it is yours, too, my brethren. And if we set ourselves individually to discharge it, we shall build ourselves up—we shall be growing in grace and in the knowledge of God. We shall be blessed in our deeds. We shall see others made happy around us and feel happy ourselves. We shall be growing to “the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.” Our hearts will be made better, our feelings will become softened. Around our pathway will beam the sunshine of truth—upon our heads will fall the showers of divine grace, and around our shoulders will hang the garments of righteousness, testifying to ourselves and to all around, that our labor has not been in vain. Amen.

From the Star of Bethlehem.

#### THE OBJECTION ANSWERED BY THE OBJECTOR.

“I could be a Universalist very well, were it not for one thing,” said an intelligent physician to me a short time since, whose mind, though clear on many subjects was greatly in the dark with respect to religious truth.

“And pray, sir,” said I, in reply, “what can that ‘one thing’ be, which seems so great an objection to the sublime doctrine of a world’s salvation?”

“Why,” said he, “I can see no difficulty in the way of the salvation of the common class of sinners; but then, just think of pirates, robbers, and other classes of sinners equally awful. Now, really, I do not see how these people can go to heaven.”

“I fear you do not view the subject in its true light. I hope you do not imagine that Universalists believe that pirates and robbers are going to heaven as such,” was my reply.

“Oh, no,” said the doctor. “I know that they believe that they must be made holy first. And although this seems somewhat reasonable, still it does seem to me that such awful creatures can never reach heaven.”

“Well,” I remarked, “let us reason on this subject a little. You have no trouble in believing that the common class of sinners will be saved; but it is the pirate and the robber that interferes with your believing in Universalism. Now, sir, will you have the goodness to inform me how wicked one may be, and still be saved, and also how good one may be, and still be damned?”

“Oh, I don’t know any thing about that,” said he, “but, really, I can’t think that these awful creatures can be saved.”

“I presumed that you would answer me in this way. But my question is not to be disposed of so easily. The fact is, you can not draw the dividing line, and I never yet have seen the individual that could. The moment you attempt it, you virtually declare that an individual may be so wicked, and still be saved, while another, hardly a shade worse—not enough worse to be perceptible—will certainly be eternally damned. And what sentiment can charge the Deity with more cruel injustice than this?”

“Well, there does seem to be some difficulty there, but still I can’t think that such awful creatures can be saved,” replied the doctor.

“Well, then, let us view the subject in a different light. You admit that the more sinful and

wretched one is, the more he needs salvation, do you not?”

“Oh, certainly,” was the ready reply.

“Well, then, these awful creatures, being so much more wicked than common sinners, certainly stand more in need of salvation. This you admit?”

“Well—yes,” said the doctor, hesitatingly.

“Well then,” said I, “you could be a Universalist were it not for one thing. You have found a class of sinners who stand so greatly in need of salvation, that you do not see how in the world they can be saved! Rather singular logic, this!”

I here found it impossible to clear the doctor’s mind on this subject, so long had it been, in darkness, and the victim of early education. The next day I met him returning from a distant visit to one of his patients. He seemed to be fatigued, having been called away from the quiet repose of sleep. I accosted him thus,

“Well doctor, you seem to be rather tired.—You have had rather a fatiguing visit, I presume.”

“Yes,” said he, “and I would not have gone at all, had not the man been very sick, and therefore in great need of my services.”

“Have you any patients nearer home, who need your aid?”

“Oh, yes, I have a great many, but then they are nothing near so sick as the one I last left.”

“Well,” said I, “why don’t you take care of them, instead of going so far out of your way to aid one so very sick?”

“Why, for this reason,” said the doctor. “Those patients near my door are not so wretched as the one I last left; and does not the fact that this man stands in so much need of my aid, give me more reason to aid him first?”

“Well, it may be so,” said I, “but I can not see it. I have no difficulty in seeing why you should aid the common class of sick persons, but why in the world you should go out of your way to help one who is so very sick, appears to be a mystery.”

“Well,” said the doctor, “I am astonished at your blindness on this point. You of course admit that the more wretched a man is, the more he needs aid?”

“Certainly,” said I.

“Well, then,” said he, “this sick man stands in so great need of my aid, that it is a mystery to you why I should aid him at all! My dear sir, this simple fact of itself is sufficient reason why I should aid him before any others.”

“Oh, I see the force of your argument now, and really it is reasonable. By the way, your mind seems to be a little clearer than it was yesterday. Then you could not be a Universalist, because of a certain class of individuals who stood in so great need of salvation that you could not see how in the world they could be saved! To tell you plainly, I saw the force of your reasoning from beginning to end. But recollecting our conversation yesterday, I thought I would let you go on, as you was in a fair way for it, and remove your own objection to the doctrine of Universalism. And you have done it most admirably. You are aware of it, I presume.”

“Well, really,” said the doctor, “I never thought of that before. I will, however, think of it more in future.”

“That is right,” said I; “adopt no conclusion hastily, but give it serious thought, and I doubt not your mind will soon rest in the truth.”

And now I have a word to say to the candid reader. Have you ever looked upon these wretched mortals as being too wicked to be saved? If so, remember that of all classes of mortals, they are the most unfortunate, and have the greatest need of salvation. View them not with a feeling of revenge, but with the eye of pity, ever remembering that God, who is rich in mercy and love, is yet able to wash away their sins, and render them fit companions for angels, to sing His praises forever. Amen.

G. H. E.

*Swine’s wool.*—In announcing a lot of soap the other day from Indiana, we expressed a hope that the western folks would not get to manufacturing newspapers out of their hogs—but ‘pon our honor, we might begin to is the material out of which paper is made. The fol-

think they will. Already they are making cloth out of “swine’s wool,” and cloth or rags, every one knows, lowing is from the Northampton (Mass.) Democrat:—“They have commenced, at Cincinnati, the manufacture of a very neat and useful article of floor and hearth cloth, from hog’s hair. The hair is softened by immersion in lard oil, and afterwards spun and woven into cloth, and colored as fancy dictates.

#### MARRIAGES.

In Albany, August 28th, by Rev. S. B. Britain, Rev. H. B. SOULE, Pastor of the Universalist society in this city, to Miss CAROLINE A. WHITE, of the former place.

In Sheshequin, August 16th, by Rev. S. J. Gibson, Mr. FRANCIS VAN ALSTINE, of Owego, N. Y., to Miss ELIZA SNYDER, of the former place.

In this city, (at “Griffins Hotel,”) August 15th, by Rev. A. B. Grosh, Mr. SETH BIRGE, Jr., to Miss FREELOVE HENDERSON, both of New Hartford.

#### DEATHS.

In Buffalo, on the 23d August, Mrs. ELIZA HOYT, wife of Mr. Medad Hoyt, aged 36 years. She met her great change with the strong faith and chastened submission of a Christian—resigned her loved children to the care and protection of her and their Father in heaven, and fell asleep in the hope of a glorious immortality. S. R. S.

In Dexter, Jefferson county, July 28th, of consumption, Mrs. ELECTA, consort of Alexander Darrow, and sister of Rev. O. Wilcox; in the 36th year of her age.

In the earlier part of her life she was a member of the Methodist church, and her husband a preacher of that doctrine. Some years ago, she began to examine more closely the doctrines of that church, and found they had no foundation in truth. She finally embraced the Gospel of universal grace, and found “great joy and peace in believing.”—She possessed a strong and vigorous mind; and notwithstanding the strenuous efforts that were made by her husband and some of his Partialist comrades, to destroy her confidence in God, by proclaiming to her the doctrines of endless sin, and suffering, and fiends—she remained firm and unshaken until the last. Report was very busy in telling of her doubts, and darkness, and unbelief; and a “thousand and one” other stories about Universalists and Universalism, &c. But it so happened that the writer was with her during her last moments, and she frequently told me she had no doubts—that she had made up her mind when well, and that she found it to be the only consolation—that she would not part with it for the world. A short time before her death, she exclaimed with transport, “glory! glory!”—said she, “I am happy! O, you can’t tell how happy I am! how pleasant every thing looks!” Said I, “Mrs. Darrow, what makes you so happy?” She said she was soon going to dwell with her Saviour—“I am going to see my Father in heaven.”

She requested to have the writer preach her funeral sermon, which he did, to a respectable congregation, from Ps. xlv. 6. She has left a husband and five small children to lament their loss. God grant to enlighten the mind of the husband, that he may not mourn without hope. G. S. A.

In South Bainbridge, on Friday morning, June 30th, STEPHEN PRESSON, aged 68 years. Br. Presson was born in Vermont. He was twice elected a representative of the people in the Legislature of his native State, and discharged the duties of his responsible station with fidelity, and to the satisfaction of his constituents. He emigrated to this State some years ago, and settled in South Bainbridge, Chenango county, where he lived until the time of his death. During his residence in this place, he has been distinguished for his uprightness, integrity, and moral worth. Both his precepts and example exerted an influence which told powerfully on the side of virtue. For a number of years he has been a consistent believer in Universalism, and an excellent and worthy member of the society and church in this place. He loved the truths of the Gospel, and was always punctual and regular in his attendance upon religious worship. It may truly be said of him, that he was an ornament to the doctrine which he professed. He enjoyed the respect and esteem of all who knew him. His faith sustained him through his protracted illness, and his death was calm, peaceful and happy. His funeral was attended on Sunday, July 2d, by a large concourse of friends and acquaintances, when a discourse was preached by the writer, from Acts viii: 2, “And devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him.”

E. E. G.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## THE STREAMLET.

Glide on bright stream! in joyous mood,  
Through shady groves and lonely wood,  
Where blooms the rose in wildest form,  
Nursed by the dews, and sunbeams warm,  
That softly gleam where branches bend,  
And in thy glassy waters blend  
Each leaf, and stalk, and blossom sound,  
That deck the long untrodden ground.

The birds come here to bathe their wing,  
Or wet their throats and gaily sing  
Their anthems sweet to stream and grove,  
Or warble forth their lays of love.  
And wild bees, too, with droning hum,  
From some old tree afar have come,  
To steal the flowery sweets away,  
And bear them home at close of day.  
But still, a fragrance fills the breeze  
That murmurs through the forest trees,  
And bows the fox-glove's modest head  
Down o'er the streamlet's pebbly bed.

Glide on, bright streamlet! for thou art free  
To wander 'neath each green clad tree,  
Or wind away through grassy dell  
And laughing, play with moss and bell,  
Which grow in beauty on the brink,  
Where many a fawn has stooped to drink,  
And turned away with startled bound  
As though it heard some baying hound.

But few have trod with careless feet  
Amid this quiet, calm retreat,  
Save when, perchance, some one like me  
Comes here, fair stream, to gaze on thee,  
And learn how life may sweetly glide  
Afar from all the haunts of pride,  
By some glad stream, in cottage white,  
That gleams beneath the summer light,  
And bears the weight of many a vine,  
Which o'er the roof and portals twine;  
The shrubs, and groves with foliage green,  
And flowery walks fill up the scene.  
While on the air the voice of song  
In gentle cadence floats along,  
And softer notes, of breeze and rill  
Steal o'er the place so fair and still.  
There all the joys of life are blent  
With love, and peace, and sweet content,  
And flows on like thee, bright stream!  
Yet seems one long unbroken dream.

[Name unknown. A. B. G.]

For the Magazine and Advocate.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN A.  
CLARK AND REV. S. MILLS.

## Reply to 2d Letter.

Elbridge, March 17, 1842.

Dear Sir—As my former letter was rather a disclaimer of certain sentiments supposed to be held by me; perhaps instead of again disclaiming other sentiments, I should rather try to make manifest what I do profess to hold—therefore—

I account for the existence of sin and its consequent suffering here and hereafter, even eternally, on the same *supposition*—viz., not that God chooses it—not that there is anything good or lovely or desirable in it—it is displeasing to God, and a drawback upon that *moral* system to which men and angels belong. This *moral* system was chosen, notwithstanding it was foreseen that sin and suffering would be, to a certain extent, eternally an undesired incident—the good attendant upon the system overbalancing the evil so far as to render the system desirable as a whole, notwithstanding the incidental sin and suffering. There is no necessity laid upon the moral agency of men or angels, in any one case, to sin—they are fully adequate and competent in every case to abstain from the sin which they commit, and for the commission of which alone they are punishable.

*Moral* agency is controlled alone by *moral* influence—*moral* influence consists alone of arguments of reason—of the motives of right and wrong—of good and evil influences which we are conscious are every day exerted over our minds, and which we to

some extent exert over each other's minds. That God governs by this influence is asserted in the Bible, when it is every where said he does it by the truth. "Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth"—"Sanctify them through thy truth," etc. That God controls moral agency in any other way than this, is nowhere asserted in the Bible—of such control we are conscious, and we are conscious of no other. It is therefore unphilosophical and unreasonable to suppose any other control.—This control is brought to bear upon the mind by means of experience, observation and inference or reason. The proof is our consciousness. There is no proof that it is ever brought to bear upon the mind in any other way, or that, in the nature of the case, it can be. Even the influence of the Holy Spirit is exerted in this way, and this only. This influence—*moral* influence, is in its nature *limited* and *resistible*. That which is unlimited, is of course infinite and incapable of increase or diminution. But *moral* influence if not entirely created is greatly increased and rendered potent by the exhibitions which God makes of himself in conjunction with, and acting upon, and influencing the experience, observation and reason of his creatures. Our own experience, so far as remembered—the experience of all past ages, so far as history has brought it down to us—our observation of the principles by which God works in his work of creation and providence—all go to increase that *moral* influence by which God governs *moral* agency. Every suffering consequent upon sin—every penal infliction for sin, increases that influence by which future sin is restrained and prevented. That the time will ever come when *all* sin can by *moral* influence—the only influence that controls *moral* agency—be prevented throughout the vast universe of God—when there will be no need of the present actual exhibition of sin—its true deformity and merited punishment—to sustain the restraining, preventing power of moral influence; we have no proof. On the other hand, I understand the Bible, as asserting that sin and its merited punishment will eternally continue, and as the only justifiable object of punishment is the prevention of crime—the only object for which we ever justifiably punish our fellow men—I infer that the eternally existing sin will be eternally punished for this end—viz., its *moral* influence in preventing sin, and promoting holiness. That this influence, *moral* influence, is in its nature resistible, is proved from the fact we do resist, often, all the influences urging us to pursue the right, and in despite of them pursue the wrong. The Bible says—"Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, so do ye"—"grieve not the Holy Spirit"—the Holy Spirit "strives" with man, etc. I think we are bound to believe, in order to sustain the moral character of God, that he so inflicts righteous penalty and grants pardon—so metes out to, and withholds from, *moral* influence as well as natural good, that he may on the whole secure the highest possible amount of holiness and happiness. I suppose God could have done more, both morally and physically, for Elbridge, were not such doing more inconsistent with the highest good of the whole of his creatures. God might spare us the infliction of suffering from the loss of friends and temporal evil, would it not be the loss to us of greater moral good, or the loss of greater good some where else. God might spare the punishment of the vilest, did not the good of others—the public good, require it.—God might doubtless do more than he does for the prevention of any particular sin, yet not more for the prevention of sin on the whole. I suppose God neither withholds nor inflicts anything, but in such act more good is secured than could have been by any variation of his withholding or inflicting act—and for this reason, whatever he does is right—his doing it should be matter of joy.

Your first inference from my former statements—that God has instituted "such a system as will issue in that which is at variance with his disposition and pleasure," is thus a true inference. It issues in sin, which is at variance, etc. See the first part of this letter.

Your second inference—that to "institute such a

system without knowing or assigning the result," militates against omniscient wisdom—is true—the entire plan of the system is of God.

Your third inference is not held to—viz., that the Bible assertions of "God's doing all his pleasure," etc., according to my view is null and void. God does do all his pleasure—he does no sin—wicked men and devils do not do all God's pleasure—they do sin.

Your fourth inference is, you say, partly included in the second.

You infer, fifthly, from my understanding the "Bible to assert that there will be some incorrigibly wicked who will suffer eternally as they will be eternally wicked"—that God has instituted a system which results in infinite evil even to God and to millions of God's creatures. Since I also hold that God does not desire their sin and ruin, but the reverse; and does all he can consistently to secure the reverse of their sin and ruin—I do not call sin an infinite evil, though I believe it to be an unspeakably greater evil than we can conceive—so great as to be atoned for, only by the blood of Jesus Christ. I do not call sin an end—an ultimate end with God, by which he was moved to create—but an evil incident to this moral system, of which holiness and happiness is the ultimate end—i. e., God was not moved to create by a view of the sin that would exist in his creation, but by a foresight of the holiness and happiness. You infer from my declaration that God is not indifferent to the conduct and doom of his creatures, but desires and does all he can consistently do to promote their holiness and happiness—from this you infer that God must have undertaken the complete reconciliation and deliverance of a world lying in wickedness; but that this undertaking of God has, "to his own mortification, through their incorrigible wickedness and eternal suffering, resulted in a complete failure." I think this inference does not follow from the sentiment, in the sense in which I hold it. I think God's knowledge and wisdom so infinite that he undertakes no impossibilities, and so meets with no disappointments or failures; and I also think that since God is holy, he would—had it been possible—secure all the holiness and happiness which will now exist in his universe, without any of the attendant sin and suffering—but this not being possible, God did not undertake it—but in full foresight of all the results he did undertake to secure the highest amount of holiness and happiness possible, with the least possible attendant sin—least possible, so far as governmental prevention is concerned—this God does secure, and in this the heart of infinite benevolence rests and rejoices. Any variation of the existing arrangement of God would lessen the amount of good and increase the amount of evil. Wickedness and misery exist now, not because God has pleasure in them—they will exist eternally, not because he will then have any pleasure in them, but because these are and will be the only lessons of wisdom which, exhibited in some, will effectually teach others not to sin—like as in earthly governments, the punishment of one criminal is made a terror to restrain crimes in others—the exhibition of punished crime being made a means of deterring other crime.

My object has not been *argument*, but to make myself understood, and to answer inquiries. I hope I may not have failed. I am very sincerely yours, etc. SIDNEY MILLS.

MR. A. CLARK.

Third letter to Rev. S. Mills.

Elbridge, April 17th, 1842.

DEAR SIR—I have delayed a reply to yours of March 17th, until the present; perhaps on account of its great length; and this must also be my apology if I should not reply to every part. I will however endeavor to get the substance of the whole.

You say, "I account for the existence of sin and its consequent suffering here and hereafter, even eternally, on the same supposition, viz., not that God chooses it: not that there is anything good, or lovely, or desirable in it—it is displeasing to God



and a drawback upon that moral system to which men and angels belong."

I agree with you that it is a *drawback*, indeed. If in consequence of the existence of sin, it is to terminate in the endless sin and suffering of millions of the vast family of man whom God made in his own image, it may well be called a *drawback*—and a *drawback* altogether inconsistent, I should suppose, with the plan and perfections of a being *infinite in wisdom, power and goodness*.

But you say "This moral system was chosen notwithstanding it was foreseen that sin and suffering would be, to a certain extent, eternally an undesired incident"!! "To a certain extent." So, then, there will be to eternal suffering, some alleviations—some hope and comfort. Sufferings to a certain extent—that is, *extending throughout eternity*!! But perhaps you mean extent in *degree*, though not in duration. If this is your meaning, then those sufferings, perhaps, might be quite comfortable after all—for you say:—"The good attendant upon the system overbalancing the evil so far as to render the system desirable as a whole, notwithstanding the incidental sin and suffering."—Perhaps "the good attendant upon the system" may finally terminate in universal holiness and happiness: and if so, you and I will agree and rejoice together in such a system. But your letter as a whole, gives us quite a counterpart to a system so glorious and happy in its results.

I have no particular inclination to object to what you say on "moral agency"—"moral influence"—"control of moral agency," &c., as these contingencies or "influences," if you please to call them, are wholly under the "control of the Divine Being." Even the passages you quote prove this—"Of his own will begat he us." Whose own will? The creature's? No. God's own will. The whole is of God, and this, too, without a violation of man's "moral agency." And as you say, "the entire plan of the system is of God," so I conclude He will "control" all "agencies," and all other "controlling agencies," in such a manner as not to involve those "agents" in endless sin and suffering—a result so contrary to His declared will and purpose. You say in opposition to this sentiment, "That the time will ever come when all sin can be moral influence—the only influence that controls moral agency—be prevented throughout the vast universe of God, when there will be no need of the present actual exhibition of sin, its true deformity and merited punishment, to sustain the restraining, preventing power of moral influence—we have no proof." Quite a long sentence—we will try to sum it up in fewer words. The amount of it is this:—Man's "moral influence" can not prevent or "finish sin"—hence we have no proof that God's "moral influence," or power, will ever do this. But I think differently. Proof—1 Cor. xv. 28: Rom. viii. 21; Col. i. 20; Phil. ii. 10, 11; Eph. i. 10.

I will now pay some attention to the object of endless punishment, as understood by you. You say, "I understand the Bible as asserting that sin and its merited punishment will eternally continue, and as the only justifiable object of punishment is the prevention of crime, the only object for which we ever justifiably punish our fellow men, I infer that the eternally existing sin will be eternally punished for this end—viz., its moral influence in preventing sin and promoting holiness." Here, then, we are informed of the necessity of endless sin and suffering. The object of it is to prevent crime and promote holiness. And this holiness is promoted not by "finishing sin," and by making an "end of transgression," but by "the eternally existing sin." The Divine Being, then, in order to promote the holiness of a part of his offspring, is under the necessity of endlessly punishing the other part!! Is this your belief, Mr. Mills? Have you come to this conclusion from a solemn, sober conviction of its truth? Or do you adopt this plea as the best excuse for your doctrine of endless sin and suffering? Is it your settled conviction that this is the plan adopted by "the Father of spirits" in the government of his family? Is this the plan you have adopted in the government of *your family*? Do you punish one of your children for "the only ob-

ject" of preventing crime in another? And if so, does it have the desired effect? Do you prevent all transgression in one child by punishing the other? And how has it been with human punishments for 6000 years? Have they always prevented crime and promoted holiness in others? Does the hanging of one man prevent all others from murdering? Facts show that if this is the only justifiable object of punishment, it proves a failure of the "object" intended. Crimes have been perpetrated in all ages and countries in spite of punishment in others. I think you could not adopt this sentiment from the study of the Scriptures, or from the study of Dick's Philosophy. He says—"the great object of all civil punishments ought to be, not only the prevention of crime, but also the reformation of the criminal, in order that a conviction of the evil of his conduct may be impressed upon his mind and that he may be restored to society as a renovated character. When punishments are inflicted with a degree of severity beyond what is necessary to accomplish these ends, the code which sanctions them becomes an engine of cruelty and injustice. This was strikingly exemplified in the reign of Henry VIII, remarkable for the abundance of its crimes which certainly did not arise from the mildness of punishment. In that reign alone, says his historian, seventy two thousand executions took place for robberies alone, exclusive of the religious murders which are known to have been numerous—amounting, on an average, to *six executions a day*, Sundays included, during the whole reign of that monarch." Dick's Philosophy of Religion, pp. 157, 158. If your plan and object of punishment be correct, why did not these executions prevent robbery? We see that this plan fails in its object. Does the Divine Being adopt the same plan? Has he no way of preventing crime and promoting holiness, but through the fear of punishment? Is this the acceptable service which God requires—that which is produced by the slavish fear of punishment?—How degrading to attribute such a character to that being who says, "Son, give me thine heart"—who also says, "There is no fear in love; perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment"—and also, "the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance."

Now it appears to me, that punishment to be justifiable, should be administered principally as a medicine, or chastisement to cure, to heal and reform those to whom it is administered. This appears to be the view of the apostle, Heb. xii. Punishments administered in this manner, and for this object, in your language, "May on the whole secure the highest possible amount of holiness and happiness." Which plan, think you, will secure the highest possible amount of holiness and happiness, to govern in such a manner as to secure holiness and happiness to *all*, or to only a part of God's offspring? But you say, "secure the highest possible amount of holiness and happiness;" implying thereby, as you hold to the doctrine that God will inflict endless suffering on a part of his offspring for sin, that it was *impossible* for God to secure the holiness and happiness of them all. This sentiment you have expressed in another place, thus:—"I think God's knowledge and wisdom so infinite that he undertakes no impossibilities, and so meets with no disappointments or failures." Now for the inferences:—and first, The final holiness and happiness of all God's offspring is an *impossibility*. 2d. He never undertook to effect it; 3d, consequently "meets with no disappointments or failures." I think you are now clearly understood. The sum of it is this, notwithstanding all you say about "free salvation, provision for all, all may be saved if they will"—still the salvation of all is an *impossibility*, which even the Divine Being himself can not effect!! Recollect, Mr. Mills, that in all your preaching and that of your brethren, you are bold to speak of an atonement for all—provision for all—but when asked why an atonement was made for all, and why was provision made for all, and why all are invited and commanded to look to God and be saved, you reply that "all may be saved if they will." That is, if they will effect an impossibility which the Almighty can not effect, why, then they

may be saved!!! I would inquire of you, how much sincerity you attribute to the Divine Being when you say he invites all to look to him and be saved, when he knows at the same time, that the salvation of all is an impossibility!!

The objection in your first letter to the salvation of all "human kind" was, that it would "work greater ruin to other parts of his (God's) creatures." But, by the bye, you have not yet informed me who those other creatures were, as requested in my last. I shall therefore be under the necessity of guessing, or drawing my inferences from both letters. The reason assigned in your last why "wickedness and misery will exist eternally, is, not because God will have any pleasure in them, but because these are and will be the only lessons of wisdom which, exhibited in some, will effectually teach others not to sin, like as in earthly government (say, for instance, the government of Henry VIII) the punishment of one criminal is made a terror to restrain crime in others—the exhibition of punished crime being made a means of deterring other crime."

Now, for my inferences and application. All can not be saved, "delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God," because it would work ruin to other creatures. What other creatures? Why the children of God; or the inhabitants of heaven. But why would it work ruin to the inhabitants of heaven? Because there would be no "punished crime" in hell to keep them straight, or as a means of deterring other crime, that is, crime in heaven, "as in earthly government." Henry the VIII punished crime by executing on an average six persons a day; and if he did this for the purpose of preventing crime in others, "the only justifiable object of punishment," he did not effect his purpose during his whole reign, though his executions had increased to SEVENTY TWO THOUSAND!!

What a comment is this on your "only lessons of wisdom to restrain crime"!!

But suppose we grant your position, that crime is prevented by the fear of punishment. What kind of holiness does it promote? Does it promote true love to God? The apostle John says, "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear; because fear hath torment: he that feareth is not made perfect in love." 1 John iv. 18. The inhabitants of heaven, according to your theory will never be made perfect in love; not only so, but they will forever "have torment"!! "Thou believest (says James), there is one God: thou dost well: the devils also believe and tremble." Just so it would be with the inhabitants of heaven who are prevented from committing crime through the fear of punishment, or through the "exhibition of punished crime." What, then, is the great difference between those devils spoken of by James, and the inhabitants of heaven, according to your theology? I think when you have duly considered your position concerning God's "lessons of wisdom to prevent crime," you will abandon it, and seek for something more congenial with the nature of the Divine Being. "God is love; he that dwelleth in love (not fear) dwelleth in God, and God in him." And the apostle Paul speaks of a time when all things shall be subdued unto God, and "God be *all in all*." 1 Cor. xv. 28. When God dwells in all, and all dwell in him in a sense different from what they now do, I think it will be in love: yea, true love that will not be contaminated with fear which hath torment.

What would you think of your servant who could render to you no obedience but through the fear of the rod? I think if the rod, or the fear of the rod, were the "only lessons" to induce him to obedience or dissuade him from "crime," you would soon feel disposed to dismiss him as unworthy of your employment.

My object in this letter has been principally to show you the fallacy of your position concerning the object of punishment—an error which I deem fundamental. This I have endeavored to do in the spirit of kindness. Perhaps I have failed. If so it was not intended. I should be pleased to hear from you again on this subject. The spirit in which



your two letters have been written has disappointed me. I admire it. If our correspondence can be continued with as kind feelings as you have manifested, the result can not be otherwise than beneficial. I would not, however, forget to "contend earnestly for the faith which was once delivered to the saints." "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." These are admonitions of high authority. Very respectfully yours, &c.,

ASHLEY CLARK.

## MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Rev. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry.

UTICA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1843.

### "I HAVE NO INFLUENCE."

There is now in the Perkins Institute for the Blind, in South Boston, Mass., a young girl, a mere child, delicate and slender of form, who has probably done more to call into active exercise the resources and ingenuity of teachers, to awaken the benevolence and sympathy of the philanthropic and humane, and to furnish the mental and moral philosopher with materials with which to build up that noble and useful science, than any person now living. And yet Laura Bridgman—for it is of that unfortunate child I am writing—is deaf, and dumb, and blind; is also destitute of the sense of smelling, and almost destitute of that of taste—she has but *one* full sense, that of touch; and by and through this very destitution and helplessness, she has taught us the almost entire independence of mind over the senses, and has drawn forth the ingenuity of teachers, until she has been taught to read, to write, to cypher, to converse with those around her with her fingers, and to study various branches of education and perform various kinds of work suitable for girls of her age. And when so much has been accomplished by and for this tender and destitute child, let no one having the full use of all their senses, say they possess no influence—or that they can do nothing to benefit their race, and to advance the world of mankind toward its high and holy destination!

And most especially is this shrinking back from duty, wrong and misplaced, in view of the fact, that the most important duties of life are those most common and constantly recurring ones, that lie in our daily walks of life—that call for our exertions of body and of mind from day to day, from hour to hour, and from moment to moment. If you doubt this, turn to the Gospel of Jesus, and mark what its precepts call for—love is the great duty and fountain of all duties—love to God and to all mankind is the fulfilment of all required in the law and the prophets—love to enemies is the perfection of human virtue—love to God and the brethren is the new birth or regeneration of the soul—love universal makes us partakers of the divine nature and purifies us from sin.

But, to be more specific—speaking the truth to each other in love—bringing up our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord—providing for our own household, all things, honest in the sight of men—shunning the appearance of evil, that our good may not be evil spoken of—cherishing faith in the Gospel, and cultivating its spirit in our life and conversation—being pitiful, compassionate and forgiving, courteous to all, putting down malice from our hearts, evil speaking from our tongues, and guile from our lips—being liberal to the poor, needy, outcast and downtrodden—cherish reverence for God and zeal for his truth and precept—dealing justly, loving mercy and walking humbly before our Maker—visiting the fatherless and the widow in their afflictions, and keeping ourselves unspotted from the world—being constant in breathing the prayer of holy desire to God, and giving him thanks in all things, by the cultivation of cheerful and grateful feelings in our hearts—wives, husbands, parents, children, friends, neighbors, church members and citizens, surely here are every day duties enough, easy of performance, full of happiness in their performance and in

their results, and constantly recurring—enough to keep us all busy, to make us all better, and to render us all happy.

A. B. G.

### THE ABRAHAMIC FAITH.

"And in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed" Genesis xxii: 18.

Universalism, or the faith of Universalists in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, is frequently called "the Abrahamic faith;" because, as we believe, our faith is the same that was held by Abraham, and which made him just. This article is devoted to proving that point.

This promise of God is called the Gospel which God, before due time, preached to Abraham—and the "seed" spoken of is Christ. Galatians iii: 16. The blessing, then, must be a spiritual, and not a merely temporal blessing; for it is to be in Christ, and all nations, in a temporal point of view, can not be blessed even by Christ, for many ceased to exist as nations before Jesus was born. Again—it can not be a temporal blessing, for Jesus is not a temporal prince and saviour, but a spiritual—his kingdom is not of this world, and his blessings are not the blessings of earthly potentates. Again—as they are to be blessed, not only by Christ, but in him, the blessing must be at least regeneration itself; for "if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature;" (2 Cor v: 17;) or, the greater regeneration of the resurrection to immortality, by which man becomes as the angels of God in heaven; for, "as in Adam all die, even so, in Christ shall all be made alive"—and "as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." Besides, we have the express testimony of the Apostle Peter that the blessing consists "in turning away every one from his iniquity" (or salvation from sin)—and of Paul, that it consists in justification by faith. See Acts iii: 25, 26; and Galatians iii: 8. These two definitions united, embrace both Jews and Gentiles; which terms, in the New Testament, include the whole world of mankind.

This Gospel, then, is the Gospel of Christ—its blessing is spiritual, and not temporal—it consists in making the subjects just by faith in it, and thus saving them from sin—and it includes both Jews and Gentiles in its blessing of regeneration.

We have, then, only to find the extent of this salvation to determine the question which is the subject of this discourse. This can readily be determined by Holy Writ.

The term "all nations" is not confined to the political sense only; for as the Saviour and the salvation are spiritual, and not temporal, "nations" means the spiritual beings composing them. It is used as a convertible term with "all the families of the earth." Genesis xxii: 3. And, as if to prevent all limitation, the apostle Peter declares that it includes "all the kindreds of the earth." And when we take the spiritual nature of the blessing into consideration, and consider the individuals composing these nations, families and kindreds, as spiritual beings, and remember that God is the Father of spirits, even of the spirits of all flesh, we learn that a spiritual family and kindred are meant, and are compelled to consider the promise as absolutely universal in extent—embracing every spiritual being "in heaven, on earth, and under the earth," and "such as are in the sea, and all that are in them"—and to believe that ultimately all these will be reconciled to God, subdued to his Son, made holy and happy and immortal, and will "confess Jesus Christ to be Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

Such is the Abrahamic Gospel, as Scripture explained by Scripture unfolds it—such the Abrahamic faith as we hold it, and rejoice in it. Reader, is it not honorable to God, rejoicing to angels, gratifying to the holy desires and prayers of saints, and salutary to man? If you believed it, would not Jesus seem more lovely to you—would not God appear more glorious, and man more dear to your soul—would you not hate sin more, and feel deeper gratitude to God, and more expansive love to mankind? You would—I know you would; for thus "to know God and Christ, is life eternal," indeed. All the moral universe of God made holy and happy—sin and misery utterly annihilated—death and the devil de-

stroyed; and God all that is in all! Oh, glory be to God for such a hope and such a faith!

A. B. G.

### OUR PERIODICALS.

*Another birth and death.*—A new paper, devoted to the discussion of Universalism and Partialism, has been started in Pottsville, Pa. We have not seen it, but it is stated to be about the size of the Universalist Cabinet noticed a short time since.

The Gospel Messenger, published in Providence, R. I., by Br. A. A. Davis, has been discontinued, and its subscription list transferred to the Christian Freeman in Boston. There are some painful circumstances connected with this event, which we desire to notice, hoping that the mention of them may tend to the benefit of our unfortunate brother. Br. A. A. Davis, after several years very arduous service in the ministry, was obliged by ill health (induced by his hardships and exposures) to suspend his ministerial labors. He went to the West Indies in hopes that a change of climate might benefit him. But after his return it was found that he must cease to preach altogether. His heart was bound up in the work of the Gospel. His habits and his health pointed out some work like publishing a paper as the best for him. Persuaded by the encouragement of friends, and the flattering prospects publishing always presents to those unacquainted with the business, he purchased the Messenger, and the Book establishment connected with it, from Br. Z. Baker, and commenced making his living in that way. Br. H. Bacon and others lent the aid of their pens gratuitously, and others favorably noticed, and earnestly commended to patronage our worthy brother. But, alas, Br. Davis has found prospects deceiving, and promises vain—and is obliged, after a heavy expenditure of time, labor, and money, to leave the business poorer than when he commenced it! Had it not been for the generosity of Br. Z. Baker, from whom he purchased the establishment, he must have been still worse off—for Br. Baker has most kindly taken back the books at cost, and assumed beside the payment of a considerable debt that was incurred by Br. Davis in carrying on the paper. But still, even at the best, it was an unfortunate business for Br. Davis. And unless prompt payments of nearly all the subscriptions are made, and generous additions are furnished to the list of the Freeman on his account, he must sink money by his past efforts.

N. B.—All persons who are able, and feel disposed to aid Br. Davis, and yet receive the worth of all they give, can assist him by subscribing for the Christian Freeman, a large folio weekly, published by Br. S. Cobb, at two dollars per annum in advance. All such subscriptions, however, must be sent to Boston, with a statement annexed, that they are "sent for Rev. A. A. Davis." Let this be remembered, or he loses their benefit. The Freeman is a good paper—he has a good list of contributors to its columns—is well printed—is anti-slavery (as was the Messenger) in its general tone, but breathes a right good spirit to all.

A. B. G.

*NEW PREACHERS.*—It gives us much pleasure to learn that Br. Davis Bacon, of Prospect, in this county, has commenced proclaiming publicly the great salvation.—He has been a preacher of it in the social circle, for several years, and with good success—especially while, with his brother, engaged in school teaching at Cynthia, Ky., when nearly all around were opposers of our faith. His moral character is excellent—his mind clear and active, and his address pleasant. We are much mistaken if he does not succeed well as a minister of the restitution. The Luminary also announces as a new preacher, Br. R. C. Kent, of the western part of this State.—There are some others whom we have noticed in the Register, and probably forgotten to notice in our columns. The increase in new preachers during the past year will be found considerable. Our cause is still "onward."

A. B. G.

THE COMPANION AND REGISTER FOR 1844 is now in the hands of the binder, and will be ready to forward to those who have ordered it in about a week. Very few



as yet, have sent in orders, probably because our terms are *cash*, (real *Universalist* terms—"pay, as you go along,") and none like to run any risk. Let those, however, who want the work, remember that we have printed but a *limited edition* also, for we wish not to run any risk either. Look around you in your respective neighborhoods—see how many copies you can certainly sell for *cash*—then send in your orders, and you will be safe, and sure of a pretty little profit for your trouble. The work will be for sale by Brs. A. Tompkins & T. Whittemore, Boston; Eli Ballou, Montpelier, and J. E. Palmer, Barre, Vt.; J. A. Gurley, Cincinnati, Ohio, who will also have a lot for sale at the General Convention at Akron, Ohio; and by Universalist preachers generally. A. B. G.

NOTICE.—Br. G. W. Montgomery having removed to Portsmouth, N. H., requests all letters and papers intended for him, addressed accordingly.

Will the Editors of our papers, please copy?

Br. Tompkins—Credit O. P. Knapp, Green Bay, Wisconsin, \$2.00 for current volume Repository—charge us.

#### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P M, Washington, [Mich.] for S W—M B, Buffalo, for self, A P and A R R—P M, Apulia, for E A M and B W—P M, Waddington, for E M—P M, Coshocton, [O.] for R W B and S C Mc M.

*Fire in Cabotville, (in Springfield,) Mass.*—Last Sunday morning, a fire was discovered in the interior of the Unitarian church at Cabotville. The choir had been in the gallery the evening previous, and it is supposed that fire was unknowingly communicated to something by a lamp. The fire had made such progress before it could be extinguished, as to damage the gallery and church to the amount of about \$300.

*A Strange and Solemn companion.*—The New Orleans Republican says: "A gentleman whose name we do not feel ourselves at liberty to make public, for many years a resident of this city, and whose health for the past six months has been, and now is, in a very precarious and critical condition, took passage in a ship for the North on Saturday, with the endeavor to see his friends before he died. There was put on board for him a coffin, lined with tin, at his own desire; so that in case he 'shuffled off this mortal coil,' he might be preserved to be laid under the sod. His wife accompanied him.

*Cause of the death of Mr. Legare.*—Dr. Jacob Bigelow has furnished for the Boston Medical Journal the details of Mr. Legare's disease, and the condition of the patient during his last illness. Strangulated intestines, produced by sedentary habits, were the immediate causes of his death, as every effort to relieve the patient proved unavailing. Dr. Bigelow remarks that about half an hour before his death he got up from his bed without assistance, and upon lying down again, earnestly asked for water. On receiving it, he pushed it away, saying it was filled with ants. A white paper was shewn him, and he made the same remark. On being told it was an illusion of the sight, he put forth his hand for the glass, but missed it, said a few words incoherently, leaned back and expired without a struggle. Upon a post mortem examination, it was found that the intestines were twisted four times, and that one of them was distended to the circumference of fifteen inches! The disease or obstruction was entirely beyond medical aid.

*Wool.*—The Albany Daily Advertiser says: Upwards of sixty tons of wool, consigned to houses in this city, from the West, were landed at the freight depot of the Albany and Boston Railway, on Tuesday, for manufacturing establishments between Boston and this city, on line of the railway.

*Lightning.*—When any one is struck with lightning, shower him immediately with cold water, which is one of the most facile conductors of electricity yet discovered.

It is believed that, in this way, nine out of ten persons, apparently struck dead, might be restored.

*"All Baggage at the risk of the Owners."*—Catharine Wilkins brought a suit in Baltimore, a day or two since against the President and Directors of the Citizens' Union Line, to recover damages for the loss of baggage, in the sum of \$25. The baggage was shipped in Philadelphia for Baltimore. Judgment was rendered in favor of plaintiff for \$25 damages and cost.

The toll paid at Rochester on the cargo of the canal boat Zassul, from Albany, was \$338.82.

It is stated in the Fall River Monitor, that already there are about one hundred buildings of different sizes in progress in that town, on the burnt district—some nearly finished.

*Great Oats.*—A friend in Onondaga county has sent us a single stock of oats, bearing 150 plump grains, and inquires whether any of the farmers of Old Herkimer can beat it? If they can, we will aid them in putting down the Onondaga man. The stalk sent us is of the kind known as Black Oats.—[Herk. Jour.]

*Awful Accident.*—We learn that a laborer on the Somerville Railroad, named Stetts, riding in one of the rear cars, was instantly killed this morning, by what is known as a 'snake-head,' or a flat iron bar turned up. The locomotive and three cars had passed over the spot, when the loosened rail sprung up, pierced the bottom of the car, and entering the neck of the unfortunate man below the chin, transfixed him entirely, and caused instant death.—[N. Y. American.]

*Yellow Fever.*—A vessel, the schooner Vanda, came to New York last week, from some West India port, having the yellow fever on board. She was allowed by the Quarantine officer to go up the North River some ways, for the purpose of discharging her cargo, and was then to return to quarantine, which she did. Two or three persons have died upon her, either upon her passage up the river or at the quarantine ground, among others Mr. Bailly, the man who piloted her up the river. The True Sun says, "we understand several persons from this city went on board of her as she passed up."—[Oneida Whig.]

#### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching on the first Sunday in September by Br. SOULE in Fort Plain, and Br. BARRAT in Utica—Br. C. L. SHIPMAN at Salem Roads, as Br. Pullman may appoint—Br. GROSH in Syracuse. A general attendance of friends from the vicinity is especially requested, for important reasons.

There will be preaching on the second Sunday in September, by Br. GROSH at Little Falls—Br. DAVIS BACON at Alder Creek.

There will be preaching on the third Sunday in September by Br. SHIPMAN in Mesopotamia, Ohio.

A Conference of the Mohawk River Association will be held in Prospect village, Oneida county, on the third Wednesday and Thursday (23d and 24th) of September—which the public generally are invited to attend. Ministering brethren of the Central Association are earnestly requested to "come over and help us"—as Brs. Kibbe, Skinner, and myself are all that are left to attend.

J. D. HICKS, Standing Clerk.

REPLY.—Br. Soule and I expect to be there. A. B. G.

The first Conference of the Ontario Association will be held at Wolcott, on the third Wednesday and Thursday of September, (the 20th and 21st.) The society at Wolcott extend their invitation to all of their friends to attend, and join with them in the pleasing worship of their Maker.

By order of the Council, D. K. LEE, Clerk.

The Second Conference of the St. Lawrence Association will be held at Columbia village, (Madrid,) on the second Wednesday and Thursday, 13th and 14th, of September.—Br. D. W. Mott will be ordained at this meeting.

W. H. WAGGONER, Standing Clerk.

A Conference of the Central Association will be held at Lee Centre, on the second Wednesday and Thursday (the 13th and 14th) of September. The usual invitation to attend is cordially extended to all.

Per order of the Committee on Conferences,

H. B. SOULR.

NOTICE.—The Cayuga Association will hold its annual session in Auburn, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 27th and 28th of September. Ministering brethren and friends are cordially invited to attend. The societies are all requested to be represented in Council, and to send minutes of their condition by their delegates.

G. W. MONTGOMERY, Standing Clerk.

Will the Messenger and Luminary please copy?

UNITED STATES CONVENTION.—The General Convention of Universalists in the United States, will hold its next annual session, agreeably to adjournment, at AKRON, (Summit county,) OHIO, on the third Wednesday and following Thursday in September, (20th and 21st,) 1843.

The Standing Clerks of the several State Conventions in fellowship with this body, are respectfully requested to forward (post paid) to the subscriber, at Danvers, Mass., previous to the 10th of September, certified lists of the Delegates elected by their respective Conventions, to represent them at the coming session of the United States' Convention, that a Roll of the same may be duly made up, agreeably to the provisions of the Constitution.

J. M. AUSTIN, Standing Clerk.

The Chenango Association will hold its next annual session in Oxford, Chenango county, on the first Thursday and Friday (7th and 8th) of September. Each society is earnestly requested to send two lay delegates to represent them in council, which will convene at 8 o'clock, Wednesday morning. Occasional sermon at half past 10, by Rev. A. O. Warren. Ministering brethren, especially from other Associations, knowing our wants, are affectionately invited to meet with us if they possibly can. Of course it is expected that all within the limits of our own body will feel it their duty to be present. All lay brethren from abroad will receive a cordial welcome, and be accommodated to the extent of our ability. A committee will be in waiting at the meetinghouse, on Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning to direct visitors to places of entertainment.

J. T. GOODRICH, Standing Clerk.

\* \* \* Union and Messenger please copy.

#### MARY MAGDALENE;

A TRADITION OF NAIN.

Mary arose from the crimson pillow on which she had been reposing, and approaching the window, drew back, with a silken robe, the heavy draperies of purple inwrought with gold, which shaded the apartment from the direct rays of the sun, and gazed, with a thoughtful brow, out on the quiet streets of the city of Nain. Beyond its walls lay the sea, whose waters reflected back to heaven the thousand resplendent lights and shadows scattered along the western horizon by the flashing rays of the setting sun, and in the far distance, like a streak of gray clouds, lay the mountains of Judea.—Many a shallop, richly laden, was gliding over the still waters; some bound outward, freighted with rich dyes and stuffs of Nazareth; some coming into port, bearing treasures and jewels from distant lands; others with costly silks and fine paintings—polished mirrors of steel and silver, and pearls and wrought ivory from the Ionian Isles. The chaunt of the oarsmen, as their oars plashed lazily in the glowing water, came faintly and sweetly on the ear, and the white sails scarcely swelling in the breeze, looked like suffron tinted clouds. Then came stealing and chirping on the stillness, the vesper hymns of the birds, and blending as they did with the gradually decreasing hum of the city, as the evening mist brooded over it, they were sounds which shed over the spirit of Mary Magdalene, something like peace.—A band of young and beauteous maidens now tripped along, with jars filled from the purest well in the city; then came a crowd of children, dancing to the sound of cymbals and lutes, and trailing after them, long vines of flowers and interwoven wreaths, and sending out their joyous laughter and sounds of mirth, which well accorded with the sweet harmony of music.

Mary Magdalene turned her eyes wearily away from these tokens of peace and joy, and leaning her head against a marble pillar, wept. A low, sweet voice aroused her, singing an old Jewish song which told in sad poetry, the tale of a broken heart. The singer was a young and lovely girl, just blushing into the morning of life; her skin was like polished ivory, save where a rose tint flushed her cheek, and dyed the tips of her hair.



per fingers. Her large blue eyes were cast downwards, and the full red lip, just parted enough to reveal two rows of pearl-like teeth—her exquisitely formed arms and bust, combined with a slight and graceful figure, now half hidden by a profusion of sunny hair, that fell back from her childish forehead, and swept the Mosaic pavement, completed the beautiful picture. Mary started as the voice told her her slave had been a witness to her emotion, and raising her magnificent form to its utmost height, while her commanding black eye flashed with anger, she exclaimed, "Thou here! away slave!—how dost thou dare see me weep?"

The voice was stilled, and the fair young head bowed in silence and tears. After gazing on the young maiden for a few moments, during which short space, anger, contempt, and an expression of mysterious bitterness alternately changed her countenance, the touching and beautiful grief of Addi moved her better spirit, and chased away every feeling except pity. "Come hither, Addi—come hither, poor bird. Forgive thy mistress' wayward mood, and sing again—but sing something to lighten my heart, for it is heavy and sad, child—sing something to stir the still fountain of its gladness—sing—sing Addi—is not thy cage a gilded one—then wherefore sad and silent?"

"The star that lighted my path, lady, is gone out—Zimri, the widow's son, is dead!"

"Ha! poor child! I pity thee! Yet, Addi, come hither; I would tell thee, maiden, to cherish a love for the departed; let it not go out, and leave thy heart, like the waters of the sea whose sullen waves cover those olden cities which were destroyed in their might and glory by Jehovah—Thou has heard of the fruits which grew on its banks!"

"Yes, lady."

"Let love for the dead go out, and thou wilt become like—like—me—yes, Addi, me—beautiful and bright to the eye, but within, bitterness and ashes!—but hark!"

"Oh, lady," sobbed the young slave—"that sound of grief, is the wail of Zimri's mother and kinsmen—they are bearing him past to the grave"—and Addi rushed to the window, and straining her eyes through the misty twilight, saw the bier on which was laid the dead body of Zimri, and over it the bended form of his widowed mother, weeping, and, by the torch light which they carried, the sorrowful faces of his kinsmen.

"They are coming, lady," she cried to Mary, who had thrown herself again upon the crimson pillow of her couch. "Oh Zimri, is that still form never more to move? Methinks I see now, the smile on his white lips, and the waves of shining hair on his gentle brow. See, lady! they are beneath the window, and the pall has fallen so close around him that you can see the beauty of his form, even in death—ha! why do they stop?—a crowd approaches—who—what—ha! it is the prophet Jesus and his followers!"

Mary started from her recumbent posture, and throwing back the tresses of long black hair which had fallen like a veil around her, with a look of intense anxiety gazed on the face of Addi, who still, unheeding her mistress' emotion, continued—"He is like one of our mountain palms in his majesty—his brow is like the evening star, and his serene lips drop honey. He approaches the window—he looks on her tears with eyes of tender pity—he speaks—he raises his face towards heaven, and reaches forth his hand, and lays it on the dead. God of my father! the dead?"—and with a loud and piercing shriek, she rushed forth into the street.

Mary started up with an expression of dread and wonder, and looking on the crowd below, saw the young man arising from his bier, at the command of Jesus.—She saw him with the warm breath of life in his nostrils, who a few moment past, was dead and cold. And as the shouts of the assembled people rent the air, many of whom were now willing to believe in and worship Him who had wrought the miracle, he bowed his head meekly on his bosom, and gathering the folds of his garment around him, he glided noiselessly away from the multitude.

After long hours of abstraction, Mary lifted her head from her bosom, and approaching a mirror, folded her arms and gazed on her image with an expression of scorn and bitterness; anon tears coursed over her flushed cheek, and her bosom heaved as if some pent-up agony wrung her heart.

"Why art thou weeping?" said a voice near her; "why art thou weeping, Mary?"

"Ha! Phelon?"

"Ay, Phelon," he answered—"Phelon, the king's son, who abides here in the common garb of a publican to be near thee."

"Go to thy father's palace again, Phelon," answered Mary, sadly, without turning to look on the beautiful youth, with his brown curling hair and dark blue eyes which gazed with incredulous wonder up on her.

"Mary," said he, "thou art angered with me—I come but to bring a parting gift, Mary. My father is wroth against me, because I am not at the head of the soldiery, and hath sent his chief officer to bring me to his presence, but I will go out of the city to-night, while he sleepeth, and ere the first watches of the morning, Phelon will be on his war-horse, with helm, and battle spear, and plume, ready for the fight."

Her lip quivered and paled as she turned and looked on him, and her voice was plaintive as she replied—"Go Phelon! thou art bright and beautiful in mine eyes, and verily have I loved thee; but go, I pray never more to see that face again—I pray never more to hear the words of thy silvery and honeyed tongue again—I have sinned—go from me!"

He looked steadfastly and sternly on her while she spoke, and with a searching glance, said—hast thou seen the Nazarene, who calleth himself Jesus?"

"I have," she replied, "and to-morrow, while thou art going to battle, I shall be kneeling in the dust at his feet."

Phelon laughed tauntingly, and turning on his iron heel, replied:

"Look on my gift, Mary"—and he laid an exquisitely wrought casket at her feet. The light from the scented lamp, which threw upward delicious odors from its silver pedestal, shown down on the interior of the casket, and glittered on the gold and precious stones that were therein, in the many-hued sparkles of brilliance. There was also an alabaster box, set round with jewels, which contained spikenard and ointment, such as queens use.

"Hence, tempter," she shrieked—"hence; or I will send thy name out on the ears of the sleepers of Nain like ten-fold thunder. Hence, I say, for the devils which tear my soul are raving within me."

Unaccustomed to her strange mood, he left her apartment hastily. She threw herself prostrate on the floor and pressed her burning forehead against the cold marble, and wept, and sorrowed mightily—for mightily had the Magdalene sinned. When she arose from her humble posture, it was past the middle watch of the night and the inhabitants of the city had gone to rest, and all was silent, save the watch cry of the sentinel as he passed the wall, and the occasional clamor of his armor as he changed from hand to hand his heavy spear. The rippling of gentle waves on the distant sea, came singing past, mingled with scented winds, which had been sleeping through the day, amid orange groves and blossoms, and the moon, like a crescent of diamonds, showered a flood of beautiful glory over the earth; but still Mary could not slumber or rest. A costly robe of crimson confined around the waist by a girdle, inwrought with precious stones, fell in rich folds around her voluptuous form, and her long black braids of hair, which when unconfined, swept the floor as she stood, were gathered up in plaits and curls, and secured by bodkins of gold, and strings of rubies and pearls. Her arms, bared almost to the shoulders, were entwined with links of precious stones and silver; and as she paced with a rapid step to and fro the apartment, the constant glitter of her feet, displayed a costly taste in her sandals which were embroidered with tiny pearls and gems, and fastened by clasps of highly polished silver. She looked out on the Heavens—peaceful and bright in the glory of azure and silver—she scanned the calm landscape be-

low—all were at rest, the very dogs had cease baying at the moon, and were slumbering quietly in their chains. She turned and gazed round her apartment—the singing birds were sleeping with their glossy heads behind their wings, undisturbed by the fountain which bubbled from the marble laver, and trickled down its sides with a ringing sound, Addi, the beautiful one was dreaming of Zimri, for there was a tear stealing over the roses of her smiling cheek. No where that she turned, could Mary see or hear aught, to still the agonies which tore her heart. She snatched her harp and commenced many soothing melodies, but her fingers trembled, and her hand fell along the chords, and crushed the music; that was thrown aside, and crossing her arms over her bosom, she lifted her now pallid face, and closing her eyes as if to shut out every object which had grown familiar, sat like some breathless statue, awaiting the touch of Promethean fires, to start it into life; but soon her breast began to heave, and her white ghastly teeth were pressed on her lips until the red blood gushed from beneath them—she threw her arms on high, and with a cry of anguish cast herself on her knees in all the despairing sorrow of a repentance like hers. She tore from her hair the gems which fell like a shower of glory around her, and trampled beneath her feet the casket of precious jewelry, until the floor was strewn with its rich contents, and beat her bosom in her agony, and sprinkled ashes on her head, and wept tears, such as had never swelled up from her heart before.

Addi, who had been awakened by the unrestrained grief of her mistress, ran and knelt at her feet, and clasped her knees, and comprehending well, from her expressions, the cause of her woe, exclaimed—"Go to Him lady—go to Him who raised the dead!"

"And wherefore, O maiden, should I the sinful go to Him?"

"Oh lady, if the sleeper in the shadow of death, heareth His voice, thy spirit can hear it, and to hear it is to live."

The mild and consoling words of Addi, as she told of what she had seen and heard, at the raising of the widow's son, and of what the disciples preached daily, soothed Mary's troubled spirit, and something like hope of eventual peace sprung up in her heart; and she laid her head gradually on the bosom of her hand-maiden, who clasped her beauteous arms around her, and laid her cool innocent cheek on the burning, throbbing brow of Mary. And thus they sat,—one breathing hopes of forgiveness, and the other listening as if life hung on each word; until day began to dawn behind the blue hills.

On that day while the Master sat at meat with Simon, a rich and learned Pharisee of Nain, a woman came and knelt at his feet, and bending her veiled head low to the floor, watered them with her tears, and unbinding her hair, wiped them with the heavy shining curls, then kissed his feet, and anointed them with ointment, the perfume of which filled the vast room. And he knew that she was a sinner who thus humbly and silently asked for pardon, and he said—"Thy sins, which are many, are forgiven thee—thy faith hath saved thee—go in peace!"

Mary Magdalene was no more seen in Nain. After kneeling at the Saviour's feet, and hearing his assurance of forgiveness, she sold the gold and silver and gave much goods to the poor. She was no more seen in Nain in the flashed glory of her beauty, but went forth alone into the wilderness; and in the solemnitude of its silence, raised an altar to Him who had forgiven her sins.

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"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."....."PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

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### DISCOURSES ON PRAYER....NO. III.

BY REV. DAY K. LEE.

"Pray—that ye enter not into temptation." Luke xxii: 40.

In the discourses that I have delivered on the subject of prayer, I have spoken first of its nature, of its duties, and of its privileges; considered, secondly, the examples of the sacred writers, the authority of the sacred writings, of the Saviour and the primitive disciples, as not only obligatory on us, but as great encouragements to incite us to cultivate the spirit, and perform the duty of prayer, believing that our hearts will be made better, our enjoyments will be increased, and our rational, consistent desires will be answered.

In the present discourse I shall consider the importance, and benefit, and power of prayer, in restraining impure desires, suppressing unprofitable thoughts, and keeping the individual thus engaged from temptation, from the commission and the misery of sin. The examples and precepts of Christ and the apostles on this point, are many, and impressive. The words of the text spoken to the disciples in the garden, on the mournful night of the betrayal, are a sacred and eloquent command which may be well employed as the foundation of our remarks, and profitably obeyed by all who believe and trust in the merciful God of the Christians.—"PRAY—that ye enter not into temptation."

This language suggests 1st—That the custom, the habit, the service of frequent prayer, will operate as an influence—if I may so speak,—a powerful influence—in restraining us from temptation—from designs, and inducements to do evil; and will rear a fortress as impregnable as the mountain adamant, against the wiles of the charmer, and the shafts of the destroyer.

"PRAY—that ye enter not into temptation," establish your hearts, your souls in the spirit, in the impulse, in the unceasing habit of communing with your Maker, that you enter not into temptation, that you yield not to the pleadings, and commit not the evils of transgressors.

I believe that the habit of daily, humble, ardent prayer will operate as but few things can, to ennoble our desires, and fortify us against temptation. We are creatures of sympathy and imitation. In our intercourse with our fellows, we are apt to fashion ourselves, more or less, after the society we enjoy;—the company we keep, and the individual with whom our hearts can most ardently sympathise—the individual who has most of our reverence and love, and in whose society we spend most of our time, does more than we are apt unreflectingly to apprehend, to form our characters, to fashion our habits, to temper the impulses of our hearts, and regulate the standard of our moral virtues. Is he pure in his words?—we hasten our conversation. Is he virtuous in his deeds? we seek to walk in virtuous ways. Is he lofty in his integrity, ardent in his devotions, and warm, and wakeful, and enlarged in his benevolence? we catch his manners and imbibe his spirit, and emulate his noble example. And this reverence and love for him may be indulged until—

"We have no breath, no being but in his,—  
He is our voice, he is our sight,  
For our eye follows his, and sees with his,  
Which colors all our objects,—we have ceased  
To live within ourselves,—he is our life,  
The ocean to the river of our thoughts."

Again, if that individual be a character just the reverse of what we have named, and still has a hold upon your esteem, if it be possible for any man

to esteem and reverence a vicious character; and you spend much of your life in his society, you will irresistibly contract the leading and ruling impulses of his mind, and follow unwaveringly in his serpent-tangled footsteps. If the standard of our moral excellence may be thus elevated or lowered, if our conversation may be thus chastened or corrupted, our benevolence thus enlarged or contracted, and our whole character moddled, and remoddled by a commerce with men that have most of our society, reverence and love;—what excellent influence may we not expect; what elevation in the standard of our integrity, our purity, our wisdom, our benevolence may we not anticipate, if God be our chosen example, and a portion of our daily existence is devoted to his service,—spent in his society, in his communion, by prayer. Prayer when frequent, ardent and sincere, will bring us into the endearing communion and sacred society of God. It lifts us up to that sublime summit of life and enjoyment from which we can converse with him as Moses did out of the cloud that overshadowed the sacred mountain, and feel that his presence is near. We are led more and more to feel that "God is in this place," and every where. We feel that his all seeing eye is always upon us, and that there is no place in earth or heaven whither he can fly from his spirit. And having this conviction written as with living fire upon the soul, and realizing that a portion of our evenings and mornings are sanctified to the sacrament of his overshadowing spirit, we will irresistibly fashion our hearts, our virtues, our sentiments, after the conceptions that we have of his adorable character. He will be most in our serious thoughts, and we will emulate his ineffable perfection, and He will color all our objects. He will be the pattern after which our conduct, and our beau-ideal of moral excellence will be moddled—He will be the perfection of our nature, the fountain of our life, "the ocean to the river of our thoughts." And the conviction will become more sacred and more wakeful, as our habits of devotion are without intermission, and the spirit of our supplications and thanksgivings is without coldness, and insincerity, that in him we live and move and have our every moment of existence.

And while we dwell upon this beautiful thought and call to mind the conceptions which Universalists entertain of their Creator; the conviction strikes us as a revelation from heaven, that, MORE THAN ANY OTHER BODY OF BELIEVERS, WE SHOULD BE GIVEN TO FREQUENT, FERVENT, SPIRITUAL PRAYER, as it is the most practicable for us to moddle our characters after that of the God we worship; he being, as we believe, the most benevolent, and the most unchanging character in the universe.—Language would fail us to give our ideas—our lofty conceptions of his goodness. We believe that he is benevolent in the fullest measure of all his attributes, and hateth nothing to which he hath given being. We believe that his justice, his holiness, his mercy, are all streams flowing from the same essential, inexhaustible fountain—LOVE;—and that John the apostle gave us the sum of his whole nature, when he said—"God is LOVE." We believe that God is love in a measure as broad, as deep, and as high as the illimitable sphere that his presence fills, that love is his essential nature, and all other attributes, all other characteristics are but different modifications of it. We believe that "he is kind," as the Saviour said, "to the unthankful and the evil." We believe that his truth never wavers, that his wisdom never falters, that his purity never falls from the infinite summit of his transcendent perfection, and that no object of his mercy, no being of his tender and eternal love, is for one moment forgotten.

Such, in brief, are our ideas of the character of God. And when we recollect, as we have stated, that the habit of frequent, ardent prayer lifts us up to his communion, and the presence and society of his spirit, and that by being in that communion, and feeling that we are constantly in that presence, we will imitate his attributes, catch as by inspiration the image of his character, and emulate his adorable, his ennobling perfections; we see how requisite—how important it is, that we cultivate the spirit of prayer, and seek the presence of our Father, and aspire after the communion of so excellent, so pure, so loving a being, day unto day, and night unto night! How important it is for the Christian, and especially the Universalist Christian, whose conceptions of God are professedly and really the most lofty, and noble—who sanctifies him—sets him apart in his bosom as the most benevolent, and most holy being in the universe—how important it is that he should walk with that God—live in his communion, and thereby imbibe his spirit, imitate his excellence, and go out into the erring world exhibiting a practical image, and imitation of that which he makes the object of his adoration. We entertain no ideas of God, and we attribute to him no excellence or perfection that we can not make practical in our own deeds and meditations. In this I humbly conceive, that we have a pre-eminence over those of an opposite faith who attribute to their Maker, designs that would be esteemed the veriest cruelty in men; and who not uncommonly exhibit an excellence of character more lovely, more benevolent, than they are willing to ascribe to God.

If, then, prayer will exalt us to the spiritual presence of the God worshipped at this altar; and the frequent enjoyment of his presence and ineffable communion, will elevate us by some secret and ennobling sympathy to an image of his purity, his love, his wisdom, from glory to glory; what excuse have we to offer if we are not devoted to prayer? what escape can we effect from the thousand temptations around us if we are not regular, if we are not living, and serious, and soul-felt in our morning and evening devotions? What fruits do we exhibit—what testimony do we show to the world, that we find reality in our religion, and that its influence is animating and holy? "Pray—that ye enter not into temptation."

If by prayer we are changed from purity to purity, and from joy to joy, into the image of God,—if by the frequency and fervency of our devotions we are influenced to feel that we walk continually in his venerable presence and his all scrutinizing sight; we shall not be easily tempted to depart from that purity of heart which we imbibe by communion with, and in imitation of him. The seducer may lay his snares, and throw out his enticements; the destroyer may come on with his wiles, and work his plausible enchantments; but we will heed them not—we find no pleasure in their enjoyments, and no refuge in their tabernacle. We have tasted and found that the Lord is good. We have been living upon that joy and salvation which are found in the mansions of the righteous. We live in communion with God, we adore the excellence of his character, and continue to rise by slow but perpetual approaches toward the standard of His infinite purity which a progress as rapid as the up-soaring of angels, and as lasting as the uncounted ages of eternity will never, never reach! We will not dash away a cup of such unmingled blessedness, and such pure, ennobling excellence as we dip up from the river of God, for the mocking animations, and the debasing pleasures of transgression! We will hold fast our integrity. We will wait upon the Lord in our daily devotions, and



renew our strength in moral purity; receive new supplies of his sustaining grace, and find new and more endearing satisfactions at his altar. We will be animated with his anointed Psalmist to sing—"How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth—yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." "For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand; I had rather be a door keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." We will be encouraged in the darkest seasons, and in the most perilous circumstances to walk in the ways of God, and dissolve not the pearl of our virtue in any deceiving cup that may be held to our lips.

If we establish our hearts in the habit, and inclination of daily devotion—if by *prayer* we are brought where we feel that our Father is mercifully, and endearingly near us, and we emulate in some faint degree that sublime and unfailing truth by which his counsels stand, and by which the ponderous worlds of creation are preserved in their eternal circles; we will not be easily tempted to cast that virtue from us. We will remember the sacred injunction—"buy the truth and sell it not." We will shun the walks of the lying, as springing up with tribulation and death. We will maintain our integrity at the most perilous hazard. Our lips will speak no guile. Our name will become excellent and honorable in the earth, and our reward will be rich and glorious. Our resolutions will be sanctioned, our hands will be strengthened by that sweet communion which we enjoy with the Lord our Maker, and we will "go out with joy and be led forth with peace." Prosperity, assurance of heart, and satisfaction of mind will be our daily portion. And evils may rise and temptations may come, but our souls are anchored within the veil, and may not be moved from their heavenly moorings.

By the habit of prayer, also, if we enjoy the frequent sacrament of God's spirit, and imbibe as we unquestionably will in some trifling measure, the warm kindlings of that love which we adore in his character, we will go out into the world imitating the *LOVING GOD* we worship, nor be easily tempted to hate our neighbors, or cruelly wound our enemies. All professedly praying men may not, perhaps, exhibit that love in their conduct, nor show that their hearts have been in any way improved. But it is not all who profess to pray, that perform genuine devotions, or live in God's exalted communion. There are hypocrites among men, who "draw near to him with their lips while their hearts are far from him." They sin in the eye of their Maker, to blind the eyes of men. They are an abomination to him. They are "whited sepulchres filled with dead men's bones and all uncleanness." They go up and down in the world in sheep's clothing, while within they are ravening wolves. They never have tasted the first joy of pure devotion, and never have felt the influence of the strengthening, refining, ennobling spirit in their souls. They make a mock of prayers, and verily they have their reward in the burnings of an inward hell which keeps eating their heart, and their life, and their peace away.

There may be others who profess to pray without ceasing from the custom, and who perhaps are tolerably sincere in their professions, really thinking that they are devotional, and do God essential service, and who, after all, do not imitate his love in their conduct toward his creatures. These are they who have permitted the cares of the world to quench the spirit, to choke up the good seed of the kingdom, and render all their devotions a dead and unmeaning letter. While they think they are near God, they see him not, and feel not his presence. While they think they are blessed with his high communion, they are only communing with the heart of their own sordid selves, and contracting a selfishness which will lead them to esteem themselves better than others, and to oppress their less affluent neighbors. They do not design to be hypocrites, they have no particular fondness in the principle of injustice and oppression, but desires of gain, and love for the world prevent their ever com-

ing into the spiritual presence of Jehovah. They are hearers of the word and hearers only.

But there is still another class who by their generous prayers, and supplications, and intercessions, are made to dwell with God, to live in the blessed society of his spirit, and become liberal partakers of loving kindness. These are in uncounted multitudes—these are they who are *living*, who are fervent, who are unmissaken in their emotions of piety. They grow in grace, they increase in spirit, they rise up from joy to joy in the Lord's communion, and are fortified against all temptations to oppress or defraud their brethren. They drink in the perfections of Him whom they worship; and their whole souls, and characters, and doings, shine out with the divine radiance and the divine excellence. They see that the Lord is an infinite fountain of kindness and love to every human soul; they feel that he will have compassion according to the multitude of his tender mercies,—they rise up to a most endearing nearness to him, and are changed more and more, as their devotions continue, into his own lovely image. They find how good and benevolent it is to imitate his perfection in love; and strive to see how much of his goodness they can manifest toward their fellows, by having a respect for every man as the offspring of God and the heir of heaven; by having a compassion for the oppressed, the destitute and down-trodden—a sympathy for the mourning, the afflicted and distressed, and a deep and melting pity for the erring and the sinful. They can not be tempted; they can not be drawn away from a desire of the greatest conceivable good, and the greatest possible happiness of all men—of the entire intelligent creation; and a noble and uncompromising endeavor to be instrumental in the enlargement of that happiness, and the promotion of that good. They love God most because he first loved all his children, and they esteem themselves like God, and most worthy of his communion when they are bestowing tokens of love upon their needy brethren, and relieving them from their griefs and burdens, their sorrows and distresses. Their missions are blessed in the earth, and their feet are beautiful upon the mountains! They conceive of no greater love which can be shown for God, than that which they bestow in imitation of his own beneficence upon their neighbor. And they attach no narrow signification to the word neighbor. They esteem him to be any person of a human form, and a human heart, who *needs* their assistance, or deserves their respect. Their neighbor is the mourner, weeping the departure of beloved friends; the afflicted, groaning in the pangs of disease; the disappointed, languishing and sorrowing for blighted hopes, and unpropitious prospects; the poor man famishing for bread in his humble cabin; the destitute, the wayworn, the weary; and also the opposer of their sentiments, who is entitled to their respect for his rights of conscience, the purity of his intentions and the sincerity of his heart.—And in imitation of His benevolent character, upon whom they wait in their devotions—in whose presence they live and breathe and rejoice; and from whose spirit their own soul takes its manners, its lofty affections, its sublime charity—they go to that mourner and bind up his bleeding bosom; and to that individual languishing in sickness, and beguile his anguish, smoothe down his pillow, and mitigate his pains;—they go to the despondent and cheer up his hopes, and to the poor, and weary, and heavy laden, and assure them that though their brethren may despise them, and refuse them sympathy and comfort, yet that all the benevolent love them—that Christ loves them—that God loves them with an infinite kindness, an infinite pity, and that they will soon be delivered from every oppression, and every sorrow, and raised regenerated, glorified, and disenthralled to the land of their blest inheritance.

Thus far, my brethren, I have dwelt upon the first idea suggested by the text—that a devoutness of mind, and a frequency of devotion, will bring us into a nearness to God—where, not irreverently speaking, we can enjoy the constant society and communion of his spirit, and where we may model our whole soul and its sentiments and inclinations, after the conceptions that we entertain of his

adorable, his merciful character; and wearing thus his image as dear children, and walking continually in his ways, secure ourselves against the wiles of temptation.

Another brief thought, and I have done. The text says, "pray—that ye enter not into temptation." Earnestly supplicate with God, and ask him to preserve you from all inclinations to go astray—to enter into temptation. This sentiment is frequently repeated in the Scriptures. The Saviour directed his disciples in the prayer he gave them to say "abandon us not to temptation"—suffer us not to forget thy counsels, or violate thy commandments. Let us cherish this sentiment—let us follow this requirement. Let us pray morning and evening, in the field and in the mart, in the store and in the sanctuary, in the assembly and in solitude—in all places, and at all seasons, where danger lurks and transgression lays in wait to deceive, let us lift up holy hands, and devout hearts, and grateful spirits, and say, "O Lord, abandon us not to temptation, but deliver us from evil."

Very cheerfully do we give place to the following communication from Br. Br. Lumsden in reply to our remarks on the subject a few weeks ago. We did not intend, by any means, to call in question his motives in publishing the warning—nor yet sit in judgment upon the evidence he possessed; for we believe the first to be good, and only complained that the latter had not been submitted along with the warning we had received, that we might judge for ourselves.

Br. L. refers with severity to some papers that are ready to condemn errors of faith, but are silent in regard to errors of practice. I know not to whom he refers—it is enough for us, that we are *not guilty*. I would venture to guess, however, that if there is any one guilty, it is some one who is rather fond of blazoning abroad all the vices and abominations of preachers of other denominations; for if any thing can make a man unwilling to acknowledge the "mishaps" of his own denomination, it is just such a practice as that.

Our Western brethren are now fully and fairly warned, publicly and privately, and able to take care of themselves. If they choose to support preachers who have left the East and gone West, to evade trial; or who refuse to come forward and clear themselves of strongly alleged charges; they must abide the consequences. And if those preachers are innocent, they cannot better, nor easier, make it manifest, than by coming forward at once, and meeting their accusers face to face in a full, fair investigation of the *facts* of the case. One side has been heard—the other side (and every story has two sides, even if both are nearly alike) remains to be heard before a final decision should be made.

A. B. G.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### REV. LEVI CHACE—AGAIN.

BR. GROSH—Your article in the Magazine and Advocate of last Friday, concerning the above named individual, seems to me to require some exposition to set the matter right. It appears that the "caution" which I recently published in the "Warrior," with a request that our papers would copy the same, (supposing them *all friendly to a pure ministry*.) was the occasion of the column which you devoted to this subject. Although you placed the caution before your readers, still you say that you did it "with great reluctance." That reluctance would not have been felt by you, I am sure, if you had known fully all the circumstances which impelled me to place that caution before the public. There is sufficient, however, in the caution itself, to show that I intended to be understood as warning the friends against receiving him as a minister in good—ministerial and Christian—standing. I emphatically stated, that, he was "not connected with the denomination in *any way whatever*"—thereby meaning, that he was not with us in *spirit* or in *practice*, although passing himself off as a Universalist minister. And I mean now to be understood, if not before, that Mr. Chace could not have become connected with any Universalist



church in Massachusetts, just before he left for the West, on account of *moral*, say nothing about Christian and ministerial, character. This is not mere "hear say," it is *fact*. I have a caution in "black and white," written me by a friend to the cause of Universalism nearly eighteen months since, putting me on my guard against Chace. I have never seen Mr. C. from that time till the present. I am well acquainted with him. I know him well. I once thought him an honest, good, sincere Christian; but the more I became acquainted with him, the more I was shaken in my confidence in the man. The first thing that led me to think him not the pure minded man which I had hitherto supposed him to be, was his fondness for every thing obscene. Such things appeared to be his chief delight; and I could not but notice it. I endeavored to make every apology for him, because he was an old man. Although, I fully expected other and better things from one of his age, and one too, professing to be a teacher of the purest system of morals ever taught upon earth. But I am now perfectly satisfied that he is an unsafe man; and if any society wish to receive him as their pastor, they have the right to do so, but not as a Universalist minister, because he is *not one with us*—is not connected with us in *any way whatever*. I mean here, that he has no more connection with us as a body, and should not be recognized as such, any more than is every member of the human family.

There is one thing which I have observed in many of our editors, which to me is a source of much regret. It is a disposition to smother the criminality of any one who will only travel about and act as an agent. But let a man broach an idea in theology which does not chime in with every notion of a few I could name, and that man is made the target for every school boy to shoot at. How different with the same individuals, when a man goes forth as a preacher of Universalism and his garments stained with licentiousness! Not a word is said, unless it be that "he is a good pioneer; he can plough the ground; he opposes the orthodox so boldly; he will do much good for the cause," and much to the same effect. The little time I have looked around me, I have seen far too much of this; and I deeply regret its existence. Such conduct should be frowned down by every lover of pure religion. Let us have pure hearted and good men in our ministry, and we can cheerfully bear the reproach and the sneers of the age. But encourage crime by silence, from mercenary or other motives, and how dare we confront the teachers of Partialism? But enough on this topic.

In regard to what you say under your 2nd head, third paragraph, I beg leave to differ from you.—Because no Church, Association, or Convention has any right to arraign an individual who has no connexion with its body, and not under its jurisdiction.\* And any member of the body has the right, ay, is in duty bound, to give other portions of the body warning against imposition. Thus I have acted. When I first ascertained that Mr. C. was in Illinois preaching as a Universalist minister, I wrote forthwith to Br. Gurley about the matter, which was published in the "Star of the West," of June 12th. I have done what I conceived was my duty to our brethren who were ignorant of the matter. Since I wrote Br. Gurley, and the publication in the "Star," the friends in Peru, Ill., have written a letter making inquiry concerning the charges, etc., preferred against Chace, which has been answered fully and clearly.

The following, which is a portion of the letter to which I alluded in the beginning of this sheet, will show you what kind of a man Chace is. I received this about 18 months ago.

"I understand that Levi Chace is preaching on the Eastern Shore, and has spent considerable of his time in that section. I regret this circumstance, as it will eventually greatly injure our cause.

\* NOTE BY A. B. G.—An Association, or a Society, in which the preacher resides and in which he has accepted office, is surely possessed of a better right to call him to account for misconduct, or to caution the public against him, than any individual can be. And such warning will be better heeded and confided in by the public. This is what I alluded to in the remark.

"I have no desire to injure him or any other man, but the truth of Christ is paramount to all other considerations. There is the most undoubted certainty, that he has been guilty of the act, last fall, of going to the bed-room of a lady in the depth of the night in his shirt and drawers, and on her alarming the family by her screams, he suddenly retreated, and then resorted to the miserable subterfuge of saying that it was the ghost of her departed husband that she saw.† She says positively that she knows it was Chace. It is your duty to be on your guard against him."

The above has been fully corroborated by one in whom I entertain the utmost confidence. I understand also, that Chace was advised to return from Philadelphia, before he went out West, for the purpose of clearing up the above. He promised to do so, but never did it. So he still rests under the condemnation. And all I have to say in conclusion, is, that a man who would run off to the West instead of clearing up a stain on his character near home, is a man that should be watched, and like Cain, should be marked, so that he may be known wherever he goes.

The above constitutes my reason for acting as I have done. If I have said aught that is wrong, I am sorry for it. But I feel bound to watch, and to "sound an alarm," if others who carry this motto on their front, will not, or dare not.

G. L. LUMSDEN.

Richmond, Va., Aug. 29, 1843.

† This is an admission that she saw something. G. L. L.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### THE CONFERENCE IN LEE.

Br. Grosh—Our friends here are making great calculations on having a good meeting on the 13th and 14th. And it will be a thrilling and interesting one, if enough of our ministers can be induced to visit us. This section is a benighted one as it regards a knowledge of God's universal grace, and one of the objects of this Conference is, to impart new zeal and energy to the cause and society in this place.

You know the history of this society, you was its pastor in its infancy; since that time it has been gaining, progressing and improving, slowly, but surely. And they now request and hope that their brethren in the ministry will not be unmindful of their wants at the coming Conference. Shall they have the pleasure of seeing yourself and Brs. Woolley, Brown, Cook, Soule, Morey, Stuart, Kibbe, and all others who may see fit to attend and encourage us with their presence? We name these brethren, because they are within a few miles of us. What say you, brethren, shall we be cheered by your presence? We extend a like invitation to all our friends. Come one and all, that we may rejoice together, and have our spiritual strength renewed. Strangers coming the day before the meeting will inquire for the following brethren, who are the committee, L. Eames, L. D. Baker, I. Chesebrough, I. Nisbet, C. Washburn, N. Wood, or the writer.

R. QUEAL.

Lee, September 2, 1843.

REMARK.—Lee Centre is but a few miles north of Rome—six miles from Rome lives Br. I. Nisbet, one of the Committee, so that it will be easy to get there. Br. Soule and self expected to attend, of course—i. e. he did before he married a wife, and I hope still does—and I trust the other brethren will not fail to be there.

A. B. G.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

BR. GROSH—Will you allow me to reply to your remarks, contained in your paper of Aug. 25th, if I will be very brief?

1. I am not much inclined to controvert a subject with an Editor of your critical acumen, mental power and moral worth, in his own paper; with all the disadvantages attending a residence distant from the place of publication; but if done fairly I hope it will not be thought objectionable.

[Certainly, not to one determined to controvert even to the last word. A. B. G.]

2. If I understand you, when you have carefully prepared an article for the press—you would have an Editor deliberately strike out a part of it.

[Yes, or the whole of it—even to condense the whole of it, as Br. Price did, if needed. A. B. G.]

3. "Article, bearing, not Br. Morse's name."

1. Br. Morse's name occurs six times in that article, besides in the vote appointing him to prepare the minutes for publication, and besides bearing his signature as Moderator. 2. "Addition to the minutes." If I had not made other additions, more than one vote would not have been recorded at all. 3. Clerks were appointed to record, and I to prepare for publication—all acted by authority of the Council. 4. Suppose the Clerk had been "held responsible" for telling the truth.

4. "Not true according to impression." This must be a mistake. It was true according to impression, as well as in fact—for the natural import of the phrase, "without a dissenting voice," is, that no one voted against it.

I remain yours affectionately, P. MORSE.

Henderson, Sept. 1st, 1843

Perhaps Br. Morse will wish to reply again to the two brief notes above. If so, I hope he will do so—the subject is an interesting one—VERY—especially to himself.

### NEW WORLD PUBLICATIONS.

JUST PUBLISHED, From the advance sheets, purchased of the Translator in London, "THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTERS."—Also, "NINA," a sequel to the "President's daughters. By FREDERIKA BREMER, Authoress of "The Neighbors," "The Home," &c.

Price, each, 12 1-2 cents; \$8.00 per hundred; 10 copies by mail for \$1.00.

These works were brought out by our London Agent, in the Great Western; and he informs us that they were not to be published in London till October—consequently, we issue them six weeks in advance of the London edition.

No author of the present day enjoys so great and well-deserved a popularity as Miss Bremer, and surely none can so well present her to the English reader, as Mary Howitt—herself one of the most delightful writers of our times.—The works now presented in the first American editions, in advance of the European publications, are, if possible, more interesting than "The Neighbors," and "Home," and we anticipate for them an immense sale.

MAGIC AND MESMERISM. A TALE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

A story of the most intense and absorbing interest, depicting the fearful uses made of Animal Magnetism by the Jesuits, a century ago. It occupies a double number of the New World. A limited type edition only has been printed.

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MARY AND MARTHA.—A beautiful work by Mrs. Ellis, well known as the most instructive and pleasing writer of the day. It is worthy a most extensive circulation, and every lady should read it, as its tendency is to make Home happy—a consummation which all should strive after.

Price 12 1-2 cents; \$8 per hundred; 10 for \$1.

FROISSART'S CHRONICLES.—We have frequently taken occasion to advise the readers of the New World to subscribe for this great work during its progress through the press, and while it may be had for \$2, remitted by mail.—The sixth number has just been issued, and the four remaining numbers will speedily follow. After the publication of the eighth number, the price will invariably be \$2.50. It was thought a wonder in England, that this work could be published at \$14. The pictures, of which there are one hundred and twenty, are better in the American than the English edition.

IN PRESS, and will be speedily published, the following original works, viz: "The Village Inn and other Tales of Love and Chivalry," by Henry William Herbert, author of "Marmaduke Wyvil," "The Brothers," "Ringwood the Rover," &c.; also, a new tale by the author of "Lights and Shadows of Factory Life;" also, new romances by the authors of "Philip in Search of a Wife," and "Kate in Search of a Husband." These, and many other attractive novelties, will shortly be presented to the public from the New World office. Address,

J. WINCHESTER, 30 Ann-st, N. Y.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## CAMPBELL AND SKINNER'S DISCUSSION.

A friend and inquirer under date of July 10th, writes as follows:

"Rev. D. Skinner, I have lately heard much about a Discussion you held a short time since with a distinguished controversialist by the name of Campbell; and I wish to inquire, who the said Mr. Campbell is? What were the questions, or subjects discussed? and where and at what price is the work to be obtained?"

Another, under date of August 13th, writes:—"Brother Skinner, I have heard nothing for some months past concerning your old friend, or quondam opponent, Campbell—where is he or what he is about—whether he has taken or vended any copies of the Discussion, or whether it is likely to bring him any converts from Universalism—or whether, since Br. L. C. Todd's return to the belief and ministry of Universalism, Mr. C. still regards him as a gentleman of an enlarged and cultivated mind."

In answer to the first inquirer above, I would inform him that the Mr. C. spoken of is the Rev. Alexander Campbell of Bethany, Va., a liberally educated and rather celebrated clergyman, more particularly noted for his controversial talents, having distinguished himself in a great number of discussions or set controversies, the most noted of which were the one with Rev. W. L. McCalla, (Presbyterian,) Robert Owen, (Atheist,) Bishop Purcell, (Catholic Bishop of Cincinnati,) and the one on Universalism with myself. He is a dissenting Baptist, the founder of the sect calling themselves *Disciples*, (usually styled *Campbellites*, from him) and considered the Lion of the controversialists of the West; so that, if he did not overthrow and completely annihilate Universalism as he threatened he would, in his discussion with me, it was not because he was destitute either of learning, talents or celebrity.

The questions discussed were the following, viz.,

1. Are *Sheol*, *Hades* and *Gehenna*, (commonly translated hell,) or either of them, ever used in the Scriptures to express a place or state of endless misery?

2. Do the words *olam*, *aion*, *aiionis*, etc., (commonly translated everlasting, eternal, etc.) when applied to the punishment of the wicked, mean duration without end?

\*3. Is there any word in human language that expresses duration without end which is not applied to the future punishment of the wicked, or which can certify us that God, angels or saints shall have duration without end? And

4. Shall eternal life, (meaning thereby endless holiness and happiness,) be, according to the Scriptures the ultimate destiny of all mankind.

Our inquirer will see at once that these four propositions embrace the main points and nearly or quite all the grounds of dispute between Universalists and Partialists.

With regard to the inquiries of our second correspondent, I observe that I hear not a syllable from my quondam opponent, Mr. Campbell, directly or indirectly. Where he is, or what he is doing I know not. He has neither ordered nor vended a single copy of the Discussion, nor, so far as I can learn, has one of his followers done so, through the length or breadth of the land. He intimated to me, before the book was published, that he wanted 1000, or 1500 copies: but I have now no idea that he did want them, or that he would have taken them on any consideration. I believe now that it was his design to lead me to publish (if I pushed at all) so large an edition as to involve me in a heavy outlay of expenses, for an edition too large for the demand, with the expectation that he would take a part of it; and then, when published, to give it (as he actually did) the ban of his prohibition to prevent his followers, and as many others as he could influence, from purchasing the work. The ground of his proscription is, that an Appendix was added (of 4 pages) to the Discussion, mostly it is true from his own pen, containing two notes from

his *Family Testament*. These Notes he had once thanked me (how sincerely the reader can judge) for approving, and once asked me to publish in the Discussion. And when I published them in a separate article, and requested and repeatedly challenged him to do the same, that his readers might see them, he declined to the last, never let his readers see them, and when they are added to the published Discussion in an Appendix, he makes them the ground of condemning the work as "not faithfully published!" although the work in reality was faithfully published, *verbatim et literatim*.

But why, it may be asked, did he object to the appending of his notes to the book containing the discussion, when they had so frequently been commented on both by him and me during the discussion? I answer—and both Mr. Campbell and all our readers know it is fact—simply and alone because he knew those notes of his completely, and effectually, and forever refute and nullify all his most important and valued criticisms in this Discussion.

I have heard of no converts that Mr. Campbell has made from Universalism, by or since the Discussion. But a number of Campbellite members, and several preachers, have come out Universalists; some of them I know from reading the Discussion. When on my return from the West Indies, via Cincinnati, at the close of a sermon I there preached, a very respectable appearing lady came to me and said she must take me by the hand of fellowship, for she was a member of the Campbellite church, and had been convinced of the truth of Universalism by reading my letters to Mr. Campbell published in the Harbinger.

What Mr. C. thinks of Br. Todd now, I know not. Whether he regards him as a gentleman of an enlarged and cultivated mind, is of but little consequence either to me or Br. T. I most cordially welcome Br. T. back to the ministry of reconciliation, and none the less so for having taken away Mr. C's apparent triumph over his renunciation, and confirmed all I said to the latter concerning him, and what I had before intimated, that he was not in his right mind at the time of his renunciation.

The Discussion is a volume of between 400 and 500 closely printed large 12 mo pages, handsomely bound, and is for sale at this office, and I think also at the Universalist Bookstores in New York, Boston, Albany, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Richmond and some other places. Price \$1 single, \$10 per dozen, \$75 per hundred.

D. SKINNER.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## GLEANINGS.....NO. I.

## HINTS TO YOUNG SPEAKERS.

BY REV. U. CLARK.

1. Never tell an audience that you have nothing, or but a few words to say, and then deceive them, by wearying their patience for an hour or two. If you have but a few words to say, say them at once—come to the point—get through, and then sit down. If you have nothing to say of any interest, your hearers will find it out, without your telling them, what they perceive is quite evident, but what you imagine, at the same time, to be quite interesting. Critical hearers always abominate long egotistical and apologetical introductions.

2. Never say that you have made no preparations—that you are taken by surprise; and then produce a written manuscript, which your hearers observe has cost you severest labor, perhaps of days. People, in such cases, think that you intend to take them by surprise; they are not so intellectually obtuse as to be unable to detect the difference between a superficial, and a deeply studied, labored, far-fetched production. You need not be ashamed of exposing your manuscript—they ought to be gratified to know that you have thought and labored for them. This is your business. And if you appear before them unprepared, you are inexcusable for not having attended to your business.

3. Never say, at the conclusion of a long prayer, "we shall not be heard for our much speaking." That idea ought to be in your head before you begin, and then you would owe no begging apology

afterwards. It is not only irreverent to Deity, but aggravating to your auditors—inasmuch as you thereby confess that you have been tiresome, and that you now wish to break off and excuse the matter to them, by saying, what any one, to their sorrow and impatience, knows to be too true.

4. Never take the advantage in prayer to communicate news to your congregation, neither to the all-comprehending and adorable Being whom you are addressing. The minds of your hearers are thereby called off from devotion, and their thoughts are rambling every where but in communion with the Father of spirits.

5. Avoid vain, heathenish repetitions, and stale expressions; which appear to be thrown in as though nothing else could be introduced as substitutions. Be not hasty, either, in your petitions; but calm, collected, composed, with your mind deeply impressed with filial awe and gratitude and humility and confidence in God, and your thoughts will then flow free and full of devotion.

6. Seek to effect no sanctimonious appearances, either in looks or tones. Sensible minded Christians do not measure piety by the elongations of disfigured countenances, nor by the length of deep drawn sighs and interjections, nor by the wrinklins of the forehead, nor by the thundering extent of an unearthly voice, tuned or pitched according to the rules of Pharisaic musical dogmatism.

Should these hints, with many others which the writer proposes to glean, be taken by beginners, like himself, many superfluous and disadvantageous habits, into which young preachers are quite liable to fall, may be remedied. The progressive state of society requires attention to this subject, and numerous failures may be attributed to an inattention, on the part of the preacher, to the manner as well as the matter. With this remark, the author submits himself with deference and humility till—more anon.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD.

In meditating on these words, my mind was led to reflect on the course pursued by those who acknowledge the propriety of heeding the divine commands. And in so doing I came to the conclusion, that there is a great deal of inconsistency in this, our world, arising from some cause which ought to be found and removed. Reader, I will first treat of the inconsistency; secondly, of the cause; and thirdly, the remedy.

First I refer to the inconsistency of a professed preacher of the Gospel of God's universal love, who preaches, Sabbath after Sabbath, to others that they should overcome evil with good, while he himself suffers his personal feelings of dislike against an individual, to prevent him from encouraging and aiding a means of general benefit to the cause, merely because the individual disliked is connected with that means! I do not say positively there are any such; but if there are, all will admit they are inconsistent. Again, I should consider it to be wrong for me to leave a religious meeting, because a brother was going to preach (who is in good fellowship) that I supposed to be unworthy. I should not think this to be overcoming evil with good.

Now for the cause. It is simply this. The outward man rules.

The remedy I propose, is, to let the inward man rule—overcome evil with good.

A LOOKER ON.

P. S.—Perhaps I may, some other day, take a peep into some other inconsistencies among preachers and laymen.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## NOTHING.

Messrs. Editors—The terms *future punishment*, *everlasting burning*, *eternal hell*, &c., &c., are the greatest wanderers known; they never come home to any body, and are often observed to belong to every body but themselves. It is odd, but the word *nobody*, and the term *nothing*, although no certain ideas can be affixed to them, are often made use of in arguments. Great men have declared they



knew nothing, and it is very common for us to talk about doing nothing; for, from the age of 10 to 20 we go to school to be taught what from 20 to 30 we are very apt to forget; from 30 to 40 we begin to settle; from 40 to 50 we think as fast as we can; from 50 to 60 we are very careful; and from 60 to 70 we cast up what all our thinking comes to; and then, what, between our losses and gains, our enjoyments and inquietudes, even with the addition of old age, we can but strike this balance—[0]. Now *nothing* is a hieroglyphic of part of human kind; for in life, as well as in arithmetic, there are a number of nothings, which like cyphers mean nothing in themselves, and are totally insignificant; but by the addition of a single figure at their head, they assume rank and value in an instant. The meaning of which is, that nothing may be turned into something by the single power of any one who is lord of a *golden wand*. Now as these persons' fears come from *nothing*, we suppose they will come to *nothing*; and happy are they who, amidst the variations of nothing, have nothing to fear; for if they have nothing to lose, they have nothing to lament; and if they have done nothing to be ashamed of, they have every thing to hope for. Thus I conclude my remarks upon nothing, which we hope are properly executed by making *nothing* of it.

Read carefully, and herein you may find a key that possibly will unlock a great religious secret; and although partially guilty of the crime of *plagiarism* still we hope to be forgiven, as our motive is good, viz., to spread light. Yours, I. F. F.

Scrība. August 1, 1843.

From the Messenger.

## HUMAN PREDESTINATION.

BY REV. JOHN H. WILLIS.

We are, so to speak, manufacturing tears, or smiles, joys or woes, for our offspring, in every word we speak, or act we do. Their destiny, either happy, or heart-rending we are now preparing.—Look forward parents as you love your children, on the future, and say with full purpose of soul, it shall be *purity and peace, honor and happiness, smiles and heaven* that you will ordain as their portion. This you have the power to do. In heaven's name, will you not do it then?

I want this important truth to be sent in flaming conviction to every heart, that we hold in a great degree the future destiny of the world in our hands; and that we can make that destiny a happy one, or a sad, just as you please.

Who, believing this, will not see to it, that his life shall be such, as shall make the future remember him with gratitude as a benefactor, and speak his name with praise. Rather than that his children's children should rise up and call him cursed?

The world is full of facts that go to prove my position correct. Yes, facts and philosophy, experience and the Bible, all utter their testimony, that we are responsible for much of the virtue and vice, the happiness or the woes of posterity. Our age will be named with scorn, and justly too, for the wickedness of that which shall come after us; but honor shall be written out for us by the wise and happy, in future times, if we *now* live for their good.

What a withering curse that must have been to that mother's heart—what a terrible rebuke! when she visited her son in the State Prison at Auburn, he said to her "*had you put the BIBLE into my hands when a child and taught me to read it, I should not have been in this place.*" What a lesson of solemn warning is this to parents, and guardians.

I have somewhere read of a young man about to be executed who desired that his mother might be permitted to come upon the stand, for he wanted to speak one word to her before his death. She came to him; he bent forward as all thought to speak in a whisper to her, instead of which he bit off a piece of her ear. She started back, horror struck, exclaiming, "for what is this my son?" He answered, "*that ear heard me speak falsehoods and blaspheme the God, and defy the laws of the State when a child, without leading you to correct, or teach me better.*" Comment is unnecessary.

How many a wretched felon could say the same,

none but the Searcher of all hearts can tell. The three Thayers executed at Buffalo some years since, confessed on the gallows that in childhood and youth, that they were permitted to spend their Sabbaths in hunting, fishing, gambling and drunkenness. Their moral and religious education, was utterly neglected. There are scores of similar cases.

But let us turn to the brighter side of human influence. Men of eminent virtue and talents, ascribe their celebrity to some strong and happy impressions, received in childhood from those who had the formation and moulding of their minds.

Sir William Jones declared that his veneration for truth and his successful pursuit in useful literature, were entirely owing to the early precepts of his mother. But not to tire the reader with too many examples of this character, I will close with giving the very interesting anecdote recorded in the life of the illustrious West.

His mother on discovering some of the efforts of his early genius for painting, stooped down and kissed him. "*That kiss,*" said he, "*made me a painter.*" His mother by that well timed and affectionate approbation, kindled and encouraged the genius of the young West, and stamped his mind with a deep love for that fine art, in which he was so celebrated in after life.

The tender and pliant minds of children receive impressions readily. They mould like soft wax. The impress of an angel or a demon, may now be easily stamped upon them. Woman, how much depends upon your tender influence! O! give your earnest heed to this important work. Immense is the responsibility that rests upon all who have the care of children; especially upon women. She gives the earliest direction to minds that possess mighty energies to bless or curse the earth.

Now may be kindled the first impulses, that may end in those terrible vices and crimes, that make humanity to mourn or that they make a man to seem truly a bright emanation from heaven, sent to gladden, to beautify, and to bless the children of men.

How much too little is thought of the calamities that may be brought down upon society by the thousand poor, ragged, starving, ignorant thievish boys, that wander idly about the streets of cities, and large towns; leaving nothing but deception, profanity and vice. O! pick them up, ye lovers of safety and peace. Feed them—clothe them—educate them, mentally, morally, and religiously. Make them good men, and useful citizens, or they will be your *scourge*! You must live for *their good*, or they may live to *your hurt*.

Ye rich men, happy in the thoughts of security, and exulting in your affluence—see you not that dingy faced boy, in rags by the way side? He cries to you for bread, hear him, or you may repent it. Take him out of the street to some safe retreat, and see that *he is rightly trained*, though it cost you *cash*. He may make a Washington or a Franklin, and be to his country and you a benefit, a glory. Leave him in his *rags*, his *ignorance*, his *sins*, and he shall prove your *bane*!—become a *Gibbs* perchance, and make the perils of old ocean, on which floats your merchandise, more terrible, from thoughts of *horrid pirates*. Or he may wrap your marble palaces in flames about your heads, at midnight hour, that he may filch away some miserable pittance. We live for each other. "If one member suffers, all the members suffer with it. Or if one member be honored, *all the members rejoice with it.*"

From the Western Luminary.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: It has not been the want of inclination or forgetfulness, that has kept me from this public acknowledgement of your kind regard, and favors bestowed upon myself and afflicted family. Many thanks are due to those whose Christian philanthropy sustained and comforted us in the days and months of our adversity.

It was a sad reality that awakened your kindness. My wife was brought down upon a bed of painful illness, where she had been confined about

six months; but thanks be to God, she has been brought up from the borders of the grave to mingle with her family and friends, and spend a few more days in the social circle, amid the surrounding providence of a kind and unchanging Saviour.

Our son is now no more; his painful and protracted illness has required my whole time and care for more than four months past, so that I have been confined at home with the sick in my family about ten months.

There have been two circumstances, in my affliction, that have contributed not a little to depress my spirits; the want of social meetings in the house of worship, and my exclusion from the active exertions in the ministry of the Gospel of life and salvation. I would have gone out and preached the kingdom of God to my fellow men, but I could not, for God had another lesson for me to learn; I must pass through the vale of humility and tears. It was for me to know the fatigues, cares, and deep anxieties of a husband and father bending over the couch of pain and protracted illness. This I could not have learned in prosperity, nor in the splendid drawing-room, for that is not the place to learn dependence and humility. Had it been, Christ would have chosen it, rather than the open world, without a house where he might lay his weary head.

It was for me to see my friends in the house of affliction, and receive from them their kind favors that never failed to melt my heart into tenderness and my eyes into tears.

It is good for us that we are made to suffer in this transitory world of temptation and sin. It is also good for us to be brought low at the foot of the cross, as well as at the feet of Sovereign and Divine mercy. The greater our afflictions here, the greater will be our deliverance and salvation when we are healed of all our woes.

Our suffering child has gone to that holy state of ineffable bliss, for which he has been for a considerable time preparing, under the discipline of Providence, and the sanctifying grace of the Redeemer.

When his wounds of sin were healing,

Then his heart was all resigned—

Then a solemn feast of feeling,

Was a banquet to his mind.

Clothed in Heaven's best robe he stood,

On death's dark and dreary shore,

He gaz'd beyond the swelling flood,

And seem'd as one already o'er.

S. MILES.

## MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barray.

UTICA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8. 1843.

From the Western Luminary.

## FUNERALS, LECTURES.

BY REV. B. B. BUNKER.

Without any rhetoric, and, indeed, without using many words, I wish to correct a matter connected with the labors of the minister of the Gospel, at all events so far as I am concerned.

I wish to say to my friends who are not connected with the society with which I may be connected now and hereafter, and especially as they do not in any way contribute to the support of said Society, neither by their money or attendance, and who may have occasion to call for my services to attend funerals and lecture in their midst, that, although I consider it my duty to answer such calls, and to be to the expense of keeping a horse and carriage for such service, yet I consider it also the duty of those who are able to assist me to money to meet my expenses, and take care of a dependant family, to do so, and do it freely. I have suffered sufficiently in this matter. I remember last winter of attending a funeral in a very wealthy family, it was on the notorious cold Monday;—it was only six miles distant:—I was five hours getting home, through cold and snow, horrible beyond description; and yet not one solitary thank did I get—which, by the way, was better than though they had thanked me—nor one solitary cent to bring bread or clothing. This



is not a solitary instance in six year's ministry. I have had too many of them. I will cheerfully answer the calls of the poor, I will sacrifice anything for them in times of affliction. *They must not think of paying me anything.* But the able must, or they need not call for me.

Will Br. Grosh copy the above and remark as he thinks best? I should like to hear from him in the matter.

#### REMARKS.

I know not why Br. Bunker should so particularly wish to hear my remarks on the above subject; but, though not a pleasant one, and rather a delicate one, I do not feel quite free to decline complying with his request. And as nothing is gained by handling a delicate subject very delicately, (there being many people among those most deeply interested in not understanding you, who will not know what you *mean* unless you use the *very plainest* language,) here goes to speak about it in as business-like a manner as possible.

Clergymen, by the customs and notions of society, are not allowed to make charges for their services, as are farmers, laborers, mechanics, and professional men generally. If they do, they are considered sordid, mean and unfit for their station, and are soon treated with contempt. Yet it is a fact that, (except in a very few instances,) they are treated just as all other men are, in the way of business charges against them. They have to pay for their schooling and books—when they go to study for their profession, they have to pay for their boarding, lodging, washing and clothing, just as other men do. If they get books, they must pay for them—if they use a horse and carriage, or keep one, it costs them money, just as much as it does any other person—in most cases, too, they have to pay turnpike gates, blacksmiths, and waggonmakers just as much as other people. And even if they go on foot, it costs them as much time and shoe-leather as it does any other foot traveller. In short—every thing costs the minister time and money in these days, as well and as much as it does other people, of any other calling or employment.

After a young man, at a considerable expense of money, time, and labor, has qualified himself to enter the ministry—has purchased the beginning of a library—and commenced life in his new profession, his expenses are not at an end. If he has a family, they will need a support—if not, he will—and a support, too, in accordance with the requirements of his society. They may ask (by actions and custom) that he live in a certain kind of style (and style always costs labor and money)—that he entertain strangers, and relieve the poor who are always sent to him! (and that costs time, labor and money)—that he dress and appear as well as other ministers (and that costs money)—that he visit considerably (and that costs time—and money, too, to get the work done about his house which he is thus prevented from doing)—that his wife visit a good deal, and superintend various matters in the society (and that requires her to hire help, and thus more time, labor and money are needed). Now all this may be required by them without their speaking a word to him—and for every moment he gives them, he takes one away from his own use, which he has to make up in some way, or at some cost. This it is, that makes it necessary for clergymen to be paid for the whole week, and not for their Sunday labor only. This it is, too, that makes it only justice to pay a minister, lawyer or physician a larger sum for the apparent hour's labor, than the single hour would seem to demand—because, in order to prepare for that hour's labor, the professional man spent years of time and labor, besides much money.

Well—the society where the minister settles, knows these things, and pays him a suitable sum—sufficient to enable him to devote nearly all his time and all his talents to their service. Every member of that society has now a right to call on the preacher to perform the duties of his office. He visits the sick, prays with the dying, comforts the mourners, attends funerals, makes calls on the families, promotes the welfare of schools, literary associations, temperance, &c., &c., in his neighborhood,

and does all other things pertaining to his office without charge. Why? Because that society *has paid* him, in his salary, for doing these very things. If, therefore, he goes to farming, merchandizing, or speculating in any way, he is censured *justly* for doing so; because he is employing time not justly his own, for his own benefit, to the neglect of his duties.

But suppose he employs that time for the benefit of persons not belonging to the society—does that render it any more just? Certainly not. A preacher who neglects his own society to lecture before other societies, (either for their benefit or his own,) does his society injustice and wrong. I have known preachers who were habitually culpable in this respect. They were half their time running away from their duties at home, to attend meetings, funerals and lectures abroad—to visit among strangers—while their people at home were needing their services in many ways—services, too, for which they were paying their absent preacher a fair sum of money, week by week.

But, to return to the main subject, which I think must, by this time, begin to look the reader in the face. The most of our societies allow their preachers to visit places around them, and attend funerals in the vicinity, that he may thus add some what to the small salary they are able to pay him. In such cases, the leisure time and self-labor thus allowed to the minister, are a part of his capital, out of which he is expected to make up the deficiency of his salary, so that he may be able to live and appear according to the reasonable expectations of his society. It is no less injustice to his society, than to himself and his family, to dissipate away that leisure time allowed him, in such a manner as to involve him and them in disappointment, trouble or disgrace. Yet if he does spend it in running around, without receiving any compensation for it, his income will not be sufficient to support him properly, and he must disappoint the expectations of his society as to his appearance, and entertainment of strangers—or he must run in debt for a part of his living, which must eventually give him and his friends great trouble, and may finally end in deep and deserved disgrace.

Now look at the circumstances (and though I have named a great many, I have not named half of what might very properly be named) look at what has been stated, and answer candidly in view of them all—is it righteous—is it *honest*—is it even *DECENT* for a man able to pay, to send for a clergyman to attend a funeral, or a wedding, or a lecture, out of his society, and then leave him to pay horse and carriage hire, (or *keeping*, for it is the same thing in the actual cost at the year's end,) and lose his time and labor? Would any man of common sense, and common honesty and decency, even dream of treating any other than a minister in this manner? Would you send for a farmer to come five or ten miles, with a horse and plough, to plough your lot, and then allow him to return home, and expect he never would charge you any thing for his time, labor and expense? Would you expect a lawyer or a doctor to go as far to visit you, and labor for you at his own cost, and charge you nothing for doing so? Would you go, yourself, under such circumstances, and lose your time and labor? Would you deem any man honest or decent who could ask you to go for him, under such circumstances, especially if you knew he was better to be able to pay you, than you were to go for nothing?

But, you may allege, the minister has never *charged* any thing for his services—he has not sent in his bill, and been refused payment—and therefore he has no right to complain. So! because the customs of society will not allow him to make a regular charge, he is to lose it! Shame on any man who will take such an advantage of his fellow man, merely to save a few dollars! The debt is one of honor—of sacred, solemn, *religious honor*—and should be paid more promptly, and willingly, and fully, than if it could be collected by law, *instantly*. No man, worthy of the name, will gainsay this. The more difficult it is to collect a debt actually due, the more readily will a truly honest and honorable man discharge it—whether owing to a minister, whom custom will not allow to sue for it; or to a newspaper-

publisher, who can not well sue, by reason of distance. When will men become so honorable and honest, as to *feel* this to be true?

In conclusion—I say any minister is justified—I believe it is his *duty*—to refuse to attend a funeral at his own cost of time, labor, and money, in a family, none of whose members support the preaching of the restitution, and who he knows are *able* to reward him for his services, but *will not do it*. It is his duty to let such “dead bury their dead”—his *duty* to himself, to his family, to his society, to the world. I take the case of a funeral, because it is the strongest that can be adduced, and will therefore include all other cases. I know that this avowal may call up the cry of “hireling,” “mercenary,” “miserly” and “unfeeling priest”—but I can not help it—I believe, and so I speak. I have been without a cent of money in my pocket—dunned by creditors—my family wanting comforts, and necessities, even, which I could not get for them without running deeper into debt—and while thus, I have been called on to attend a funeral ten miles off. I have hired a conveyance, neglected pressing business that would have brought me money, gone through storm and cold to the injury of my health, performed funeral services, and returned home *unpaid*, to ask the livery stable keeper to trust me until I could pay him the additional debt thus incurred—not to say anything of my family's expenses during the time thus lost! Let any man, with a just regard for his family and his creditors, be placed in such circumstances, and be served thus once, and then be asked to go, a *second* time, and attend a funeral in that same family, and will he *not* be “mercenary and unfeeling” enough to refuse going? I am convinced, after much conversation on the subject with clergymen of different denominations, that such cases as I have given above are *too common*. No class of men are called on to perform so many and so great *gratuitous* professional services, as clergymen. Doctors and Lawyers lose much, I know—so do others—but they can sue, and attempt a recovery by law—their incomes are, also, in general, much greater, so that they can afford it. But clergymen are *expected* to perform much *gratuitously*—it is demanded of them by public feeling and opinion, as a *part of their business*—and this, too, when their incomes are small and uncertain;—and the demand is frequently made by persons who pay not one cent of their income—by persons, even, who talk of priestcraft, and a hireling ministry!

Reader—if you want to know any thing further of the sufferings of the tribe of Levi, ask your pastor, or any other experienced member of the profession. Aaron has said his say, for the present. A. B. G.

#### THE STRAIT GATE.

“Enter in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat. Because strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.” Matt. vii: 13, 14.

Time was, when almost each Christian sect considered its peculiar church members to be the alone righteous, and all others of its own sect, and very nearly all of all other sects, to be doomed to perdition, that this passage was considered very descriptive of the very few—the ones out of the thousands—that would be saved, while the other 999 out of each 1000, who were regarded as certainly destined to endless sin and wo, were also as faithfully set forth in the passage. But a brighter light is beginning to be shed on their Bibles. The so-termed orthodox sects regard each other as Christians, and believe that not only these sects, but all infants, and idiots, and nearly all heathens, and many heretics are going to heaven—so that now they have almost reversed their former view. The one out of a thousand is going to hell—and the other 999 to heaven—and so the words of Dr. Watts are no longer sung with that peculiar relish which spiritual pride and exclusiveness formerly imparted to them.

“Broad is the way that leads to death  
And thousands walk together there;  
But wisdom shows a narrow path,  
With here and there a traveller.”

Heaven, if not enlarged beyond the former limits as-



signed to it, is in danger of being over crowded—and the spacious fields of fire of the other region will well nigh prove to be a burning desert.

We mention these things in no complaining spirit—they show the rapidly increasing tendency of the Christian world towards Universalism, as light is increasing, and the spiritual visions of the religious world are growing strong enough to read the Bible by it. Among others, Dr. Adam Clark, who in so many of his interpretations of the Scriptures is some centuries ahead of the Methodist church, has given us a very correct application—I do not say exposition—of our text. He says of the injunction to do unto others as we would be done by—"This is a most sublime precept, and highly worthy of the grandeur and beneficence of the just God who gave it. The general meaning of it is this—Guided by justice and mercy, do unto all men as you would have them do unto you, were your circumstances and theirs reversed. None but he whose heart is filled with love to God and all mankind, can keep this precept, either in its spirit or letter. Self love will feel itself sadly cramped when brought within the limits of this precept—but God hath spoken it: it is the spirit and design of the law and the prophets: the sum of all that is laid down in the sacred writings, relative to men's conduct towards each other. It seems as if God had written it upon the hearts of all men, for sayings of this kind may be found among all nations, Jewish, Christian, and Heathen."

And of the text itself—"Enter into the strait gate"—he says—"Our Saviour seems to allude here to the distinction between the public and private ways mentioned by the Jewish lawyers. The public roads were allowed to be 16 cubits broad; the private ways only 4. The words in the original are very emphatic: Enter in (to the kingdom of heaven) through this strait gate—i. e. of doing unto every one as you would be should do unto you; for this alone seems to be the strait gate to which our Saviour alludes." A. B. G.

#### ANOTHER CHANCE.

We have come to the conclusion (for which we shall give some good and sufficient reasons some of these days) to place the Magazine and Advocate on the *advance pay* system, at the commencement of next volume. Now then, will be a good opportunity for those who have not paid for the current volume and who feel disposed to assist in sustaining our paper, to save the fifty cents due us after the first of May, last, by sending three dollars *free of postage*, and be credited in full for this year (1843) and next, (1844).

#### THOMPSON'S BANK NOTE REPORTER.

This paper is one of the best, if not the best of its kind published in the United States. It is much preferred to the old, and long standing, "Day's Counterfeit Detector," by most business men. It contains all the general and useful news concerning Banks, prices of Gold and Silver coin, whether foreign or domestic. And prices current of the most common and valuable vegetable productions of the States. It is such a paper as should be a regular visitor at the offices and stores of every merchant and business man. Its terms are:—Monthly, \$1.00; Semi-monthly, \$2.00; Weekly, \$3.00; Semi-weekly, \$5.00. Address J. Thompson, 52 Wall street, New York.

We are in the daily expectation of the reception of a quantity of the Rose of Sharon for 1844. It is said to be superior to that for 1843, as regards matter, illustrations, &c., and will be sold as usual, at the low price of two dollars.

We hope our western friends will embrace the opportunity of sending their dues for the Magazine and Advocate by our preachers, attending the Convention, from this section. We need the money. Br. J. S. Kibbe is authorized to receive money on our account.

Br. Tompkins—Credit Mrs. S. Curtis, Columbus, Pa., \$2.00 current volume Repository. Charge us.

#### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching on the second Sunday in September, by Br. GROSH at Little Falls—Br. DAVIS BACON at Alder Creek.

There will be preaching on the third Sunday in September by Br. SHIPMAN in Mesopotamia, Ohio.

CONFERENCE.—The first Conference of the Otsego Association of Universalists will be held in the Baptist meeting house at Southville, town of Danube, Herkimer county, on the first Wednesday and Thursday (4th and 5th) of October. A cordial invitation is extended to all ministering brethren in and out of the Association. Br. Anderson wishes me to state on the word of a Scotchman, that he will see that they are taken proper care of, and remunerated too. Ministering brethren and friends will call, on their arrival at Southville, on Br. Richard Wilson, in the village, who will provide for them places of entertainment.

O. WHISTON, Standing Clerk.

The Fourth Conference of the Central Association will be held in Marshall, on the first Wednesday and Thursday (4th and 5th) of October. A very large and interesting meeting is expected. By order of the Committee on Conferences.

H. B. SOULE.

A Conference of the Black River Association will be attended at Dexter, on the third Wednesday and Thursday inst. It is expected that Br. Abbott will be ordained. A general attendance of ministers and people will add much to the interest of the meeting.

Henderson, Sept. 1st, 1843.

P. MORSE,  
Standing Clerk.

A Conference of the Mohawk River Association will be held in Prospect village, Oneida county, on the third Wednesday and Thursday (23d and 24th) of September—which the public generally are invited to attend. Ministering brethren of the Central Association are earnestly requested to "come over and help us"—as Brs. Kibbe, Skinner, and myself are all that are left to attend.

J. D. HICKS, Standing Clerk.

REPLY.—Br. Soule and I expect to be there. A. B. G.

The first Conference of the Ontario Association will be held at Wolcott, on the third Wednesday and Thursday of September, (the 20th and 21st.) The society at Wolcott extend their invitation to all of their friends to attend, and join with them in the pleasing worship of their Maker.

By order of the Council, D. K. LEE, Clerk.

The Second Conference of the St. Lawrence Association will be held at Columbia village, (Madrid,) on the second Wednesday and Thursday, 13th and 14th, of September.—Br. D. W. Mott will be ordained at this meeting.

W. H. WAGGONER, Standing Clerk.

NOTICE.—The Cayuga Association will hold its annual session in Auburn, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 27th and 28th of September. Ministering brethren and friends are cordially invited to attend. The societies are all requested to be represented in Council, and to send minutes of their condition by their delegates.

G. W. MONTGOMERY, Standing Clerk.

Will the Messenger and Luminary please copy?

#### DEATHS.

In Pittsford, Monroe county, N. Y., on Tuesday, 8th ult., Mr. STEPHEN MILES, son of the Rev. S. Miles, aged 35 years, 2 months and 19 days.

In this dispensation of divine Providence, the deceased has suffered beyond the power of man to describe. He was most sorely afflicted with the scrofula, which deeply afflicted his left eye, hip, and foot. He bore his protracted illness with an uncommon degree of fortitude and resignation. Seldom are we called to witness a more humble, calm, and happy being in the hour of death. He was sensible of his approaching dissolution some weeks before his exit, and made choice of Br. Cook to preach at his funeral; which has been granted. He also selected the text for this mournful occasion, 1 Cor. xv: 51-55. He was deeply devoted in prayer and singing. His favorite hymn contains the following lines:—

Soon will the wheels to piece break,  
The fountain dry, the fabric shake,  
The silver cord untie;  
My days will end, my night will come,  
My body lodg'd in yonder tomb,  
My soul above the sky.  
Well, if my days must end so soon,  
My morning sun go down at noon,  
The present I'll improve;  
I'll take the cross, the shame despise,

And seek my mansion in the skies,  
And bid the world adieu.

About two hours before his death, he called his father and mother, brothers and sisters to his bedside, and shook hands with them, and bade them a final farewell until they should meet in a higher holier and happier world, where parting is no more.—[Luminary.]

ANOTHER PATRIOT OF THE REVOLUTION GONE.—On August 11th, at the residence of his son-in-law, in Ellisburg, Jefferson county, JAMES GAULT, a soldier of the Revolution, in the 86th year of his age.

Br. Gault had, for many years, been a firm believer in the great salvation. His faith was his support in the decline of life; and during his last illness he frequently expressed to his relatives and friends, his unwavering confidence in the universal grace and goodness of God; thus giving another evidence that the doctrine of universal salvation is not only good to live by, but affords the sweetest consolation in the hour of death. His funeral was attended on the 12th ult., and agreeably to his request, the consolations of the Gospel were tendered to the mourning friends and relatives, by Br. O. Wilcox. D. STEARNS.

AND YET ANOTHER.—In Stratford, Fulton county, July 26th, Mr. ALLEN CLAFIN, a Revolutionary soldier, aged 87 years and 6 months. A. S. G.

In Exeter, Otsego county, on the 15th ult., Mrs. SALLINDA, wife of Mr. Henry G. Harding, and daughter of Mr. Nathan Brainard, in the 31st year of her age.

Thus has consummated another of the excellent of the earth its prey. For two full years she struggled with the destroyer, but at last was compelled to yield herself a victim. Adorned with the panoply of the Gospel, she bore disease with fortitude and cheerfulness. Endowed with more than ordinary intellect, and a faith in the final triumph of grace over sin and death, she remained unwavering till the last. For a time she expressed a desire to live for the sake of her children; but for the last month she gave up all in perfect reconciliation to God, evincing the strength and power of Universalism both in sickness and in death, when she fell asleep in Jesus, leaving a husband, two children, a father, two brothers and a sister, with a large circle of connections and friends to mourn her loss, but not without hope.

On the 16th ult., her funeral rites were performed in the Presbyterian church in that town, attended by a very large congregation of deeply sympathizing friends, who evinced their affection for her memory. The services were performed by the writer. JOB POTTER.

In Marshall, Oneida county, August 25th, Mrs. SOPHIA M., wife of Mr. Lucius Tius. Mrs. T. was one of those persons naturally of a cheerful temperament, a worthy companion, an affectionate mother, and respected by all who knew her worth. Her funeral was attended at the Universalist church on Sunday, the 27th, and a discourse delivered to a large assembly of sympathizing friends, from 2 Tim. i: 10, illustrating that life and immortality were brought to light through the Gospel, for the whole family of man. C. S. BROWN.

\*\* Will the Luminary please notice the above for the benefit of her western friends?

In Novi, Mich., July 27th, of a congestion of the brain, Mrs. MARY ANN, consort of Mr. William Woodman, and daughter of Mr. B. Smith, of Henderson, Jefferson county, N. Y., aged 24 years, 3 months and 4 days.

By this blow of Divine Providence, a young and tender husband is bereft of one of the best and loveliest of companions, who was endeared to him by all the tender ties of our nature, and all the fondness of woman's love; with the care of an infant only nine days old.

She was beloved and esteemed by all who knew her; and is universally lamented in her death. Her disease was such as to render her insensible to her situation the most of the time after her case was considered hopeless, but at intervals she appeared to enjoy her reason, and manifested a particular willingness to die, for she enjoyed a rational hope of immortal glory.

Her funeral was attended on the 18th, by a large congregation of mourning relatives and sympathizing friends, and an appropriate discourse delivered by the writer, from 2 Sam. xiv: 14. J. H. SANFORD.

#### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P M, Amsterdam, for J P K—J A Mc N, Buffalo, for C G C and W B—S S, Bradford—W Q, Bristol, for D Y—P M, Perryburg, (O.) for S E S—P M, Wellington, (O.) for J C Jr and C A—P M, Sheridan, for N U—P M, Sullivan, for V C—P M, Southville, for S C—P M, Dexter, for J B, F W W and G S A.



For the Magazine and Advocate.  
**REMINISCENCES.**

BY MISS CELIA M. TIBBITS.

"She was far from the sweet home of her young infancy,  
 An orphan in a strange and distant land."—L. E. L.

I'm thinking of my childhood,  
 And of my early home,  
 Of all the bright and joyous scenes  
 Through which I've loved to roam.

The music of its waters comes stealing on my ear  
 In low and gentle cadences unheard for many a year.

I'm thinking of the mother that watched my infant years,  
 Who soothed me by her kindness, and kissed away my  
 tears.

But her voice is hushed forever in death's eternal sleep;  
 Sad thoughts are flitting o'er me, O leave me here to weep!

The glad eye of my sister is beaming o'er me now,  
 And golden curls are clustering like sunlight o'er her brow:  
 O she indeed was beautiful! I loved that sister well,  
 She ever breathed around me a more than fairy spell.

I'm thinking of my schooldays, and of my early friends,  
 Of all the youthful fancies a happy spirit blends;  
 For life was then a vision more fair than aught of earth.  
 And there seemed naught in coming years to check my  
 girlish mirth.

O how these moments hastened by! and years went flying on  
 So lightly, that I wondered oft, where has my childhood  
 gone?

And as I wandered forth and gazed upon the sunlit earth,  
 I thought 'twas strange 'mid scenes so fair there could be  
 aught but mirth.

Cowasalone, August, 1843.

**THE CHANGES OF FORTUNE.**

The following tale illustrates one of the many instances  
 of distress among the poor seamstresses of the city,  
 and the lady who has communicated it for publication  
 in the Mirror, vouches for its authenticity.

"Do you give work here?" said a voice so soft, so  
 lady like, that I involuntarily looked up from the purse  
 I was about purchasing for my darling boy, a birth-day  
 gift from his papa:

"Do you give out work here?"

"Not to strangers," was the reply.

The stranger turned and walked away.

"That purse is very cheap, ma'am."

"I do not wish it now," said I, as, taking up my  
 parasol, I left the shop and followed the stranger lady.

Passing Thompson's, she paused—hesitated—then  
 went in—and came out. I now saw her face—it was  
 pale—her hair, black as night, was parted on her fore-  
 head—her eyes, too, were very black, and there was a  
 wildness in them that made me shudder. She passed on  
 up Broadway to Grand street, where she entered a  
 miserable looking dwelling. I paused—should I follow  
 farther? She was evidently suffering much—I was  
 happy—blessed with wealth, and O, how blessed with  
 husband, children, friends! I knocked—the door was  
 opened by a cross looking woman.

"Is there any person here that does plain sewing?" I  
 enquired.

"I guess not," was the reply. "There is a woman  
 up stairs who used to work, but she can't get any more  
 to do, and I shall turn her out to-morrow."

"Let me go up," said I, as passing the woman with a  
 shudder, I ascended the stairs.

"You can keep on to the garret," she screamed after  
 me—and so I did; and there I saw a sight of which I,  
 the child of affluence, had never dreamed! The lady  
 had pulled off her hat, and was kneeling by the side of  
 a poor low bed. Her hair had fallen over her shoulders—  
 she sobbed not, but seemed motionless, her face  
 buried in the covering of a wretched, miserable bed,  
 whereon lay her husband. I looked upon his high pale  
 forehead, around which clung masses of damp brown  
 hair—it was knit, and the pale hand clenched the bed  
 clothes—words broke from his lips—"I can not pay you  
 now," I heard him say, poor fellow! I could bear it no  
 longer, and knocked gently on the door. The lady raised  
 her head, threw back her long hair, and gazed wildly  
 upon me. It was no time for ceremony—sickness, sor-

row, want, and perhaps starvation were before me—"I  
 came to look for a person to do plain work," was all I  
 could say.

"O, give it to me," she sobbed. "Two days we  
 have not tasted food!—and to-morrow—" She  
 gasped and tried to finish the sentence, but could not,  
 She knew that to-morrow they would be both homeless  
 and starving!

I kept my word. In a few days she told me all: of  
 days of happiness in sunny West-India's Isles—her  
 childhood's home; of the death of her father and mother—  
 of a cruel sister and brother-in-law—how she left  
 that home, hoping to find a home in America—how she  
 sought in vain, but instead found a husband; he, too,  
 an Englishman, a gentleman and a scholar, had been  
 thrown upon the world. Sympathy deepened into  
 love; alone in the crowd, all the world to each other,  
 they married—he procured employment in a school;  
 she, plain needle work. Too close attention to the duties  
 of his school, long walks and scanty fare, brought  
 ill health, and confined him at length to his bed.

The shop from which his poor wife obtained work,  
 failed, and their resources were cutoff. She had looked  
 long, weary days for employment—many had none to  
 give—others "gave no work to strangers." Thus I  
 found them—to comfort them for a little time—then, I  
 trust, they found indeed, a comfort in heaven!

The husband died first—died, placing the hand of his  
 poor wife in mine! I needed not the mute, appealing  
 look he gave me; I took her to my own happy home,  
 but it was too late!

It was a very little time ago, I went one morning to  
 her room; she had passed a restless night; had dreamed,  
 she said, of her George; she called me her kind and  
 only friend; begged me to sit a little while beside her,  
 and looked so sadly in my face, that my own heart seemed  
 well nigh breaking. I left her not again. In the still,  
 deep night, I heard her murmur, "Sister Anne, do not  
 speak so harshly to me! O, mamma, why do you leave  
 me?" Then again she said, "Give me an orange, my  
 sister, I am very faint." Her soul was again in her own  
 sunny home.

"Lay me by my George, and God will bless you,"  
 were her last words to me. I led my hushed children  
 to look on her sweet pale face, as she lay in her coffin.  
 They had never seen sorrow or death, and then I gave  
 them the first knowledge of both; and then I told them  
 of the sin, the cruelty of those wound the "stranger's  
 heart."

**THE STRAIGHT WAY TO HEAVEN.**—An itinerant  
 preacher of more zeal than discretion, was in the habit  
 of accosting those he met in his walks, and enquiring  
 into their spiritual welfare. Passing along a country  
 road that led through a small settlement, he met a simple  
 country fellow driving a cart loaded with corn. "Do  
 you believe in God, sir?" said he to the countryman.  
 "Yes, sir," was the instant reply. "Do you read your  
 Bible, pray to your Maker, and attend divine worship  
 regularly?" And this string of questions was also answered  
 in the affirmative. "Go in your way rejoicing,  
 my lad," continued he, "you are on the high way to  
 heaven." Clodpole flourished his whip, and drove on  
 much delighted, no doubt, with the blessed intelligence.  
 Another person came up by this time, and he also was  
 interrogated with an unceremonious—"Do you believe  
 in God, sir?" "What have you to do, sir, with what  
 I believe!" replied the person accosted, with a look of  
 surprise. "You are in the gall of bitterness, and boud  
 of iniquity," cried the offended preacher—"look at that  
 poor lad whistling along the road, and driving his cart  
 before him, he is on the straight way to heaven." "It  
 may be so, sir," said the person interrogated, "but to  
 my certain knowledge, if he's going there, he's going  
 with a cart load of stolen corn."

**THE LAMA.**

The lama is the only animal associated with man and  
 undebased by the contact. The lama will bear neither  
 beating nor ill treatment. They go in troops, an Indian  
 walking a long distance ahead as a guide. If tired, they

stop, and the Indian stops also. If the delay is great,  
 the Indian, becoming uneasy towards sunset, after all  
 sorts of precaution, resolves on supplicating the beasts  
 to resume their journey. He stands about fifty or sixty  
 paces off, in an attitude of humility, waves his hand  
 coaxingly towards the lamas, looks at them with tender-  
 ness, and at the same time, in the softest tones, and  
 with a patience I never failed to admire, reiterates "ie-  
 ie-ic." If the lamas are disposed to continue their  
 course, they follow the Indian in good order, at a regu-  
 lar pace, and very fast, for their legs are extremely long;  
 but when they are ill-humored they do not even turn  
 their heads towards the speaker, but remain motionless,  
 huddled together, standing or laying down, and gazing  
 on heaven, with looks so tender, so melancholy, that we  
 might imagine these singular animals had the conscious-  
 ness of another life, of a happier existence. The straight  
 neck, and its gentle majesty of bearing, the long down  
 of their clear and glossy skin, their supple and timid mo-  
 tions, all give them an air at once noble and sensitive.  
 It must be so, in fact; for the lama is the only creature  
 employed by man that he dare not strike. If it hap-  
 pens (which is very seldom) that an Indian wishes to  
 obtain, either by force or threats, what the lama will not  
 willingly perform, the instant this animal finds itself re-  
 proved by word or by gesture, he raises his head with  
 dignity, and without attempting to escape ill-treatment  
 by flight, (the lama is never tied or fettered,) he lies  
 down, turning his looks towards heaven—large tears  
 flow from his eyes, sighs issue from his breast, and in  
 half or three quarters of an hour at most, he expires.—  
 Happy creature, who appears to have accepted life on  
 condition of its being happy! The respect shown to  
 these animals by the Peruvian Indians amounts to rever-  
 ence.

When the Indians load them, two approach and caress  
 the animal, hiding his head that he may not see the  
 burden on his back. If he did he would fall down and  
 die. It is the same in unloading. If they exceed a cer-  
 tain weight the animal throws himself down and dies.  
 The Indians of the Cordilleras alone possess enough  
 patience and gentleness to manage the lama. It is  
 doubtless from this extraordinary companion that he has  
 learned to die when he is overtaken.—[Foreign Quar-  
 terly Review.

**THE CHANGE.**—"Poor Jim is dead!" said a Wash-  
 ingtonian yesterday. "What a change! Four years  
 ago I was a poor miserable drunkard, and he was a re-  
 spectable tippler, with plenty of money. Now I am a  
 reformed man, doing well; he has just died in the poor  
 house, and buried in Potter's Field."

Is here not a true one? How many such cases have  
 occurred!—The reformed Washingtonian goes up, up,  
 up—while the moderate drinker goes down, down,  
 down!

A vagabond called at a house one Sunday, and begged  
 for some cider. The lady refused to give him any,  
 and he reminded her of the oft quoted remark, that she  
 might "entertain an angel unawares." "Yes," she  
 said, "but angels don't go about drinking cider on Sun-  
 days."

Beware of becoming clients for lawyers.  
 Beware of looking pretty girls out of countenance.  
 Beware of light pounds and one-sided scales.  
 Beware of sand in sugar and pea coffee.  
 Beware of old clothes turned and made into new.  
 Beware of short yard-sticks among dry-goods.

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# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL,"....."PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

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For the Magazine and Advocate.

## ENDLESS MISERY CONTRARY TO REASON.

BY REV. A. SCOTT.

By searching the volume of Inspiration we find much instruction relative to the course we should pursue, as well, also, the effects which shall follow certain causes. But, in looking at these causes and their effects, man has arrived at various conclusions, the most prevalent of which, is, that the effects produced by vice, are eternal in their nature—that the *punishments*, which God will inflict upon his erring children, *shall have no end*. This theory, however, is in direct contradiction of the principles of nature and reason: volumes upon the same subject, and by the same author.

It is a principle of natural philosophy, that a stream can not rise higher than the fountain—that no effect can exist without a cause—and that no effect can be greater than the producing cause; also, that an effect is something growing out of, consequently depending upon, the cause, and must necessarily possess a strong connection therewith. Reasoning from these premises, we arrive at one great, and glorious conclusion, viz., that as the evils of which man is guilty, are *finite*, the effects growing out of these evils must be *finite* also. Sin being finite, must necessarily produce finite consequences, else there is no connection between the cause and the effect. It is impossible in the very nature of things, for a *finite* cause to produce an *infinite* effect. An *infinite* can not grow out of a *finite*—it can not be depending thereupon. An infinite may produce a finite, as may be discovered in those things that are seen which are temporal.—These come from, and were produced by, an infinite God; but all the finites, which the world contains, can not comprehend, much less produce an infinite. This is the case with man; he is a finite being, and as such, can not perform an infinite work. His acts must like himself be limited. It is beyond his utmost power to do a work which shall in any degree compare with infinity, and as such, he can not be deserving of infinite punishment, which at once, destroys the doctrine of endless suffering.

I know, however, that it is declared by many, yea, by the majority of the Christian world, that man in violating the laws of God, violates an infinite law, consequently must, in order to receive a full compensation, suffer endless torture. The conclusion here drawn I acknowledge is a correct one—the inference is natural, viz., that man has committed an infinite sin, if so be that the law is infinite. But I deny the premise. For such a premise there must be a foundation upon which it can rest; but here there is no foundation, as before shown; consequently the premise will not bear the scrutiny, and as a matter of course, all conclusions founded thereupon, are good for nothing, and fall to the ground of themselves.

The ground upon which this is founded is, man has violated an infinite law; consequently the act must be an infinite sin, and the consequences depending thereupon must be infinite also. This too is correct—it is natural reasoning—but I must be permitted to dissent from the foundation. I must deny that the law transgressed by man is infinite, from the fact before laid down—that a stream can not rise higher than the fountain from whence it issues. Man is limited in his nature; so much so, that it is impossible for him to become amenable to an infinite law. Such a law is beyond his comprehension—he can not understand it—he can not fulfil the requisitions thereof. To fulfil the requisitions of such a law; it must be seen, that man

must perform an infinite work, for which he is wholly incompetent. In such case, too, we should see marked injustice in Deity, in requiring of him an act which he had made him wholly incompetent of performing. At least it would be so considered in an earthly parent. Do we see a father requiring of his children, the performance of deeds, which in the very nature of things, they are incapable of doing, and inflicting upon them a vast amount of punishment for a non-performance thereof, should, at once, declare him unjust, tyrannical and cruel.

To avoid this conclusion, man has taken another leap into the regions of inconsistency, and endeavored to establish another foundation; and here they have supposed themselves upon the rock of ages which can not be moved. The foundation is this, the law violated by man, was made and established by an infinite God; consequently the law must be an infinite law, and all violations thereof must be infinite, from which flow the other conclusions. But here a moment's reflection will teach us that the laws of natural philosophy are not strictly followed. This pre-supposes that the stream must rise as high as the fountain; or, in other words, that it can not sink below it. But our every-day observations refute such an idea; as we continually see the stream seeking lower ground. The reasoning would lead us to positions which every sense we are possessed of, would contradict. For one moment draw other conclusions in the same way from this position, and it will show the fallacy of the idea that because God is infinite, his law must be so likewise—it will destroy the position which man has established, and all those conclusions he has drawn therefrom, by which he has launched countless millions into the gulf of eternal perdition, fall to the ground from the fact, that they are destitute of a foundation, the premise in every case becoming changed.

God is an infinite being, consequently his law is infinite also. Reasoning, then, analogically, man being the offspring of God, created by him, must be infinite. Every beast of the field and fowl of the air must be infinite, because they are from an infinite source. The reasoning is as strong in one case as in the other. That these are not infinite, none will dispute; for there is within you every thing of which we have a definite knowledge, "passing away." The law of God was framed by a being of wisdom and adapted to the nature of man. It was made to be a guide through life, for him to obey. Taking this fact, we must arrive at the conclusion, that as it is adapted to the nature of man, and is made visible to his understanding, it must be finite—such as he is capable of fulfilling. The effects growing therefrom must also be finite. Hence, then, man, can not suffer endless, or infinite punishment as a consequence of his transgression.—But on the contrary, his punishment, being dependent upon his acts for its existence, must be finite, limited.

On the principle of natural philosophy in connection with reason, then, we learn the same lesson taught by the inspired penman, "The Lord will not cast off forever; but though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies. For he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men."

Such reflections tend to elevate man in the scale of moral existence and in his mind the character of the Deity, and enables him to put an implicit trust and confidence in him as a father and friend. Let us often reflect upon these things; that we may see more clearly the character of our heavenly Father; thereby shall we be enabled to glorify him in our spirits which are his.

Northfield, Vt., August, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## SELF-INTEREST.

BY MISS C. M. TIBBITS.

The whole human family are brethren; children of one common parent; recipients of the blessings poured so bountifully forth by the God of all mercies, and destined to spend together the long ages of eternity in a brighter and happier land.—What then should we expect from the members of a community who were held bound together by such strong and indissoluble ties? Were a stranger from some far off planet, unacquainted with the actual state of things, but knowing how nearly allied are the members of the whole human family, suddenly transported to our own fair orb, and allowed to gaze upon its rich summer landscapes, where love beams in golden sunshine, and breathes through the balmy air; surely he would exclaim this is the abode of happiness; vice and pollution have never entered here, or breathed their pestiferous influence over a land, stamped so legibly with the seal of Heaven. He might gaze upon earth's children: upon man, created in the image of God, with brow of lofty intellect and searching thought; upon woman, the gentle and beautiful, who seems created for sympathy and kindness; and he would conjecture that the enjoyment of such beings would consist in relieving distress in every form, and diffusing happiness in every breast.—Alas, how different is the dread reality? Earth is indeed, most beautiful—with its lofty mountains, shadowy woodlands, deep rolling oceans and emerald lawns; yet man, the most beautiful of all; the crowning work of the great Architect—man, endowed with a soul that must exist through countless ages, when the bright canopy now glittering over him, mountains, oceans, ay earth itself shall have passed away—he wanders amid its gorgeous scenery like an evil though beautiful spirit, planning his own interest and aggrandizement, though obtained by sacrificing the happiness of thousands. It is a fearful picture, but is it not true? Does it even equal the reality? Have not the fair fields been deluged with man's blood, shed by the hand of his brother man? War, that hydra of mankind, has stalked through the length and breadth of the land, sweeping away its untold millions, to that bourne whence no traveller returns. Thousands are groaning in servitude even worse than death, and from every city, from every land, the voice of oppression and wretchedness is rising to the throne of God. And woman, even, has learned to look with indifference upon the woe of others; to gaze with a tearless eye upon suffering humanity; to look with scorn upon the imperfections and misfortunes of her sex. Life is a wearying journey even at best; but how doubly wretched is it rendered by the unkindness and unfriendly feelings entertained by man toward his fellow man! Self-interest is earth's deity, and fondly, most devotedly do mankind bow down before its unhallowed shrine, and sacrifice upon its altar, the hopes, the happiness, and the prosperity of others.

Cowasaloue, Aug., 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## DEDICATION AND INSTALLATION AT ELLISBURG.

On Thursday the 24th of August, the new Universalist church at Ellis village was solemnly dedicated to the worship of the one living and true God, the Creator and Saviour of all men. A very able and useful sermon was delivered by Br. Wilcox, who was assisted in the services by Brs. Bruce and Jones and Morse. The house is a very neat, substantial and convenient building, 34 by 42 feet,



with raised seats in the rear for the choir, and we understand is very nearly paid for.

In the afternoon Br. Wilcox was installed as Pastor of the church and society in that place.—Sermon by Br. Morse; aided in the other exercises by Mrs. Abbott, Person, Jones and Bruce.

The day was bright and pleasant—the house filled with very attentive hearers, during the long exercises both parts of the day—the singing from a numerous choir was well suited to the occasion, and all seemed to participate in the joys and blessings of the divine kingdom.

The church and society in Ellsburg are now furnished with a place of worship and a faithful minister of reconciliation; and we trust they will be regularly in that place, listening to the ministrations of the word of life, and encouraging each other in every virtue. They are now united, prosperous and happy. May the Lord of the vineyard long continue to bless them, preserving among them “the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.”

P. M.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### SABBATH SCHOOL CELEBRATION AT CANTON.

The Sabbath Schools connected with the Universalist societies of Canton and Potsdam, held their 3d Annual Celebration at Canton, on Saturday, September 3d. The time having been appointed a few weeks previous, was looked for with a deep feeling of anticipation, and hopes were entertained and expressed by all interested, that the day might be pleasant.

The morning was gloomy and portended rain, but before 10 o'clock the clouds disappeared, and the sun showed his golden face, to the joy of every heart. At 12 o'clock, scholars, teachers, officers and friends began to assemble at the church. At 1 o'clock all moved in regular procession from the church to a bower built on a beautiful green near it, where stood a table 70 feet in length filled with any quantity of biscuit ready buttered, pies, cakes, cheese, ripe apples, etc., and with pails full of Washingtonian ale.

After rendering thanks for this bountiful banquet, with one accord, all ate, drank and satisfied themselves. They then were again arranged in formal procession by the Superintendents, and marched back to the church, which by the time the exercises commenced, was literally and overflowing filled. The exercises commenced about half past 2 o'clock, P. M., and were as follows:—

1. Reading service from Balch's Manual.
2. Prayer by the pastor.
3. Introductory address (original) spoken by Richard Hoy.
4. Recitation of lessons by the Schools.
5. Speaking, “Again we come,” by Alzina Winslow.
6. The Shepherd, by Mary E. Manley.
7. Hope of heaven, by Angeline Clark.
8. Forbid them not, by Isabel Clark.
9. The Sabbath School, by Catharine Paige.
10. Home, by Mary Swift.
11. Immortality of God, by Stephen S. Clark.
12. Happiness, by Moses Emery.
13. The happy life, by Persis Green.
14. Our School, by Mary Parmeter.
15. Don't kill the birds, by Dorcas Parmeter.
16. The goodness of God, by Louisa Mitchell.
17. Christ and Christianity, by Catharine Clark.
18. Dialogue, by Elizabeth Low and Caroline Sears.
19. Heaven, by Emma Ames.
20. The Testament, by Esther Boynton.
21. Dialogue, by Mary Jennison and Jane Paige.
22. Dialogue, by Cordelia V. and Cornelia Buck, Ellen Paige and Orra Hosby.
23. Precept and Example of parents, by Luman Smith.
24. Third attempt, by Master Benjamin Low.
25. Closing address, (original,) spoken by James F. Pierce.
26. Benediction, by the pastor.

The above exercises were interspersed with appropriate hymns, most of which were selected from Br. Balch's Manual, and Br. Thomas' Hymns of Zion, and were sung principally by the Schools, Miss Jane Paige, a scholar of only 12 years of age, presiding at the organ. The services throughout continued about two hours, and were listened to by the great congregation present, with constantly increasing attention, and with the highest satisfaction.

The recitation of lessons was perfect. The speaking generally good, and the singing truly excellent. The little lady who discoursed such sweet music on the organ, won for herself a golden meed of praise. O! how she touched the heart, when she both played and sung alone, “Mary at the Saviour's tomb”! We doubt whether that piece was ever performed much better, and we doubt, too, whether any address was ever much better delivered, than was the closing one on this occasion. The young lad who delivered it is already an accomplished orator. But all did well; and great credit is justly due to those teachers and officers who have been so faithful and diligent in this matter, and who have the gratification of seeing the pleasure of the Lord so abundantly prosper in their hands. May they continue in the good work they have espoused, until those whom they are now instructing in the truths of God's blessed word, shall be able to take their places, and advance the same cause of Sabbath School instruction.

I have as above, Br. Grosh, drawn up a notice of our recent Sabbath School Celebration in this place. It was truly a joyful and soul-satisfying occasion to us all. The notice gives but an imperfect idea of the meeting; but such as it is, I send it to you for publication, presuming it may aid in the advancement of other Sabbath Schools, and the progress of the Saviour's kingdom of love and grace. Following you have the opening and closing addresses.

W. H. WAGGONER.

Canton, September 6th, 1843.

### INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

WRITTEN BY J. S. CONKEY, TEACHER.

Fellow School-mates—We have met once more to participate in the joys of another annual Sabbath School Celebration. Long and anxiously have we waited for this wished-for period to arrive, to make glad our hearts and give us an opportunity of manifesting our sincere and heart-felt gratitude to God, and also to our parents and teachers, for causing us in times past to come up to the house of the Lord, where we have been permitted to hear of his goodness and be instructed in the ways of truth and righteousness.

We feel truly rejoiced to see so goodly a number present on this occasion,—not only those composing our own school, but also many from neighboring schools, who have come hither to enjoy this rich treat with us—to all of whom we bid a hearty welcome, trusting that all of us may return to our homes this afternoon, better and happier children for having met together at this time, to hold sweet communion with each other and give thanks to that Being who has kindly permitted us to assemble in his sanctuary, and offer our oblations at the shrine of piety and virtue.

We meet together here, as brothers and sisters of one common family—as children of one kind and indulgent Parent, whom we have been taught to love and venerate—even “Our Father who art in heaven.” Let not, then, the voice of discord and contention be heard in our midst; but rather let peace and quietude reign in every bosom while we endeavor to gain fresh supplies of knowledge from the instructions that may be given on this, to us, interesting occasion. Seasons like the present are not in store for us always to enjoy. The time, at farthest, must be short in which we are to act in the capacity of scholars. Soon may some of us be called to occupy the places of our present teachers, while others will have appeared on the stage to fill the places we now occupy, and listen to such instructions as we shall be able to impart. How important, then, it is, that we should diligently apply our mind to the acquisition of religious knowledge while we have it in our power so to do;—while we are free from many of the cares and perplexities attendant on a more advanced age.

Since the establishment of a Sabbath School among us, nothing has transpired within its borders to mar our happiness, or in any way to retard its onward course. All has been apparently peace, quietude and contentment. We have had the seeds of piety and virtue implanted in our hearts, and it

now remains for us to cherish and cultivate these Heaven-born plants, that they may “bring forth fruit an hundred fold.” Let us strive with diligence in all coming time, to live up to the principles that have been taught here. Let us ever bear in mind what has so often been told us from this desk, that to be happy and respected we must be good; and that an infringement upon the laws of God will *certainly* be rewarded with its merited punishment. But if, on the contrary, we live in accordance with the requirements of the Gospel—“deal justly, love mercy and walk humbly” in the sight of God, we shall not only command the respect of men, but be blest with the smiles of an approving conscience to cheer us in our journey through life. And when death comes to lay his cold and icy hand upon us, we can bid him welcome, feeling the assurance that ‘tis but the summons to call us “away to yon heaven, that blissful abode,” where we shall enjoy the society of the blessed, and bask forever in the sunshine of paternal love.

### CLOSING ADDRESS.

WRITTEN BY Z. N. ELLIS, SUPERINTENDENT.

KIND FRIENDS:—The task devolves on me, On this returning jubilee,  
While warm emotion swells my heart,  
To say farewell before we part.  
Called by the Sabbath bells away,  
On each alternate Sabbath day,  
We lift the heart and bend the knee,  
With reverence and humility,  
But what is still a richer treat,  
Is, yearly, to each other meet,  
And all with fond affection greet;  
Kneeling with joy at Jesus' feet,  
His great compassion there repeat—  
All holding thus communion sweet;  
And as we round the altar bend,  
Rich streams of grace from heaven descend—  
The chant of joy—the song of praise  
In mingling melodies we raise;  
Each youthful heart doth cheerful join  
In work and worship so divine.  
Tho' now in years and knowledge young,  
And lisping praises swell our song,  
Yet, surely, God will not despise  
The early, tender sacrifice:—  
Then let the mingling fragrance rise  
In grateful odor to the skies.  
Did not our Saviour, when on earth,  
Remember those of humble birth?  
And did he not with accent mild  
Call unto him each little child?  
The infant group around him press'd—  
With joy he folds them to his breast;  
And with a spirit all divine,  
Where grace and mercy brightly shine,  
And all his heavenly charms combine,  
He condescends, with shepherd's care  
To guard them safe from every snare:  
“Forbid them not,” he meekly cries,  
“Their mansion is above the skies;  
Such, such, that happy kingdom is,  
Where all is mildness, meekness, peace.”

KIND TEACHERS now assembled here,  
Who've watch'd our steps from year to year,  
Who, guardian-angel-like, have been  
All powerful to allure from sin,  
Our language is too cold to prove  
How much we owe—how much we love.  
The approving smile—the tender care—  
The works of love—the fervent prayer,  
Deep in our hearts engraven are;—  
While life and thought and being last,  
Our grateful mem'ry of the past,  
With fondest love will turn to you;  
And ever may we bring to view  
How you our wayward hearts did rule,  
Within our much lov'd Sabbath School.

To our KIND PASTOR would we say,  
On this, to us, most joyful day;  
A debt of gratitude we owe  
For precept and example too.  
How oft our hearts with pleasure beat,



And thrill with rapture when we meet,  
To hear the Gospel's joyful sound  
In tones of gladness here resound.  
O, may the doctrine we profess  
Be spread abroad, the world to bless;  
May every nation, kingdom, clime,  
Embrace a gospel so divine!  
What great inducement do we need  
To every virtuous precept heed?  
Will words of terror—tales of woe  
Engage our best affections? No!  
Will constant fears of future ill  
Our hearts with love and duty fill?  
The responding echo loud prolong:—  
"Full, free salvation" is the song  
To lead our captive souls along  
To heed the right, abhor the wrong.

KIND PARENTS—who, with tender care,  
Have led us to this house of prayer;—  
What tribute shall we bring to prove  
The enrapturing joys our bosoms move  
For all your kindness—all your love?  
Dear parents!—may our future life  
More virtuous be—more free from strife;  
May love through all our actions run,  
And every bad example shun.

And now to all convened to day,  
A passing word I have to say:—  
If what's been done this day should prove  
The Sabbath School a work of love;  
And if ye love the golden rule  
O patronize the Sabbath School.

But I must close—our duty done  
Reminds us that the hour has come  
When we must say to all, *farewell*—  
To meet again? Ah! who can tell?  
Associates, Teachers, Pastor, all,  
If death's cold hand should on us fall,  
And on this earth we meet no more,  
May all o'er Jordan's blissful shore,  
Where tears and sorrows all are o'er,  
Reedeeming love's loud anthem swell  
And never, never, say FAREWELL.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### "MOHAWK RIVER AND OTSEGO ASSOCIATIONS.

In replying to an article with the above caption, and over the signature of Br. Skinner published in the Magazine of the 25th of August, I will say that had Br. Skinner's efforts been confined to giving the reasons for the step recently taken by the Frankfort Society, any further public notice would have been uncalled for; but inasmuch as his article is calculated to leave the impression, that the Otsego Association has acted without cause, perhaps a word from one of the "committee" (referred to in his communication) may be expected.

Br. S. says that the passage of the resolution adopted by the O. A. was "a very singular and unheard-of measure"—but let us see what gives it this character. The state of New York is divided into fifteen Associations, and each Association has a constitution defining its territorial boundaries.—At a meeting of the Central Association (of which Br. S. was then a member) holden in 1833, it was voted that the Otsego Association should embrace within its limits those parts of the counties of Herkimer and Montgomery lying south of the Mohawk River. Now if by the establishment of these limits, it was not intended that all societies organized within them should seek the fellowship of the O. A., I must confess I know not what was intended. It is true, as Br. S. says, we have no power to compel a society to ask our fellowship; but it does appear to me that we have some reason to expect that Universalists and Universalist societies will manifest their love of good order, by avoiding a violation of those rules and regulations which are adopted to systematise, and thereby perpetuate our religious bodies; and it is the "singular and unheard-of deviation from these rules and regulations by the Frankfort society, that gives novelty to the resolutions of the O. A. I do contend that by "local affinity" we had a right to expect that the

Frankfort society would ask the fellowship of the O. A., or make known to it their reasons for not doing so; and that these reasons should have been given before seeking the fellowship of another body; and I contend further, that after they had neglected to do either of these acts, the resolution calling for reasons was not only "harmless" but was positively right and called for, and should receive the approval of all who love system and have a desire to treat with proper respect and courtesy the religious bodies to which they are by "local affinity" connected. But Br. S. seems to imply that local considerations may be disregarded with impunity; but I must beg leave, (with all due respect to his age, experience and moral worth,) to differ from him, and for reasons so apparent and so almost universally regarded, that they will at once suggest themselves.

The reasons kindly given by Br. Skinner, and for which as an individual, I thank him, will of course be seen and passed upon by the members of the O. A. I consider many of them to be weighty and satisfactory, and my principal regret is that they were not offered at a proper time, and laid before the body having a right, from the circumstances of the case, to expect them, and not receiving them, a right to ask for them.

In conclusion I would remark, that none other than the best of feeling was manifested towards the Frankfort society by the council of the O. A., when they passed the resolution asking for reasons, etc., and I sincerely hope that none other may be produced by what has been written on the subject; and while I rejoice with Br. S. that we have no "old and new school Universalists," I likewise rejoice that we have old rules and regulations, by the observance of which, under God, we have been blessed.

Cooperstown, Sept. 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORTS.

To G. L. Demarest—Dear Sir: I have now before me your Circular Letter to Superintendents of Universalist Sunday Schools, etc., and the questions contained therein I will now endeavor to answer so far as they have reference, or are applicable to our School.

1st. Our School commenced its existence in May, 1842.

2nd. The number of scholars is fifty—22 boys, and 28 girls.

3d. We have ten teachers; four male, and six female.

4th. Twenty five girls and fifteen boys is the average attendance.

We had no Sabbath School last winter—the above refers to this Summer's attendance.

5th. The teacher's attendance has been regular, except once, of a teacher or two from indisposition or necessity.

6th. We have as yet no S. S. Library.

7th. As a consequence—no number of readers on the Librarian's book.

8th. Balch's Manual, Hudson's Questions, Skinner's ditto, for children, Ballou's Catechism, Bible Class Assistant, Life of Christ, Scripture Doctrines, are the Class books used.

9th. Generally from nine till half past ten, or from ten till half past eleven A. M., on alternate Sundays. We have preaching on the 1st and 3rd Sundays in each month—then we take the earlier hour; on the other Sundays—the later hour.

10th. We have probably nothing original or novel in our discipline or management of the S. S.; all is common place—on that account nothing very interesting or instructive. Novelty you know, sir, leads many of our race. On that account, many of last Summer's Scholars ended their attendance, when the school ended last Autumn. Others went to the beggarly elements of the world for food, (they joined the Methodists,) who commenced an opposition school in our neighborhood. But the majority of those who attend, I believe love the institution, and are making respectable proficiency.

Yours affectionately in the bonds of the Gospel,  
ANTHONY F. McCABE, Supt.  
Skanateles, Aug. 25, 1843.

TOMATOES.—The editor of the American Farmer recommends that Tomato vines be pulled up when the frost is apprehended, and hung up in a barn or some other convenient place, where nearly all the fruit will ripen, and can be picked as wanted till late in the fall or even winter.—[Utica Dai. Gaz.]

Look Out.—A large amount of counterfeit \$3's and \$5's on the Albany Exchange Bank are in circulation. The paper is rather white and coarse; some part of the engraving is also rather coarse.

A fine healthy female Orang Outang was landed at Salem a short time since,—captured in the wilds of Africa.

Planets, &c.—A writer in the *Courier Des Etats Unis* says, that twenty-two planetary orbs are visible at this time on the same side of the heavens. These are Mars, Juno, Jupiter, Saturn, and Venus, with their respective satellites. They may be seen about eight o'clock in the evening, in the southern sky, near what are called the five zodiacal constellations.

#### LIST OF BOOKS

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

No. 32, Genesee street, (up stairs).

Universalist Register and Almanac for 1844,	13
" " " 1843,	8
Winchester's Dialogues,	19
Thoughts on the Divine Goodness,	13
Ballou on the 24th & 25th chapters of Matthew,	06
Layman's Legacy, vol. 1,	1.00
Balfour's Second Inquiry,	1.00
Sawyer's Review of Hatfield,	50
Duties of Young Men, by Rev. E. H. Chapin,	50
Discourses, by do.	50
Lectures, by do.	38
Christian Comforter, by Rev. H. Bacon,	50
Law of Kindness, by Rev. G. W. Montgomery,	50
Universalist Manual, by Rev. M. Rayner,	50
Universalist Belief, by Rev. A. Moore,	50
Sermons, by Rev. O. A. Skinner,	50
Voice to Youth, by Rev. J. M. Austin,	75
Illustrations of the Parables, by Rev. T. Whittemore,	75
Christian Visitant, 3 vols. in one, by Rev. A. B. Grosh,	75
Streeter's Hymns, (large and pocket,)	50
Ancient History of Universalism,	1.00
Lectures to Youth, by Rev. S. R. Smith,	50
Convention Sermons for 1841,	50
Catechisms for Sunday Schools,	
Hymns of Zion, by Rev. A. C. Thomas,	50
Gospel Harmonist, by Rev. T. Whittemore,	1.00
Paige's Selections,	1.00
The Universalist's Guide,	1.00
Ely and Thomas Discussion,	63
Bacon on Religion,	50
Endless Hell Torments Overthrown,	38
Family Prayer Book, by Otis A. Skinner,	50
Names and Titles of Jesus, by Rev. C. Spear,	1.00
Combe's Moral Philosophy,	62
" on the Constitution of Man,	62
" " Digestion,	62
Influence of Religion on health,	69
Merchant's Widow, by Mrs. C. M. Sawyer,	50
Campbell and Skinner's Discussion,	1.00
Skinner's Letters to Aikin and Lansing,	56
Memoir of Rev. J. Freeman, by S. R. Smith,	50
Life of Rev. John Murray,	50
Biography of Winchester,	69
Pro and Con of Universalism, by Rev. George Rogers,	1.00
Causes of Infidelity Removed, by Rev. S. R. Smith,	69
Practical Hints to Universalists, by Rev. J. G. Adams,	75
Ballou on Atonement,	50
Ballou's Select Sermons,	75
Do. Notes on the Parables	63
Do. Nine Sermons,	50
Do. on Future Retribution,	50
Polyglot Bibles.	

#### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P M, Paynesville, for B R—P M, Yorkshire, for T G, L E B McC, R D T, L L, J T, J I H, J Van C, E F, A S W, C J, E W, G S C and T M A—P M, Franklin Mills, [O.] for E R—P M, Rouse Point, for E B W—P M, So Livonia, for J C C—A W B, Fulton, (or Madison Ind)—P M, So. Bristol, for H P—P M, River Styx, [O.] for J P—P M, Rushford, for P B—D K L, Newark, for D S—P M, Salisbury, for J H T.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## SUMMER EVENING.

The Moon is rising o'er the hill,  
And softly beams each star  
In every sweetly murmur'ing rill  
Whose music floats afar.

The flowers sleep, but fragrant air  
Is gently wafted by;  
While all around is bright and fair  
As hopes that never die.

All nature sinks to quiet rest,  
And each, in dreamy sleep,  
Forgets the cares that fill the breast,  
And ceases now to weep.

Sweet thoughts come o'er my spirit here,  
Of scenes that could not last,  
And eyes undimmed by any tear  
Are gazing from the past.

Beyond the stars that shine and wane  
In yonder azure sky,  
Their spirits dwell, but ne'er again  
Their forms will meet my eye.

I would not weep for such as those,  
The beautiful and bright,  
Who drooped and perished like the rose  
In morning's orient light.

But still will fondest mem'ry cling  
To those I may not see;  
And such an eve again will bring  
The pure and loved to me. UNKNOWN.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## MILLERISM.

Messrs. Editors—Last Sabbath much excitement was caused in this neighborhood by the rumor that a Mr. Atkinson, a Millerite, was to preach on the doctrine of the *second advent*. We went, and found the house decently filled, and after a while in *pops the youth* that is called the orator of the day. He commenced, and truly to me it appeared as if the multitude had assembled to hear from Mr. A., instead of the Lord through a feeble worm. Having prayed and sung, he took a text, but to carry it out only traversed here and there over the Bible—1st, To prove God an immaterial being. 2d, Man possessed an immaterial soul. 3d, He quoted the Old Testament prophecies to prove Christ's first coming and reception; then assumed, as Christ first came and was received, so "*mought it be*" in the second; then quoted from Christ and other Bible sayings, as proof of our being in the latter day, and laid much stress on the 3d and 4th verses of the 2d chapter of Nahum, referring it to the invention of steam and rail road emigration as a certain proof of Christ's certain and almost immediate descent to judge the earth. From what he holds, Christ is then coming to spend 1000 years in judging the world, making 1000 years, according to 2 Peter, equal to one day, the saints having then finished their judgment, which is now going on. He then concluded with a very *pathetic* appeal to the wicked to turn, and to the righteous to hold on. Why? The midnight cry was now given, and go ye out to meet the bridegroom.\*

Now, Sirs, the matter looks to me like this. The professed church has become so completely smothered in traditions that originally proceeded from heathenish darkness, and now the Gospel beginning to exhibit its benign influence and prove itself the harbinger of "glad tidings to all people," its former advocates feeling loth to let go such capital-making doctrines, like dying and drowning men have striven and labored hard to sustain themselves, and as if catching at a straw, managed to distort the prophecies, &c., into something very alarming and wonderful, by saying these things are hid from the foolish, and the *wise* alone shall understand; and thus they try to frighten mankind into a belief that all things are about winding up. Methinks they see the overthrow of their barque, and wishing also (the world) might go down with it, by the greatness of their anxiety they have, like

a man who oft has repeated a lie and slander, become believers of it themselves, and now proclaim it to a half frantic world, blinded by their treachery and deceit, and made so to aid and aggrandize self. Now would it not be better for us, as a community, to refuse to go after such things, read the Bible more, use reason, and try to understand it for ourselves; instead of taking the *ipse dixit* of others and pinning our belief on other people's sayso? For one, I feel that if we did this, more of the religion of the Bible would be found to prevail in our streets, God would be more and better loved, religion would not be assumed quite so much as a cloak to cover crime, brotherly love would be more prevalent, and mankind would better be able to understand what is meant by Jeremiah, when he says "*For the Lord will not cast off forever.*" J. J. F.

Scriba, July 28, 1843.

[The following article is full of sound sense and (to some) much needed information. How little do most people think of that wonderful race, the Jews! How few that regard them in their true character and destiny. Who knows that the Jews will not literally return and possess the country of their fathers? R. S.]

## THE JEWS.

The present physical, moral and social condition of the Jews must be a miracle. We can come to no other conclusion. Had they continued from the commencement of the Christian era down to the present hour in some such national state in which we find the Chinese, walled off from the rest of the human family, and by their selfishness on a national scale, and their repulsion of alien elements, resisting every assault from without, in the shape of hostile invasion, and from an overpowering national pride forbidding the introduction of new and foreign customs, we should not see so much miracle interwoven with their existence. But this is not their state—far from it. They are neither a united or independent nation, nor a parasitic province.—They are peeled and scattered into fragments, but like broken globules of quick-silver, instinct with a cohesive power, ever claiming affinity and ever ready to amalgamate.—Geography, arms, genius, politics, and foreign help, do not explain their existence; time, and climate, and customs, equally fail to unravel it. None of these are, or can be spings of their perpetuity.—They have spread over every part of the habitable globe; have lived under the reign of every dynasty; they have shared the protection of just laws, the oppression of cruel ones, and witnessed the rise and progress of both; they have used every tongue, and lived in every latitude. The snows of Lapland have chilled, and the suns of Africa scorched them. They have drunk of the Tiber, the Thames, the Jordan, the Mississippi. In every country, and in every degree of latitude and longitude, we find a Jew.

It is not so with any other race. Empires the most illustrious, have fallen, and buried men that constructed them, but the Jew has lived among the ruins, a living monument of indestructibility. Persecution has unsheathed the sword and lighted the faggot; Papal superstition and Moslem barbarism have smote them with unsparing ferocity; penal rescripts and deep prejudice have visited on them the most ungenerous debasement—and notwithstanding all, they survive.

Like their own bush on Mount Horeb, Israel has continued in the flames, but unconsumed.—They are the aristocracy of Scripture, let off coronets—princes in delegation. A Babylonian, a Theban, a Spartan, an Athenian, a Roman, are names known in history only; their shadows alone haunt the world and flicker the tablets. A Jew walks every street, dwells in every capital, traverses every exchange and relieves the monotony of the nations of the earth. The race has inherited the heirloom of immortality, incapable of extinction or amalgamation. Like streamlets from a common head, composed of waters of a peculiar nature, they have flowed along every stream without blending with it, or receiving its flavor, and traversed the surface of the globe, amid the lapse of many cen-

turies, distinct—alone. The Jewish race at this day is perhaps the most striking seal of the truth of the Sacred Oracles. There is no possibility of accounting for their perpetual isolation, their depressed but distinct being, on any grounds save those revealed in the records of truth.—*Frazer's Magazine*.

## A PERVERTED PASSAGE.

"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."—Jer. viii. 20.

Perhaps it will be difficult to find a passage in the sacred volume, more expressive of the utter prostration of hope, than the one we have placed at the head of this article. The last rays of its faintly glimmering light, have faded away; and that spirit of despondency creeps over the soul, which throws a dark shade over this beguiler of our sorrows, our sufferings, and our misfortunes—hope, the star of our life, has left its circling orb—it no longer points to a good in the future—it no longer points to glories to be revealed by and bye, ah! and blisses too, to be soon enjoyed; but it leaves a deep, dark cloud, to brood over and around, for "the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

So full of despair is it, that many have thought that it referred to that state, where nought but despair is known—where the gnawing worm of eternal vengeance would prey upon the soul, and its endless wailings swell in louder, sweeter chorus, the songs of that blessed abode above. How often have we heard the appeal to the sinner, closed with the declaration, thrice repeated; that soon they would cry out, when too late for succor to come, "the harvest is passed, the summer is ended, and we are not saved," while burning lightnings from the throne of God, were driving them on to hell's doleful prison.

This is but a faint picture of the horror, which many have thought that they saw embodied in this passage—but a faint picture of that untold misery, which it bespeaks for a portion of the creatures of him who is Love, in the spirit-world. But why it should be referred to the future world, I can not see. Here is certainly nothing, from which such an inference can be made in the context. True, the text is the exclamation of those pierced by the shafts of misery; but of the Jewish people in the calamity which fell upon their nation, at the time of the invasion of Nebuchadnezzar.

The following extract from Br. T. B. Thayer's "Bible Class Assistant," (an excellent work,) fully illustrates this, and other kindred passages. He says such is the diversified surface of Palestine, that it embraces almost every variety of climate, from the severe cold of the frigid zone, to the intense heat of the torrid. While the thermometer on the plains, or in the valleys, stands at upwards of 100 degrees, the summits of the mountains are covered with deep snow. As the winter advances, the winds and the cold become intensely severe, and, in some instances, prove fatal to those who are unacquainted with the country and climate. The roads are broken by the torrents, and filled with ice, and snow, and rubbish; and the paths over the mountains, especially the steep places, are rendered almost impassable, and can be traversed only with great labor and danger. In the light of these facts, we see the propriety of the Saviour's remark, when predicting the calamities that would attend the destruction of Jerusalem. He exhorts his disciples to pray, that their flight be not in the winter. The reason is very obvious—he knew the difficulties and dangers of a flight through such a country at this season, and he would have them leave the city while the roads were passable. The same remarks render another important passage perfectly intelligible. "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." The prophet is describing the coming invasion of Nebuchadnezzar, and the false security of the people, who have been deceived by certain of their leaders, probably the friends of Nebuchadnezzar, and in his pay. These assure them, that there is no danger, that there will be no war, when, in fact, the enemy are on the march. In the emphatic language of the prophet, —They cry, peace, peace, when there is no peace,

\* I quote the same as the speaker did.



suddenly, they are aroused with the news, that the invading army, is actually within their territories, and, in the bold style of the prophets, they are represented as so near, that the neighing of their horses is heard, and the land trembles beneath their march. The people are in consternation: they had suffered the warm season to pass without making preparations to defend themselves, believing there would be no invasion—now the troops of Nebuchadnezzar were upon them, winter had come, and they had no means of escape—they cry out in despair—"The harvest is passed, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." This was only another way of saying, after the style of Eastern circumlocution. "Winter has come, and we are not saved," or have not escaped. Their despair arose from their knowledge, that the winter rendered flight impossible, in consequence of the torrents swelled by the rains, the slippery and dangerous state of the mountain paths, and the extreme cold. They felt therefore, that they were at the mercy of their enemies."

As this article is already sufficiently extended, I shall defer making some additional remarks, which I proposed to make, in the beginning. I doubt not, sufficient has been said, to convince every reflecting mind, that the text refers to nothing beyond this "vale of tears." I repeat again, there is nothing in the context, that warrants us in saying that its application is to things in life—in this world, and in this world only. None of our race will say "we are not saved!" when Christ has finished his work. He can not fail in one jot nor tittle. All he undertook, he will accomplish. "He will destroy death, the last enemy," "and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." Even so let it be. S. J.

#### ENDLESS MISERY—DR. BARNES' CONFESSION!

The following is one of the most extraordinary passages, considering the source from which it comes, that we have ever had the fortune to meet with. It is from the pen of the celebrated Dr. Albert Barnes of Philadelphia, whose talents and industry have given him an influence in the Presbyterian church unsurpassed by that of any man in this country. I confess I was astonished when I had finished the perusal of it, and repeatedly looked at the title page of the work to be sure I was not mistaken in the name of the author.

The passage contains one of the fullest and most candid expressions of the difficulties which must beset the mind of every thinking believer in the doctrine of endless sin and wo, that we have ever seen. Indeed it leaves nothing to ask for, and if we had been allowed to dictate the confession, we should not think we could have added to it, or improved upon it in any way. And we do most cordially thank Mr. Barnes for the candor and frankness with which he has spoken, and we honor the fearless and manly utterance of the difficulties which burden his mind and distress his heart, in view of the dreadful thought of endless sin and endless woe, and of the awful shadows that are cast from it upon the wisdom and benevolence of God.

Mr. Barnes may be assured that there is only one way open to relief, and that is through the faith that all this seeming discord is but harmony not understood—that sin and suffering are but temporary, and the means under the providence of God of working out the abiding good of his redeemed and glorified family—or in the language of Wordsworth, if the word "accident" may be used—

"One adequate support  
For the calamities of mortal life  
Exists, one only—an assured belief  
That the procession of our fate, however  
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a being  
Of infinite benevolence and power,  
Whose everlasting purposes embrace  
All accidents, converting them to good."

This alone will meet the inquiries and yearnings of the wearied and troubled soul; and embracing this apostolic faith, Mr. Barnes may dismiss his anxious fears, walk calmly onward, whether his path be in present light or darkness, looking forward to the glorious period when all shadows, and sorrows and imperfections shall pass away, and the

universe be filled with the glorious beauty of God!  
T. B. T.

"II. To the general point of inquiry—the real difficulties in the case. I mean where a man has no prejudice; no embittered feeling; no cherished opposition; where he is not suffering under any ill in such a way as to sour his mind or pervert his understanding, and where he would wish to see such evidence that he may put unwavering confidence in God.

I think it is to be admitted that such a man may have great difficulties. There are many things which he can not understand. There are many things which he can not reconcile with such a view. Briefly, for this is a point on which we ought not long to dwell, such a man will advert to such facts as the following, viz:

That sin should have been allowed to come into the system formed by a holy God. That since he had power to create or not, as he chose, and since worlds have been made that were holy, and are still holy, that all should not have been made so. That misery has come into the universe, and that death, with many forms of wo, has been commissioned to cut down one whole race, and that, in doing it, the whole earth is strewn with hospitals, and sick beds, and graves. That the immortal mind should be allowed to jeopard its infinite welfare, and that trifles should be allowed to draw it away from God, and virtue, and heaven. That any should suffer forever—lingering on in hopeless despair, and rolling amidst infinite torments without the possibility of alleviation and without end. That since God can save men, and will save a part, he has not purposed to save all; that on the supposition that the atonement is ample, and that the blood of Christ can cleanse from all and every sin, it is not in fact applied to all. That, in a word, a God who claims to be worthy of the confidence of the universe, and to be a being of infinite benevolence, should make such a world as this—full of sinners and sufferers; and that when an atonement had been made, he did not save all the race, and put an end to sin and wo forever.

These, and kindred difficulties, meet the mind when we think on this great subject; and they meet us when we endeavor to urge our fellow sinners to be reconciled to God, and to put confidence in him. On this ground they hesitate. These are real, not imaginary difficulties. They are probably felt by every mind that ever reflected on the subject—and they are unexplained, unmitigated, unremoved. I confess, for one, that I feel them, and feel them more sensibly and powerfully the more I look at them, and the longer I live. I do not understand these facts; and I make no advances towards understanding them. I do not know that I have a ray of light on this subject which I had not when the subject first flashed across my soul. I have read, to some extent, what wise and good men have written. I have looked at their theories and explanations. I have endeavored to weigh their arguments—for my whole soul pants for light and relief on these questions. But I get neither; and in the distress and anguish of my own spirit, I confess that I see no light whatever. I see not one ray to disclose to me the reason why sin came into the world; why the earth is strewn with the dying and the dead, and why man must suffer to all eternity. I have never seen a particle of light thrown on these subjects that has given a moment's ease to my tortured mind, nor have I an explanation to offer, or a thought to suggest, which would be of relief to you. I trust other men—as they profess to do—understand this better than I do, and that they have not the anguish of spirit which I have; but I confess, when I look on a world of sinners and of sufferers; upon death-beds and grave yards; upon the world of wo filled with hosts to suffer forever; when I see my friends, my parents, my family, my people, my fellow citizens—when I look upon a whole race, all involved in this sin and danger, and when I see the great mass of them wholly unconcerned, and when I feel that God only can save them, and yet he does not do it, I am struck dumb. It is all dark—dark—to my soul—and I can not disguise it."—Barnes' Practical Sermons, p. 123-125.

## MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY  
Rev. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry.

UTICA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1843.

### THE NATURAL LAWS.

Man is so intimately and constantly connected with the world of matter around him—and is himself a part of that material creation—that a knowledge of the laws of matter is absolutely necessary to any great attainments in physical happiness and mental improvement. Every portion of our bodily frames is composed of matter, and is subjected, as such, to every general law by which any and every kind of matter in our world is governed—and every such law is as much the will and law of God, as any other law he has revealed to man. I would therefore base our obligations to learn and to obey those laws on moral ground, as much as I would the obligation to learn and obey any law God has given to man.

The natural laws evince as much wisdom in God, as do the mental and moral laws—indeed, in many respects, the wisdom will be found more apparent to general observation than in the moral laws. The natural laws all exhibit the wonderful goodness of God to man, and to all created beings, far as the imagination can reach—and they equally, and more apparently to the senses, give us evidence of that Almighty Power on which we all depend, and which sustains by its might, all systems, and worlds, and beings. And is it not our duty—a solemn moral duty that we owe to God, to our fellow beings, and to ourselves—to read the lessons God would thus teach us—to examine into and become acquainted with these exhibitions of his wonderful provisions for the welfare of all created things, and to so practice according to these laws, as to secure their benefits to us and to others, and to avoid or avert the violation of them and the evils resulting therefrom? Surely, if ever duty rested on us, this duty presses heavily its claims upon our notice—promising every reasonable reward for our attention and obedience, and marking its retributions for our neglect in widely spread misery and ruin. A. B. G.

### TRACTS.

At the time of its reception we were too busy, and afterward we entirely forgot, to notice a tract of four 12mo pages received from Lockport in this State; and the plan of operations of the brethren issuing it. The tract itself, though a good one, is not what we so much desire to notice, as to throw out a few remarks on the great subject itself—a subject highly important in many bearings, and yet one that has been overlooked entirely by the great mass of our denomination.

Our popular Partisan denominations by their obtrusive and frequently insulting tract distributions have disgusted many of our friends overmuch; and by their injudicious and frequently most inappropriate selection and distribution of tracts, have rendered the whole subject ridiculous and expensively useless in public estimation generally. Hence it is that the very name, "tract," is hated by many, and in others it awakens only emotions of pity and contempt. And hence it is, that many otherwise really intelligent and zealous Universalists have neglected and even opposed the distribution and circulation of tracts as a means for spreading a knowledge of our real views in community, and correcting and refuting the misrepresentations and objections of our opposers. They will subscribe for and circulate our periodicals—they will purchase our books, and lend them freely among their friends—they will even buy a few sermons and essays in pamphlet form, and distribute them, as occasions may allow, among those who wish to learn what Universalists believe;—but "tracts"—do you suppose they will buy and "peddle" tracts!—do you think they would be so mean as to thrust tracts under their neighbors' noses, or throw them into people's front doors! can you justify Universalists for publishing tracts, "just like the Orthodox"? Now,



I confess a love for this spirit of indignation at every thing like a reckless violation of the proprieties of life, and mean intrusion on the rights and peaceful enjoyment of religious freedom—but as in the case of tracts and tract distribution itself, let us be careful that we do not confound the right and the wrong. Tracts—or, to reason the case without perpetually arousing prejudices long nourished—pamphlets carefully written, well adapted, and cheaply furnished, may be made eminently useful in advancing the cause of truth and righteousness, if only judiciously distributed and circulated. This no one will deny. The only half-objection that can be urged, is to the *mode*. The pamphlets should be carefully written, and well adapted to the object in view. Silly tales respecting Mr. A., of B., of the State of —, or dry spun arguments against Mahomedanism, or a vituperative essay against our neighbor for believing as he does,—all such trash must, of course, be avoided.—The object is, to show *what* Universalists *do*, and *do not*, really believe in regard to the various great doctrines of the religious world around us—*why* we believe or reject any of them—and to point out inducements to lead people generally to examine our faith, and adopt its practice in their daily walk. To this object, style, manner, *everything*, should correspond; and the pamphlets should be then furnished as cheap as possible, and circulated in the most proper and winning manner, consistent with that great object. Now, is there a real, hearty Universalist in the land, that would object to *doing his share* in such a work as this?

The preliminaries being settled, the next thing is to get the plan into operation. A number of trials have been made, at various times, by various brethren, and in different places; but for the want of a general understanding among the brethren throughout the Union, and of means to carry on the work, all of them have failed in some of the great requisites, and the publishers soon ceased the work. There are now on the shelves of our publishers in Boston, New York, Albany, Philadelphia, Utica, Cincinnati, and elsewhere, thousands of copies of most valuable pamphlets which have been published in the hope that Universalists would purchase and distribute them. There they are to *mould and rot*, for the want of purchasers! And some of them are as admirably written, as any thing in the whole range of pamphlet literature. Take the Reply to Hawes' Reasons, and where will you find a better controversial pamphlet, either in temper, style, or force of argument? The Boston Counterpart to a Strange thing, is also an excellently written article. And there are many—very many almost as good as these—as well adapted for general reading, and as useful—lying useless, unpurchased and unread, and the publisher unpaid for his labor and expence.

What is the matter—what is the reason of these failures? Simply, that the work was commenced on too small a scale to enable the publishers to furnish their works cheap enough, as well as good enough. Next to the want of right feeling among Universalists generally, the want of *cheap* as well as good tracts, was the cause of failure. "Whittemore's Hundred Reasons" could have been sold by hundreds of copies in a number of sections were I have been acquainted, had not their price stood in the way—Dean's 120 reasons sold still higher, and the tracts already named, are as high priced as either. It was the same with the Visitant, published monthly by myself. I was too poor to start it on a large scale, and too busy in other matters to *push* it into sufficient circulation to procure the means, and consequently it barely paid its way. The numerous little pamphlets published by Br. Price were also liable to the same difficulties—there was too much saving of paper, by the use of small type, and close print, and very small margins, so that they *appeared* to be *very dear*—so small a bulk for a sixpence! People did not reflect that the little page, not as big as a man's palm, actually contained as much as two large octavo pages in pica or small pica type, leaved, with a wide margin! And thus, one by one, all who engaged in tract publishing, failed to get a sufficient market to warrant their continuance in the business. Brs. Thomas and Thayer, while the former yet resided

in Lowell, Mass., commenced the work of Tract publishing. I can not speak of the quality of the tracts themselves, never having seen them; but presume they were good—perhaps rather learned, *labored* and *condensed* to be popular. They *stereotyped* their tracts, so as to be able (should the patronage warrant the continuance of the enterprise) to furnish them hereafter as cheap as the cheapest. But after continuing until they reached the *tenth* number, they came to a stop, and after a time sold out to Br. A. Tompkins, of Boston, who still holds the plates, and is ready to supply all demands—at what price I am not now able to state. About the same time, Br. Gurley, of Cincinnati, commenced a series of tracts; but I believe he too has come to a stand still.—And now we are advertised in the Tract before us, that "The Lockport Universalist Tract Society publishes a tract every month, illustrating and defending 'the restitution of all things'"—but at what prices we are not informed, and perhaps they do not rely on patronage from abroad.

Now, take all the labor, time, talent, and money expended on publishing tracts, and see how very little has been effected in comparison with the amount—and all, because (after the first stated objection) the efforts were isolated, and by individuals unable or unwilling to render the tracts what they ought to be in quality and price, and to *push* them in the market by a systematic and long continued effort—in fact, almost make a market for them. Had one individual had the whole affair in his own hands, and had he combined the entire means and efforts used by *all* who have already tried the experiment, he would have succeeded—yes, made money by the operation, and effected *fifty times* the amount of good that has ever been done by all the tracts our publishers have ever published.

The conclusion of the whole matter is this, in my own mind—Universalists must unite and combine their means and efforts more than they now do, and pursue a more general and systematic plan in their endeavors to spread abroad a knowledge of their views, before they can hope for success commensurate with their expenditures of money and labor. We want about from 25 to 50 ably and clearly written doctrinal tracts, of from 8 to 24 pages each—and furnished at least as cheap as from 15 to 20 pages for one cent. These will embrace and clearly define and prove the great points of doctrine on which we differ from Partialists generally, and should be written so as to avoid giving any offence to a right minded opposer. We want as many controversial tracts, as carefully written *against* the most important errors held by Partialists. And we want a larger number of briefer doctrinal and especially *practical* tracts—say 100, of various sizes, from 4 pages up to 24, 12mo. All these may be made *general*, so that they will answer for *any meridian*—for every neighborhood in the United States, where Universalism and Partialism exist. These 200 tracts, if all furnished by one concern only, and if Universalists would faithfully purchase and circulate them, could be furnished at a retail price of 2,000 pages for one dollar; or from one to two cents a piece for each tract—cheap enough for every family to buy a few each month, to *give away*. To clubs of individuals, or societies, taking a considerable number, they might be afforded still cheaper than the above—especially if every Universalist society in the United States, enjoying stated preaching, would take up a *monthly collection* of not less than five dollars, for that very purpose. The collection thus taken up should be laid out in a good assortment, and after each member had been supplied with a certain number of copies of each tract, the remainder could be laid at some convenient place in the meetinghouse, and visitors be invited to supply themselves with such as they need, each Sunday. For local and special tracts, dependence must be placed on private means—unless, indeed, the tract could be made to suit several sections as well as one—say, for instance, a tract against Millerism, or some such travelling mania. In that case, the manuscript could be sent to the General Tract Publisher, who, by printing a large number, could afford them much cheaper than any single indi-

vidual could furnish them at. Sermons on general subjects, particular texts or doctrines, could be published in the same manner—for they would answer for tracts, as well as if specially written for the same purpose.

On a plan, somewhat like that here hinted at, much time, money and labor now expended without effecting enough of good to pay the cost, might be made eminently profitable to some worthy and industrious publisher, or company, or to a denominational book concern, (for I would prefer even a despotism to anarchy!)—and could at the same time do fifty fold more good for our cause than we are now effecting. Whether we have yet suffered enough to learn us wisdom, and to compel us to seek out and adopt such a plan for the whole country, remains to be seen. I think that a few more finger must first be severely burned!

A. B. G.

### THE BLIND.

We had a very interesting exhibition in this city, last Friday evening. Fifteen pupils of the New York Institution for the Blind, on their annual excursion, attended by their Superintendent, gave an exhibition of their proficiency in music, reading, arithmetic, grammar, geography and astronomy—in all of which they delighted and astonished the audience. Eleven of the lads, some not yet in their teens, and none out of them, performed admirably as a Band of Music, while the girls and one or two of the boys, did as well on the piano—and all, as a choir, sung in very good style several pieces of sacred music—one or two of a difficult character. The exercises went to prove that the instruction in the Institution is very thorough—and the countenances of the pupils, prove that it is kind and cheering in its character and tendency. Miss Frances Crosby—for it must have been her—(well known to the readers of the Universalist Union and Christian Messenger by her numerous articles published there—) recited, in a very modest and impressive manner, some beautiful verses composed by her since leaving New-York. We called to see her next morning, (for it was too late when the exhibition closed,) but they had left for Norwich, Chenango county—so the pleasure was denied us.

This Institution is under the patronage of the State—and there are now about sixty vacancies which may be filled with indigent blind pupils by the overseers of the poor of the different towns in the State. It is principally to announce this fact, that we pen this article. There are nearly 1000 blind persons in the State of New-York, and surely among them all there must be more than sixty who greatly need, and are fully entitled to receive the provisions thus made for their instruction, by the State. Will not our readers look around them, and if this fact be known to any poor blind persons they may know? Application for the proper certificate to be made to the overseers of the poor of the town where the applicant resides.

But not to the indigent blind alone, should the existence of this Institution be made known. All the blind who have minds to learn, should be apprized of it. Some of them might there be instructed in mechanical employments that would not only enable them to earn a living, but would fill up pleasantly many a wearisome hour. The specimens of their work exhibited here were strong, well and neatly put together, and offered at a fair price. They were boxes of pasteboard, baskets, mats, rugs, etc.

Let none of our readers miss attending an exhibition of these blind children, should they visit their vicinities—they will well expend 50 cents for a family ticket, if they take their children with them—for it is a deeply interesting and useful sight to children to witness their skill in music and the various branches of a common school education.

A. B. G.

Br. Tompkins—Transfer Repository now sent to David Jennings, Jr., Ravenna, O., to Mrs. Amelia Underwood, Brimfield, Portage county, O. She will pay at the U. S. Convention. Credit Asaph Pratt, Whitewater, Wisconsin, \$2.00, for current volume. Charge us.



## ANOTHER CHANCE.

We have come to the conclusion (for which we shall give some good and sufficient reasons some of these days) to place the Magazine and Advocate on the *advance pay* system, at the commencement of next volume. Now then, will be a good opportunity for those who have not paid for the current volume and who feel disposed to assist in sustaining our paper, to save the fifty cents due us after the first of May, last, by sending three dollars *free of postage*, and be credited in full for this year (1843) and next, (1844).

## ROSE OF SHARON.

Too late to give it a perusal, the Rose of Sharon, for 1844, came to hand. We have "looked at the pictures," and find them a decided improvement on those contained in former volumes—and as for the rest, it looks full as well as the others. The subjects are interesting in themselves, and from the known ability of most of their authors, I doubt not will be found fully equal, if not superior, to what has been presented in former years. We shall copy a capital Washingtonian tale in our next, as a sample—and notice the rest at length, as early as we can find time to read the work.

\* \* Grosh and Walker have received a lot for sale, at this office. All ye who wish to get a beautiful book, filled by capital writers, just step up and pay down *two dollars*. That will buy pictures and all. A. B. G.

## CONVENTION AT AKRON.

I have appointed Br. D. H. Strickland a travelling agent to transact business in my behalf at the West. He will attend to the settlement of all accounts due me for the "Ladies Repository," or for books, and all receipts given by him will be the same as given by myself. He will be at Akron with a supply of the "Rose of Sharon" for 1844 and the "Family Prayer Book," and I earnestly ask of all those who owe me that may be there, or who can send there, to settle up their accounts with him. It will be the most favorable of opportunities that can be offered. A. TOMPKINS.

We hope our western friends will embrace the opportunity of sending their dues for the Magazine and Advocate by our preachers, attending the Convention, from this section. We need the money. Br. J. S. Kibbe is authorized to receive money on our account. GROSH & WALKER.

THE CONFERENCE AT PROSPECT takes place next Wednesday and Thursday. An error occurred in the published notice—it was printed 23d and 24th, instead of 20th and 21st days of September. We hope no one will be misled by the error—that the friends will take pains to circulate the notice correctly—and that all who can will attend. Prospect village is two miles from Trenton Falls. A. B. G.

## CLINTON LIBERAL INSTITUTE.

The academic year of this Institution is divided into three terms, and consist of forty-two weeks:—

The first term will commence on Wednesday, the 20th of September, 1843.

The second term will commence on Wednesday, the 3d of January, 1844.

The third term will commence on Wednesday, the 24th of April, 1844.

In addition to the usual studies pursued in academies preparatory to entering college, or for engaging in the active business of life, many of the higher branches will be taught at the wish of the student without extra charge. Also, the elementary and higher branches of modern languages, with every possible facility for enabling the student to become proficient therein.

The art of fencing, (comprising broad and small sword exercise,) together with such military exercises as may be desired, will be taught to the student free of expense.

TERMS.—1st class, \$4; 2d do., \$5; 3d do., \$6; 4th do., \$7. For particulars relative to board, &c., see prospectus.

No student can remain a member of this Institution, without giving evidence of good behavior, and gentlemanly and moral conduct.

Mrs. C. E. FEBER, A. M., Principal.

## RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching on the third Sunday in September by Br. SHIPMAN in Mesopotamia, Ohio—Br. SKINNER at Mohawk.

Br. D. SKINNER will preach at Paine's Hollow on Saturday the 16th inst., at 3 o'clock, P. M., and in the evening.

There will be preaching on the second Sunday in October, by Br. GROSH at Little Falls.

The Third Conference of the St. Lawrence Association will be held at Somerville, on the fourth Wednesday and Thursday in September, inst. Br. B. Hall, the Pastor of society in that place, is expected to be ordained on this occasion. W. H. WAGGONER, Standing Clerk.

CONFERENCE.—The First Conference of the Niagara Association will be held at Lewiston, on the fourth Wednesday and Thursday of September, (27th and 28th.) On the first day of the Conference, the meeting-house, which is being repaired, will be dedicated to the service of Almighty God. Ministering brethren are affectionately requested to attend. B. B. BUNKER, Clerk.

The Fourth Conference of the Central Association will be held in Marshall, on the first Wednesday and Thursday (4th and 5th) of October. A very large and interesting meeting is expected. By order of the Committee on Conferences. H. B. SOULE.

A Conference of the Black River Association will be attended at Dexter, on the third Wednesday and Thursday inst. It is expected that Br. Abbott will be ordained. A general attendance of ministers and people will add much to the interest of the meeting. P. MORSE, Henderson, Sept. 1st, 1843. Standing Clerk.

A Conference of the Mohawk River Association will be held in Prospect village, Oneida county, on the third Wednesday and Thursday (20th and 21st) of September—which the public generally are invited to attend. Ministering brethren of the Central Association are earnestly requested to "come over and help us"—as Brs. Kibbe, Skinner, and myself are all that are left to attend. J. D. HICKS, Standing Clerk.

REPLY.—Br. Soule expects to be there. A. B. G.

CONFERENCE.—The first Conference of the Otsego Association of Universalists will be held in the Baptist meeting house at Southville, town of Danube, Herkimer county, on the first Wednesday and Thursday (4th and 5th) of October. A cordial invitation is extended to all ministering brethren in and out of the Association. Br. Anderson wishes me to state on the word of a Scotchman, that he will see that they are taken proper care of, and remunerated too. Ministering brethren and friends will call, on their arrival at Southville, on Br. Richard Wilson, in the village, who will provide for them places of entertainment. O. WHISTON, Standing Clerk.

The first Conference of the Ontario Association will be held at Wolcott, on the third Wednesday and Thursday of September, (the 20th and 21st.) The society at Wolcott extend their invitation to all of their friends to attend, and join with them in the pleasing worship of their Maker.

By order of the Council, D. K. LEE, Clerk.

NOTICE.—The Cayuga Association will hold its annual session in Auburn, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 27th and 28th of September. Ministering brethren and friends are cordially invited to attend. The societies are all requested to be represented in Council, and to send minutes of their condition by their delegates.

G. W. MONTGOMERY, Standing Clerk.

## MARRIAGES.

In this city, on August 31st, by Rev. A. B. Grosh, Mr. CHARLES REED to Miss CAROLINE E. ADAMS, all of this city.

At Little Falls, on the 31st ult., by Rev. D. Skinner, Mr. ROBERT CASLER, Jr., to Miss ELIZABETH BELLINGER, both of that place.

On the 11th inst., by the same at his residence in Deerfield, Mr. JAMES C. ELLIOTT to Miss ANGELINE DODGE, both of Schuyler.

In Ellisburg, on Sunday evening, August 27th, by Rev. O. Wilcox, Rev. A. W. BRUCE, of Madison, Ind., to Miss MALVINA, eldest daughter of Isaac Mendall, Esq., of the former place.

[Brs. Morse, Boughton, Swan, Sax and Wilcox were present at the wedding, and all was "merry as a marriage bell." The wish is accepted, Br. B.; thank you!—A. B. G.]

## DEATHS.

In the town of Little Falls, August 11th, Mr. JOHN D. PETRIE, aged 78 years. He was an old inhabitant of that town, respected, useful and active through life, and died resigned in the hope of immortality and peace for himself and all mankind.

His funeral was attended on the following Sunday, at his late residence, and his remains followed to the grave by a large procession of relatives, friends and neighbors. Sermon by A. B. G.

In Lee, August 16th, of consumption, Miss MARTHA MATTESON, eldest daughter of Jesse Matteson, Esq., in the 22d year of her age. Seldom has death taken a fairer flower or one of more hope and promise. She was possessed of many excellent virtues—gentle, mild, unassuming, and retiring in her demeanor. She was known only to be respected and beloved by all. Her funeral was attended on the 19th, by a vast concourse of surviving relatives and sympathizing friends; when the writer spoke of the consolation contained in the doctrine of the great salvation. In this dark death-hour the parents of the deceased are comforted with a faith that lifts them above the world—that enables them to see a Father's love beaming brightly, even in this night of gloom and sorrow. They realize that

"Her spirit hath flown to its rest,  
Afar from our sorrowing clod;  
To the bright happy land of the blest.  
And the smiles of its glorious God:  
She lingered a season below,  
But to wash from her spirit the stain;  
Then soared from our valley of woe,  
To the far heights of glory again!

"She hath flown to the mansions above,  
And found out the blood-ransomed throng;  
She hath drank of the fountains of love,  
And joined in the Seraphim's song:  
She hath gone to the land of her birth,  
Where the anthems of holiness rise;  
She wearied with dwelling on earth,  
And returned to her home in the skies!

"Her spirit hath flown to its rest,  
Its sorrows and sufferings o'er;  
It hath gained the far clime of the blest;  
It will visit our cold earth no more!  
Then weep not—'twere sinful to mourn,  
That the Tyrant one fond hope hath riven:  
Though she's gone, and no more may return,  
She bathes in the glory of Heaven."

R. QUEAL.

PROSPECTUS, of the 20th volume, commencing August 26th, 1843, of the

## RURAL REPOSITORY.

The Rural Repository will be devoted to Polite Literature; containing Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Travelling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Useful Recipes, Poetry, &c.

The character and design of the Rural Repository being generally known, as it has been published nineteen years, and received a widely extended share of public patronage, and highly recommended by a large portion of our contemporaries of the press, and as it must be acknowledged to be one of the cheapest journals extant, the publisher deems it unnecessary in his proposals for publishing another volume to say more than that it will be conducted upon the same plan, though somewhat improved, and at the same low rate, that he has reason to believe has heretofore given satisfaction to its numerous patrons. In short, all that can serve to instruct and amuse, all that is calculated either to enlighten the understanding, or to improve the heart, is eagerly and assiduously sought after to adorn the pages of this publication. Not an idea shall be found in its columns which would tend to "Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,  
Or from the soft eyed maiden steal a tear."

CONDITIONS.—The Rural Repository will be published every other Saturday, in quarto form, every number embellished with one or more superior wood engravings, containing twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 208 pages.—It will be printed in handsome style, on medium paper of a superior quality, with good type; making, at the end of the year, a neat and tasteful volume containing matter equal to one thousand duodecimo pages, which will be both amusing and instructive in future years.

TERMS.—ONE DOLLAR per annum, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Names of subscribers with the amount of subscription, to be sent as soon as possible to the publisher,

W. B. STODDARD, Hudson, Columbia co., N. Y.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## FAREWELL.

BY MISS. E. M. TILLOTSON.

Farewell to thee!

How many bleeding hearts this world has broken,  
And hopes of bliss o'erthrown! be it never spoken  
On earth by me!

The word 's not bad;

Yet solemn strikes the soul, and mem'ry will  
It's swell prolong,—we vainly strive to still  
The echo sad.

Who has not heard

The sound repeated with emotion deep,  
When every dreaded thought would spring from sleep,  
At this one word?

Who has not seen

The pallid lip, pale brow, and paler cheek;  
The eye with luster dim, the utterance weak?  
This word had been!

Then, never swell

Upon the ear a tone, that through all time,  
Shall darkly vibrate as the mournful chime  
Of funeral knell!

But rather, when

The parting hand we must in tears extend,  
Console the sorrowing heart, and say, my friend,  
We'll meet again!

South Oxford, N. Y.

From the Rural Repository.

## MISTAKEN SYMPATHY.

"Have you heard the news?" exclaimed a thin gossiping looking lady, as she entered the snug little parlor of Mrs. Norris, who sat beneath a heap of clothing which had been worn by her husband or herself, and which she was diligently ripping up, with the benevolent intentions of making of the old garments, new and tidy clothing for several poor children to whom she annually gave such Christmas gifts. "Have you heard the news?"

"I hope nothing particularly disastrous has occurred," replied Mrs. Norris, quietly, for she seemed to know well to whom she was speaking. "Nothing less than the entire failure of Mr. Raymond," cried Mrs. Ross, with an agitated manner. "O, I do sympathize with the ladies of his household, poor things! how agonizing it must be to them to be obliged to come down from their exalted station, and leave their palace-like residence—indeed it will break their hearts! I would cheerfully give the little I possess if it could save them from such degradation."

"The ladies of Mr. Raymond's family should be exceedingly obliged to you," said Mrs. Norris, with a half smile.

"Well, I am surprised!" responded Mrs. Ross.—"Have you no sympathy for the unfortunate? Why, you seem not half so concerned as you were when widow Jones lost her old cow."

"And I do not conceive, my dear neighbor, that the Raymond ladies are half so much objects of sympathy as the poor widow Jones."

"What a strange woman you are! as if the loss of a cow was more to be lamented than the loss of seventy thousand dollars! And then Mrs. Jones had not the agony of being hurled from an exalted station."

"Ah! Mrs. Ross, you estimate things as most of our race do; but listen to me a few minutes. The Raymonds have figured in an 'exalted station,' and notwithstanding their great wealth, have expended beyond their income, for magnificent dress and furniture, dinners and parties, which all served but to pamper their pride, and the love of pleasure, till now the pressure of the times has revealed their true situation, and Mr. Raymond has failed in the sum of seventy thousand dollars. He will probably remove from his palace, as you call it, and those who are just what he has been, will perhaps pass by him scornfully. But he will retain more than a comfortable competence, and why should I pity those who are wealthier after their losses, than I can ever hope to be? Does any one deem me an object of pity? and

yet I fill a station on which the Raymonds will still look down scornfully. But poor widow Jones, who earns her daily bread by the labor of her hands, had no treasure but the good old cow, which had supplied her children with milk, and her table with butter so many years. When I saw her weeping amongst her children for the loss which they had no means of repairing, I felt willing to make some sacrifice to restore their comfort. Let those who are still wealthy sympathize with the Raymonds and other fallen great ones. It becomes such as I rather to pity such as lack the blessings which I enjoy; for to such I may hope to be of some service. Look around, Mrs. Ross, and observe how many poor sufferers there are on every side, who actually suffer for want of the common necessities of life, notwithstanding their severe and incessant labor."

"Oh yes, such objects are plenty enough; but they are used to poverty, and not to be pitied like those who fall like the Raymonds."

"How perverted are this world's sympathies! The Raymonds still possess all they need desire. They may still command all the elegancies of life; things that would be luxuries indeed to thousands. I believe they will be far happier, and much more useful in the world now than they have ever been. I dare say that if I were now to call on them with a request for a small subscription, as I did when widow Jones lost her cow, and I undertook to repair the loss, I should receive a far more courteous answer than they vouchsafed me then. I remember also that you who just now declared that you would give all you possess, could such a sacrifice restore to the Raymonds what they have squandered, refused to give me one dollar toward repairing the poor widow's loss. And yet this very widow Jones is all that constitutes a gentlewoman, every way superior to the objects of your present condolence."

"I do not see how that can be possible, I never heard that Jones was ever rich. But do tell me her history if you know it."

"I will give you a little sketch of her life as I received it from her own mouth. Her father was a rich merchant in Bristol, England, and educated her, his only daughter, in the best possible manner. She was affianced to a young baronet, and the world lay bright before her. But her young lover died of typhus fever; disastrous failures of foreign houses impaired her father's wealth, and he resolved to emigrate to America, and commence farming. He therefore turned the remainder of his great wealth into gold and silver, and with his daughter and a few domestics embarked. This was before there were Atlantic steamers, and the voyage to England often occupied several months. The merchant, who was unaccustomed to any hardship or exposure, sunk under the sea-sickness, which induced apoplexy, and ere he had been two weeks out, he died. Poor Eveline! how did her already bruised heart support this dreadful bereavement. How great must have been her agony when she saw the cold form of her kind father, her only parent, cast into the deep sea! Yet she saw it and lived. Mr. Jones had been a clerk in her father's employ, and a deep, yet hopeless love for Eveline had lured him to attend upon her fortunes. He was now all that was left her, and his heart throbbed in the dear consciousness that she leaned on him for consolation. But it seemed that she was marked for sorrow, for the ship was driven out of her reckoning by a fearful storm, and finally wrecked upon the coast of New Brunswick. Jones saved his lady's life by almost superhuman efforts, but the ship with all her cargo was lost. Thus was she, the timid, the gentle, the lovely and educated, cast alone and penniless upon a bleak and inhospitable land of strangers. The utmost that Jones could do for her was to procure her lodging with a family amongst whom she soon learned to be useful; while he worked for wages in a neighboring town. Thus they continued two years, during the last of which she received small wages; and then they resolved to seek a more genial climate. But propriety suggested a measure, to which affection gave joyous sanction, and they were married, and, immediately proceeded to New York, where he

obtained a lucrative clerkship. Prosperity now seemed returning, and Eveline Jones was happy. But her happiness was only a sunbeam from between dark clouds, for her husband's health soon evidently began to decline. He sustained himself a long time, but was at length obliged to relinquish business, and she persuaded him to remove into the country in hopes that the pure air would be beneficial. So they came amongst us, and notwithstanding the grumbling of some who feared a town charge, here he was permitted to die."

"Oh, Mrs. Norris!" cried Mrs. Ross, "your words pierce me to the heart! I was amongst the murmurers you speak of. I shut my heart against that poor family at first; I have added to the afflictions of the widow and her fatherless children."

Mrs. Norris proceeded without noticing her auditor's agitation. "Scarce and small were consolations offered these poor sufferers; and few were there amongst us who ministered to their necessities. The poor woman sat by her husband's bedside, with her babe on her lap, her work in her hands, and the tears on her eyelashes. I appealed to several on her behalf; to the Raymonds amongst others, but every heart was closed, every hand shut. But the Lord in whom she trusted was with them, and they found support. Poor Jones died, and a very few attended the funeral. The poor widow was indeed forlorn—none came to weep with her or to comfort her. Her children were too young to sympathize with her, yet their claim roused her from the stupor of desolation, and she toiled patiently on. I was sitting with her a few weeks after her widowhood, when the pompous and numerous funeral of Mr. Norwood passed toward the cemetery. The tears began to start silently from her eyes, and at length she burst into a passion of weeping. At length she said—'the homage which mankind pay to wealth, attends it even to the grave.' I felt forcibly the bitterness of the comparison which had forced itself on her mind, and wept because I could offer her no consolation."

"For pity's sake forbear!" cried Mrs. Ross. "I am guilty of a great neglect of duty. If I had known her history sooner, I should have certainly done something for her long ago. But I will make amends—I will visit her this very day."

"You can visit her, but she does not now need your sympathy. By the will of a brother to her mother, who, on the death of his only son, sought her out, she has become possessed of an ample fortune, and will soon set sail for her native country, to take possession of wealth which will command the respect which her beauty of person, accomplishments, genteel carriage, and true Christian meekness and purity, failed to elicit, so long as the *gilding* was wanting. But there is plenty of room for any charity or sympathy which you may have intended for her. Many are the noble and generous spirits, struggling against misfortune, and shrinking from the world's cold pity, amid those who can not bring that magic key to your mistaken sympathy, 'the remembrance of better days.' I know many who were born and reared in cottages, fed by the healthy hand of labor, and taught from the high and precious book of Providence—who in every essential of true nobility, are far superior to most of those who claim homage, because their fathers have somehow become rich, and because they have been taught genteel accomplishments. LYDIA JANE.

In sickness, our distemper makes us loathe the most natural meat; in anger, our fury makes us resist courteous advice.

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# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."....."PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1843.

NO 38.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## DISCOURSES ON PRAYER.....NO. IV.

BY REV. DAY K. LEE.

"Trust in him at all times, ye people; pour out your heart before him; God is a refuge for us." Psal. lxxii: 8.

The text is not *precisely* suggestive of what I design to remark in the present discourse on the subject of prayer, but a more appropriate one I could not readily find, and as this exhorts us to acts of devotion, it may serve as a caption to a devotional sermon. If any people in the world *can trust in God*, believing him their refuge and strength; if any have just encouragement to pour out their souls before him in supplication, thanksgiving and praise, I apprehend it is those who profess the faith of the Universalist Christian. I have reiterated this idea because I desire to impress it upon your minds, and the minds of our neighbors. "Trust in him at all times, ye people"—said the Psalmist—"Trust in him at all times, ye people; pour out your heart before him; God is a refuge for us."

We *should* trust in him at all times, and there are times in which we are *apt* to trust in him. In health and prosperity—in happiness, and high enjoyment we are apt to trust in him thus much—we will be willing to leave it all to him, rather indifferently trusting that he will do all his pleasure, and will also do what shall be best for us.—But this is not the right sort of trust. It is not living, not soul-felt, not implicit, not enduring. It is a mere passive, common-consent trust which the first gale of discouragement, the first cloud of distress or disappointment will banish from our bosoms. Let us trust in him at all times—at all times, believing with all our hearts that God is a refuge for us. Trust in him in sickness, in sorrow, in bereavement and the bitterest tribulation, and be ready with the faithful Job to exclaim—"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him;" and with the afflicted, yet confiding prophet to say, "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vine, the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls, yet I will rejoice in the Lord—I will joy in the God of my salvation." This—*this is* trusting in him, rejoicing in him, confiding in him, as men should at all times confide. But since we are apt to lack this confidence, and be wavering, if not totally wanting in this lofty trust, we should perform such acts—adopt such helps—as will establish our hearts, our lives, our inclinations, our hopes in it. Because we may happen to lack any good quality or sentiment which we do not already possess, we should not fold our arms, and cease from the endeavor to obtain it. But we should set ourselves about that which we think will bring us soonest into its possession.

I believe that much of the doubt and dark discouragement which prevails among mankind may be removed, and they may turn to the Lord with full and confiding, and believing hearts, casting their burdens upon him, and expecting in due time to be relieved from all their sorrows and distresses. It is not *absolutely* natural for us to doubt; but we may say it is too apt to be one of the *weaknesses* of our nature. The saying is a trite one, and a truthful one too that we are naturally religious—naturally devotional beings, and all that is requisite to perfect us in sentiments of piety and confidence, is an assiduous cultivation of the religious emotions—the devotional affections, and prayerful inclinations.

And there is nothing of which I can conceive that is in our power to do, which I believe will be more successful in promoting that trust, and drawing out,

elevating, perfecting those sentiments of piety, than prayer—habitual, earnest, confiding prayer. It is possible that I may have hinted this before—whether it be so or not, I do not recollect—this much I will say, it will do no harm even to repeat the hint—*say, to change it from a hint to a brief discourse.*

We will understand this time, then, that prayer will increase, strengthen, exalt our trust in God—and incline us to look to him as our refuge, our strength, our help in trouble and in peace, in sorrow and in pleasure. By contracting a devotional, prayerful state of mind, we will of course learn more to appreciate the blessings bestowed upon us—more to value them, more to enjoy them, and more to look up to the source from whence they come, with the confident belief that they will be continued to us.

The more we see, and the more we appreciate of an earthly parent's blessings and kindness, the more we are led to trust in him for a continuance of favor, and the oftener we will pour out the desires and the gratitude of the heart before him!—And so I conceive it to be in regard to the blessings of our heavenly Father. By communing with him in the spirit and the soul-felt understanding, we will be led more and more to conceive and appreciate his loving kindness and unfailing, unwavering faithfulness toward us—and to look more confidently, and with a more joyful expectation, for repeated mercies, and unceasing help and consolation.

I would name *secret, individual* prayer, as of inestimable interest and assistance in this excellent endeavor of increasing our trust. Prayer, we have said brings us into a nearness to God, and leads us to think that he is very near to us, ready to sustain us in our good resolutions, and to deliver us from our griefs and sorrows. We should remember this when we go about secret prayer. We should remember that he has promised to draw nigh to us, and that our rational desires shall be granted, and our offerings of sincere gratitude accepted; and should therefore draw nigh unto him with pure hearts, and sincere devotion, and pray as David did, "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer." We can not expect to go through this fickle, changing world alone, without the assistance and consolation of Him who is the refuge and abiding place of all his children. Indeed we should be ever impressed with the solemn thought that every breath we draw, and every moment of existence that comes to us, is the gift of God, and that without his constant care and his fatherly aid, we should cease altogether to exist. We can not expect to endure the trials, the cares and bereavements of life, and meet death with a becoming, with a Christian resignation, without we are habituated to frequent, secret communings with him. When we are about to enter upon some untried business—when we are going forth upon distant journeyings—or are engaging in solemn covenants, upon whose success or misfortune will depend the prosperity or adversity of life, we should come before the presence of our Maker in secret, and earnestly and humbly ask that he be very near to us—as a watchful, guardful, sympathizing father—and sustain us by his grace, comfort us with his assurance of help, deliver us from destruction, preserve us from degeneracy, and sickness, and want, and at last receive us to the heavenly habitation. And when misfortunes, and sorrows, and distresses come—as they come upon us all—and weigh down the spirit, and darken our earthly prospects; we should then come before him and increase our trust, and find mitigation in our afflictions, by prayer to him, and communing with his

pitiful spirit. He who has never addressed his Creator in an expression of devotion, knows not, feels not even that priceless privilege which the prayerful enjoy in such seasons. He knows not what a hiding place from the wind—what a covert from the tempest—what a shield and helper our Lord will become then—when we most need assistance and strengthening favor.

I know of one at least who has enjoyed this privilege, and who thinks he has received aid that gold or rubies could not purchase. He has been somewhat a wanderer upon earth, has dwelt for a considerable time a great distance from all relatives and friends, and in that time has seen much agonizing sickness, and unpropitious fortune. But he has experienced the blessed privilege of solitary prayer. He has poured out his heart before his Maker, when the cold chill settled like an incubus upon his frame, and the burning fever was devouring his strength, and giving him poignant anguish—when no friendly, kindred hand, could bathe his hot brow, and no kind, loving, familiar relative or friend could engage in his lonely night-watchings. Oh, I do know of one, at least, if I can not remember more, who has, at such a season as this, felt that it was a blessed privilege to commune with God;—and felt moreover that God has answered his desires, mitigated his pains, restored his strength, his health, his peace; and been to him a Father and a Guardian. And he would not lose his trust, his confidence in God—he would not be denied the privilege of prayer, for the riches, and honor, and glory of the temporal world. He would feel himself prepared to meet with the sorrows that have fallen, and continue to fall to his lot—he would feel lonely and sad, and desolate, indeed, even in the midst of sympathizing friends, if the support and confidence of God, obtained in prayer, should be withdrawn. He knows not how he could meet death for himself or his friends with becoming cheerfulness, and with sustaining comfort, were it not that he could feel by the constant habit of prayer, that it is his Father who calls, his Father who wounds; and believed that "Happy is the man whom God correcteth," and whom God receiveth, "for he maketh sore and bindeth up, he woundeth and his hands make whole."

The remark has become a proverb, that money is the best friend to be found in a strange land—and in any land. Money is good, so far as its assistance goes—so far as it can procure some of the comforts of physical life. But if I were in possession of thousands, and felt that money was my only help and my solitary friend, methinks I should be in a most desolate condition, and be poor, and fatherless, friendless, joyless, helpless, indeed! What support—what assistance could I find in countless millions, unless I believed that a *greater, heavenlier* Friend were near me to give me life, and success, and consolation? God is the great, and in fact the only *unchanging, unfailing* friend that we can have in any land; and without him—without feeling that his smiles are upon us, and his kingdom is within us, we are at best but fugitives and vagabonds in the earth. God is the friend that can help us most in a strange land, in sickness, and in want; and to him we should look in a spirit of generous piety for support, for life and health, for other friends and other alleviations. And the individual who shares his communion—who seeks to enjoy his presence and his warming, life-giving smiles, is rich indeed. He has a friend in all countries and in all climates, in all seasons, circumstances and dispensations. He has meat, he has joy, he has help, that ye know not of. His soul is anchored in the paradise of blessedness and glory!



"What trouble, indeed, can overwhelm—what fear can discompose that man whose trust, whose hope, whose friend the Lord is; and who enjoys his daily communion? What earthly power can make such a man very unhappy? Will you take away his riches? His treasure is in heaven.—Will you banish him from home and friends? His country is above, and God is his Father, Friend, and Christ and the angels are his kindred. Will you bind him in chains? His conscience, his spirit, his affections, all are free—heaven itself is but an emblem of his happiness. As heaven is enlightened by the rising sun, his soul is illuminated by that Sun of Righteousness, which ariseth without setting in his heart. As heaven is intrinsically bright and beautiful, though clouds obscure, and, midnight darkness surround it, he is peaceful, happy and serene in the midst of trials and afflictions. As heaven is exalted above the storms and tempests of this lower atmosphere, he is elevated above the distractions and perturbations of this troublesome world. He is a Christian. He prays to God our Father. His conversation is in heaven. His life is hid with Christ, in God."\*

If this then be the reward—the blessedness of the pious man—if this is to be enjoyed by the possession of a devotional spirit, and by the habit of secret prayer, as I most sincerely believe it may be—as I know in fact it has been the case—can I be too earnest, can I labor too hard to induce those of my people who have not attended to this thing, to go right about the cultivation of pious affections, and spiritual, grateful, prayerful emotions? Is it not my duty as an humble herald of the cross, to point out the course which I believe it will be right for Christians to follow, and urge those things upon them, in which they will taste most of the blessedness of their faith—most of the pleasure of life, and be best prepared for the endurance of bereavement and sorrow?

I have spoke of the assistance of prayer in sickness, in want, in bereavement and death. I have not spoken at random, neither have I made an assertion in regard to something here, of which I do not know—of which I have had no experience. I know how it has sustained—how it has consoled, how it has cheered and chastened my own heart, and animated it to seek, and to find refuge in him who is very near to the afflicted! I know how it has increased my delight in the Scriptures, in their precious promises, in their sublime and lofty truths; I know how it has seemed to lift me up into an endearing communion with God's parental spirit; I know how it has expanded my faith, exalted my hopes, brightened my prospects, opened the glory and rest and peace of heaven to my believing soul, and led me to exclaim, "Surely the gloominess of doubt, the heaviness of sorrow, and the bitterness of death are passed."

I know of others who have enjoyed the privilege of devotion in sickness—and who have felt that half their pains, and half their sorrows were in this way swallowed up of life, and peace, and joy.—They have raised a voice of supplication to the Lord in their distresses, and he has seemed to relieve them—he has seemed to open before them more cheering views, and not unfrequently to restore them to health and greater happiness again. They have been led to estimate more truly and more justly the value of the Christian faith; and to magnify its heavenly consolations. They have said, "what though the hand of disease is laid heavily upon me, what though the evil day is come in which I can have no pleasure in the things that surround me—yet I know I am rich in faith—yet I know that God loves me, that he lends me the blessed communion of his spirit, and that he holds me in the hollow of his hand, that he hath chosen a good and a glorious inheritance for me—I know that Heaven respects me, that Christ died to deliver me—and I am affluent, I am blest. I have friends the most faithful and loving in the universe—I

have joy in my devotions, joy in the Holy Spirit, joy unspeakable and full of glory! I can say with the trustful Psalmist, 'Blessed is the man who thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law.'" Such persons as these I have found among those who enjoyed the spirit of prayer in sickness and distress. And beholding their devotion to God and to heaven—seeing their cheerfulness in pain, and their sublime trust in the loneliness and grief of troublesome, wearisome nights, has increased my own faith, and led me to say with the grateful apostle, "thanks be to God for his unspeakable gifts." "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

I have known also the blessed effect of prayer at the death bed. I have known the trusting, confiding, hoping spirit go down to the grave when there was a perfect cheerfulness, and heavenly radiance upon their faces, and they seemed to

"Wrap the drapery of their couch about them, And lie down to pleasant dreams."

They would not pray to be saved from endless sorrow. They believed that the Lord of love had no such thing in reserve for one of his children. But they would pray for still more faith, and still loftier trust in his transcendent goodness. They would pray for strength to endure with becoming courage the pains laid upon them; they would pray for a resignation of heart, and will, and inclination; for a spirit that would be sufficiently grateful for countless benefits received, for the welfare of dear friends, loving kindred, needy neighbors, and fellow beings. They would pray for still more cheering anticipations of the future, and of that world where all are to be united again; and their supplications and thanksgiving would seem to make them new creatures. They have gone down to the opening grave—"not like the quarry slave at night, scourged to his dungeon;" not like a miserable culprit about to enter upon unimaginable torments; not as men and women afraid to die, and afraid to pass into another world—but they have gone down as shocks of corn come in their season; as happy travellers, about to step forth from a gloomy world into a more delightful country where the Eden of pleasure blooms, and where the soul shall take her fill of gladness and of peace.

If such, then, be the benefits of prayer and specially secret, individual prayer, in sickness, and in a strange land, and in sorrow and death, let us cultivate the spirit—let us trust in the Lord at all times, and pour out our hearts before him at all times; for he is our refuge and our strength, a very present help in every season.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## UNIVERSALISM GOOD IN LIFE AND DEATH.

BY REV. A. SCOTT.

It is often said that Universalism will do to live by; a truer declaration than which was never penned, for it is moralizing in its nature, and peculiarly calculated to lead man in the paths of virtue and peace. There is no principle other than universal love and benevolence, that is fit to carry into active life. There is no sentiment so well calculated to inspire high and exalted opinions of Deity as this; it representing him as a being of unbounded benevolence, exercising all the feelings of a kind and indulgent parent towards his offspring.

Teaching, as it does, all the adorable perfections of Deity, with the assurances that this being is our Father, the father of the human race; it inspires in the bosom feelings of reverence and filial fear, and enables man in confidence to pray, "Our Father which art in heaven." Teaching, as it does, a universal brotherhood, it awakens feelings of brotherly love and kindness, and enables man to exercise towards his fellow-man, those principles which are calculated, in their nature, to elevate him in the scale of moral intelligence and raise him above the fluctuating scenes of earth.

Teaching, as it does, the impartiality of God, that he will reward every man according to his works—that vice will produce misery, and virtue happiness, it will cause man to love virtue for its

own worth, and to hate and shun vice on account of its loathsomeness and direful consequences.—Thus we learn that it is peculiarly calculated to make man what he should be. Hence, then, the propriety of the declaration, "It will do to live by." Our most bitter opposers have been compelled to bestow upon it this meed of praise. And as this is the case, as it is good to live by, we should all live by it. That life we now live, we should ever live by faith in the Son of God. We should ever live by that which is good. "Eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness," is the language of the prophet. He well knew the worth of this sentiment; hence he made this injunction, preceded by an invitation to all that thirst, to come to the waters—to buy wine and milk without money and without price. But tell these professed lovers of souls, that as this doctrine is good to live by, all should embrace it and live in its light; they turn about and declare that notwithstanding it is so good in life it will not answer in a dying hour!

This, to me, is strange logic. That which is good, the very thing we want in life, will not answer our purpose on the bed of death! For my part, I have always believed that that principle which will answer in the one case, will do equally as well in the other. It is this idea, that it is not good in death, which has caused so many to entreat us to prepare to die; a requisition not once found in the Bible. One thing, however, is certain—we had better be preparing to live, for to him who is in a fit state of preparation for life, death will never come an unwelcome messenger. This being the case, and Universalism being so good for this preparation, it will serve an excellent purpose for the other. Just think of the idea which teaches that God is our father and heaven our home. Reflect that we are away from home and father, and naught will better prepare man to meet death with resignation than the fact, that we are but going from this state of trial, trouble, and disappointment to our homes—to a place of rest at our Father's right hand in that heaven prepared for the world of mankind.

Teaching, as Universalism does, a glorious rest beyond the tomb, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest"—that life and immortality is the portion of every individual of the human race, where they shall be purified from all uncleanness, through the purpose of God—which teaches that death shall be swallowed up in victory, and all be reheated in Christ the head of the church—I say, teaching, as it does, these glorious truths, it is the very truth which will enable us to lean our heads on Jesus' breast, and breathe our lives out sweetly there. Its sting thereby is taken away, and with a firm and unwavering trust and confidence on God, we may recline ourselves upon the dying couch in peace and joy.—Verily, it is a crown in life, and a solace in death—the theme that is worthy, above all others, of our reception, and the only one when carried into active life, which can make its rough ways smooth, and its end, peace, quietness, and assurance forever.

Let none, then, fear it; for it is our only ground of hope. Let those who have embraced it, live in its light; and those who have not, commence now to walk in its counsels, which alone will ease their troubled spirits.

Kind reader, how long think ye the idea will be preached, that the doctrine of God is good in life and evil in death? How long think ye will man remain in a state of wilful ignorance, and blindness? I answer, so long as he worships inconsistency and adores injustice. But my prayer for Israel is, that it might be saved—that Zion might travail and bring them to see his great goodness and loving kindness, which is showered without partiality or favor, upon every son and daughter of earth.

It is good in life. It is good in death. I will hug it like a bosom friend, and defend it so long as God shall spare my life and strength, he being my helper.

Northfield, Vt., 1843.

\*'Tis virtue only that repels fear, and fear only that makes life troublesome.

\* This passage I believe should be credited to Dr. Jebb. The ideas I think are set forth in one of his sermons; but as I quote from a memory that is less faithful in the retention of words than ideas, the phraseology may somewhat differ from the original. D. K. L.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## "THE UNIVERSALIST COMPANION,"

With an Almanac and Register, containing the Statistics of the Denomination for 1844." Edited and published by Br. A. B. GROSH, 32 Genesee st., Utica.

This very useful work to the Universalist denomination is now ready for sale at the publishing office, and very soon will be by Universalist booksellers and preachers generally, throughout the country; and every Universalist family in the United States should procure a copy as early as possible. It embraces 64 pages, and contains, besides an almanac adapted to the latitude and longitude of the Eastern, the Middle, and the Western States, four short, expository and *pitthy* sermons, by A. B. G.; a short and pungent article on Universal Salvation, by the same; a long, clear, pointed, nervous article on Punishment—its nature and object, by A. B. Grosh. This article is worth the price of the whole book. Then comes a brief article on the voice of the Past, by W. H. Griswold; and then one entitled, Universalism not a new doctrine, by H. B. S.; which is followed by 24 pages of Statistics of the denomination, which cost the Editor an almost incredible amount of labor; and which is, beyond all question, the fullest and most perfect table of statistics of the Universalist denomination ever published. It embraces the United States and Territories, and also the Canadas; and is itself alone worth, to every individual who feels any interest in the prosperity of Universalism, *four times the price of the whole work*. It gives the number of Conventions, General and State; the number of Associations, societies, churches, Sabbath schools, meeting houses, preachers and their residences, schools, periodicals, books published, etc., and the increase during the past year in the U. States, Territories and Canadas. It does seem to me that no family who know the contents of this little work, will delay procuring a copy for their own use, and half a dozen or more for distribution among their neighbors and friends of a different faith. Its circulation among such would do good; it would teach them that the small band of a few years ago in this country, has become a large army, and that they are increasing in numbers with astonishing rapidity; besides, by the articles it contains, giving them some knowledge of the doctrine itself.—Those who want, must send in their orders, accompanied with the *cash*, early, if they wish to secure them; for the edition is not very large and is rapidly selling. In closing, I must say that I do wish that every Universalist family could procure a copy of the Register; it is cheap, costs only one shilling per single copy, and one dollar per dozen. Who will not have a Universalist Register, nay, half a dozen or a dozen of them? H. B. S.

N. B.—I have said elsewhere that I am opposed to all self-puffing except my own. The above does not even come under this class, for I am obliged to Br. Soule for the favor, this time! It is very convenient to have a sympathising friend to note your labors, and thus comment on them when published, and inform the public of the fact of their worth. It is tempting one to remain an Editor, even yet longer. A. B. G.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## MINUTES,

Of the Proceedings of the Chenango Association of Universalists, for 1843.

Met in Oxford, Chenango co., September 7th and 8th. Organized by choosing Br. J. S. Sherburne, Moderator; and after uniting in prayer with Br. A. G. Clark, Br. J. B. Gilman, Clerk. The minutes of the last meeting were then read and approved.

Received the Societies of Binghamton\* and Pitcher into fellowship. Br. Berry from Walton, and Br. Comb from Hamden, were invited to take seats in the Council. The Standing Clerk reported that Conferences had been held at Smithville Flatts, Upper Lisle, and Pitcher. The Committee on fellowship and ordination reported "no application." On discipline, "no complaint."

Reports accepted. The Committee appointed by the Council organized at the Conference held in Pitcher "to draft a Constitution for an Itinerant Association," reported "progress," and requested to be excused from any farther report until the meeting of the first Conference of this Association. Request complied with.

Brs. L. Gross, W. Ogden and D. Brown, were appointed to nominate the several standing committees; and reported the following standing committees, which were adopted. On fellowship and ordination, Brs. De Long, Warren and Goodrich. On Discipline, Brs. Sherburne, Guild and De Long. Delegates to attend the State Convention, Brs. E. E. Guild and C. L. Shipman (ministerial,) C. Cole and J. Richards (laymen,) with power to appoint substitutes. The Clerk to prepare the Minutes for publication in the Magazine and Advocate, and request the Union and Messenger, and Luminary to copy—and to accompany the same with such remarks as he may think proper. Br. C. L. Shipman to preach the next occasional sermon, with power to appoint a substitute. The Standing Clerk to appoint Conferences during the year, at such times and places as he may be requested.

Friday Morning.—United in prayer with Br. Hollister.

The Committee on fellowship and ordination reported that requests had been received from Brs. J. J. Austin and J. B. Gilman, to be published as applicants for letters of fellowship at the next meeting of this Association. Accepted.

The following preamble and resolution were presented by Br. De Long, and unanimously passed.

Whereas our much esteemed Br. C. B. Brown is suffering under a protracted and painful illness, and his situation and circumstances are such as require immediate pecuniary aid; and whereas, it is customary for this Association to take up a collection to defray the expenses of our ministering brethren who come to attend its meeting—therefore,

Resolved, that the collection which shall be taken up at this time, shall be for the benefit of our suffering brother; and that a brother be appointed to present his case before the congregation, and solicit contributions in his behalf.

Whereupon Br. Cook was appointed.

Adjourned to meet at Preston Corners on the first Wednesday and following Thursday in September, 1844.

J. S. SHERBURNE, Moderator.

J. B. GILMAN, Clerk.

Sermons were preached by Brs. Hollister, Clark, Cook, Whitcomb and Skinner. On Friday afternoon water baptism was administered to nine candidates—and a church numbering twenty nine members, organized—after which the eucharist was celebrated—services by Brs. Pickering and Skinner. Usual addresses to the congregation by Br. Skinner. On Friday evening sermons were preached by Brs. De Long and Guild.

*Lay Delegates present.*—T. G. Lamb, Columbus; D. Brown, C. Cole, Oxford; P. Landers, E. W. Corbin, Bainbridge; W. Ogden, J. B. Gilman, Binghamton; E. Gorton, D. Jones, North Norwich; L. Gross, B. Hodges, Upper Lisle; J. C. Rogers, C. L. Beebe, Pitcher; U. Bartle, L. Ackley, McDonough; H. Bump, R. B. Beedles, Smithville Flatts.

*Ministers present.*—J. T. Goodrich, J. J. Austin, Oxford; E. E. Guild, So. Bainbridge; A. O. Warren, Lisle; W. M. De Long, Binghamton; D. Skinner, Deerfield; T. J. Whitcomb, Cortland; J. R. Mack, F. P. Hollister, Gibson, Pa.; S. J. Gibson, Monroeton, Pa.; L. Hyatt, Worcester; A. G. Clark, McLean; Z. Cook, Hamilton; J. S. Sherburne, Sherburne; D. Pickering, Louisville; J. M. Peebles, Lisle; — Haynes, Benton, Pa. —17.

*REMARKS.*—Every Society, I think, legally in existence was represented, and the prospects as reported, show that our cause was never more prosperous within the bounds of this Association. The congregation the first day, considering the unceasing rain which fell in torrents, was large—and on Friday many were unable to obtain an entrance

within the house. The singing was good. The preaching interesting and instructing, and listened to by an attentive congregation. In fact, we had a glorious meeting. And to our friends in Oxford, Methodists as well as Universalists, would we tender our thanks for their kindness in ministering to our temporal wants.

At the close of the services on Friday morning, a collection was taken up for the benefit of Br. C. B. Brown, which amounted to *twenty four dollars*. Can not—will not other Associations "do likewise"? Per order.

J. B. GILMAN, Clerk.

## MARRIAGES.

In New Hartford, September 14th, by Rev. A. B. Grosh, Mr. NATHANIEL BARNES, of Kirkland, to Miss JANE BUSHNELL, of the former town.

In Litchfield, on the 14th inst., by Rev. Otis Thompson, Mr. J. C. HAINES, merchant of Chicago, to Miss EMMA A. FAY, of Watertown.

## DEATHS.

In Westfield, Ghautauque county, September 1st, Mrs. RUTH STOWELL, wife of Mr. William Stowell, formerly of Otsego county, in the 66th year of her age. Mrs. Stowell had endeared herself to a large circle of friends and acquaintances, by her mild and neighborly deportment; and by uniform integrity in her associations with them. By this dispensation of Providence a beloved husband and four children have been deprived of her society, her counsel and her tender care; and community has lost one of its ornaments.

Though not a professor of any particular system of religious theology, yet she died reconciled to the will of Heaven. The Lord comfort the mourning family "with the fulness of the blessings of the Gospel of Christ." Sermon on the occasion of her funeral by the writer. L. PAINE.

In Phelps, Ontario county, August 24th, Mr. PETER J. ROBERTS, father of the Rev. Orrin Roberts, aged 61 years, 5 months, and 7 days. Father R. had been for sometime considerably indisposed, but had not been thought dangerously afflicted, until a day or two before his departure, a malignant attack of cholera morbus indicated that it was bringing him down to the grave. It is with no unmeaning language, and no common place emotion, that we say a Father in Israel hath fallen, and a servant of Righteousness gone to his rest. For many years he had rejoiced in the Universalist faith, and enjoyed the additional satisfaction of hearing it eloquently proclaimed by a dear, and an excellent son. And did he believe this divine and animating doctrine? so did he make it his *living, practical* sentiment, and his dying sentiment, also. He was truly "an example of the believers;" and after having enjoyed an earnest of the spirit on earth, we believe has gone to possess the blessed inheritance in heaven. The funeral was attended on the following Saturday by the writer, assisted in the services by Br. David Biddlecom. D. K. LEE.

In Lockport, July 17th, ALFRED MOYER, son of Philip and Catharine Maria Moyer, aged 6 years.

This interesting boy, though young, had attached all in his favor who knew him. The early flower which had thus early begun to unfold its delicate petals, God had taken to a more congenial clime—free from blight—to safely expand to the free and gentle zephyrs of the gardens of eternal felicity.

Also, August 19th, after a severe and trying sickness of a few weeks, Mrs. CATHARINE MARIA MOYER, aged 25.

Mrs. Moyer was indeed a Universalist. The few last days of her life on earth, though her mind was dreamy, still from her oft expressions of resignation—her constant quoting passages of Scripture, such as, "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain;" and others of like import, none could fail to discover what the impressions of her mind were. Though her mind was broken and floating, yet as the fragments passed to view, and the written side came up, we could trace those legible inscriptions which had been, before sickness, written by the finger of God's love—by the pen of Divinity on the table-stone of filial love dedicated to the service of God. May her afflicted husband, her dear mother and brothers find abundant healing for their wounds in the balm which flows freely in Gilead.—[Luminary.

B. B. B.

\*Legally organized the present year.

J. B. G.



For the Magazine and Advocate.  
**THE FAIRY'S GIFT.**

BY MISS C. M. TIBBITS.

Fair lady, I have wandered o'er heaven, earth and sea,  
 To gather from their treasures a worthy gift for thee!  
 I've roamed through sunlit bowers, and culled each rosy hue,  
 And held the lily's snowy cup to catch the pearly dew.

I've climbed the mountain's summit, where quiv'ring moon-  
 beams fell;

And culled earth's brightest diamonds around thy brow to  
 dwell;

I've sought the pearl and coral afar within the deep,  
 Where, rocked upon the wavelets' breast, the sprite and  
 mermaid sleep.

And then, on airy pinions, away, away I flew,  
 Along the spangled concave of heaven's eternal blue;  
 And from each gem that's shining along that starry dome,  
 I gathered up a penciled ray to strew around thy home.

Here's friendship's wreath, fair lady, all in its dewy bloom,  
 Bright flowers that ne'er shall wither, not e'en around thy  
 tomb;

And from the distant heavens I've brought religion's ray,  
 To shed its steady lustre around thy future way.

For the Magazine and Advocate.  
**THE DUTIES OF A WIFE.**

BY MRS. MARY E. AMES.

To enumerate all the duties devolving upon a wife,  
 would require more room than is usually allotted to  
 writers for our periodicals. Hence I shall be very brief  
 —confining myself to what I deem the most important.

There are but few wives, who are duly sensible of the  
 great and responsible duties which devolve upon them;  
 and few are aware of the powerful influence which they  
 are capable of exerting over their husbands, for better  
 or for worse. It is impossible for the husband, situated  
 as he often is in life—surrounded by, and subject to all  
 the perplexities and trials which exist in the world—to  
 continually wear a smile, or speak at all times in a pleas-  
 ing and affable manner. Every wife should incessantly  
 bear this in mind. She should often reflect, that she is  
 in a great measure secure from those trials and unpleas-  
 ant differences and contentions which unavoidably enter  
 into business affairs, and consider, that oftentimes,  
 they have an uncontrollable tendency to render her hus-  
 band incapable of exhibiting that cheerfulness which he  
 could wish, and which no doubt would be gratifying to  
 her. At such periods, the duty of the wife is great, and  
 she should not forget at this critical moment that a cheer-  
 ful countenance and a disposition to participate in his  
 troubles, would do very much to inspire him with hope,  
 and dissipate those gloomy forebodings which overcome  
 and depress the smiles of her kind and affectionate com-  
 panion. Many wives have unfortunately established a  
 rule, that when their husbands deviate in the least from  
 what they deem to be strictly proper and just, to openly  
 and frowningly manifest their displeasure, and exhibit a  
 sort of superiority or physical prowess. This is cer-  
 tainly very unbecoming and can seldom fail to engen-  
 der and perpetuate those unpleasant feelings, which un-  
 avoidably terminate in the destruction of domestic hap-  
 piness.

I have not unfrequently witnessed family scenes like  
 the following:—The husband, wearied and depressed,  
 resorts to his wife and family as a source of consolation,  
 and reasonably expects to be welcomed with a cheerful  
 countenance and a placid heart; but in this he is un-  
 happily disappointed. He however remains composed  
 and apparently cheerful, observing more than observed,  
 and at last in a mild and complaisant manner inquires of  
 his wife, "Is tea ready, dear?" "No!" responds the  
 wife. "You went off this morning without preparing  
 me any wood, and how do you 'pose I can do any thing  
 without it? People tell me if they were in my place  
 they wouldn't try to do any thing—and I shan't!" Now,  
 how pleasing and delightful such an interview must be  
 to a husband! Must not home be a delightful abode—  
 a cherished and consecrated spot! Will he not view  
 the revellings of a dram-shop with disgust, and eagerly  
 resort to his wife and family with an unusual degree of

pleasure. Can I answer yes—when the one is but a  
*grocery*—the other a *HELL*!! But enough.

The wife, notwithstanding this slight neglect on the  
 part of her husband—*unintentionally* perhaps—should  
 endeavor to anticipate his wants, and labor to faithfully  
 provide for them. This she can do in a great measure,  
 as she has all the facilities for ascertaining his wants, be-  
 ing perfectly familiar with his disposition and habits.—  
 Her patience may at times be unnecessarily taxed, yet  
 they should never furnish grounds for a refusal to per-  
 form her sworn duties in a cheerful and acquiescing  
 manner. The husband may at times be uncommonly  
 peevish, and apparently without grounds, which is truly  
 unpleasant and many times exceedingly trying; yet the  
 truly good and amiable wife will carefully overlook these  
 imperfections, and strive to overcome evil by doing  
 good—by suppressing her grief, and adorning her coun-  
 tenance with an approving smile. She should in all  
 such cases, diligently inquire the *cause*—ask herself the  
 question, "Does he *intentionally* grieve me? Is he not  
 naturally a kind and affectionate husband, and a boun-  
 tiful provider?—and does not his melancholy countenance  
 and irritable conversation proceed, from some cause to  
 me unknown—a cause perhaps, which lies entirely be-  
 yond his control?" These are questions which every  
 wife should put to herself before she upbraids her hus-  
 band. A conciliatory course of this kind, is far more  
 advisable than coercive manners; and will ever be at-  
 tended with happy consequences.

But wives are many times too jealous of their rights—  
 so tenacious are they at times, that they frequently de-  
 tract from their noble natures, by assuming a sort of  
 masculine independence, which, to say the least, is very  
 disgusting, and not unfrequently fraught with the most  
 evil consequences. Woman should by no means be a  
 slave, neither should she desire to "lord it." A proper  
 degree of concession is not derogatory to the female  
 character; but is recognized in the Bible as a duty—a  
 duty which no wife should, or can consistently, regard  
 as an infringement upon her rights.

Canton, 1843.

\* \* We should certainly be pleased to hear often from  
 Mrs. A., and we doubt not that her articles will be very  
 acceptable to our readers. A. B. G.

From the Rose of Sharon, for 1844.  
**GOOD RESOLUTION.**  
 BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

Quite away from the dusty turnpike, and across  
 sweet-smelling clover-fields, in a small, quaint, moss-  
 grown edifice, dwelt Job Woodell and his daughter May.  
 Job had been a fisherman in his better days, but, sad to  
 tell, had been drawn away from his honest occupation  
 by the seductive charms of the village inn. There he  
 might be found from early morning till midnight, scarce  
 turning his steps homeward to the frugal meals pre-  
 pared by his patient child, and leaving with her the  
 whole care and toil of providing for their family neces-  
 sities.

Happy it was for May, poor girl! that her heart was  
 as brave and hopeful, as it was patient and loving.—  
 Whoever passed her door on a bright spring morning,  
 might hear her voice, singing songs as sweet and merry  
 as though she had not a care or sorrow in the world.  
 And that little quaint old cottage! who would have  
 deemed it the home of an inveterate tippler, with its  
 neatly swept grass sward, its bed of fragrant carnations,  
 its honey-suckles, azalias, and moss-roses!

Job loved his daughter May—was proud of her—  
 and, saving his great neglect, always treated her with  
 kindness. In his worst stages of inebriation, he ex-  
 hibited no phasis of cruelty; he was only excessively  
 and shamelessly silly, and disposed to lavish on May a  
 world of foolish and foudling caresses. May, in turn,  
 was always gentle and patient with her father, never re-  
 proaching him for his vile habits, but often tenderly en-  
 treating him to stay and assist her about her garden, or  
 to spend the long winter evenings with her, instead of  
 hurrying away to the "Admiral."

One very beautiful spring morning, Job stuck his old

hat jauntily on one side of his head, and stood crowding  
 the tobacco into his pipe, ever and anon casting a wish-  
 ful look towards May, who was busy wiping the break-  
 fast plates.

"Can I do any thing for you, father?" said she, look-  
 ing up with a pleasant and encouraging smile.

"Ah, you're a good girl, May, a blessed girl! I hate  
 to trouble you—but just now I'm all out of change—and  
 a curse on these times, I say, when an honest man can't  
 get trusted for a shilling to save him from want."

"Dear father, I would willingly give you what little  
 money I have, but if I do, we shall be forced to go with-  
 out dinner or supper, I fear."

"Are we really grown so poor as that? Ah, well!  
 these are melancholy times for us poor fishers. I'll not  
 take your money, May; I can win a shilling from Ned  
 Watkins, any day, at nine-pins, and that will be easier  
 than to rob you."

"O, papa! if you will not go the Admiral, to-day, but  
 will help me plant out my little garden, and transplant  
 those fine strawberry-vines that yield us so many dol-  
 lars every year,—O, dear papa, I can not tell you how  
 happy you will make me, how very gratefully I shall re-  
 member the kindness."

"Little need of my assistance," answered Job, with  
 a good-natured laugh, and a sly wink, that sent the  
 bright blood gushing all over May's dimple cheeks.—  
 "Younger and steadier hands are at your service, and  
 an old man like me would be in the way."

"O, no! no, papa!" exclaimed May, earnestly, drop-  
 ping her work, and clasping her arm in his, at the same  
 time lifting up her beaming, tearful eyes most implor-  
 ingly.

Job was touched. Tears were unwonted visitors to  
 those joyous and radiant eyes; so, at least, thought he,  
 who had saw few indeed of the many that were shed  
 for him.

"You are a good girl, May," said he, patting her  
 head, and kissing her white forehead with parental deli-  
 cacy; "you are a good girl, and I wish I were a more  
 worthy father. But let me go now, dear, and I will  
 be soon back again to help you." With this promise,  
 he tore himself away.

May had been too long accustomed to have her en-  
 treaties disregarded, to shed many tears for her present  
 disappointment; so having completed her household ar-  
 rangements, she tied on her little cottage straw—its blue  
 ribbon somewhat faded, it is true, but thereby better  
 suiting the exquisite delicacy of her complexion—and  
 proceeded to the garden. There was a freshness and  
 exhilaration in the soft, spring air, that soon removed  
 from her heart and face all traces of unhappiness; and  
 if her cheek had previously been a shade too pale, this  
 defect was remedied the instant the sound of a buoyant  
 and hasty footstep fell upon her listening ear.

The person who approached was the son of May's  
 nearest neighbor, widow Lovell. He was a fine-look-  
 ing fellow, with a complexion of the clearest white, eyes  
 of the darkest blue, and hair that would rival the gloss  
 and blackness of "a raven's wing." He held a basket  
 on his arm, full of young plants.

"You were wishing for some of those gorgeous pan-  
 sies, May. See, I have been fortunate enough to pro-  
 cure you some."

"You are my good genie, Harry. I have but to wish,  
 and, lo! the prize is at hand. I thank you, a thousand  
 times."

The young friends busied themselves in planting the  
 the roots, for some time in silence. They were lovers,  
 though not acknowledged ones. The confession had been  
 long trembling on Harry's lips, (silly fellow! did he not  
 know his eyes already had told it over and over again?)  
 but there was something in May's manner which re-  
 strained and embarrassed him. This morning, however,  
 he had sought her with the determination to avow his  
 love.

For nothing was Harry Lovell more remarkable than  
 for his readiness and eloquence of speech. It was as-  
 tonishing what could keep him so silent on this occasion.  
 Root after root was fixed in the ground, and still his  
 tongue faltered in its instructed duty. "This is no



place," thought he, "with the sun glaring down upon and in open view of half the village." He rose from the garden path, and lifting his new, palm-leaf hat—May's hand had braided it for him—brushed back from his forehead which was a very white and handsome one. a mass of black, glossy curls.

"You are weary, May," said he, "and the sun is really oppressive. I have my thoughts on a glass of your nice root-beer. Together with the shade of the porch, will be very refreshing."

May laughed, and led the way to the house. The beer was brought, drank, and praised; the glasses removed, and May, with her bonnet off, and her soft, brown hair parted smoothly from her brow, had seated herself on the threshold of the door. Harry chose a situation on the door step. Here they were quite sheltered from the sun, and quite hidden from the view of the villagers. Harry had no excuse for silence; and so, in a quiet way, but with a burning cheek and eloquent eye, he told the tale of his love.

May heard him with many heart-throbbings, and a few ill-concealed tears. "O, Harry! I feared this," she said. "Sweet as it is to know that you love me, it is bitter indeed to feel that we can never be happy in this affection."

"But what shall hinder us, dear May?"

"My father, Harry. I can never leave him."

"Of course not; but he shall have a home with us."

"You must not think of the thing, dear Harry. You have already a mother to support, and I can never consent to bring upon you such a burden as poor father would be. Were he merely old and decrepid, I might not look upon the case as so hopeless; I might almost then consent that he should become a burden to you; but as he is, O, Harry, you know his unfortunate weakness; you know how unfit he is to sit at any fireside, or be a partaker of any domestic society except such as nature has made sacredly his own. A daughter can pardon, can bear with his infirmity; but, O, Harry, your home would be desecrated by such an inmate."

Poor May! How bitterly she wept, as this painful and humiliating reflection was breathed into her lover's ears; but he, like a generous and devoted friend, soothed and encouraged her, and though he found that to combat her resolution was idle, he still declared that she only had, and ever should have, undivided empire over his heart.

Now all this while there was a little by-scene going on, which we must not conceal from our readers, especially since it has reference to the issue of our tale.—Job Woodell, when he parted from his daughter, struck across the clover-fields towards the Admiral; but instead of entering, as was his time-out-of-mind custom, he turned aside, and springing down the rocks, sat for some time gazing thoughtfully on the great expanse of the ocean that lay spread before him. On his left, frowning over the cliffs, rose the roof of the old Admiral, enticing him to his folly; but the sweet, pleading, tearful face of his loved May would steal into his heart, and paralyze the power of the tempter, in a manner that surprised even the poor victim himself.

"I told May I would soon return," said he; "but if I go there, Ned Watkins and a whole gang of loafers will beset me, and drive all thoughts of home out of my head. So I will keep out of their sight, and for once fulfil my promise."

Job reached his house just after Harry and May had entered it; and hearing their voices as he came up toward the porch where they were sitting, he stopped in front of a window that opened at the side of the porch, and, gazing through it, could not only distinctly hear the language, but could also see the faces of the young lovers. The mention of his own name kept his feet riveted to the spot. Their conversation has already been detailed, and its effect upon Job, in his present mood, may well be surmised. At first, the hot blood rushed in torrents to his brain and face, and the deep disgust he felt for his own folly, was pictured in every lineament and expression of his countenance. But when he saw May in tears, when he heard

her sweet, tremulous voice pronouncing the doom of Harry's fondest hopes, and all for his sake, who had so cruelly wronged and disgraced her, he wrung his hands in agony, and, unable to suppress his feelings, hurried cautiously through the back entrance of the house, and shut himself up in his chamber.

A sad day was it for May Woodell after Harry retired. Her garden had lost its interest. Even the favorite pansies only made her weep when she looked on them. She prepared a dinner for her father, however, and strove, by an increased devotion to his wants, to forget her sorrowful thoughts. But the day wore on, and Job did not appear. The dinner was removed untasted. "Poor father!" said May; "I told him I had scarce money to buy us a dinner; I fear he has denied himself out of consideration for me." And she tried to believe this the true solution to his delay, though experience had taught her that his neglect of meals was usually occasioned by a worse than ordinary debauch. How different would have been her feelings had she known that her erring parent was this moment in his own chamber, overwhelmed with anguish and remorse! How quickly would she have forgotten every thought of self, and hastened to pour into his ears assurances of her forgiveness and love! Ah! it was better for him, May, that thy tender mercies were awhile withheld.

"I do think father will return to tea," thought May; and she hastened to prepare a dish for him which she knew he very much liked, and which she had made some personal sacrifice to procure. Then spreading the table very neatly, she sat down at the window to await his approach. Those who have but one object to care for, one being to smile upon their toils, one friend to whom their existence seems a peculiar blessing, can alone understand how every thought and feeling becomes a servitor at one shrine.

Job, meanwhile, hearing her light step about the house, rose from the bed where he had thrown himself, bathed his face in the basin of cool water that May's hand kept constantly supplied in his chamber, brushed his hair, and putting on his hat, stole cautiously down into the yard, and betook himself to May's bed of pansies and carnations. Here she at length espied, and ran out to meet him. Her first glance relieved and gladdened her heart. She held out her hand to greet him. "How long you have been away, papa! and how glad I am to see you home to tea!" she said, looking into his face with a smile that told him how happy and grateful she felt to meet him in a rational mood once more.

As they sat together at that tea-table, chatting in a social and affectionate way, of the thousand little interests dear to a father and child, even though one, alas, is but such in name, May felt not one trace of sorrow. If she thought of Harry, it was with love and gratitude, but scarcely with pain and regret, for though the same causes remained to prevent their union, how could she think of any thing unpleasant or melancholy while her dear father sat by, sober, and full of kind words and gentle attentions?

A week passed on, and Job daily assisted May in arranging and planting her garden, never once going near the Admiral, nor lifting a glass of spirits to his lips.—May was in raptures. Only one thing disturbed her felicity; Harry was not by to partake of it. "It is foolish in him to stay away so long," thought she; "for though we must not be lovers, we might certainly be friends." Perhaps the change would not have been so easy, May!

One morning, after breakfast, Job rose from the table, and put on his old hat, (May had just braided him a new one,) saying as he did so, "I am going up to the Admiral this morning. Ned Watkins, and some of my friends there, will begin to wonder at my long absence. Only think, May, it is a whole week since I have been there!"

May's smile changed to a look of undisguisable distress at this unwelcome announcement. "O, father!" she exclaimed, in a tone of touching entreaty, "do not

go any more to that wretched place. I have been so happy this past week, I can not spare you away. You will not go, dear father?"

Job smoothed her bright hair, and looking good-humoredly into her troubled face, replied, "If I go, your friend Harry will come to see you again; but so long as I stay, you are not likely to enjoy much of his society. I will not be in your way, my child;" and without stopping to listen to her earnest remonstrances, he imprinted a tender kiss on her cheek, and hurried away to the Admiral.

He found the usual bar-room club assembled. Immediately upon his entrance they began their assaults upon him for his long absence. He evaded them, by marching up to the bar, and throwing down a sixpence. "Give us a mug of stout flip, Rawley," said he; and while this was preparing, he picked up the stump of an old pen, dipped it into the batter-thick ink that stood on the desk, and drawing an old letter from his pocket, tore off the back, and scribbled on it the following remarkable words:

"This certifies that I, Job Woodell, do hereby give my solemn pledge to abstain wholly, henceforth and forever, from the use of all intoxicating drinks as a beverage. (Signed,) JOB WOODELL."

"May 15, 1842."

This he placed in the hands of his old fellow-tiptpler, Ned Watkins, bidding him read it aloud to his companions, while he seized his mug of "flip," and hurried to the door. Lifting it toward his lips, to make the temptation as strong as possible, he suddenly turned it upside down, spilling its smoking contents upon the ground. Then placing the mug in this reversed position upon the bench, he took his pipe from his mouth and delivered this brief soliloquy: "Job Woodell, thou art a man, again. The fetters that bound thee are broken, and thou art free! Job Woodell, thou art a father. Henceforth, the child of thy lost Mary has a father's arm to rely upon for her support, and a father's heart to bless and cherish her. Job Woodell, thou art redeemed. Go home now, and sing thy hallelujahs!"

Having thus made and solemnized the good resolution, he entered the bar-room in quest of his hat. He found the group huddled together, in vain striving to spell out his rude hieroglyphics. "Here, let me read it for you," said Job. And taking the paper from Ned's hand, he proclaimed, in their astonished ears, the tidings of his redemption.

"—Job Woodell!" exclaimed Ned Watkins, pre-facing the name with a loud oath. "What in the d—! has brought you to this nonsense?"

"My daughter's love has brought me to this sense," was the calm reply, as he turned with a serious aspect toward the door.

When he entered his own house, he found Harry there, standing with May's hand clasped in his, and both looking very much afflicted. May sprang forward with an exclamation of joy, and twined her arms in his.—"O, father! I was sure you would return, you are so very kind of late."

"But why do you welcome me, my love, since my arrival will be a signal for Harry's departure? And pray what have you been saying to each other, to cause you to look so sorrowful?"

"Harry is going to leave us, papa. He has adopted your old profession of whaling, and goes out in the Dolphin, to-morrow. He was just bidding me farewell, as you entered."

"Ah! how is this? I thought you loved May too well to leave her," said Job, laying his hand on Harry's shoulder.

"I do! I do!" answered he with great emotion, rising to depart; "but what avails it? she refuses to be mine." He was hurrying from the room to hide the tears that forced themselves to his eyes, when Job's hand detained him. "Stop a moment, my son," said he. "As you will pass by Dix's grocery, just be kind enough, will you, to post this notice on their door. I wish to make it as public as possible."

Harry's eye glanced hastily over it. "Blessed be



God!" cried he, his whole face lighting up with joy.—"Is this true? Have you deliberated? Are you serious, Mr. Woodell?"

"Yes, my dear Harry, it is my serious, deliberate, irrevocable pledge—signed, and sealed, and solemnized. Show it to May—she stands staring at us in dubious wonder."

May needed but one glance. She threw herself into her father's arms, and burst into tears. Father and daughter wept together, but they were delicious tears, expressive of joys that words could not utter. Harry's eyes, too, were overflowing with sympathy, but he retired to the porch, feeling that *his* joy was too sacred to be witnessed except by Heaven.

In a few minutes Job recalled him. Taking his hand, he placed in it one of May's, and held them clasped together between his own. "My dear children," said he, "one week ago, I was a witness and auditor of the interview you held in the porch. It awakened me to a sense of my great wickedness, and that very moment I resolved to reform. I have served a week's novitiate, and feel no desire to return to my old life. There lies my pledge. It was written in the haunt, and amid all the temptations of my old vice. I read it aloud to my companions. They sneered at me, but I did not shrink—I *pitied* them. And now, my dear children, since I have done all this for *your* sakes, show me your gratitude by making yourselves as happy as possible."

How could they refuse a request like this? Harry said nothing farther about going to sea, and in the following autumn took May Woodell to his home with the title of Mrs. Lovell. Job lives with them, and has never yet broken, nor repented of his GOOD RESOLUTION.

## MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry.

UTICA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1843.

### READERS, SUBSCRIBERS, ALL, TAKE NOTICE!!!

Read that you may understand. We have stated, for two or three weeks past, in the Magazine and Advocate, that we should place our paper on the cash system—*payable in advance*—at the close of the present volume; and promised to give some good and sufficient reasons therefor. We now proceed to give a plain and brief statement of them, believing that to every subscriber they will appear all we stated them to be—*sufficient*, at least, if not *good*. But here they are; therefore let those who read, judge.

1st. We frequently learn from some Post Master, (after the paper has been sent from 2 to 8 months,) that Mr. Such-a-one does not take it from the office, assigning as a reason that he subscribed for *only* one year, although he gave us no directions to discontinue at the close of the volume, for which he subscribed. Of course he will pay nothing, and we are the losers.—This loss would have been avoided, besides considerable trouble, had we followed the system of discontinuing the paper at the end of the time paid for.

2d. We frequently, aye, *too* frequently, learn from some Post Master, that Mr. So-and-so, "who has taken your Magazine" at my office, has left the country, and gone to the far West;" or perhaps he (the P. M.) knows not where. Mr. So-and-so owes us for one, two, or perhaps three years, as the case may be. Here we are actually *defrauded* out of from two to eight dollars, by the honesty of this subscriber. The advance pay system would have saved us this loss, and the subscriber, if he had any feeling, some qualms of conscience.

3d. We are dependent upon the cash for the support of ourselves and families; for our labor, materials for the paper, such as paper, ink, type, presses, and all the paraphernalia of a printing office; for the labor of our Editor, compositors, pressmen, roller-boys, rent of buildings, and a thousand other unavoidable expenses, all of which we *have to pay*, and at stated times, too.

4th. We find, on a recent examination of our books, that

there is actually due us over *nine thousand* dollars, since the year 1840; and all this from subscribers for the Magazine and Advocate. What a shame! We are in debt for our establishment some thousands of dollars, and interest accruing annually, which need not have been, had our subscribers paid *in advance*.

5th. Although we have kept our heads above water thus far, with the assistance of those who *do* pay, honestly and promptly, (many thanks to them,) we find ourselves growing poorer from year to year, and consequently, less able to continue the publication of the paper, and of incurring expense for the gratification of those who do *not* pay.

What think ye of such reasons?—But these are not all. There are others of less importance, such as the expense of printing bills, the trouble and loss of time in making them out, to say nothing of the unpleasant task of *dunning* subscribers, and the tenfold more *difficult* one of *collecting* these bills. We are frequently necessitated to call for our pay through the paper. This is an unpleasant task; and it does seem to us, that if it made a delinquent subscriber feel as unpleasant and as *sheepish* to read such a call, as it does us to publish it, it would be his first care to *cheat* the publishers out of the *exquisite pleasure* of making another call, by paying up, and, also, paying in advance for the future.

We have been advised by other publishers, "who have been through the mill," to adopt the cash system; and we have also conversed with subscribers, who, without an exception, coincided with us in this matter.—We can hit the case of subscribers to a T, with regard to the time of payment. We are often told by them, that they can pay "*after harvest*." Now, then, as our volumes always commence the first of January, the subscriber has from two to three months between harvest and that time, to pay the small sum of one dollar and a half. It is apparent, and we are free to acknowledge the advantage that a good advance paying list would give us; but the advantage is not all on one side. By paying in advance, the subscriber gets his paper fifty cents or one dollar less—besides enjoying the satisfaction of reading his *own paper*. He runs no risk of being *dunned*. He gives us the means in season to lay out to the best advantage, that he may have a *good* paper; that he may get the worth of his money. These advantages, we trust, will be apparent to all of our readers. Those who have paid promptly within the four months heretofore allowed for advance payment, we doubt not, can make their calculation just as well, to pay for next year by, or before, the 1st of January next. They already know how we have served them with the paper, what it is, how they are pleased with it, &c. We wish it distinctly understood, then, that all papers will be discontinued at the close of the present volume, *unless the subscription is renewed and paid*, for next year, or any part thereof; except those, the payment of whose subscriptions are ensured by a responsible agent, in a *short time*. Also, from the first of January next, we shall discontinue all papers, at the *end* of the time paid for.

As INDUCEMENTS to subscribers to continue their patronage, we have to say, that those who are owing for the present volume only, shall be credited in full for *this and next year* by sending *three dollars free of postage*. Those who are owing for previous volumes can also have the present and next volumes on the *same terms*, but we shall expect them to pay the *full price* for volumes *previous* to the present. We think our reasons for the adoption of the advance pay system are sufficient to satisfy any *reasonable* man;—if not, all we have to say is, (although, from principle we are not in the habit of wishing evil to any one,) we wish he might, (especially if he be a delinquent,) stand in our shoes just *one week*, and realize the perplexities of the *slow pay* (or *no pay*) system, and we are morally sure he would either be satisfied or *killed* outright. Let him reflect upon the *fact* that he is owing some *thousands* of dollars, that he has a family to support, and a thousand other expenses to bear, and that he is depending upon the *honor* and *honesty* of individuals, scattered over the United States, for the means to meet these expenses, with the con-

sciousness that there is enough due him from those individuals to cancel all his debts, would he be willing to continue such a system, toiling and laboring, all the time approaching nearer to absolute poverty? We throw not. Reader, THAT IS OUR CASE.

### OUR TERMS THEN WILL BE,

One dollar and fifty cents per annum, or in the same proportion for a longer or shorter time than one year, *invariably in advance*. Any one who will send the pay for *eight* subscribers *free of postage*, shall be allowed a copy gratis; or in the same proportion for any number. All communications must be *post paid* or *free*. Post Masters will usually frank remittances. We would most respectfully ask our friends one and all, to assist in sustaining our paper by procuring some good cash paying subscribers for our next volume.

GROSH & WALKER.

### THE BOOK OF JOB.....NO. I.

The book of Job contains so much that is instructive in relation to the divine government, and the duty of man's resignation—much that is most excellent in morals and sublime in poetry—much that, by being misunderstood, is frequently quoted to refute Universalism, by those who are ignorant of our proper views on the great subject of punishments and sufferings—and is also so frequently quoted to prove the doctrine of a personal devil called *Satan*, that I am induced to make it the subject of a few editorial articles.

I. *Was there ever such a man as Job—and does this book contain a real account of things happening to him?*

The existence of such a person as Job, has been very seriously doubted by many learned and pious Christians—and the whole work supposed to be an allegorical and dramatic poem. But the voice of antiquity, and the testimony of several of the inspired penmen, are in favor of the opposite opinion. Ezekiel xiv: 14 and 20, speaks of him, in connexion with Noah and Daniel, as one who actually existed, and bore the character ascribed to him in this book. Ancient authorities agree in stating that he is the *Jobad* mentioned in the 36th chapter of Genesis—a statement confirmed by the book of Job, which locates him in the same region of Edom near the borders of Arabia. Taking for granted this plausible and rational position, Job was the fourth in descent from Isaac, by Esau, and lived before or about the days of Moses, who was fourth in descent from Isaac also, but by Jacob.

But although Job may be considered as a real personage, bearing the general character ascribed to him in this book; yet there are circumstances that may well justify a doubt whether the book itself is a literal narrative of real events that occurred to him. The reasons for this opinion are—1st, the book itself is a highly allegorical and dramatic poem, of extremely artificial construction and arrangement—prefaced with a prose introduction, describing the events on which it is founded, and the personages who are characters represented in it—and is concluded with a similar prose conclusion, in which the argument is summed up, and poetical justice performed to the hero.

2d. There are no more nor no fewer characters introduced than seem necessary to sustain the several parts of the dialogue and argument, with due dramatic effect—and the events or afflictions introduced, are all regularly and fully removed at the close; and the friends that were driven away, and the children that were killed, are all restored to him again as in the beginning; and his flocks and herds are replaced, and exactly doubled—so that his 7,000 sheep are multiplied to 14,000; his 3,000 camels, are doubled to 6,000; his 500 yoke of oxen and 500 she-asses are respectively increased to 1000; and the 70 years of his life which he had attained when these troubles came upon him, are doubled to 140 years which he lived after his troubles were all ended. Now we do not deny the possibility of all this exact duplication of a man's blessings and property; nor say that God could not restore to him the sons and daughters that had been killed—but we *do* say that it sounds *too artificial* to be considered probable—and that we there-



fore regard this as a good and sufficient reason for doubting its exact, and literal occurrence to Job.

3d. A last reason we shall give, is, that in each calamity that happens to his household and his servants, one, and *but one*, is always allowed to escape alive to tell the news. This remarkably artificial contrivance of the poem occurs in *four* instances—first, when the oxen were taken and the servants slain in the plough field—again, when the lightning struck and consumed the sheep and the servants—and third, when the Chaldeans fell upon the camels and killed the servants—and lastly, when the whirlwind smote his eldest son's house, and killed his children and their servants and guests. You can not avoid seeing the extreme artificiality of this poetical contrivance, and the improbability of its occurrence in real life.

Now understand me aright.—In thus investigating the literary character of this very ancient book—the oldest literary work probably known to the world—I by no means detract from its moral and religious character—I take away nothing from its lessons of divine wisdom, and of moral and religious truth. All these remain, whether the book is written in Hebrew prose, or in Hebrew verse—whether it is an allegory, or a narrative of real events—whether it is a literal history, or a moral drama. Nay—I go even further. If we can ascertain the true character of the Book of Job, and will examine it carefully in the light of that true character, we will be better prepared to understand what it was intended to teach us, than if we regard it in a false light.

#### II. By whom was the Book of Job written?

I have said, what is very generally admitted by all who have written upon the subject, that the Book of Job is probably the oldest book in the world. It is said to abound in Hebrew, and Arabic, and Syriac words and phrases apparently of an older date than the Books of Moses, which are next to the Book of Job in antiquity, and which books it strongly resembles also in its general style, and beautiful simplicity, and sublime poetic thought. Job probably lived 1600 or 1700 years before Christ—rather before the days of Moses—and the traditions or records of this poem were probably collated and woven into the general form they now bear, by that great Lawgiver, before, during, and after he led the Hebrews forth from Egyptian bondage—some writers suppose before he returned to Egypt—others, during the wanderings in the desert. Certain it is, that the Jews unite in ascribing to it an antiquity greater than the Pentateuch, and the other orientals, all of whom have many traditions concerning Job, ascribe to him a period prior to, or contemporary with, that Lawgiver. An able translator of the Book of Job, says—"the two introductory chapters, and the close of the last, are exactly in the style of Moses; and they display the same phraseology, the same turn of expression, and the same sweet simplicity which distinguish the book of Genesis." He thinks, also, that a comparison of the poetical portions of Job, with the hymns and songs composed by Moses, will show in both the same turns of expression, the same glowing thoughts, and the same sublime conceptions.

One other thing is worthy of notice. The forms of worship, the rites and ceremonies, are *patriarchal*, rather than according to the Law—nor is any mention made of historical events recorded in any of the Books of Moses, though some suppose they have discovered a few vague allusions.

In reply, then, to our first and second questions, we come to the conclusions—1st, that Job, himself, was a real personage; as probably, also, were the other persons sustaining the dialogue of the poem, apart from its introduction. 2d. That he lived about 1600 years before Christ, and 2400 years after the creation, and was the fifth in descent from Abraham, through the line of Esau, and was contemporary with Moses. 3d. That his residence was in Uz, near Edom and Arabia. 4th. That the events narrated in the Book, though founded on general facts, are themselves generally fictitious, artificially arranged, and the Book itself is a regular Hebrew Epic poem, of great power, beauty, correctness of moral and religious sentiment, and of very ancient date,

And, 5th, that Moses probably collected the materials of which it is composed, and copied and arranged them in their present form. A. B. G.

#### CONFERENCE IN LEE.

On Wednesday and Thursday, the 13th and 14th inst., a Conference was held in Lee Centre; and a most excellent and interesting meeting it was, and must, we believe, result in good to the cause in that place. This is the field in which Br. Queal is laboring, and if we may judge from what we saw and heard, he has done and is still doing there a good work. The weather on Wednesday was very good; a very good congregation assembled and was addressed in the morning by Br. Woolley who gave a very excellent and particularly touching discourse. In the afternoon Br. Grosh preached a clear, pointed, powerful sermon—in the evening the sermon was given by Br. Soule, which, by the way, in order to be in fashion, I will use the privilege of saying, was "a pretty good one"! After the close of the sermon, about an hour was most pleasantly and profitably spent in a social conference meeting, in which Brs. Grosh, Woolley, and T. L. Harris of this city, took part. The sermon on Thursday morning was given by Br. Soule—a good one of course!—Br. Grosh having been called home on business; in the afternoon we were delighted with a most admirable discourse from Br. Woolley. The choir performed their part of the services well, and added much to the interest of the occasion. The weather until Thursday afternoon was very fine, and even then though there was storm and tempest without, there was sunshine in the soul.

The preachers present were Brs. Grosh, Woolley, Queal, and Soule; two or three more would have been welcome, and certainly would not have lessened, in any degree, the interest of the meeting. As it was, it was a happy meeting; and I will only add that those preachers who were absent were the greater losers.

Our Lee friends will accept our thanks for the loving-kindness shown us during our visit among them. The table—for nobody, nor Soule either, forgets the table—literally groaned beneath the variety and abundance with which it was laden; and though we came well nigh, without any urging, making ourselves sick before leaving it, our good friends seemed really almost determined that we should eat and drink still more!—and this, too, morning, noon, and night. Is not this loving one's neighbor? It seems to me, if any man in this world can be truly, completely happy, that man is the good Universalist farmer with his abundance without and peace within; and I am half tempted to abandon the city forever, and seek me a home out amidst the free airs, and fresh flowers, and living streams, and the inexhaustible abundance of the beautiful "country world."

May the blessing of God be with the society in Lee, enabling them often to enjoy such seasons of spiritual refreshing from the presence of the Lord, as was that of which I have been speaking, until all in that region of our Master's moral heritage, shall know and praise Him from the least to the greatest.

H. B. S., Ed. pro. tem!

#### GREAT OATS.

With this caption, we published an article on the 1st inst., from the *Herkimer Journal*, stating that a farmer in Onondaga county had raised a stalk of oats bearing 150 plump grains. Our young friend, Charles Wills, of New Hartford, has raised a stalk bearing 216 grains—so the Onondaga farmer must yield the palm.

Since writing the above, we read a statement in the *Observer*, stating that the stalks of a portion of a field of oats in Trenton, averaged 240 grains to the head; and one stalk was found bearing 260 grains. Who will beat old Oneida? Don't all speak at once! A. B. G.

#### THE UNIVERSALIST COMPANION—

With Almanac and Register, for 1844, is now for sale at this office; and bundles of the work have been sent (as per order) to Brs. Tompkins and Whittemore, Boston—Br. Eli Ballou (and Br. J. E. Palmer, Br. Ballou will supply,) Montpelier, Vt.—Br. Gurley, Cincinnati.

By circumstances entirely beyond my control, a disappointment awaited me in getting the supply to Akron. At the last moment, Pomeroy and Co.'s Express Agent informed me they could not carry a box across the railroad to Buffalo, and consequently refused to take the box they had previously informed me could be sent in that way. A. B. G.

\* \* Orders promptly attended to, and respectfully solicited. Prices—\$30.00 for 500—\$6.50 per hundred—\$1.00 per dozen—12 cents single.

#### TO OUR READERS.

We shall be absent from home parts of the three week during which this and the next numbers of our paper is made up. It is probable, therefore, that some things sent in after we leave may be unattended to until after our return home.

This absence must be our apology also for not attending the Conference at Prospect, as we had intended doing. A. B. G.

Br. Tompkins—Change direction of Repository sent to Miss C. I. King, this city, to Chicago, Illinois, hereafter. Credit A. Merry, Frankfort, N. Y., \$2.00 current volume.

CAYUGA ASSOCIATION.—Those friends from a distance, who attend the Cayuga Association at this place the 27th and 28th of the present month, are informed that a committee will be at the church on the afternoon of Tuesday, and also on Wednesday morning, to direct them to places of entertainment. Those ministering brethren from other Associations, who have it in their power to attend, are earnestly requested to do so, and participate with us in the joyous exercises of the occasion. They may be assured of a hearty welcome. H. L. HAYWARD.

Auburn, September 14, 1844.

NOTICE.—All Editors who have favored me with their papers, and all others who have occasion to correspond with me, are desired to take notice, that my present residence is in AUBURN, Cayuga county, N. Y., instead of HOMER, Cortland county, and to direct accordingly. H. L. HAYWARD.

#### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching on first Sunday in October, by Br. SKINNER at Little Falls.

There will be preaching on the second Sunday in October, by Br. GROSH at Little Falls—Br. SKINNER at Sullivan.

The Third Conference of the St. Lawrence Association will be held at Somerville, on the fourth Wednesday and Thursday in September, inst. Br. B. Hall, the Pastor of society in that place, is expected to be ordained on this occasion. W. H. WAGGONER, Standing Clerk.

CONFERENCE.—The First Conference of the Niagara Association will be held at Lewiston, on the fourth Wednesday and Thursday of September, (27th and 28th.) On the first day of the Conference, the meeting-house, which is being repaired, will be dedicated to the service of Almighty God. Ministering brethren are affectionately requested to attend. B. B. BUNKER, Clerk.

The Fourth Conference of the Central Association will be held in Marshall, on the first Wednesday and Thursday (4th and 5th) of October. A very large and interesting meeting is expected. By order of the Committee on Conferences. H. B. SOULE.

CONFERENCE.—The first Conference of the Otsego Association of Universalists will be held in the Baptist meeting house at Southville, town of Danube, Herkimer county, on the first Wednesday and Thursday (4th and 5th) of October. A cordial invitation is extended to all ministering brethren in and out of the Association. Br. Anderson wishes me to state on the word of a Scotchman, that he will see that they are taken proper care of, and remunerated too. Ministering brethren and friends will call, on their arrival at Southville, on Br. Richard Wilson, in the village, who will provide for them places of entertainment.

O. WHISTON, Standing Clerk.

#### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

W R B, Bellville. [W C.]—S H, Mt. Hope—P M, No. Chili, for O B—J S, Summerhill, for self, Z M, A B, J S and S H—P M, Wms. Center, [O.] for D F—P M, Milan, [O.] for J R—B E D, Van Buren—P M, Adams, [Mich.]—P M, Laporte, [Ind.] for D S.



For the Magazine and Advocate.  
OTSEGO LAKE.

## Beautiful Lake!

The evening light is on thy tranquil breast,  
And o'er thy surface skims the white-winged boat  
Like some lone waterfowl. Around thee rise  
The hills in grandeur, and their lofty forms  
Break off the elements that fain would mar  
Thy quiet wave. The breeze comes o'er the sweet  
With summer fragrance from the closing flowers,  
And strains of low, soft music meet my ear,  
Recalling many a scene of other days  
Which comes not back, save with the voice and tone  
Of such sweet melody at eve.

## Bright Lake!

The twilight fades away and stars come forth  
Like gems to deck thy glassy wave. Around  
Thee lingers yet the calm which night but serves  
To deepen; and the light sail steers ashore,  
As when the sea bird seeks her downy nest.  
Thou hast no sullen roar like that which starts  
The mariner from his dreamy sleep, to give  
One thought to home and those he holds most dear,  
Then sink beneath the eddying surge. Thy faint  
Low murmur soothes the heart, and one might sleep  
To hear the flute-like tone that sings among  
The trees which shade thy brink. The chorus of  
The gentle breeze, and waves, and birds, that wake  
In fitful song, is Nature's sweetest strain.

## Alone by thee I stand

And think how like thy tranquil wave, is that  
One heart, which passion ne'er disturbs—so calm,  
So pure and good, the angels better love  
To keep it spotless from the world. UNKNOWN.

From the Western Luminary.

## MINUTES

Of the proceedings of the Chautauque Association of Universalists, for 1843.

Met at Laona, August 23d, and organized the Council by appointing Br. B. Hunt, Moderator; and Br. F. M. Alvord, Assistant Clerk.

Appointments by the Council.—S. A. Danforth, N. A. Alexander, and T. Gillis, committee of Arrangements. G. S. Gowdy, P. P. Fowler, and T. Gillis, committee on Fellowship and Ordination. L. Paine, N. A. Alexander, and E. Whiteman, committee of Discipline. N. Adams, L. Paine, (ministerial,) R. Green, J. I. Ecker, (lay,) delegates to the State Convention for 1844.

Reports.—The committee of Discipline, no cause of complaint—accepted. The committee of Fellowship and Ordination, in favor of granting a letter of fellowship to Br. F. M. Alvord, and of conferring ordination on Brs. L. Park and N. Adams—Adopted.

Voted, To invite all ministering brethren to sit as members of the Council.

A resolution was proposed, and passed, to amend the 3d article of this Constitution; and that the annual session of this body be held on the second Wednesday and following Thursday of September.

Voted, To excuse Br. L. Paine from preaching a discourse on Sabbath Schools; he being selected to preach an ordination sermon on this occasion.

Voted, To invite Br. L. Paine to publish in the Western Luminary, a discourse on Sabbath schools.

Voted, That we recommend to the Universalists of this Association, to patronize, as far as practicable, the "Western Luminary," as a religious paper.

Voted, That these proceedings be published in the "Western Luminary," with a request that the "Magazine and Advocate," and "Union," copy.

Adjourned to meet with the Chautauque society on the second Wednesday and following Thursday of September, 1844.

Ordination sermon and ordaining prayer by Br. L. Paine. Charge by Br. P. P. Fowler. Fellowship by Br. G. S. Gowdy.

Ministers Present.—O. D. Wade, E. Dayton, J. M. Day, B. Hunt, L. Park, P. P. Fowler, G. S. Gowdy, N. Adams, F. M. Alvord, L. Paine—10.

Delegates Present.—N. A. Alexander, J. Nye, J. A. Case, J. I. Morris, L. Harrington, S. Perry, E. Harris, W. Mumford, T. Gillis, D. McDonald, B. Stilwell, S. H. Jones—12.

REMARKS.—Although we had excellent weather, good preaching, and a large congregation, and though we had a very pleasant, and I trust, a very profitable time, and though many hearts were, no doubt, filled with gladness, and many souls were made to rejoice in the God and Rock of their salvation; and though I enjoyed myself, and many others appeared to feel a lively interest in the things of the kingdom; yet I can not say it was the best meeting of the kind I ever attended. It appears to me that many of the professed friends of Universalism, in this Association, are altogether to indifferent to the subject of religion—that they have more zeal for, and more attachment to, the perishing objects of time and sense, than for the kingdom of God and his righteousness. O! that the Universalists of this Association would arise and put on their beautiful garments and shine as a city set on a hill. O! that they would be more ardently engaged in the cause of Christ. Brethren and sisters of the Chautauque Association, may we not indulge the fond hope that you will feel the importance of more holiness of life—more zeal and perseverance in action—and of setting a constant example of piety before the world. Your own happiness, your own peace of mind, as well as the present condition of our cause, require a life of devotion, and a holy and determined zeal at your hands.

Brethren and sisters, let us awake to righteousness—let us manifest a zeal corresponding with the importance of the Gospel. The time is come that calls for action—the opposition is around us and in our midst, doing all that it can do to crush our cause. Brethren, shall we sit supinely down and die? No, rather let us do our duty as Christians, and God will give us the victory. Let us arise and shine, then the Gentiles will come to our light, and to the brightness of our rising. L. PAINE.

## BAPTISM.

That there is an honest difference of opinion among Christians, relative to this ordinance, will not, we think be denied by any. All will agree that the baptism of the mind in the Holy Spirit is essential to salvation; but, as it respects the mere emblem or sign of this inward purification—we mean baptism by water—some think it was not designed to be continued in the reign of Christ; but was only to be practiced as a badge of Christian discipleship during the preparatory measures for the establishment of his kingdom. Others believe that baptism by water is a Christian duty obligatory on all the professed followers of Christ, though none, we suppose, consider it *essential* to salvation. Some are particularly strenuous in regarding *immersion* of the whole body in water, as the only thing which constitutes baptism. Others believe that sprinkling or pouring water on the body is all that is necessary.

We have not taken up our pen, at this time, in order to discuss this subject; but simply to say, that we regard it as a high Christian duty, that those who entertain these different views about water baptism should exercise towards each other that charity which is greater and more essential than all ceremonies, or even faith and hope. We wish every one to be fully persuaded in his own mind with regard to the rite, and practice in all sincerity according to the dictates of conscience, and we will fellowship as Christians, those who have been immersed in, or sprinkled with water, and also those who have not considered it their duty to be thus baptized, provided they give evidence of a Christian spirit by exhibiting in their conversation and conduct, "the fruits of the spirit." What we think to be essentially wrong in this matter is to, make water baptism a *test* of Christian profession and Christian fellowship. We sincerely hope never to see a test of this kind used in our denomination. We believe it will only sow discord among brethren and do much harm. Let those who consider water baptism a Christian duty, be baptized *with* or *in* water, as they choose, and let them do all they can by Scripture, reason and argument, to convince others of this duty; but let them not refuse their Christian fellowship to others

who as conscientiously believe that water baptism is not obligatory on Christians. Let those who are opposed to practicing water baptism, also do what they can to convince others that this is not a Christian ordinance. We are not opposed to the investigation of this subject, but only to intolerance and proscription.

Such is our view of Christian duty, or, of that duty we owe to each other as Christians. We have simply stated it without presenting to any considerable extent, our reasons for our opinion. If we are wrong, our columns are open for the purpose of correcting our error, and any one who desires may freely express his sentiments to our readers.—*Watchman.*

## HOW TO TEACH AND GOVERN.

The intellectual and moral advances of some portions of the country are not altogether behind the physical. Of this, I think the improvement in our Common School department may be good proof. And what is not done by the direction of the public authorities, will be effected through *individual* enterprise. A pleasing demonstration of this was afforded me a few days since, in the efforts of Mr. CONDON, of Skaneateles, an enterprising young man, who is teaching a school in that place. Mr. C. governs his school by *no birchen rod*, yet I have rarely ever visited a more quiet and orderly school, nor one which gave better evidences of improvement.

On going to the house, you see in the front yard, a beautiful and well arranged flower garden. This is the property of the school. The counsel and taste of the scholars were sought for the model, and their judgments taxed and gratified in the selection of blossoms, plants, etc., to adorn the variform beds. Every scholar feels an interest in the culture and preservation of them. *Industry* and *care* are taught with their pastime.

The teacher frequently sends out a truant boy or girl to pluck a blossom, and on their return a careful examination is made of it, and its nature and qualities explained. From this blossom then, before the whole school, is imparted by the teacher a lesson of instruction and reproof. All feel the force of it. He seeks to *instruct* and *reform*. How well his plan succeeds may be seen in the following anecdote: The teacher discovered one day that his pupils were in the practice of plucking green apples from the tree of a neighbor. Instead of scolding them at first, he went to the owner and procured permission for his children to use the fruit as their own. He then informed them of what he had done, but *advised* them to let it remain upon the tree until it became ripe. "Then," said he, "we will all pick and enjoy the fruit together."—Upon gaining assent to his proposal, he reminded his scholars of the folly and wickedness of taking anything by fraud or theft; and the impression thus made in love, was deep and lasting.—*Onondaga Standard.*

The London Times has the following remarkable item of news:

"The lovers of literature and admirers of one of its greatest living ornaments will be gratified to learn that Washington Irving has succeeded to a large fortune, which has been bequeathed to him by one of the Society of Friends, to whom the distinguished American author was personally unknown. Mr. Irving, in consequence, intends immediately to relinquish his appointment as American Minister at Madrid, where, we hear his health has suffered materially since his recent residence in that capital."

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# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL." ..... "PROVE ALL THINGS HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1843.

NO 39.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## A REVIEW

Of the course of conduct pursued by Rev. H. Fraser, Pastor of the Presbyterian church at Branchport—relative to his treatment of Universalism.

Br. Grosh—At a meeting of the prominent Universalists in Branchport, Yates county, on August 22d, a unanimous vote was taken, requesting me to give a public exposition of Rev. H. Fraser, and also to give him a general publication through the Magazine and Advocate. The following, therefore, was read to a large audience in that place, on Saturday evening, September 2d, and is now sent for your disposal.

U. CLARK.

## REVIEW.

In answer to a unanimous call from the liberal citizens of this community, expressed a few evenings since, I now present you with a brief, candid and *provable* representation of the conduct of Rev. H. Fraser, Pastor of the Presbyterian church in Branchport, in reference to his treatment of me and Universalism. It may be distinctly understood, that I do not do this from any private interest, or feeling, or grievance; but from motives which arise from my professed public capacity, in reply to the demands of truth, denominational interest, and the voice of a liberal, impartial people. However humble my private capacity may be, were I to act only from personal responsibility, I should treat the contemptuous and unprincipled conduct which I have received, with the resentment which one would naturally manifest in returning the compliments of graceless insignificance.

In making this exposition, I do not intend to attack any private member of the denomination with which Mr. Fraser is connected. Whether at all—or how far, he has been upheld by his lay brethren, I know not. It is to be hoped that but few of his neighbors have aided him in his course. It is satisfying to learn, that some of his friends have entirely cleared themselves, by acknowledging their disapprobation,—while others, have, from the beginning, advised him to keep from, and maintain a dignified silence towards Universalism. To have obeyed this counsel might have been the wiser policy, for the time being,—though in either case, silence or open warfare, the spirit of inquiry must go on, and Universalism endure the test.

In dealing with the reverend gentleman's conduct, I shall be obliged to use the weapons which he has prepared for use; confining myself to truth, and as much as possible *rather* to charity. I shall use no seeming severity, satire, or irony to retaliate,—but to convince him of the danger of using edged tools—to treat him in the only manner by which he appears capable of being touched and awakened, and to give the true coloring to his conduct. I shall stand ready for correction where it is due, and am prepared to prove any statement which I shall make.

To begin then: It will be remembered that I visited Branchport last March, at the request of some liberal friends, to lecture several evenings in defence and explanation of Universalism,—and that on the two first evenings of my lecturing, the Rev. Mr. Fraser made one of my congregation. In the first evening I was introduced to him, and was favorably impressed with his appearance. But after affairs have proved that,

"Every man in this age has not a soul  
Of crystal, for all men to read their actions  
Through; men's hearts and faces are so far asunder  
That they hold (but little or) no intelligence."

At the conclusion of each meeting, I gave opportunity for any remarks or *honest* inquiries that might be made. On the second evening Mr. Fraser

arose, and said he would have the candor to state the object of his attending. It was to take notes, that he might reply to me; and he intended to do so on the next Sunday evening. He would not desire to take any advantage of my absence,—and, in case I returned to the place, and wished to reply to him, he would freely furnish me with his notes. As an inquirer, professedly unacquainted with Universalism, he then presented several questions relative to doctrinal points,—which I answered promptly, in the spirit in which they seemed to be indited. Whether those questions were intended more to puzzle than to instruct, may be a matter of conjecture. But as they were asked in apparent candor, I answered them in the same manner. It may be a question of some importance, however, to know whether Mr. Fraser was really ignorant, or not, upon those points. It is presumed that one of his professions should be informed upon every important point of theology,—he well acquainted with both sides, in order that he might know whether he was preaching true or false doctrines, and be prepared to refute the false, and prove the true.—Universalism is not so insignificant and obscure in this country, as to excuse any man for ignorance, and especially one who has passed through the ordeal of a Presbyterian Theological Seminary.

On the last evening of my lecture, the following note was sent to me, which I read to my audience:

"Will Mr. Clark have the goodness to state to his hearers, that I will notice the sentiment of his discourses here, in my regular lecture on Sabbath evening;—and also answer any query in relation to the doctrine of endless punishment that may be presented."

H. FRASER."

Agreeably to the privilege granted in return to that which I had given Mr. F., I wrote thirty two questions, and left them with Mr. Shearman, who intended to present them in case an opportunity was given. Sunday evening came and the lecture was delivered. The lecturer paid but little attention to the "sentiment of my discourses," and less to the proofs;—but dwelt principally upon the answers which he said I gave to his questions,—not one of which answers did he wholly, fairly, and correctly represent. He acknowledged to me in conversation at his own house, since that period, before witnesses, that he undoubtedly gave reasons for supposing that he misunderstood or misrepresented me. A specimen may not come amiss here. In reply to his question relative to the antiquity of Universalism, I distinctly stated that it was proclaimed by God, not only to Abraham, but to Adam and Eve. Mr. Fraser stated that according to my acknowledgment, it was only thirty or forty years old! In reply to his inquiry, with regard to the wages of sin, he said I would make no answer, and no Universalist would. My hearers will remember that I plainly quoted, "the wages of sin is death." "To be carnally minded, is death." "The soul that sinneth it shall die." "In the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die."—And yet my veracious friend dared to affirm before those who knew better, as well as himself, that I made no reply,—was nailed by his prodigious query!

But this is not all.—After spending a long time professedly in noticing my *answers*, he has the remarkable sagacity to declare that my answers were all about alike, composed of the little monosyllables, "I don't know," "I can't tell," &c. Really, the community must deem it a singular freak of fancy in a man of Mr. F.—'s functions, on beholding him in the act of a long Quixotic battle with the monosyllables, "I don't know," &c! A great deal of "sentiment"—in these, for a preacher of the Gospel to "notice"! It may be judged how much

credit for honesty and consistency is due one who could misrepresent and grossly pervert my answers, and then turn about and say that I made no answers of any importance, if at all!

After the gentleman had amused himself for a long time with acknowledged phantoms, the evening getting advanced, he dismissed his congregation, without giving any opportunity or invitation for the presentation of "any query in relation to endless punishment." Shortly afterwards he professed to make an apology for the omission, by saying that *he did not know that any questions were on hand to be asked*. Since that period, he has affirmed in this house, in my hearing, before this people, that he *gave an opportunity*. And since making the apology, with a full knowledge of the facts before him, he states in a letter to me, that "No one could be induced to put the questions"! I confess that all this looks rather intricate to me. But after all, there is one redeeming act which I must notice,—as such acts come from the great opponent of Universalism in Branchport, "like angels' visits," &c. He offered to call a meeting at the school house, (not in his own church, before his own congregation,) to fulfil his promise with regard to the questions!—not, however, until he had asked to see them before-hand; and having been refused, aware of his public promise, he made the contemptible offer—which he knew would not be accepted.—His great anxiety to see the questions before putting himself to the hazard of giving extempore and public answers, reveals the great secret to account for his refusal on the proper occasion. It would have been rather an adventurous risk for his dogmas—such a test.

In consequence of the injustice done to truth, and in compliance with Mr. F.'s public offer to me, I requested some of our friends to call for the notes of said lecture. They did so; and were told by the lecturer that he had none. This was rather surprising news to those who had seen Mr. F. on the evening of his lecture, fumbling over numerous loose scraps, odds and ends, which *really* looked like notes. Perhaps, however, they might have been phantoms, something like those which he was creating and annihilating.—"I don't know," "I can't tell," &c. Our friends really supposed that those papers which looked like notes, were not destroyed,—inasmuch as, perhaps, no very extensive bonfire of paper had afterwards illuminated Branchport and its neighboring scenery. But what comes next to Mr. Fraser's denial of having any notes? In his first letter to me, he says he will give me "all the notes he has got, and some which he has not got, whenever I shall put myself in an attitude to receive them." Whether I shall ever be able to place myself in an "attitude" pleasing to a man who, to use the language of "the great prince of poets," "like an angry ape plays such fantastic tricks," is more than can be determined. However anxious I might have been formerly, subsequent facts dictate but little exertion now. Open falsehood has refuted itself.

But one more note from the lecturer. Mr. F. concluded his "notice of the sentiment of my discourses," by complimenting "the young man."—However much he may now differ in opinion with those who heard him in regard to the nature of his allusions towards me,—it may be stated that he told me in conversation, that he made no remarks against my reputation, sincerity, abilities, &c. If the harmonious testimony of a number of his hearers is to be taken, however, it appears that he simply remarked, that the young man was rather hasty, inconsiderate, wanted mature judgment, &c., and that if he, (Mr. F.) "could have a few moment's conversation with the young man, he would



convince him of his error." Mr. F.'s opinions of charitable consistency must be peculiar to himself, to intimate, at one moment, that I was insincere, was already *convinced* of error, and then in the next breath to talk of *convincing* me! This *real* interest and anxiety to convince—to enjoy the opportunity of conversing with "the young man a few moments," will be illustrated as I proceed. It is quite probable that he did not anticipate an offer at that time, nor that I should even venture to enter his vineyard again.

On the second and fourth Sundays of May, I had appointments in the place; but sent my brother on the second and came myself on the fourth. Mr. Fraser was absent on both occasions, having made exchanges both times to go to Rushville. It was half suspected that these exchanges were rather designed for—but surely no one ought to expect that "a personal encounter" with an "inconsiderate young man," who could be convinced in a few minutes, was to be dreaded! But I need not conjecture while there are plenty of indisputable facts.

On my visiting Branchport again in June, owing to the peculiarity of circumstances, I deemed it best to leave a few lines directed to Mr. Fraser, as I had not time to tarry over Sunday. The letter briefly stated how matters stood between us, and contained three requests—1st, that he would furnish me with the promised notes; 2d, that he would fulfil his word with regard to answering the questions, which were left for him; and 3d, that he would meet me to satisfy his desire for *public* conversation, and he might have as many days as he desired minutes. I then concluded by saying, that his word was publicly pledged; that his neighbors and the community around him knew it, and it was expected that he would not do himself the injustice of leaving matters as they then were.

As contemptuously as the author may have been treated, it appears that the letter itself produced some effect. What should he, to whom it was addressed, do? Something was to be done. But what, and how? \*A meeting of the church was called to enter into grave discussion on the subject, and devise means for some extrication from difficulties—but as no minutes of that council were published to the world, it could only be conjectured that Mr. Fraser was advised to reply to my letter. But as much deliberation was necessary, the time of writing was delayed two months, until I visited Branchport, the third Sunday in August.

Determined to know the real state of his mind after nearly five months' meditation, on Saturday evening, August 19th, a friend with me called on him. Although we were warmly greeted at first, yet after a few moments' conversation our host's language became rather cold, measured and hesitating. Business matters were broached delicately. On being asked what he had thought advisable to do, he paused as though the subject had never occurred to his mind before, and at length made out to answer that he had not fully determined yet, but he would think about writing before long.—About this time he desired to be excused for the evening, as he had family matters to attend to—and having no disposition to intrude further upon his generous hospitality, we withdrew, and had the satisfaction of being politely treated with a "good evening" before we crossed the threshold, and before he had permitted us to say the same.

On Sunday afternoon, the next day, what was my astonishment to receive a capacious letter, with the following address and inscription written on the wrapper! "Will Mr. Clark have the *fairness* to read to his audience the contents of this paper, in reply to his communication when last in this place?" A few brief allusions to, and comments upon this paper may not be out of place here.

He begins very valorously by intimating that I had "cheered myself with the hope" of escaping "a personal encounter," but that I need not flatter myself with the delusive idea of getting off so easily. Unless he had judged me by his own conduct and feelings, I know not how this idea should

have entered his brain. Numerous causes had been given—among which was his silence for nearly five months—to infer that he was flattering himself of an entire escape from an honest clearance and investigation. A repetition of an invitation on my part looks but little like a desire to escape "a personal encounter," even with so great a lion as himself.

Slurs and expressions like the following, I shall pass over, admitting them, as the classic selections of fancy and false intimation, becoming their revered author. "Religious notions—trumpeting your own fame—enjoy all the glory of a victory—obtruding yourself into such notoriety—glory enough for such a preacher to challenge a refutation of a creed, providing he can only make good his retreat under the covert of some excuse for not defending it," etc., etc. The head or heart that could dream these, without the least cause or foundation, may be deemed as befitting the source from whence they came, and one who is prepared to do wondrous deeds—in words.

But farther. He censures me severely for having taken the unbounded liberty of doing what I pleased with my own letter—for reading it before my audience previous to sending it to him. A pretty pass things must be coming to, if an individual is not permitted to read his own letters to his friends, before sending them away. Inasmuch as I had the "fairness" to do Mr. F.'s letter the same justice, he may complain till he is satisfied, and till I call on him to ask his sage advice with regard to my own productions. Before sending my letter to the audience I stated that one object I had in so doing, was that it might become subject to any corrections or confirmations that might be given with regard to the statements of the same.—The whole was pronounced to be correct by the unanimous consent of those who were better acquainted with some of the facts than I was myself. I had another object in view, which is now proved to have been a judicious one. I wished the community to know how Mr. F. stood, and that I had called upon him to acquit himself like an honorable man and a Christian, so that he should not maintain an eternal silence under the pretence that I had not invited him to an opportunity. Had I not publicly read and preserved a copy of that letter, he has proved himself none to good to have taken occasion to triumph in dignified silence.

But farther. He complains of the bad spelling of my letter, and attempts to make himself quite funny with the idea that I should have submitted the spelling also to my audience, and that some of the mistakes appeared to have been corrected either by myself or "a notary public." In reply to this, I would simply wish that a good grammarian might have the amusement of examining the structure of some of Mr. F.'s sentences—the connection of ideas—his punctuation, and in fact some of his spelling—one word that he emphasises. These things might possibly be excused in one who has enjoyed only the benefits of a common school education—but they become rather ridiculous when attributed to one who attempts to exercise a critical acumen in orthography; and one, too, who has passed the routine of a College and Theological Seminary discipline. To end this matter, however, I may just say that the copy of my letter sent to Mr. F. was transcribed by another hand!

Farther. He intimates that *I have not given him a chance to do me better justice than he has done*. I am puzzled to know what he means by this—except he means to infer that I ought to have left him entirely to himself, and not endeavored to bring him to an account for his doing. This might have afforded him a "better chance," inasmuch as he has only heaped abuse and injustice upon injustice, in attempting to screen himself at my request. But if five months with other privileges which I have given him, are not a sufficient chance, he may be advised to take a Rip Van Winkle nap, and then wake up to commence anew.

There is another part of his letter which demands particular note, although no reply to it is needed.—He says that "*snivelling complaints, palpable falsehoods and vaporings of courage*, are the three rare

qualities which make up the sum and substance of my letter!" However uncharitable it may appear, yet I am bold to affirm, that the author of these infamous pieces of accusation, was as conscious of uttering most unfounded and malicious untruths here, as he was of his own existence.—Let him show that my complaints were not manly. And who made them first? I answer that they were first made by the liberal men of Branchport—those men whom Mr. F. says, to me, in conversation, are good, moral, intelligent men, in whom confidence can be placed. And now he virtually designates them with myself, by the handsome epithet of *snivelling complainers*. And where are the "*palpable falsehoods*" of my letter? He dare not make an attempt to show or prove this wilfully false charge. I call upon him to vindicate his assumed veracity, not only upon this point, but upon a number of others equally glaring, pitiful, shameful and degrading. Some of the most important facts stated in my letter, were given me, corroborated by those liberal Christians in Branchport, in whom Mr. F. says he can place confidence. And now he virtually accuses them with myself, of being *palpable liars*—and charitably allows me the honor of a discipleship in service to the "father of lies." However much I may be liable to err, I must confess, with due acknowledgments of gratitude to Mr. F., that my claims to such a discipleship are certainly superceded by his.

In reply to the charge of exhibiting "vaporings of courage," "polemic chivalry," "noble daring," etc., perhaps I may simply say, that I shall never manifest a desire to flee from an open investigation of the everlasting truths of the Gospel, when I am called upon to defend them. When I left father and mother, friends and home, and sacrificed the love and favor of the popular world, and all secular considerations, I did not do it for the purpose of entering a field which I have not surveyed, and a cause which I had not the confidence to vindicate. "For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds." And when occasion calls for a vindication of Universalism against the attacks and prejudices of opposers, I am not disposed to "shield myself against the hazards of a personal encounter"—to evade the opportunity of bringing out light upon the subject, and fear not the result. In the case before us, I have been dragged into the necessity of manifesting this openness, by the course of Mr. F., himself, and he knows it, notwithstanding his intimations that I have swaggered up to him and presented a challenge without the least cause or provocation. In answer to as modest an invitation as could have been given, he comes out and talks up to the work as though he was harnessed for gigantic undertakings. I will quote some of his own language, "You had better be pretty whist as to the probable result, for I take up the *gawwils* and will meet you; and in this you will more than meet any reasonable expectation that might be entertained. I would most respectfully reply that I am willing to protract the minutes even to months, if I might only 'convert a sinner from the error of his ways—for then I should save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins'—and then follow his proposals to meet for the making of arrangements for the investigation. Now if all this does not smack mightily of the "vaporings of courage"—as after facts prove—then we are to know what vapor means. I can easily imagine him to adopt Hannah More's paraphrase of the language used by the Philistine champion to David:

"Now I will meet thee,  
Thou insect warrior! Since thou darest me then,  
Already I behold thy mangled limbs,  
Dissevered each from each, ere long to feed  
The fierce blood-sucking vulture. Mark me well!  
Around my spear I twist thy shining locks,  
And toss in air thy head all gashed with wounds;  
Thy lips, yet quivering with the dire convulsion  
Of recent death! Art thou not terrified?"

From Mr. F.'s valorous introductory flourishes, something was really expected. But valiant men sometimes expend all their rage, and zeal, and ammunition before the crisis comes—and then, alas! are unable to present themselves. On the day ap-

\* It has been ascertained by the writer that no nominal meeting was called—it was a circumstantial conjecture.—This correction therefore is due.



pointed for the meeting of arrangements, (to use the words of the above author again.)

"Goliath slain"

With solemn state, began the busy work  
Of dreadful preparation"

[Concluded in our next.]

### ANOTHER WITNESS.

A week or two since we gave the confession of the Rev. Mr. Barnes respecting the difficulties which press upon the mind of the believer in endless sin and wo. The following is on the same point, from Professor Stuart. It is introduced here to show what the views of such men are, and to rebuke those who triumphantly exclaim that they find no difficulties, that it is all perfectly plain to them. It is often said by some of these, that they "are quite satisfied with the doctrine of endless wo, that they are perfectly happy in their belief." I confess I have little respect for the head or heart of the man or woman who can say this. It shows that they are incapable of thought, or that the heart is fearfully depraved, or that they do not speak the truth! But to the extract:

"That the subject is one of fearful interest, none will deny. That there are difficulties pressed by it on the mind, when any one thinks of his own condition, that of his beloved friends, or of his brethren of the human race, it would be mere pretence to deny!"

Such is the testimony of Professor Stuart, as contained in an article on the "Book of Enoch" in the Biblical Repository. I am led to note from it,

1st. That the strong minds, those who are the deepest thinkers, and the clearest reasoners, the most Christian and candid, find difficulties, insurmountable difficulties in the bare idea of endless sin and suffering in the government of an infinitely wise and good God—or in the language of Barnes, "it is all dark, dark, dark!" It is only the little minds, and little preachers, that find no difficulties, that see every thing perfectly clear, and treat the whole subject with a smile or a sneer.

2nd. That the influence of this doctrine on the minds and hearts of those who understandingly believe it, is widely different from the influence of the teachings of Christ and His followers. While this doctrine confessedly gives distress and anguish to the soul, and crushes the loving heart to the earth, the doctrines of Christ and Paul gave joy and rest to the believer, comforted the distressed, healed the broken hearted, and gave to the mourner the garment of praise for the spirit of weariness. Hence the apostle says, "We that have believed do enter into rest, and rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Whether endless wo is the Gospel, therefore, every one can judge—one thing is certain—"A sweet fountain can not at the same time give out sweet waters and bitter.—*Star of Bethlehem.*

### MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 24th inst., by Rev. H. B. Soule, Mr. HENRY NEAR, to Miss AMY DURGER, both of Deerfield.

In the Universalist church in Stockbridge, on Sunday the 3d inst., by Rev. D. S. Morey, Rev. J. BILLINGS, of Ann Arbor, Mich., to Miss SUSAN, daughter of Dr. Nash, of the former place.

In Nelson, on the 13th inst., by Rev. J. H. Stewart, Mr. L. P. GREENWOOD, M. D., to Miss SUSAN J., daughter of Jeremiah Blair, Esq., both of the former place.

In Guilford, Chenango county, September 19th, by Rev. J. T. Goodrich, Mr. ANDREW STEPHENSON, Jr., of Lockport, to Miss MARY HAVEN, of Guilford.

### DEATHS.

At the residence of his father, in the town of Windsor, September 3d, Mr. EZRA KEYES, of Chenango. Broome county, aged 31 years. Br. Keyes had long been afflicted with fits, which greatly impaired his usefulness. But although feeble in health, his goodness of heart and unspotted life endeared him to a numerous circle of relatives and friends. But he is gone. His troubles are over. His faith in God's universal goodness comforted and sustained him

in the hour of death. He has left a wife and two children to mourn their loss. But hope in God is her strong confidence and consolation; and by it she is comforted in her bereavement. His funeral was attended in the Baptist meeting house at West Windsor, and a discourse delivered to a large congregation of relatives and friends, by the writer. W. M. DELONG.

At Middleville, on the 14th inst., of consumption, Mrs. LUCY, consort of Mr. Ira Farmer, aged 28 years. By this dispensation, Br. Farmer is called to mourn, for the second time within the short period of less than three years, the death of an amiable, worthy and exemplary wife. But although the ways of Providence are dark and inscrutable, and though he deeply mourns his great and irreparable loss, yet he mourns not as those without hope; but has the divine consolations of that Gospel which comforts the mourner, binds up the broken-hearted, and assures him of a happy and glorious meeting hereafter with the loved and the lost, and with a ransomed and glorified world. Her funeral was attended on the 16th, and a sermon preached on the mournful occasion, to a numerous congregation of sympathizing friends and neighbors, by Br. Alfred Day. D. S.

In Marshall, on the 13th inst., of consumption, Br. ASA DICK, aged 47 years. In this dispensation we have lost a much respected and beloved brother. When he expired, I was with him, and I do not know that I have ever seen any one pass away more calmly than he did. In his last conversation on the subject of his departure, he observed that he was willing to go; but if it was God's will, he should like to be spared until he could settle up his temporal affairs. His religious experience has, in some respects, been of a singular character; more than 20 years since his mind was brought to reflect seriously on the subject of religion. He told me he was about this time, strongly solicited to unite with a church in this vicinity which could not, consistently with its rules, allow him to extend his fellowship as far as he thought his religious experience would justify; and he could not therefore unite with it. He had the principle of love to all so deeply implanted in his mind that nothing short of a full and universal salvation could satisfy him.—About this time, father Underwood was preaching occasionally in these parts; and the views which he gave of the divine character and purposes, were such as to meet the enlarged philanthropy of our brother's heart. He said he had endeavored to cultivate the feeling of love to all; and though, he said, he had not always kept that spirit, yet when under its fullest exercise he was always the happiest. His faith in the Gospel, he told us in his last sickness, was what sustained him—it was his substantial comfort in life, and it did not fail him in death. And, he said, he wished me distinctly to understand, that the hope he had was for all.

It may be truly said of Br. Dick: "That when the ear heard me then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me then it gave witness unto me; because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." He was truly a "father to the poor," as hundreds of witnesses can fully testify. We have lost a good man—one in whose countenance Heaven had written the very language of benevolence—of a benevolence too that was confined within the boundaries of no party or sect; but one which embraced the whole family of man in the arms of love. He believed that in so doing, he was imitating his Father in heaven "who is good unto all and his tender mercies are over all his works."

May the richest of Heaven's blessings rest upon the afflicted family, who are left to mourn his departure—may they be comforted with the reflection that their loss is his gain. He was a kind husband, an affectionate father, and devoted Christian; and his memory is embalmed in the hearts of his numerous friends. To the Universalist society in Marshall, the loss is very great; but we would submit with patience to the dispensation, believing that our Heavenly Father knows what is best for us. His funeral was attended on the 15th, by a large and sympathizing congregation—sermon by the writer from Acts xxvi: 8. C. S. BROWN.

In Mill Creek, Erie county, Pa., of consumption, SARAH ANN, wife of N. B. Partridge, and daughter of Dr. Nathaniel Goth, aged 41 years.

Sister Partridge was a member of the Universalist society in this place, (Hume), and she together with her beloved companion, done much towards placing the cause of our Saviour before the inhabitants of this vicinity in such a manner as to do honor to themselves as well as the cause of truth. They were among the first who engaged with me in forming a society here.

Had it not been for Br. P. and a few faithful friends, I do not believe there would have been a society formed in this place to this day. Oh! how much a few faithful brethren can do in the cause of the blessed Redeemer.

Br. P. is left with a number of small children in his charge as a father to impart the instruction of a mother's tender love. Oh! may the faith which he has long embraced prepare him for all the duties that God in his infinite wisdom may place him under, even so let it be. I. B. SHARP.

In the same place, January 9th, of bilious fever, JOHN, son of Leonard and Martha Vaughn, aged 2 years. May God bless all who mourn. I. B. S.

In Hamilton, September 3d, Mrs. P. SMITH, wife of Mr. Charles Smith, aged 66 years.

This is the fourth of the early members of our society which the writer has followed to the grave within the past year. They fall around us like ripe fruit, and we trust that the Gospel which they have enjoyed in its fulness, has prepared them as "shocks of corn fully ripe" for the Master's garner. Although strongly attached to earth, sister S. found resignation and willingness to depart—and has left behind her relatives and friends who look to meet her in the abodes of perfection and felicity. God give them peace.

☞ Star in the West, please copy. Z. COOK.

In Phasix, Oswego county, September 10th, after a brief but severe illness, Miss ESTHER E. BROOKS, aged 26 years and 8 months. That Miss Brooks was one of the excellent of the earth, is proved by the united testimony of all who knew her—and the many tears shed over her lifeless remains by her neighbors and acquaintances, showed that she held a place in the warm affections of her hearts. It was her happiness to entertain an undoubting faith in the doctrine of God's impartial grace, by which while in health she was strengthened and qualified for the discharge of her many duties, and on a sick bed with a prospect of certain death before her she was enabled to triumph and rejoice "with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Only a little previous to the hour of dissolution, and when all expectation of recovery was gone, she declared to her friends that she was willing to depart, and entertained no doubt but that she should meet all her friends in the bright realms of eternal day.

To show how dearly she loved her religion, and how much she delighted to worship in God's sanctuary; it may not be improper to mention in this place, that several years since, in the depth of winter, she in company with a sister, actually walked from her father's house to Fulton (a distance of 10 miles) and home again, for the purpose of hearing Br. Dolphus Skinner preach an evening discourse. What a lesson does this circumstance afford, for some professors of Universalism, who can scarcely be induced to go ten rods (much less ten miles) to listen to the proclamation of the good tidings of great joy! The funeral of Miss Brooks was attended on the 12th, and the usual public services performed by H. L. HAYWARD.

\* \* \* Western Luminary please copy.

### LIST OF BOOKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

No. 32, Genesee street, (up stairs).

Universalist Register and Almanac for 1844,	13
" " " 1843,	8
Rose of Sharon for 1844,	2.00
Washingtonian Pocket Companion,	19, 25 and 38
Winchester's Dialogues,	19
Thoughts on the Divine Goodness,	13
Ballou on the 24th & 25th chapters of Matthew,	06
Layman's Legacy vol. 1,	1.00
Balfour's Second Inquiry,	1.00
Sawyer's Review of Hatfield,	50
Duties of Young Men, by Rev. E. H. Chapin,	50
Discourses, by do.	50
Lectures, by do.	38
Christian Comforter, by Rev. H. Bacon,	50
Law of Kindness, by Rev. G. W. Montgomery,	50
Universalist Manual, by Rev. M. Rayner,	50
Universalist Belief, by Rev. A. Moore,	50
Sermons, by Rev. O. A. Skinner,	50
Voice to Youth, by Rev. J. M. Austin,	75
Illustrations of the Parables, by Rev. T. Whittemore,	75
Christian Visitant, 3 vols. in one, by Rev. A. B. Grosh,	75
Streeter's Hymns, (large and pocket,)	50
Ancient History of Universalism.	1.00

### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P. M. Ridgeway, for G I S—P. M. Short Tract, for W Van N—P. M. Salem Roads, for G A—P. M. Delaware, (W T.) for J G, S S and W H—P. M. Knox C. H. (Ills.) for W L.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## GLEANINGS.....NO. II.

## HINTS TO YOUNG SPEAKERS.

BY REV. U. CLARK.

While our first six hints are well remembered, particular attention is now solicited to the 7th. Never exhibit *egotism* in the pulpit. This ism is sufficiently disagreeable in social circles: but in the desk it becomes aggravating in the extreme—almost or quite intolerable. A preacher of Christ and his gospel is not commissioned to preach *himself*—making the pronoun “I” his constant theme, and one of the first importance. He is not to set himself up as the standard of perfection, nor be continually telling his hearers *his*—“my” peculiar opinions, feelings, interests, &c. An audience dislikes to see the preacher thrust himself so much in view as to hide every thing else. It is his sphere to hide himself in his theme—to call up deep, clear, holy and beautiful thoughts—to hold up the divine Master clothed in the living apparel of righteousness, and point to him—to gather up the glories of the Gospel, and point to its splendors beaming like the rainbow of promise upon the heavens. While the eyes of your hearers are fixed upon you in such a case, their minds will be lost in the subject, and this is what is desired. But let a self-conceited preacher talk of himself—tell personal anecdotes, tell how he feels, what he is ready to do and suffer for the cause, what he is enduring, what mighty wonders he has done, &c., and while the more sensible and modest part of his audience are disgusted, the remainder may become all absorbed in *the man*, forgetting Christ, and the Gospel too. Beware of this species of unblushing egotism. It may be well enough for elderly men to speak of themselves occasionally; but for young men to be calling attention to *self*, looks arrogant, immodest, and puts an audience to blush. An occasional use of “I” may be convenient and necessary; but let the occasions be few as possible.

8. Be more fond of reading than of talking. Let your mind be fixed upon the responsibility of your profession, and your study, your room will contain the most absorbing interests. That is your work-house, and there are your materials, or rather your tools. Work—stick to it. Take up those books and studies which are the most interesting and of immediate use, first. Do not begin a work and then throw it aside, without knowing what it contains, for something else, or to get up and run out, for the purpose of talking and lounging around a spell, without any particular object in view. If you have social or pastoral visits to make, attend to them—make them a business, and use all the necessary means of being agreeable, social, friendly and familiar. Study the art of pleasing and becoming earnest in conversation. Talk to the point—talk as though you was at home, at the same time without appearing too bold and independent. And while you are listening and conversing, study human nature—observe without being observed the tastes, feelings, dispositions, &c., of your people, and all with whom you converse; and thus be able, every time you talk, to get something for an idea or thought—get materials for your study and meditation. But remember to be fonder of reading than of talking. Cultivate a taste for the former, by concentrating your mind, and considering the necessity which calls upon you to impart things both old and new. Those who depend for success upon *genius* and inspiration are bitterly deceived. Such preachers are too numerous. They are either too indolent or self-conceited to study, or can not sacrifice the time necessary. They are fit only to murder “the King’s English and God’s theology,” and had better seek another profession. A successful preacher must pursue hard *mental labor*. It is worse than folly for him to think of succeeding without some foundation to work upon. He must have more than *bare words*. He must have *ideas, thoughts, knowledge*; and to get these he must read and think.

9. Cultivate a thorough knowledge of your own mother tongue. Do this first—before you waste

time in the defunct languages, while you are unable to lisp your vernacular. It is outrageous to community, to respectable assemblies, to the common sense of the age, to hear a preacher endeavoring to instruct an enlightened people, while he is blundering to communicate himself in rough ungrammatical and barbarous sentences. To remedy this evil, and to cultivate a thorough knowledge of native language, together with a smooth and graceful style, pursue the reading of standard English and American authors. Mark the beauty and construction of every sentence; not however for the purpose of imitating any particular author, but to cultivate a taste for a natural, fluent, and beautiful style. Use no language in a private letter, nor in conversation, which is not correct and chaste, and which would not answer before a refined audience. This can be done without any stiffness or formality. Throw aside the daily scribbles of common news-mongers, Wellerism, Slickism, and all the like language-corrupting trash. Reading nothing that is not well written—it will exert a pernicious influence over your language or style. There are enough tastefully, well written productions to occupy all your reading hours.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## THE VANITY OF ALL EARTHLY GLORY.

BY REV. A. SCOTT.

How frail is man. He cometh forth as a shadow, and is cut down. He flourishes for a moment, and straight is seen no more. We behold him in infancy, clothed in beauty and innocence, fresh as a May day flower, and tender as the germ just springing into life. In a moment it is gone, the remembrance thereof is forgotten. We can not cast our eyes upon a single object but we behold written thereon “passing away.” The whole vegetable creation comes up before us in bright array, but soon it languishes, pines away and dies. So too with man—that being created in the image of his Maker; a reasoning, acting, thinking being. He rises up and flourishes for a day; then passes back and mingles with his original. He flourishes as a plant, and stalks forth in all the majesty of the mighty oak; but soon his limbs tremble beneath their weight. He loses all his animation, and falls from his state of majesty, into entire forgetfulness. He passes away, and no one remembers him. “A rude stone may point out the spot where he lies, when he came here and when he went away; but even that will soon refuse to bear him record; time’s effacing fingers will be busy on its surface, and at length will wear it smooth.” The generation that comes up after him, may search for some rude marks by which to learn who lies entombed beneath, but all in vain. The busy tread of life passes over our grave, regardless of our worth.

Although we may have graced the proud halls of literature and science, it matters not. These will not always preserve our memories. We rush on to the shades of forgetfulness. It matters not whether we are among the rich or poor, the high or low, the honored or dishonored; the same events happen to all. Death, the enemy of our race, stops not to ask what stations we have occupied, but regardless thereof, hurries us away, and leaves our memories to perish with our bodies, and our places to be occupied by strangers, who think not of those who have occupied before them. They tread heedlessly upon our graves, hardly thinking or reflecting that they too are mortal and hastening to the tomb. But so it is; we pass away, and leave all the glory of earth behind.

By such surveys of our earthly glory and dignity, we verily learn that all flesh is as grass, and all the goodness thereof as the flower of the field.—The grass withereth, the flower thereof fadeth, because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it; which should teach us to place not our trust and confidence on earthly dignity and glory, nor on earthly strength, but upon God, who endureth forever and presides over the destiny of the universe.

May all behold the vanity of all earthly glory, and thereby be caused to forsake its trifles and vanities, and be enabled to lay up for themselves trea-

sures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, or thieves break through and steal, that their hearts may be where nought shall corrupt, and where all shall be joy, peace, quietness, and assurance forever.

Northfield, Vt., Aug., 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## CONFERENCE IN FULTON.

BR. GROSH—Agreeably to notice, a conference was held in Fulton, Oswego, co., on the 6th and 7th inst. The principal object of the meeting was, to devise means to liquidate the debt existing against the Universalist Society in this place. Seven ministers were present, who preached nine discourses in the order of their names; N. Sawyer, — Sax, A. W. Bruce, O. Wilcox, J. Douglass, H. Van Campen, W. Sias, A. W. Bruce, afternoon and evening. After the sermon each evening, a short praise meeting was held. A collection was taken up for our afflicted Br. C. B. Brown, and the sum of \$12.00 was contributed. On Wednesday after the close of the services, the object of calling the meeting was stated; after some deliberation the meeting adjourned to 8 o’clock next morning, when Br. N. Sawyer proposed the following plan for liquidating the church debt, viz., That the ministers present, and others who are situated so as to be able to tender assistance in that way, on the society’s raising \$200.00, the present amount of debt unprovided for, will unite and preach to the society twenty Sabbaths, “free of charge;” and that the money thus raised instead of being paid, as usual, to the preachers, be used to remove the debt.—When the debt is removed, the society will be able to support preaching at least half of the time.

An arrangement was made with the choir belonging to the Methodist church, by which the choir was to attend our Conference and sing for us; but on Wednesday morning, at 8 o’clock, we were very respectfully informed that the choir would not sing for us. Elder Baker, the shepherd of the flock, hearing of the engagement, became alarmed and warned and commanded the female portion of the choir, at least, not to have anything to do with us. So we had the pleasure of doing our own singing. It is but just to add, that many of the Methodist society, and singers also, very much disapprove of the course pursued by Elder B.

I would address a few words to the Universalists of Oswego co. The house and lot, belonging to the society in Fulton, cost about \$2500.00; there are now \$400.00 to be paid or the property will soon be sold; the society, which is small, has raised \$200.00 of this amount, which is all it is able to do; \$200.00 more are to be raised to save the only Universalist meeting house in Oswego co., from public sale. Now, brethren, can you not aid us a little in this our time of trouble? If the Universalists in the different parts of the county, would all help us a little, it would enable us to keep our house. Only \$200.00 are wanting. Brethren, will you not help raise that amount? What is done should be done as early as possible.

Fulton, Sept. 19, 1843

A. B. SIMONDS.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## ORIGIN OF DEATH.

Among the superstitions that have been imbibed from a narrow, and illiberal interpretation of Scripture, that of the manœuvre of the *devil*, in the garden of Eden, and his abduction of Eve from the path of virtue, and thereby bringing a literal death upon her and all her descendants, stands pre-eminent, for its imbecility, and absurdity.

Nothing can be more certain, than that immortality and reproduction are incompatible with each other; especially upon a globe like ours, narrowly confined and limited in its extent. For, had Adam, Eve, and all their descendants existed, and continued to multiply to the present time, in the same proportion that they did during their existence, it needs but a very limited knowledge of mathematics, to discover that our earth could not contain the hundredth part of their number. That a literal devil did not bring death into the world by



his wiles and artifices practiced upon Eve, is palpably evident from the fact, written upon the eternal rocks of ages, viz., "that animals of the carnivorous species existed, and preyed upon each other, many thousands of years before man was created." Consequently, death must have been in the world for numerous ages, previous to the period that the serpent, (as it is said, but evidently the popular devil is not the meaning intended to be conveyed by the sacred writer,) had this most momentous conference with mother Eve, which according to Milton affected *universal nature*.

"Earth felt the wound, and nature from her seat,  
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe  
That all was lost."

Death, so far from being a curse, (as is too generally supposed by the vulgar,) is one of the greatest blessings that the Deity has conferred upon his creatures. For without the interposition of death, (unless the laws of nature, and their various relations were entirely altered,) what a spectacle of horror and wretched misery would this world present! I gladly refrain from the description of a scene which the imagination alone can fully depict; but suffice it to say, that mangled, memberless, mutilated, and ulcerous bodies, would not be wanting to disgust the sight, and agonize the feelings of humanity.

The most probable, and only correct theory of the origin of death, is that which is taught by facts and reason, viz., that death was instituted by the Eternal Mind, as absolutely indispensable to complete the great plan of his government of the universe, and could not have been omitted, without deranging the whole infinitely perfect system, and that it is co-existent with the animal kingdom, and a necessary consequence of its organization.

Cambridge, Mass.

JUVENIS.

NOTE.—The reason given by the Almighty Creator himself, for the death of man, viz., the result of his natural organization, is sufficient to account for the death of all things vegetable and animal—"Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return." They also were dust, and reasonable it is to suppose that God made the law of earthly life the same to all things possessed of that life—yea, the law of all life, universal—for to the origin doth all life tend—"the body shall return to the earth as it was, the spirit to God who gave it." And thus is Revelation shown to teach the lessons of the most perfect human reason, *ages before* that reason was sufficiently developed in man to account for natural effects.

A. B. G.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## MINUTES

Of the Hudson River Association, for 1843.

Met in the city of Troy, Sept. 6th. United in prayer with Br. Le Fevre. Appointed Br. J. Braman, Moderator, and J. A. Aspinwall, Clerk.—Read and approved the minutes of the preceding session. Appointed Brs. Burr, Mosher, and Somes, the committee to arrange the public services. The following resolution, offered by Br. Le Fevre, was unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That the application for the fellowship of this Association, by Br. Nirem Stone, be granted; and that he be accordingly commended to the kind offices of the brethren of our faith, wherever he may be called to labor or sojourn.

Thursday morning.—Prayer by Br. Aspinwall. Appointed Brs. Isaac Clement, T. W. Gwin, and D. W. Moore, committee on adjournment, who reported in favor of Greenfield, Saratoga co.—accepted. Re-appointed Brs. Le Fevre, B. Huling and B. Hyde, committee on Discipline. Chose Brs. S. B. Brittain and H. Lyon, (ministerial,) and J. Braman and N. H. Benson, (lay,) delegates to the next State Convention, with power to appoint substitutes and fill vacancies. Br. C. C. Burr to preach the next occasional sermon—the Clerk to prepare the minutes and publish them in the Magazine and Advocate, and the Union and Messenger, accompanied with such remarks as he may deem proper.

Resolved, To hold quarterly Conferences the ensuing year, at such times and places as may

hereafter be designated—the first to be held at Braman's Corners, on the 2d Wednesday and following Thursday in October.

A proposition was offered, that the Constitution of this Association be so amended, that the committee on Fellowship and Ordination shall have the power to act in their official capacity, during the recesses of this Association.

Adjourned to meet in Greenfield, Saratoga co., the first Wednesday and following Thursday in Sept. 1844.

Preachers present.—C. F. Le Fevre, S. B. Brittain, C. C. Burr, H. Lyon, C. Hollister, J. A. Aspinwall, C. E. Hewes, P. Hathaway, — Strickland.

Lay Delegates.—Troy, H. Mosher and P. Somes; Albany, J. M. Hughes and E. Van Shaack; Hudson, T. Dimmick and H. Acly; Hartford, Anson Brayton and Israel Smith; 1st Society Fort Ann, H. Clements; 2d Society Fort Ann, Isaac Clements; Greenfield, Otis Bentley and T. W. Gwin; Duanesburg, J. Braman and J. Burton; Schenectady, D. W. Moore and G. Conant.

Providence smiled upon us. Friends welcomed us, and cheering news from various parts of our Master's vineyard, encouraged us, and prepared our hearts to enjoy this truly pleasant, and we trust, profitable session of our Association. Six sermons were preached on the occasion, by the following brethren, in the order in which they are named—Brs. Lyon, (occasional,) Hollister, Hewes, Aspinwall, Brittain, and Le Fevre—all of which were listened to with marked attention.

J. A. ASPINWALL, Clerk.

Union and Messenger please copy.

## MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Rens. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barray.

UTICA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1843.

### THE BOOK OF JOB.... No. II.

We are now prepared to pursue our inquiries in regard to the teachings, and objects of the Book of Job itself. To do this, permit me to allude to the religious systems then existing in the world—for in my humble opinion an intention to correct their errors and counteract their influences, forms one of the objects of this Book.

It is evident from the Book itself, according to a translation by a Unitarian clergyman in England, as well as from general history, that idolatry was practised by Job's neighbors. Our common version represents Job as saying—"It may be that my sons have sinned and cursed God in their hearts." The German version by Luther, has it—"My sons may have blessed [postponed doing it, says the translator in a parenthesis,] God in their hearts." The Unitarian translator says—"I will quote the 4th and 5th verses,—"And his sons made a feast at the house of each on his birthday; and they sent and called for their three sisters to eat and drink with them. And when the days of the feast had gone round, then Job sent and sanctified them; and he rose up early in the morning and offered burnt offerings, according to the number of all of them; for Job said, Probably my sons have sinned and blessed idols [i. e. false gods, for the word is plural in the original] in their hearts: thus did Job on all the birth-days."

This shows the prevalence of idolatry, and Job's great and constant care to prevent his children from coming under its influence, and falling into its practice. Remember, that when Abraham was called of God, the land of Chaldaea, and probably the whole earth, was overrun of idolatry—and that the little knowledge of the true God that remained, continued to vanish away, except in the family of this patriarch. Job was fifth in descent from Abraham, and dwelt among the Chaldeans, the Sabeans and the Arabians. The Chaldeans had become worshippers of fire—the Sabeans worshipped the sun, moon, and stars; and it is believed that the Arabians did the same. The belief generally prevailed,

at least among some of the people inhabiting that region, there were two principles, or two gods, or sets of deities, that governed the universe—one good; who was the dispenser of life, light, and all the enjoyments and blessings of existence;—and the other evil; who was the author of death, darkness, and all the evils and curses that afflict mankind. This system was afterwards revived and reformed by Zerdusht, or Zoroaster, and became the Magian or Persian religion—which, in its turn, became the Manichean religion in the early days of Christianity—and from which, again, was derived the popular notion of a personal, fallen angel, the author of evil, called the devil and Satan by our Partialist Christians at this day.

I will show you presently, that the Satan named in the Book of Job, is not not the devil believed in by our Partialist brethren—nor is the devil, nor any of the devils named in the Bible, the devil in which the Sabeans, the Persians, the Manicheans believed, and our modern Christians yet believe, as the author of evil. But for the present, let us remember the ancient form of this popular error—popular, even in the days of Job, among his heathen neighbors!

Now, the main design of the Book of Job is to show that all things are of God—that all events, whether good or evil, are permitted and ordered by Him alone—that He is the dispenser, not only of good, of life, of light, of enjoyments, but of evil, of death, of darkness, and of afflictions also. See also the 45th chapter of Isaiah, which was specially addressed to Cyrtus the Persian, years before he was born, and in which the prospective theological errors of that monarch are clearly pointed out and denied. The whole burden of that remarkable chapter, as well as of the Book of Job, is, to refute the Magian, Manichean, and modern Christian notion of the origin and source of evil. And yet how many are ready to deny us even the Christian name, because we receive the teachings of Job and Isaiah, and reject the dogmas expressly refuted in the books bearing the names of these ancient and truly orthodox worthies! But to return to the Book of Job.

Job's comforters, (or friends who visited him to comfort him,) labor continually to prove that Job's afflictions and misfortunes are in consequence of his personal wickedness—are just judgments, or punishment visited on him for his sins. Job, in reply, denies their cruel accusations, and argues that though these afflictions are all sent of God, yet they are not punishments, but sufferings—sufferings that are common to all—sufferings permitted to come for some wise, though unknown, purpose—for some good end which God has in view, though man sees it not, and can not even guess what it is.

Job's wife also mingles her reproaches in the controversy, and calls on Job to bless the gods, (i. e., the false gods, the idols,) that they may dispense the boon of death to him.—For though death is an evil, yet it is a less evil than those he endures. He reproves her for speaking as the foolish women (i. e. the heathen women) speak, and reminds her, that as we receive good from the true God, so we should submit when he gives evil.

One word in relation to our common version, which renders the frequent expression, "curse God"—"curse God and die." Hebrew scholars say the word should never be rendered by the word "curse"—that it always means *bless*. The German version by Luther always renders it, "blessed God"—"bless you in your face"—"bless God and die"—notwithstanding this rendering appears to render the sense contrary to what it evidently should be. Take for an example the i: 11, where Satan says to God, of Job—"But put forth thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face." Luther renders this passage—"But stretch thy hand out, and touch all he has, and what boots it? he will bless thee to thy face." He adds in parenthesis, by way of explanation, "He will fawningly, or sycophantically, recite it to your face." The Unitarian translator renders the passage thus—"But stretch forth now thy hand, and smite through all which is his; surely he will not bless thee to thy face."

You see by these different renderings of this same



verse—and all the verses where cursing God is named in our common version, are rendered similar to these examples in the German and this other English version—you will see, I say, by these examples, that there is a difficulty *somewhere* in rendering these passages, which none of them seem able satisfactorily to overcome.—That difficulty, in my humble opinion, arises from their overlooking the fact, that the *gods* and not *God*—i. e., that the *false* gods, and not the *true* God, are spoken of as being blessed, or worshipped by Job. It is certain that the Magian theory of two co-eternal and opposing principles, formed a part of the idolatry of an age immediately subsequent to the days of Moses; and many assert that it prevailed in the days, and long prior to the times of Moses;—and it is also certain that this theory sprang up, and flourished greatly, in the very region where the scene of the Book of Job is laid. And by adopting this opinion, many of the allusions now dark and perplexing, seem plain and clear. It is also certain that a part of the main design of this book, is to show that God's government extends to all beings and events—that evil as well as good comes from the hand of God alone—and that it is because evils come from a good being, they should be submitted to, and their final result be hopefully awaited.

True—in a few instances. Job, goaded and tortured by the unjust accusations of his friends, embarrassed by his acknowledged ignorance of God's design in afflicting him, and overpowered by the intensity of his sufferings and the bitterness of his griefs, becomes impatient, sinks into despair, and expresses himself rashly and hopelessly. But these are exceptions in his general conduct, and transgressions of right, of which he repents when God reproves him for them. The design of the poem is to teach patience and resignation under affliction, by showing that *there is hope* even in the darkest hour—that good will come after all the evil—that ultimately right will take place, and an abundant reward recompense the sufferer. And by teaching this, the great difficulty produced in many minds by the existence of present evil, was fully solved. And as it was on this difficulty that the Magian system was based, that system was refuted by this Book, as is also the present popular system of the origin of evil with a fallen angel, and its endless continuance under his dominion. My limits will not allow me to occupy more room, by dilating on this subject, and quoting largely from the Book itself, according to a new and better translation than our common version—but I refer you even to our common version itself, for proofs of these brief hints. I think what has been said will shed considerable light on the work. A. B. G.

#### NATURE AS SEEN BY THE BELIEVER.

The character we ascribe to God, and his purposes respecting us, are the *media* through which we behold all things and events, and they are necessarily colored and stained in our sight, by the opinions through which we view them. Therefore it is, that our Partialist brethren generally, consider this fair and beautiful world a valley of sighs and tears—not only when sorrows and afflictions press around, as was the case with the sacred writers when *they* thus spoke, but at all times; for at all times does their creed render it such a dark vale to them.

In like manner—seeing their fellow beings through the same distorted and gloomy atmosphere—man is looked upon as an incarnate demon—a totally depraved creature—one whom we must regard with loathing and distrust. Even the infant in the cradle, smiling in its innocence, is looked at as a young serpent or tiger—beautiful without, playful and harmless as yet, but waiting only till its fangs and claws shall be grown, to spread around consternation and destruction. (And truly such must man be by nature, if he is created in the image and likeness of a God of wrath and vengeance!) And death, and the grave, seen through such a medium, are terrific and fearful; for it leaves to the one its sting, and to the other its victory, throughout eternity—and well may the strong man tremble, and the brave man cower down before them! Eternity—eternity—oh!

how has the tongue eloquent with horror, terrified whole congregations into a temporary insanity, as it has described eternity as seen by the glare of modern theology; until this world, with all its duties and obligations, its pleasures and benefits, has been forgotten in the mad fear of futurity! Even heaven—the embodied idea of all that is pure and joyful in the Christian's faith, hope and charity—even heaven, when looked at through the medium of this modern theology, loses its brightness and gladness—becomes cold and repulsive—and is sullied by the uprising smoke laden with the cries of sufferers in the supposed hell below. Thus do false views of God cause us to form cruelly wrong estimates of life and all pertaining to it—of the world and all things in it—casting gloom over light, mingling death with life, and causing us to see stains where all is purity—deformity where all is beauty—and selfishness where all is benevolence.

While some of our Partialist brethren are exceptions to this general description, because they do not suffer their creed to gnaw on their hearts, or occupy constantly their minds—others will attempt to justify the correctness of their gloomy views, by appeals to the great sorrows of holy men of old, in their periods of deep affliction. But there are others, still, who, knowing the frequent injunctions of the Bible to worship God with cheerfulness and joy, will deny the correctness of our statements. In reply to their denial, I need only appeal to every one who has truly and feelingly realized the doctrine of endless sin and misery for themselves and their families—to the recollections of many who, in a former period, did thus believe that awful doctrine—and even to the countenances of many of our opposers; for “the show of their countenances doth witness against them.” I speak not jestingly or reproachfully on this subject; for God knows I deem them deceived and sincere, and to be pitied for those deep, and heart-wringing emotions which have imprinted themselves so firmly on the outward features, that, in many cases, the Methodist may be selected from a crowd of Calvinists, or the Calvinist from a congregation of Methodists, and both from a Universalist congregation, merely by the countenance—by the imprint of the creed on the features. And in further reply to their denial, if further reply is needed, I will, in conclusion, narrate an anecdote, which occurred a few years ago.

I was preaching on the character of God, as exhibited in nature, and proving his benevolence from his works. To show that the common opinions respecting God, were erroneous, I supposed what nature would exhibit were they true. In that case, I said, man would be created with the keenest relish for the beautiful and the good; but every sense and desire would fail to lead him to any thing but disappointment and distress. Colors would be glaring—sounds would be discords—odors would be stench—the air would be piercing with cold or burning with heat—every touch would be harsh and grating, and every movement agony. Then, to heighten the agony of these torments, a remission would take place, and the senses yield joy and happiness long enough to relieve them, so that they could again hear the suffering ordained for them in their exercise. Thus would life be slowly and painfully prolonged, and the senses be tantalized, until death, a sleep still more terrible, put an end to the pain, only to renew it in a state where sin shall be rendered endless, and pain immortal. At the close of the discourse, a sister, who for many years had been a member of the Baptist church, said to me, “Your description of nature, supposing God to be as cruel as he is generally represented, was perfectly correct. For long and weary years, I saw every thing look, and felt every thing operate, precisely as you described it. When any one spoke of the joys of living, of the beauties of nature, of the goodness and wisdom of God in his creation and providence, it seemed to me like bitter satire and cutting irony;—for to me, at that times the world seemed but the pavement of hell, life but the entrance to endless torments, and the bounties of Providence were merely means furnished, whereby the greater portion of my fellow beings were enabled more speedily and certainly to sink themselves into end-

less ruin. Ninety-nine-hundredths of all around me I supposed were daily sinking into inconceivable and ceaseless torture, through those very joys, beauties, and signs of goodness and wisdom of which people spoke—and how could I see any joy, or beauty—any goodness or wisdom in them?—Oh, God,” said she, with tears streaming from her eyes, “what years of agony, and of blasphemy were those days of bondage in the creeds of Partialism!”

Imagine yourself such a true and constant believer of endless misery—imagine, if you can, the daily and hourly tortures wherewith it would rend your bosom and embitter all your life—and then suppose yourself released from its cruel and narrow faith—from its fearful and narrow hope—and from its limited and restless charity, into, not only the assurance of *your own* salvation, but of the salvation from sin and misery of *all mankind*—and what—oh, what would be the feelings of your emancipated soul on that occasion! The bright beams of the sun, the songs of birds, the gay hum of insects, the perfume of flowers, the cheerful sky, and gilded clouds, and refreshing green of the earth, and the murmurs of running waters, would no more seem dazzling falsehoods, but glorious truths, teaching other truths still more joyous and glorious! And Winter's storms, and Autumn's rains, and Spring's sober changes—all would speak of wisdom and goodness; for the gloomy veil through which you had viewed them as exhibitions of God's wrath, would be removed from your mind, and your spiritual vision being purged, your eye would be single, and your whole body full of light. A. B. G.

**POSTPONEMENT OF THE CONFERENCE AT SOUTHVILLE.** The Conference at this place, as will be seen by the notice, is *postponed one week*, and will therefore be held on the *second Wednesday and Thursday*, the 11th and 12th, of October, instead of the first as heretofore noticed.—This change in the time is made at the request of the friends at Southville through Br. Anderson, so as to avoid holding two Conferences so near together as Southville and Marshall, on the same days.

**Note.**—The appointing power, which is usually vested in the Standing Clerk of the Association, sometimes, however, in a committee, should always be consulted when a change in the time of holding a Conference is desired, as much as when the appointment of it is solicited. But in this case the time is now too short to consult the Standing Clerk; and we venture to make the desired alteration without his knowledge, feeling very sure that it will meet his approbation, as we know him to be a very obliging man. But where there are standing regulations they should, in all cases where it is possible, be strictly regarded; for if they are not regarded, they are useless. So, at least thinks  
H. B. S., Ed. pro. tem.

**REMOVALS.**—Br. W. H. Ryder, late of this city, has accepted an invitation to take the pastoral care of the Universalist society in Concord, N. H.—he wishes to be addressed hereafter at that place.

Br. J. A. Aspinwall has removed from So. Hartford to Fort Ann, Washington county, N. Y., and desires to be addressed accordingly.

\* \* \* Union and Messenger please copy.

Br. N. C. Hodgdon has taken up his residence in Paris, Me. Br. J. A. Bartlett has removed to Saccapapa, Me. Br. J. R. Marr from Saugus to Gray, Me.

Br. G. G. Strickland has accepted an invitation to labor with the Universalist society in West Amesbury, Mass.

Br. G. H. Emerson has removed from Bucksport, Me., to Cleveland, Ohio. H. B. S., Ed. pro. tem.

☞ We have on hand a quantity of volumes of the Magazine and Advocate, bound, which were left by subscribers, several years since. The binder with whom they were left, was about to sell them for what he could get, to pay him for his labor. We took them off his hands. Those to whom they belong can have them by paying for the binding and our trouble, (which will not be much,) if attended to soon. Otherwise, we shall sell



them, as we have opportunity. The following is a list of them, with the names of those to whom they belong, what is due on them, &c.:

Wm. Currie, volume 2, old series, for 1829, volumes 2, 3, 4 and 5, new series, for 1831, 2, 3 and 4—due, \$3.00. — King, volume 1, new series, for 1830—due, 63 cents. John P. Smith, Lockport, volume 4, for 1833—due, 63 cents. W. Wilbur, volume 4, for 1833—due, 63 cents. D. Sayles, New Hartford, volume 5, for 1834—due, 63 cents. S. P. Landers, volume 4, for 1833—due, 63 cents. J. W. Redington, volume 7, for 1836—due, 63 cents. O. or A. Allen, volume 8, for 1837—due, 63 cents. Nelson Wentworth, Lee, volume 10, for 1839—due, 63 cents. — Vanderpool, volume 11, for 1840—due, 63 cents. J. Jackways, volumes 8 and 9, for 1837 and 8—due, \$1.25.

A complete set (with the exception of volume 6) can be furnished from the commencement of the new series (1830) to the present time. G. & W.

#### BR. C. B. BROWN.

The case of this afflicted brother was mentioned in the Magazine and Advocate a few weeks since, by Br. Grosh. In a private note from Br. Simons, of Fulton, it is stated that he was taken sick in November, 1838; from that until the present time, he has been pretty much confined to the bed; and during the last three years, has been unable to help himself at all. He was a poor man when taken sick; what little means he had, has been long since exhausted by the expenses incurred in consequence of his long and severely painful illness. For a long time, the charities of his friends have alone supplied the wants of himself and family. His wife can not earn anything for the support of the family, for all her time, and patience, and strength are employed in taking care of her suffering husband. Br. Brown, I know personally, and by reputation, and I can cheerfully say, that no man is more worthy, and, with equal truth, must say, that *no man more needs the substantial expressions of the Universalist public's sympathy than Br. C. B. Brown.*

These remarks have been made with the view of calling the attention of those public meetings which may be hereafter held, to the situation of Br. B., that that assistance may be rendered which he absolutely needs, to keep his family comfortable, especially during the coming winter. A good example has been set by the Chenango Association, and the Conference at Fulton—the former contributing \$24.00, and the latter \$12.00—which I would propose for the initiation of all those Conferences which are yet to be held during the year. Let there be a collection taken up at each of these meetings—it will require but a small sum of each individual to make out a very handsome contribution—and forward directly to Br. B. In this way that long afflicted family can be kept comfortable during “the day of their trial.”

The fourth Conference of the Central Association will be held at Marshall, on the first Wednesday and Thursday in October, where we expect a very large and interesting meeting; and I trust the friends will indulge me in suggesting, that it would be well to take up a collection for Br. Brown; and that the friends will please to come prepared accordingly. Am I not right, Br. C. S. Brown? Brethren, don't forget our suffering brother and his family;—to do good is the way to bless. H. B. S., Ed. pro. tem.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Philo's Card and Puff (for such the latter is) appears too much like a burlesque on a possibly excellent man and physician; and we certainly would have so regarded it, had it not been for the hand writing! We decline inserting them notwithstanding—the first, because we do not publish advertisements—the second, because we are decidedly opposed to all *self-puffing* except our own! We are sadly in want of communications, but they would be too dear if paid for in that way. We hope Philo will not be offended at our plainness—we mean him well, not ill.

We thank Juvenis, of Cambridge, Mass., for his articles. We shall have to correct some errors, caused doubtless by his want of consideration and hasty writing—but still we thank him. His article on “universal sensibility” we are not botanist enough to prepare correctly, and are certain it has errors in it; so, as its publication in its present shape, will not do him much credit as a botanist, and particularly as our “common sense” readers will hardly call the loadstone a *sensitive* thing, or possessed of *sensibility*, we had better omit it entirely. In fact, we think he has either mistaken the word, or has for it an unusual definition. A. B. G.

#### ADVANCE PAY SYSTEM.

In our catalogue of reasons for adopting the advance pay system last week, we named as a reason that we frequently were notified by Post Masters that subscribers neglected to take their papers from the office, and had left the country, etc. To show that such is the fact we will name a few instances that have happened since writing that article. The Post Master at Auburn informed us a few days since that Alfred Gould had not taken his paper from the office for some time past—said Gould is owing us for last year and thus far for the present, say \$3.83—Post Master at Cold Spring Harbor says that E. Mosher does not take his paper from the office. “Believes he has moved away.” Owes us for the present year. P. M. at Canton, N. Y., says that Charles Clark does not take his paper from the office, said Clark owes us \$4.50. We wish our agents in these places would attend to the immediate collection of these accounts.—We shall give these instances of *fraud and dishonesty* publicity as they occur hereafter, until the close of the present volume. It is really unpleasant for us to do so, but when we are used in this way, we shall adopt the alternative. G. & W.

#### INFORMATION WANTED.

Can any of our friends inform us anything concerning Rev. R. W. Cheeny, formerly of Bradford county, Pa., and more recently of Tompkins county, N. Y. I hold an account against him for considerable of an amount, and have repeatedly written to him respecting it to Pennsylvania and Tompkins county, and as I have received no answer to any of my letters I would like to be informed, by any one who knows, of his *whereabouts, occupation and circumstances.*

The same inquiries and for the same reasons I would wish to make respecting W. W. Cady, formerly of Frankfort, N. Y. John O. Hill, of Triangle, N. Y. B. N. and O. Freeman, of Ray, Mich. W. L. Palmer, of Cazenovia, and Luman Carpenter, of Oswego, N. Y.

D. SKINNER,  
Assignee of accounts of O. Hutchinson, and of Grosh and Hutchinson.

N. B.—There are several other individuals to whom I have repeatedly written; and for similar reasons, who have paid no attention to the letters, respecting whom I shall make similar public inquiries soon, unless I hear from them; and—two or three Sunday Schools. D. S.

YELLOW FEVER AT NEW ORLEANS.—On Sunday, 10th instant, there were six new cases, two cures and four deaths. On Monday, sixteen new cases, five cures and four deaths. On Tuesday, fifteen new cases, five cures and six deaths. One of the students in the Charity Hospital has died of it, and sister Regis, another of the sisters of charity is not expected to recover.

THE ANTI-MORMONS assembled in Convention at Carthage, Ill., on 5th inst. Next day they resolved that if Gov. Ford would not give up Joe Smith to be tried in Missouri, they would, assisted by such aid as they could obtain. They also resolved to require of the Mormons, blood for blood; and agreed not to obey the Mormon county officers. A crisis is evidently at hand.

HEALTH OF RONDOUT.—The Kingston Journal says: “The sickness at Rondout has now entirely ceased.—We are truly happy that we can announce the fact. We hope that the momentary suspension of its business will be more than supplied by the increased activity of the season.”

LARGE GRAPES.—A citizen of Hudson, who presented a fine basket of white Muscatels at the last meeting of the Farmer's club, has one of the most splendid vines in the state. It has clusters measuring thirteen and a half inches in length, and fifteen inches in circumference. The original slip of this vine was accidentally obtained several years ago from an aged colored man, who occupied a piece of land on this island, about four or five miles from the City Hall, on the East River side. The land formerly belonged to a sea captain who had been a trader to the continent of Europe, and imported the vine. The original vine is probably still there, and should be taken care of; for, if it equals its offspring in Hudson, it is very valuable.—Sun.

COMMENDABLE BENEVOLENCE.—We understand that one of our New York ship agents supports over one hundred destitute immigrants upon a comfortable farm provided for them on Staten Island. These persons were recently brought out to this country, and having been taken sick on the passage, the agent provides for them at his own expense. The best medical skill is employed to attend upon them.

COUNTERFEITS ON THE HUDSON BANK.—Within a day or two past, it has been ascertained that a large amount of counterfeit bills on the Farmer's Bank of Hudson, of the denomination of \$1, have been sent to this city for circulation. They are made payable on demand to no particular person, and are signed Elihu Gilford, President, and Henry Jenkins, Cashier, coarsely executed, and the signature of the President partly printed.—[Sun.]

#### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching on first Sunday in October, by Br. SKINNER at Little Falls.

There will be preaching on the second Sunday in October, by Br. GROSH at Little Falls—Br. SKINNER at Sullivan.

Br. J. T. GOODRICH will preach at Chenango Forks, on Monday evening, October 2d.

DEDICATION AND CONFERENCE.—The Universalist meeting house in Boston, Erie county, will be dedicated to the one living and true God, on Tuesday the 17th of October next. Br. S. R. Smith is expected to preach the dedication sermon. On the Wednesday and Thursday following the 17th—i. e., the 18th and 19th—a Conference of the Genesee Association will be held at the same place, and our friends generally are respectfully invited to attend, “especially our ministering brethren.” A committee will be in waiting at the church, to direct our friends from a distance to places of entertainment. D. ACKLEY, Standing Clerk.

The First Quarterly Conference of the Hudson River Association will be held at Braman's Corners, on the second Wednesday and following Thursday in October. Friends who come by the rail-road or canal, will be met at Fort Jackson, (opposite Amsterdam,) and conveyed to the Corners by our friends from that place.

J. A. ASPINWALL, Standing Clerk.

CONFERENCE.—The first Conference of the Otsego Association of Universalists will be held in the Baptist meeting house at Southville, town of Danube, Herkimer county, on the 2d Wednesday and Thursday (11th and 12th) of October. A cordial invitation is extended to all ministering brethren in and out of the Association. Br. Anderson wishes me to state on the word of a Scotchman, that he will see that they are taken proper care of, and remunerated too. Ministering brethren and friends will call, on their arrival at Southville, on Br. Richard Wilson, in the village, who will provide for them places of entertainment.

O. WHISTON, Standing Clerk.

NOTICE.—The Susquehanna Association of Universalists will hold its annual session on the first Wednesday and Thursday (4th and 5th) of October, at Brooklyn, Susquehanna county, at 9 o'clock, A. M. of the first day. We desire a punctual attendance of the delegates from the several societies within the bounds of the Association, and extend our call to all who do, and those who do not, take an interest in the meeting, to come. “Come one, come all;” our Brooklyn friends, you will find, are expecting you, where, rest assured, you will meet with a joyful reception. Friends from a distance will call at the church, where a committee will be in attendance to direct them to places of entertainment. J. R. MACK, Standing Clerk.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

**"THY WILL BE DONE."**

O, Father! give that heart to me  
Which strives in thought and deed to be  
Like Him, thy suffering Son;  
Teach me to feel and humbly say,  
That if this cup pass not away,  
Thy will, not mine, be done.

When pain and sorrows bow my head  
And every hope in life has fled  
Save that immortal one:  
If all afflictions are not o'er,  
But others yet remain in store—  
Still, let thy will be done.

UNKNOWN.

**ALICE GREY;**

OR, THE INEBRIATE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MISS E. C. L. \*\*\*\*\* OF NORWICH.

It was a bleak, dreary evening in March. The wind whistled mournfully, and a shower of mingled rain and sleet was falling upon the now almost deserted streets of the city of M. In a large and scantily furnished apartment, beside a cheerless fire sat Mrs. Grey, busily plying her needle. A lamp burned upon a small table near her, and opposite her sat a young girl, bending over her work, and apparently lost in thought.

"This is a wild night," said Mrs. Grey, breaking the deep silence which prevailed the apartment, and drawing her shawl still closer around her shoulders; "our fire is getting low, Alice, and it grows cold here very fast."

Alice laid aside her needle-work and stirred up the half-dying embers. The last fuel which they possessed was in the grate, and as the fire blazed with a sickly glare, she sighed, and drew a low chair, on which her little brother Willie sat, still closer to her, and rested his curly head upon her lap.

"Will father come to-night?" asked Willie, looking up inquiringly into her face.

Alice did not reply, but Willie saw that her eyes were filled with tears as she resumed her work, and he said no more.

"Lay aside your work for to-night, Alice," said Mrs. Grey, "you look pale, and your eyes are heavy; we can rise early to-morrow morning, and finish the dress before Mrs. Ashton sends for it."

"She wants it at nine o'clock," said Alice; "I am afraid that it will not be possible for us to finish it so early."

"We can try," said Mrs. Grey, in a tone of cheerfulness: "you know we can work much faster by the bright light of the sun, than by this dim lamp."

"Yes, mother, and my head will not ache so badly as it does now; and if we get it done so that Mrs. Ashton will not be disappointed, perhaps she will furnish us with constant employment."

"No, she said that she had no more for us, after we finished this."

"Nor Mrs. Weston?" said Alice inquiringly.

"Mrs. Weston's sewing was already engaged when I applied," said Mrs. Grey, "and Mrs. Allyn has no more at present; every thing looks dark in future, Alice."

"Yes mother, but I think there are brighter days in store for us."

"If father would only sign the Temperance Pledge!" said Willie, raising his dark eyes to Mrs. Grey's face, "that would make you happy, wouldn't it mother?"

"Yes, Willie, that would make us all happy," she replied with a sigh.

At this instant a heavy step was heard in the adjoining passage.

"He is coming!" whispered Willie, as he instinctively crept closer to his mother and sister.

The door opened, and a man past the middle age, entered. He took in silence the chair which Alice offered him, and cast his eyes around the apartment.

"What! no fire!" he said at length; "get some more wood, Alice."

"There is no more, father," replied Alice, as she placed his scanty supper upon the table, and arranged it with care.

"There, that will do," said Mr. Grey, as he drew his chair toward the table. "Now get your cloak, Alice; you must go over to Mr. Osborne's to-night."

"Not to-night, William?" said Mrs. Grey, mildly.

"Yes, to-night; she can go now, as well as any time, and this letter must be sent to-night."

Mrs. Grey knew it would be of no use to say more, and Alice, taking the letter from her father's hand, tied on her cloak and hood to depart.

"Wrap your cloak closely around you, Alice," said Mrs. Grey, as she held the lamp for her daughter to descend the ruinous flight of stairs that led from their humble abode into the open court below.

Alice obeyed, and drawing her hood still closer over her face, walked with light steps, but a heavy heart, along the icy pavements. The moon, struggling through the clouds, gave a faint light, barely sufficient to render objects visible. Every thing looked gloomy and cheerless, and accorded well with the feelings of Alice Grey. She was thinking of other days, when her father was in affluent circumstances, and their home was a bright and happy one. But now, her father was a drunkard, and her mother's cheeks were pale and wan; even little Willie's laugh had lost its music.

"We are indeed wretched," thought she, as she reached Mr. Osborne's door, and paused to take breath. A bright light was shining through the half-closed blinds, and Alice heard the sound of happy voices, as she gently tapped at the door. It was opened by Mr. Osborne, who uttered an exclamation of surprise at seeing Alice there.

"Come in my child," he said kindly, "this is a bitter storm, and you look cold and wet."

Alice followed him into the pleasant parlor, where the family were assembled, and Mrs. Osborne placed a chair for her beside the bright fire.

"No, take my seat," cried little Ellen, springing from her chair; "mine is the warmest corner, and you can dry your feet best here."

Alice smiled as she accepted the proffered seat, but her eyes instantly filled with tears, as she heard Ellen whisper to her sister Julia, in a voice she did not intend should be heard by any one else, "Look at her shoes, Julia; they are full of holes; her father is a drunkard, isn't he?"

A reproving look from Julia hushed the little prattler, who, perceiving that Alice heard her words, ran to her, and threw her arms around her neck, exclaiming—

"You must not look sorry; I did not mean any harm—indeed I did not."

"You have not done any harm," said Alice, resuming her usual placidity, and drawing her father's letter from her bosom.

Mr. Osborne took it, and cast his eyes over the contents. Alice, who was eagerly watching his countenance, perceived a smile of pleasure pass over it, as he read, and he unconsciously murmured—"It can not be that he is sincere in all this, it would be a happy thing if he were."

"What can it be?" thought Alice, as he folded the letter and placed it in his pocket.

"Tell your father, Alice, that I will call upon him early to-morrow morning, and will assist him all that is in my power; and if he is really sincere, as I should judge from the letter, there are bright days in store for you all."

A thrill of joy shot through the heart of the inebriate's daughter, and she unconsciously murmured a prayer that it be so. At this moment Mrs. Osborne entered. She had been filling a large basket with articles for Mrs. Grey, whom she had known in better days, and whom she highly esteemed. Julia, too, had prepared a present for Alice; and little Ellen slyly slipped into her hand, a basket of nuts, for Willie. With a much lighter heart, Alice Grey retraced her steps to her parent's dwelling.

"All will yet be well," thought she, "the clouds that overhang our future path will disappear, and a bright sky lies beyond."

The clock struck nine as she ascended the stairs, and opened the door of her father's humble abode. Her

mother was still engaged with her needle-work, and her father sat leaning his head upon the table. He arose as she entered, saying, "Well Alice, what did Mr. Osborne say?"

Alice related what had passed, to which Mr. Grey listened in silence, and again resting his head upon the table, seemed unconscious of what was passing around. The next morning, when Alice arose, she was surprised to find a bright fire which her father had kindled, with some wood which he had procured. He soon entered, and Alice observed that there was a marked difference in his appearance from what she had been accustomed to see.

"You work too hard, Mary," said he, turning to his wife, "you are killing yourself by such untiring labor; cheer up, our prospects are brighter than they have been for years."

A gleam of hope filled Mrs. Grey's heart. His voice was kinder than it had been for a long time, and she raised her eyes with a smile of joy, as she said, "How so, William?"

"I am a WASHINGTONIAN!" replied Mr. Grey, "I have this morning signed the PLEDGE, and I pray that I may never break it."

Mrs. Grey uttered an exclamation of joy, while Alice could scarcely express her happiness. Willie clapped his hands, exclaiming,

"Have you, father, have you signed the pledge? and I can sit upon your knee now, father, and you won't be cross again?"

Mr. Grey returned his little son's caresses, and Willie seemed perfectly happy, now that his father was indeed a Washingtonian.

"We shan't be cold and hungry any more, mother," said he, "and you and Alice won't have to sit up all night now, to work for any body."

"I should never have signed, had it not been for the faithful efforts of a few members of the Temperance Society," said Mr. Grey; "long have they been endeavoring to persuade me to abandon my wretched course, but so strongly was I bound by the chains of Intemperance, that it cost many a struggle to be free; last night, when I saw the wretchedness which I had brought upon my family, and saw you toiling by the light of a dim lamp, I resolved to abandon my wicked course; lest I should yield to temptation and break my resolution, I sent Alice with a letter to Mr. Osborne last night; I would not go myself—shame prevented me; he came to see me this morning, and now my name is upon the Temperance Pledge, and I hope, Mary, with the blessing of God, to be an altered man."

There were happy hearts that day, in the lowly and humble abode of Mr. Grey. His friend Mr. Osborne had furnished him with money to purchase necessary articles for his family. Comfort once more was theirs, and plenty crowned their board. Weeks passed on, and still Mr. Grey was "firm as the mountain oak" in his determination to touch not and taste not "the abominable thing." His family were removed to a neat and pretty dwelling, and Mr. Grey, who was naturally a man of fine talents, entered into business with every prospect of success. Mrs. Grey was no longer obliged to toil night and day; and Alice was again the light-hearted, happy girl of former days. She was no longer shunned as the "drunkard's daughter," but was restored again to the society in which she formerly moved. Little Willie often declared with pride, that his father was a Washingtonian, and was always kind to him now. Mrs. Grey and Alice could now sincerely say, "success to the cause of Temperance! It is indeed a glorious cause; one that heals the heart-broken, and brings plenty, peace and happiness."

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# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE

## AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL,"....."PROVE ALL THINGS HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1843.

NO 40.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### A REVIEW

Of the course of conduct pursued by Rev. H. Fraser, Pastor of the Presbyterian church at Branchport—relative to his treatment of Universalism.

[Concluded from our last.]

Whether all or any of his leisure hours were taken up in perusing Edwards and Chauncey, is not certain, although he came armed with the panoply of the former. The night previous, to him, he confessed, was a sleepless one; and I have not the hardness of heart not to commiserate his anxious condition during the day; inasmuch as added to other toils, business compelled him to visit Penn Yan, through moisture and mud. It is said that a brother clergyman resides there, though I have never seen him; and probably it might not be safe for me to conjecture that Mr. Fraser was not seeking advice in the dilemma. This would be calling in question his confidence and courage.

But the night at length came, and an audience assembled with Mr. F. and myself. After a few preliminary remarks by each of us, I called for proposals with regard to the intended discussion.—Mr. F. first presented the question, "Is all punishment inflicted in this life? Or is there any punishment to be inflicted in the future life, for sins committed in this?" I objected to both of these, and gave my reasons. But he insisted upon my accepting, and began to intimate cowardice on my part. I proved to him that neither of his questions affected the main points of difference in our opinions. We wanted questions that would confine us to a discussion on the two great doctrines—endless punishment and final universal salvation.—Partialism and Universalism. But, no; he was unwilling to come up to this close work. Notwithstanding I represented the unfairness and pointlessness of his questions and called upon him repeatedly to present something in his defence—he continued obstinate, and did not attempt to give any plausible reason to justify himself. His arguments consisted in a Pharisaical consciousness of his own dignity, contracted features, writhing actions, contemptuous retorts, and in *winking* at a neighbor, whenever he imagined himself funny. Without being able to afford a particle of proof, he maintained that I had challenged him to discuss the question of *present punishment*. And with all the self-possession of hard faced bigotry, he began to proclaim a victory, taking it for granted that a man may be justly branded as a coward, for not having the simplicity to accept of all the proposals—no matter how *mean* or *unfair*—which his opponent might offer! If this is Mr. Fraser's honorable mode of judgment (?) I would advise him to suspend it unless he can communicate entirely with those who are ignorant enough to credit the priesthood for infallibility.

As he asked me with regard to my belief respecting *present punishment*, I answered him candidly; and in return asked him if he believed in *endless punishment*. He replied affirmatively, of course—though he said that *he did not know as he had ever preached on that subject!* It is hoped that he never has, and never will. And yet it is one of the most remarkable circumstances that ever came to my knowledge—a Presbyterian preacher, believing in eternal election and endless damnation, and never warn his hearers of the latter—never preach his honest belief!

Antiously waiting to hear Mr. F.'s next proposal, I finally accepted the question relative to future-life punishments—throwing him upon the affirmative—with an expressed understanding from him, that he believed that that punishment

would be endless. My acceptance produced no little astonishment and alarm in the mind of the gentleman, and in his frustration he began to accuse me of having some underhanded design. I told him to read his own question—and that was what I had agreed upon, providing his further proposals were reasonable. With trembling anxiety he seized the paper to be satisfied that I could take no cunning advantage, assuming the discipleship which he had attributed to me. This ended the matter.

And now comes the second offer. Mr. Fraser proposed to have a written discussion. And how? Why he would first read an essay two hours long, and in that time finish up on his side of the question—leaving me to answer at leisure, and occupy as much time as I pleased. The fire of Mr. F.'s courage was kindled in his letter, and here it began to go out in vapor and smoke. He could not take the Bible in his hand, and meet, face to face, for an open investigation—he must retire into his closet for a month or less and work out an essay—he said "he could not talk extemporaneously as fast as some folks." Owing to the peculiarity of my friend's notions of debate, I frankly declined accepting his *long-winded* proposal. As the evening, by this time, was far advanced, and as the audience were anxious to retire, some gentlemen called for the reading of the correspondence which had taken place between Mr. F. and myself. They had called for the same about an hour before. But my correspondent stated that he could not wait then—he was fatigued, had family affairs to attend to, had been deprived of sleep, etc. Accordingly the reading was deferred. His anxiety to depart, abated then, and he tarried an hour afterwards—until the reading was urged again, and was about to begin, when he took up a line of march, bidding good evening, after having received a promise that I would call on him in the morning.

In the morning I sent him a note requesting that we should finish our meeting for arrangement, where we began, before the same audience—at the place he first proposed—in the evening. Accordingly I appeared with the audience at the appointed time and place. And my brave opponent, the anticipated exterminator of Universalism—*came not!* After waiting some time, the last "vapors" of his "courage" came in the form of another letter—which I immediately read to the audience. An individual who had the least decency, or respect for himself, would deem the character of that letter sufficiently mean, unchristian and filthy, to cut off all farther dealings with the author. I could not make up my mind to gratify his swinish, or *bragging* propensity by further notice.

After representing me as "dangling in inglorious suspense," "sueing for a little grace," he breaks forth in pitiful "commiseration of my sad condition." With regard to the question, he says, "You may take your own time to decide, and stand like the ass between two hay stacks, till he loses all stomach for either." While I would not be ungrateful for these generous tokens of truthfulness, charity and condescension on the part of my refined friend, I would respectfully inform him that my acquaintance with the gentlemanly animal he names, is not sufficient to enter into the sympathies of their stomachs, as he does. But suppose I allow part of the fable for a moment—that part which relates to the two *hay stacks*, between which I stand. By these two heaps of "hay," I suppose he means the two propositions which he has made—very properly compared to hay. These stacks are of Mr. F.'s building. Now the apostle Paul says—and my friend will take him as good

authority—that "if any man build upon the true foundation," wood, *HAY*, stubble, etc., "every man's works shall be made manifest; for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is." Mr. F.'s fable confesses that *his is "hay"*—he has manifested it—the day light of truth declares it to this community—it has been revealed in his conduct, when brought to the fiery ordeal of investigation—revealed in the fiery zeal of his first letter and first attempt to crush Universalism—and demonstration is doubled as we behold the last "vapors" or *smoke* of his "courage," going up in the letter before me, from the decayed ashes of his "two hay stacks!" So much for his elegant fable.

But farther. "In regard to the time," he says, "after giving me," (Mr. F.) "two hours to present my arguments, he" (meaning me) "may occupy his amount of time—even till doom's day—to refute them." Here is his condescension again.—Mr. F. may preach and present arguments as long as he pleases, without any argument on my part, at any time—and perhaps I may have the same privilege without his permission. And yet this is his discussion!

Farther: "in regard to the place of discussion, (he says) what thou doest here in Jerusalem, thou must do also in Jericho. It must commence in the synagogue where you reside, and be carried up from thence, to the great Sanhedrim that have been accustomed from time to time to hold their jubilee on these heights of Zion. These are the very honorable terms which I would most respectfully concede to you." And "I would most respectfully" add—"these are the honorable terms" proposed by a minister who professes to be a disciple of truth, candor, charity, love and sincerity—who professes to believe that Universalists are in danger of endless damnation—professes that it is possible for him to convert and save them from error and death—professes that in "a few minutes" he can "convince the young man of his error"—and who professes to confide in, and respect, his Universalist neighbors!!!

After making a few more flourishes—hurling out the most contemptuous and despicable slurs upon myself and the Universalists of Branchport—and dealing out a storm of impious irony, sharpened by his chagrin, disappointed hopes, embittered malice, fallen pride and greatness—he has the cold audacity, unparalleled hypocrisy, and unprovoked fool-hardiness to close in the following bloodlessly triumphant strain: "but if in despite of better counsel, you continue your retreat, then I must bid you an affectionate adieu in the language of the great Prince of poets,

If thou dost but consent  
To this most dastard act, do but despair;  
And if thou wantest a cord, the smallest thread  
That ever spider twisted from her womb  
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be  
A beam to hang thee on: or wouldst thou drown thyself,  
Put but a little water in a spoon,  
And it shall be as all the ocean;  
Enough to stifle such a pigmy in!

Yours truly, H. FRASER."

Having but little taste for such polite literature, and little acquaintance with such affectionate adieus as this, I do not know as I shall be better able to accommodate the taste of my affectionate friend, than by returning him a very natural parody "on the great Prince of poets."

If thou didst but consent  
To own this vaunting spleen, pray shame thyself;  
And if thou wantest a cord, the yarn of fibs  
That thou hast spun from out thy self-conceited brain,  
Will serve to strangle thee; or thou mightst take  
The weakest of thy broken pledges; or take  
A spear of thine own "hay;" and on thy stack-poles hang,



Dress'd in a priestly gown, to keep the crows away,  
And swing for public note; or would'st thou drown thyself,  
Draw but a little sap from out thy head,  
And put it in the sharpened pen,  
And it shall be as all the ocean,  
Enough to stifle such a giant in,  
Quench all thy fiery, phosphorescent rage,  
Thy harmless wrath, and smoking valor too.

If Mr. Fraser needs any more from Shakspeare, he may apply to his own conscience, that fearful soliloquy of Richard III, which says,  
"My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,  
And every tongue brings in a several tale,  
And every tale condemns me for a villain."

Perhaps when thus applied, there is as much truth as poetry in the passage. Let all the steps which he has taken to hinder the progress of truth and free inquiry, be retraced, and in what can he acquit himself as having acted the part of an honorable, honest, charitable Christian? Making every possible allowance, to say the least, his conduct has been such as to baffle description in the use of ordinary language—and I have merely followed it through, that it might speak for itself, and tell a "several tale" of shame and condemnation. In flattering himself that he might trample upon Universalism with impunity, and rail out in vain glory against one of its humble advocates, he has been sadly deceived, and must now eat of the fruits of his own doings. If his own rashness compels him to leave a place where his neighbors have lost all confidence in him, and where he is not able to walk out and hold up his head in vindication of his shame, it is presumed that he will carry with him a lesson of experience, to warn him against volunteering in a career of abuse against Universalists.

I bid him an adieu with no malice or unkindness. His pretensions, his conduct, and the partial principles upon which it has been based; I despise; but as a man, a brother, I love him, pity him, and forgive all his evil intentions against me and the Gospel I love, fully believing that all will result in good, and the mouth of man praise the Lord. I would affectionately exhort him to consider the evil of his ways, and to repent, with full purpose of heart to hereafter follow the path of honesty, charity and peace.

I conclude by remarking, that here again we have further evidence of the weakness of Partialism—the doctrine of endless misery—and the unwillingness and inability of its professed advocates to defend it in fair and open investigation. Allowing them sincerity in their belief, may we not marvel exceedingly that they have not sufficient confidence, resolution and zeal to come up in honorable defence!

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### CARD!

DEAR BR. GROSH:—I wish through the Magazine and Advocate, to express my sincere and hearty thanks to my friends, far and near, who have, for years, so unremittingly and so bountifully supplied the temporal wants of myself and family.—While I live my heart will overflow with gratitude towards such friends indeed. May God of his abundant goodness, bless them both temporally and spiritually; and at last crown them with a ransomed universe, with immortality and eternal life.

C. B. BROWN.

Hastings, Oswego co., Sept. 28th, 1843.

Accompanying the above card is the following letter, which we will take the liberty of inserting here for the information of our readers; hoping also that it may move them to deeds of universal benevolence to our afflicted and suffering brother.

H. B. S.

DEAR BROTHER—The distressed and helpless situation in which I have been so long placed, is my only apology (if one is needed) for not again expressing my thanks for the persevering liberality of my numerous friends, who have so long supplied my wants. For a few weeks past, I think I have been a little more comfortable, although I can not now sit up, or help myself in the least, except I have the use of both my hands. How much

longer I am to remain in this distressed and severely painful condition, God only knows. Oh, for a double portion of his spirit, to inspire me with patience to suffer and do his will. It is very fatiguing for me to write, and I must close. God bless you.

Affectionately Yours, C. B. BROWN.

#### IMPORTANT FACTS,

Concerning the sect, every where spoken against.

The word *sect*, in the Scriptures, means the same as *heresy*. "This sect" means "this heresy," or the people who espouse this heresy—the Christian religion.

*Heresy* was not originally employed in a bad or reproachful acceptance. The word "heresy" comes from the verb, *to choose*; and certainly no one should be reproached for making choice according to the best of his ability. The use of the word is to be learned by the connexion. When St. Paul says, 1 Cor. xi: 19, "There must be *heresies* among you," he evidently meant, that there would be *sects* and *parties*, entertaining different and conflicting opinions. But, when in Gal. v: 20, he speaks of the works of the flesh, and connects *heresies* with evil fruits, thus—"seditions, heresies, envyings," there can be no mistake but that he uses the word in a reproachful sense, on account of the character and conduct of those of whom he was speaking. And the "heretic," spoken of in Titus iii: 10, 11, was one who was obstinately attached to Judaism; "he is subverted and sinneth; being *condemned of himself*." Hence, he was to be rejected according to his known character.

So long as it is admitted that men have a right to examine and decide, and consequently, *choose*, for themselves in matters of religion, so long it must also be allowed, that there is no harm in belonging to a sect, or denomination of professors of similar faith or opinion. No one need mistake the meaning of the apostle, when he speaks of "damnable heresies," 2 Peter ii: 1. It consisted "in denying the Lord that bought them." This shows that *heresy* does not of itself imply any thing "damnable," because, if it did, why employ that frightful epithet? At the close of a long and learned article on this subject Dr. Campbell judiciously observes that, "No person who in the spirit of candor and charity adheres to that which to the best of his judgment is right, though in this opinion he should be mistaken, is in the Scripture sense either *scismatic* or *heretic*;" and be, on the contrary, whatever sect he belongs to, is more entitled to those odious appellations, who is most apt to throw the imputation on others." Good and true.

The Sadducees were a sect, Acts v: 17. But the Pharisees, the most zealous and respectable class of Jewish religionists, *chose* a different way—separated from the Sadducees, and became a sect, distinct sect—they were *Separatists*. Saul of Tarsus belonged to this heresy.

When certain people became dissatisfied with their leaders—"Jesus of Nazareth"—they separated from the religion in which they were educated, and of course were called a *sect*—a *heresy*. Paul was accused of being a ring-leader among "the sect of the Nazarenes," i. e., the followers of Jesus. Acts xxiv: 5. This heresy was every where spoken against. But the great apostle to the Gentiles was not ashamed of the name. Acts xxiv: 14.—The word *heresy* came to imply something reproachful, by the use made of it by the Catholics. They assumed that they were the *Church*—the *only true Christians*—and that all who differed from them, were *infidel heretics*! All sects, save their own, were denounced, as anti-christian and hell-deserving. Hence the odium attached to *heresy*.

It is not unfrequently the case, that a people get a *sectarian name* by accident rather than choice.—Names sometimes bear analogy to sentiment, sometimes to forms, leaders, etc., etc.

The word *Universalist*, for instance, has its rise from a particular doctrine embraced; the name *Congregationalist*, from its relation to church government; *Methodist*, the mode and manner of living and acting; *Calvinian*, *Arminian*, *Lutheran*,

etc., to the several men, who were distinguished leaders in the several systems bearing their names.

The early Christians who believed in the salvation of all men, were not called Universalists. As the Church became corrupt, and embraced cruel dogmas, those who did not follow, but kept along in the even tenor of their way, were called, "*Heretical Doctors*," "*Origenists*," and the like. Even in the times of the Reformation by Luther, "the German Baptists," were known to believe in Universalism, without incurring the reproach of the name. The Anabaptists had espoused the same views, previous to that time, without losing their caste.

The name "Universalist," we believe, was first used, in the 16th century, to designate those who believed in the universality of the atonement, and the possibility of the salvation of all men; those, embracing sentiments afterward known by the name of *Arminianism*. So that, if there be any reproach in the name, it must be set to the account of those who were the occasion of its use.

But, when a people arose in the midst of the sects, who profess to believe that *all men will be saved*, and held separate worship, in which this tenet was advanced, they were called by their opposers, "Universalists," and persecuted accordingly.

The reason of our having a *particular Creed*, in this country, is not known to so many as it should be.

As the Universalists agreed with Congregationalists, in regard to Church government, they could not be legally distinguished from them, so as to avoid paying *taxes* to support the then "standing order" of Priests, until they became a separate denomination, and made a formal Profession of Faith.

In New Hampshire they were so taxed, and the Supreme Court decided in favor of the Congregationalists, as late, we think, as 1803. To obviate this difficulty, which had been anticipated, a "Profession of Faith" was presented by the committee, previously appointed for that purpose, and adopted by the General Convention, holden at Winchester, N. H. The members of the committee were Zebulon Streeter, George Richards, Hosea Ballou, Zephaniah Lathrop and Walter Ferris: the Profession was composed by the last on the committee. There were some believers in the Trinity and in future punishment on the committee, and yet all could cordially agree to the Articles presented. They are as follows:

#### "PROFESSION OF FAITH."

Article 1. We believe that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, contain a revelation of the character of God, and of the duty, interest and final destination of mankind.

Art. 2. We believe there is One God, whose nature is Love, revealed in One Lord Jesus Christ, by one Holy Spirit of Grace, who will finally restore the whole human family to holiness and happiness.

"Art. 3. We believe that holiness and true happiness are inseparably connected; and that believers ought to maintain order, and practise good works, for these things are good and profitable unto men."

This admirable production, which was absolutely necessary to save a whole denomination from the avaricious clutches of the priesthood of that day, has never been altered by the Convention, and probably, never will be. No particular Society or Church, however, is under obligation to adopt it.

It will be perceived then, that Universalists were under the necessity of adopting some distinguishing name, and of forming, and subscribing to, a particular Profession of Faith, generally declarative of their general system of sentiments.

They did it in good faith, and to save their *lean pockets* from the *legal fingers*, which, a penurious and grasping clergy had so feed, as to make them itch to plunge therein, and seize the last shilling which industry had acquired and prudence saved for the benefit of a needy family.

Now, for myself, though I am not particularly



attached to *sectarian* names, or rather denominational names, nor desirous of having any *creed*, save the Bible, I can see no impropriety, situated as we are in the midst of various denominations, of different faiths in many or some important respects, in retaining our denominational character, and openly making a Profession of our Faith, accordingly. Still, I would by no means be tenacious, nor intentionally do any thing to disturb the harmony of true religious feeling and experience, or hinder the progress of the work of grace in the heart and life of all who love the cause of pure and undefiled religion.—*Universalist Watchman*.

#### ANECDOTE OF JOHN MURRAY.

There stood formerly, on the spot now occupied in School-street, Boston, by the Universalist Church, (Mr. Ballou's) a small chapel with one gallery in front, and another on the left side of the pulpit, which was semicircular, built by some of the Hugonots, who fled from France at the time of the repeal of the edict of Nantz, with their minister, Mr. La Massa; and by them it was occupied for many years. With some of their descendants I am personally intimate. One after another died; and their children gave up their worship, and mixed with other societies. The doors were of course, closed for a long time. At length, Mr. William Crosswell, a blind man, (whom I well recollect, and who has at this moment, a son bearing the same name, and a daughter, likewise, residing in the same house with him, somewhere at the south part of the city,) who was called in those days a *new light preacher*, was there for a long time within my remembrance. At length there came along the late Mr. John Murray, the Universalist, (Crosswell being old,) and he preached there, for a time, to any audience he could collect. He was earnestly opposed by the ministers in and about Boston, amongst whom the Rev. Mr. Bacon, then minister of the old South church, distinguished himself. It having been given out, that Murray was to preach one evening, in Father Crosswell's meeting-house, Mr. Bacon in his zeal went to hear him, in order to answer him after his sermon. As soon as Murray had finished, Bacon stepped up two or three stairs of the pulpit, and called out,—“All that Murray has said is a delusion. I beg the people to stop and I will prove it to them.” Amongst the audience, there were several of Mr. Bacon's parish, who attended in order to “put down Murray.”—Murray instantly stepped to the pulpit door, opened it, and begged him to walk in, which he peremptorily declined; not willing to stand even in the same desk with Murray, however, earnestly repeated his request, saying,—“The people can hear you much better, Mr. Bacon, from the pulpit, than they can from that stair.” Bacon, however, still declined. After he had finished, Murray rejoined, and excited great laughter, (for he was a great wit) at Mr. Bacon's expense, who grew very angry, and attempted a second reply; to which Murray instantly rejoined, producing increased laughter at Bacon. Bacon's friends were irritated, and ran to an old woman's huxter-shop, who occupied the next building, bought all her eggs, carried them into the church, and threw them at Murray, as he stood in the pulpit.—He humorously replied,—“Well, my dear friends, these are moving arguments; but, I must own, at the same time, I have never been so fully treated with Bacon and eggs, before in all my life.”—at the same time retiring from the pulpit. This brought a roar of laughter on Mr. Bacon, who left the church, and never afterwards interfered with Mr. Murray.

#### MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 28th ult., by Rev. H. B. Soutle, Mr. WILLIAM B. TAYLOR, to Miss ELIZABETH HERRINGTON, all of this city.

At German Flats, on the 28th ult., by Rev. D. Skinner, Mr. JACOB H. CHISHOLM, to Miss APPHIA R. MERRY, both of that place.

At St. Johnsville, September 18th, by Rev. J. D. Hicks,

Mr. JOSEPH M. FISH to Miss ARMINTHA COUNTRYMAN, both of Minden, Montgomery county.

In Norway, September 24th, by the same, Mr. GEORGE BENCHLEY to Miss MARY GIBSON, both of Ohio, Herkimer county.

#### DEATHS.

In Columbia, Mich., August 14th, Mr. ASAHEL KNIGHT, of inflammation of the brain, aged 60 years. Mr. Knight had long been a believer in the doctrine of a world's salvation, and continued strong in the faith till the last. The consolation of the Gospel was tendered to the surviving relatives and friends by the writer. E. GAGE.

At Buffalo, on the 24th of September, after a short but distressing sickness, of bilious fever, Mrs. SARAH consort of Mr. Jacob Myers, of German Flats, aged 38 years. As long as reason remained she continued firm and unshaken in the faith she had held in health, of the great and glorious doctrine of the final restoration of all intelligences to holiness and happiness through the great Redeemer, and found its power all-sustaining and comforting in the hour of her trial, and when conscious that the hour of her death was rapidly approaching. She has left a husband and one son most deeply bereaved by her sudden death, but neither comfortless nor hopeless in regard to the future. They accompanied her lifeless body, by rail road, to German Flats, where her remains were deposited with those of her departed kindred, and on the 28th a sermon delivered in the Union church at that place, by the writer of this notice, to the afflicted family and a numerous circle of friends and neighbors of the deceased, from Job xv: 11. D. S.

In Sharon, September 5th, BARNABAS ELDERIDGE, in the 75th year of his age. The funeral was attended on the 8th, at the Universalist church in Sharon, and a discourse by the writer, to a large and attentive congregation. Br. Eldridge was a Universalist, and he that knows what constitutes one, knows what Br. E. was. So he lived and so he died, rejoicing in the truth and the fruits of righteousness; he was one of the first settlers in that country, and will long be remembered by its inhabitants with feelings of respect. J. D. H.

#### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching on the second Sunday in October, by Br. GROSH at Little Falls—Br. SKINNER at Sullivan.

There will be preaching on the third Sunday in October by Br. GROSH in Syracuse.

DEDICATION AND CONFERENCE.—The Universalist meeting house in Boston, Erie county, will be dedicated to the one living and true God, on Tuesday the 17th of October next. Br. S. R. Smith is expected to preach the dedication sermon. On the Wednesday and Thursday following the 17th—i. e., the 18th and 19th—a Conference of the Genesee Association will be held at the same place, and our friends generally are respectfully invited to attend, “especially our ministering brethren.” A committee will be in waiting at the church, to direct our friends from a distance to places of entertainment. D. ACKLEY, Standing Clerk.

The First Quarterly Conference of the Hudson River Association will be held at Braman's Corners, on the second Wednesday and following Thursday in October. Friends who come by the rail-road or the canal, will be met at Fort Jackson, (opposite Amsterdam,) and conveyed to the Corners by our friends from that place. J. A. ASPINWALL, Standing Clerk.

CONFERENCE.—The first Conference of the Otsego Association of Universalists will be held in the Baptist meeting house at Southville, town of Danube, Herkimer county, on the 2d Wednesday and Thursday (11th and 12th) of October. A cordial invitation is extended to all ministering brethren in and out of the Association. Br. Anderson wishes the to state on the word of a Scotchman, that he will see that they are taken proper care of, and remunerated too. Ministering brethren and friends will call, on their arrival at Southville, on Br. Richard Wilson, in the village, who will provide for them places of entertainment. O. WHISTON, Standing Clerk.

NOTICE.—All Editors who have favored me with their papers, and all others who have occasion to correspond with me, are desired to take notice, that my present residence is in AUBURN, Cayuga county, N. Y., instead of HOMER, Cortland county, and to direct accordingly. H. L. HAYWARD.

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#### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P M, Woodville, for J McC—P M, Montrose, [Pa.]  
Or B F—P M, Port Washington, [O.] for P V and D H,



## THE MEETING.

BY SCHILLER.

I see her still, with many a fair one nigh,  
Of every fair the stateliest shape appear:  
Like a lone sun she shone upon my eye—  
I stood afar, and durst not venture near.  
Seized, as her presence brighten'd round me, by  
The trembling passion of voluptuous fear,  
Yet, swift, as borne upon some hurrying wing,  
The impulse snatch'd me, and I struck the string!

What then I felt—what sung—my memory hence  
From that wild moment would in vain invoke—  
It was the life of some discover'd sense  
That in the heart's divine emotion spoke;  
Long years imprison'd, and escaping thence  
From every chain, the soul enchanted broke,  
And found a music in its own deep core,  
Its holiest, deepest deep, unguess'd before.

Like melody long hush'd, and lost in space,  
Back to its home the breathing spirit came:  
I look'd and saw upon that angel face  
The fair love circled with the modest shame;  
I heard (and heaven descended on the place)  
Low-whisper'd words a charmed truth proclaim—  
Save in thy choral hymns, O spirit-shore,  
Ne'er may I hear such thrilling sweetness more!

"I know the worth within the heart which sighs,  
Yet shuns, the modest sorrow to declare;  
And what rude Fortune niggardly denies,  
Love to the noble can with love repair.  
The lowly have the loftiest destinies;  
Love only culls the flower that love should wear;  
And ne'er in vain for love's rich gifts, shall yearn  
The heart that feels their wealth—and can return!"

## ATTACHMENT.

A STORY OF LOVE AND DEBT.

A curious anecdote was once related to us, with name of person, and place and the date of the event, which we shall repeat for the benefit of the rising generation, who, in their haste to carry out their views, may commit some mistake whose effect will be permanent.

Mr. Rhodes was the High Sheriff of — county, Massachusetts; and his good name, inherited from the father, and cherished by the son, made him not only popular as an officer, but rather wealthy as a man. Why Mr. Rhodes had never got married, the ladies could not ascertain, though they talked the matter over and over very often; but almost all said there must have been some cause in his youth, (Mr. Rhodes was thirty-five, at least,) which was known only to himself, and perhaps one other.

"Some disappointment," said Miss Anna, a young lady who thought it wrong that gentlemen should be disappointed; "some fatal disappointment."

"Not at all," said her maiden aunt, "not at all; nobody ever thought that Mr. R. had courage enough to offer himself to a lady. He is so modest, that I should like to see him make a proposal."

"No doubt of it, aunt, no doubt of it; and to hear him, too," said Anna.

"Your father and I," said Anna's mother, "once thought that Mr. Rhodes would certainly marry Miss Susan Morgan, who then lived in the neighborhood."

"Was he accepted by Miss Morgan?" asked Anna.  
"I don't believe she ever had an offer," said aunt Arabella.

"Perhaps not," said Mrs. Wilton, "but she certainly deserved one from Mr. Rhodes; and I have frequently thought that, during services in church, he was about to make proposals before all the congregation, as he kept his eye continually on her."

"Do you think," asked Anna, "that Miss Morgan was as fond of him as he appeared to be of her?"

"She certainly did not take the same means of showing her feelings," said Mrs. Wilton, "for she never looked at him in church, and seemed to blush when, by any means, she discovered that others had noticed his gazing upon her."

"I should think," said Anna, partly aside, "that a man like Mr. Rhodes would not lack confidence to ad-

dress a lady, especially if she was conscious of her own feelings, and of his infirmity."

Mrs. W. smiled, and aunt Arabella was about to say that no lady should ever evince her feelings under such circumstances, when Mrs. Wilton remarked that once when she had joked Miss Morgan upon her conquest, she rather pettishly replied, "that she may have subdued him, but he had never acknowledged her power."

"Conquest and possession did not go together then," said Anna.

"Well, is this attachment the cause of Mr. Rhodes' single condition? Was there no one else at whom he could look at in church, who would be likely to look at him also?" said Anna, nodding towards her aunt.

"No," said aunt A., with a hearty smile, "none in the pew to which you allude. I at least was too strongly impressed with the force of the tenth commandment, 'thou shalt not covet thy neighbors ox, nor his ass,' ever to be looking over Miss Morgan at Mr. Rhodes."

One morning Mr. Rhodes was sitting in his office, when one of the deputies read off a list of executions and attachments, which he had in hand to serve, and among them was one against a lady at a short distance. The amount was not great, but enough to bring distress upon a family.

"Let me take that," said the Sheriff, with some feeling; "it is out of your walk, and I will drive to the residence of the person to-morrow morning."

The modest vehicle of the officer stopped at the door of a neat dwelling house in a retired, delightful situation, where all things told of taste and economy. The Sheriff opened the gate, ascended the steps of the house, and asked if Miss Morgan was at home.

The servant answered in the affirmative.

As Mr. Rhodes passed along the hall he thought over the part he had to perform—how he should introduce the subject—how, if the debt should prove to be onerous, he should contrive to lighten the burden by his own abilities; and when he reached the door, he had coned his salutation to the lady, and his opening speech on the subject of his official call.

The servant opened the door—Mr. Rhodes entered with a bow. He blushed, hesitated, and at length took a seat, to which Miss Morgan directed him by a graceful turn of her hand.

After a few moments' hesitancy, Mr. Rhodes felt that it was his business to open a conversation that would explain the object of his visit; so he offered by way of preface, a few remarks upon the coldness of the spring.

"Yes," said Miss Morgan; "but yet cold as the weather has been, and even notwithstanding a few frosts, you see the trees have their richest foliage, and the flowers are luxuriant."

"True," said Mr. Rhodes; "it seems that though there may be a great deal of coldness, that nature will have her own way, and, in time, will assert her prerogative, late, perhaps, Miss Morgan, but still the same."

Mr. Rhodes felt rather startled at his own speech, and looking up, was infinitely astonished to see that Miss Morgan was blushing like one of the roses that was hanging against the window.

"We are always pleased," said Miss M., "to see what we admire breaking through the chilling influences by which they have been restrained, and satisfying our hopes of their ultimate disclosure."

Miss Morgan was looking directly towards the bush on which three roses were clustering in a most gorgeous richness.

Mr. Rhodes put his hand into his pocket, and felt of the official papers, to gather a little courage from their contact.

"I have," said Mr. Rhodes, "an attachment."

Miss Morgan this time lent blushes to the rose.

"The attachment, Miss Morgan, is of a distant date, and I felt that too much time had already elapsed; that indeed, instead of entrusting it, as I might have done, to another, I thought that in a matter of so much delicacy, it would be proper for me to come in person."

"For me, Mr. Rhodes? the attachment for me?"

"As I was saying, Miss Morgan, the attachment I

have; and I felt it a matter of delicacy to come in person, thinking that my own means might be considered, if there was a deficiency in the value of the property."

"Mr. Rhodes, you seem to be rather enigmatical."

"I, nevertheless," said Mr. R., "mean to speak very plainly, when I say that with reference to this attachment, Miss Morgan, should you honor me so far as to accept my proposition, my pecuniary means would be devoted to the—to the attachment."

"I was," said Miss Morgan. "wholly unprepared for this."

"I was afraid that was the case," said Mr. Rhodes, "and therefore I thought it more delicate to make the offer in person."

"You are very considerate, Mr. Rhodes."

"Am I then to understand, Miss Morgan, that my proposition is agreeable to you? In other words, that it is accepted?"

"Mr. Rhodes," said the lady, with much hesitancy, "I must claim a little time to think of it."

"I will call, then, on my return from the village beyond."

"Let me ask a little more time," said she; "say next week."

"Miss Morgan," said Mr. Rhodes, "the matter requires immediate answer; the attachment is of an old date, and time now is every thing. My feelings are deeply interested; and may I not hope that while you are using so short a time to consider a subject, which you are pleased to view as of such great delicacy with regard to yourself, you will allow my wishes and my feelings to weigh with you in deciding in favor of my proposition, which, I assure you, is made after due deliberation upon my ability to perform my part of the contract?"

Mr. Rhodes then took his leave, astonished at his own unwonted volubility, which, indeed, nothing could have induced but his desire to relieve one so much esteemed as Miss Morgan from present embarrassment.

Mr. Rhodes drove to a neighboring place, deeply occupied with his good purpose towards Miss Morgan, satisfying himself that the pecuniary sacrifice he had proposed was due to his untold and unknown affection for her, and not beyond his means.

Miss Morgan felt a renewal of all those feelings which had rather been dormant than quenched in her bosom, and desired the advice of her married sister, who was unfortunately absent. That Mr. Rhodes had once felt a strong attachment to her, she could not doubt; that he had continued to cherish, as she had done, the reciprocal feeling, she had not ventured to hope. But as it was evident that the proposition of Mr. Rhodes was not from any sudden impulse, Miss Morgan resolved to signify her assent to a proposition so worthy of consideration on all accounts.

In less than two hours, Mr. Rhodes drove up to the door again, fastened his horse, and was re-admitted to the little back parlor, which he had occupied in an earlier part of the day.

"Miss Morgan," said Mr. Rhodes, "before receiving your answer, which I trust you are prepared to give in favor of accepting my proposals, I wish to state to you that I have reconsidered all the circumstances of my situation and yours, and find myself better able, from some previously unconsidered matters, to keep my part of the arrangement than I thought myself, when I ventured to make the offer; so that the kindness, if you will have that word used in this matter, is all on your side."

"Under present circumstances—I mean those of our long acquaintance, and our family intercourse, though of late rather interrupted," said Miss Morgan, "and my right, by years, (she added, casting a glance at a looking glass that showed only matured womanhood,) to speak for myself, I have concluded to consider your proposal favorably."

"Consider! Miss Morgan, consider favorably! may I not hope you mean that you will accept it?"

Miss Morgan gave no answer.

"Nay, then, it is accepted," said Mr. Rhodes, with a vivacity that Miss Morgan thought would have brought him to her lips—her hand, at least.

"How happy you have made me," said Mr. Rhodes;



"having now disposed of this matter, there are ten days allowed."

"That's very short," said Miss Morgan, "only ten days; you seem to be in haste unusual to you at least."

"It is the attachment, and not I, that is imperative."

"You speak rather abstractedly, Mr. Rhodes."

"But truly, very truly, Miss Morgan."

"But why limit us to ten days?"

"The attachment requires us."

"I thought," said she, smiling, "the attachment would be for life."

Mr. Rhodes looked exceedingly confused. At length he started suddenly towards the lady.

"My dear Miss Morgan, is it possible that, for once in my life, I have blundered into the right path? Can I have been so fortunately misconceived?"

"If there is any mistake," said Miss Morgan, "I hope it will be cleared up immediately. I can scarcely think that Mr. Rhodes would intentionally offend an unprotected orphan, the daughter and sister of his former friends."

Mr. Rhodes hastily pulled from his pocket his writ of attachment, and showed it to Miss Morgan.

"This is certainly your name, and this property—"

"Is the disputed possessions," said Miss Morgan, "of my sister-in-law of the same name, Mrs. Susan Morgan?"

Mr. Rhodes stood confounded. He was afraid of the course which the matter was likely to take.

"So Mr. Rhodes, you see the attachment was for this property. Now as it is not mine, and as, indeed, I have little of my own, you, of course, have no claim upon my person."

"I beg your pardon, my dear Miss Morgan, I beg your pardon. You have not the property, indeed, for me to attach, but be pleased to read lower down on the writ; you will see—look at it if you please—'FOR WANT THEREOF TAKE THE BODY.'"

"But, Mr. Rhodes, the promise was extorted under a misapprehension, so that I am released."

"Not at all; you are required only to fulfil the promise just as you intended when you made it. And as to the attachment for the widow and her property, I'll serve that by deputy."

In ten days the clergyman, and not the magistrate was called in, and the whole arrangement was consummated.

And aunt Arabella, who was so careful about the tenth commandment, declared that it said nothing about coveting a neighbor's husband, and if it had, she did not think that she should violate it.

thus—"And God's anger was kindled because he (Balaam) went: and the angel of the Lord stood in the way for an adversary against him."

Now it is a fact, that the word here rendered *adversary*, is SATAN in the original Hebrew, according to the testimony of Partialist authors; and it is as common a word in the Hebrew Bible as adversary in ours. Any accuser or opposer, is called satan—a letter, is called satan—the angel of the Lord, as we have seen; or the disciple of Jesus, or the Jewish people—any person, or body of persons, or any thing that opposes or obstructs, is a satan. This is the regular Scripture use of the term, and no Jew before the Babylonian captivity ever understood it to mean any thing else.

I will not stop here to press the arguments against the popular notions, that may be drawn from those very notions themselves—on the impossibility of sin entering heaven, &c., &c.—nor to show the absurdity that exists in supposing the account in Job is any thing like a literal account. Let all that be considered by yourselves at your own leisure. I only insist on the fact, that the word was never understood in the present popular sense, until long after the days of Moses—that the doctrine of fallen angels is not to be found in any of the Books of Moses, (where it certainly belongs as a matter of history if true,)—and that the book of Job, itself, opposes the popular doctrine, by showing that God is the only ruler of the universe, and that all evil, as well as all good, is of his dispensing. As a poem, all that is said in the two introductory chapters, is very good—very excellent for introducing the subject matter of the poem, and all its characters, to the reader. But it is ridiculous on the popular notions, to suppose it a literal history; and that the devil has such near access to God, and so much influence over him!

But I may be asked, what is meant, then, by the satan there introduced—what adversary was there, if not the great enemy of souls? I answer, that all opposing, or adverse powers are called satan—and that all the powers arrayed in opposition to God, or to Job, are meant by the term in this place—and that they are thus personified as arraying themselves against Job, and conspiring to prove him a wicked man, a defier of the gods, and a mere sycophantic worshipper of the true God. Accordingly, I would understand, in all cases where the word satan occurs, that it meant an adversary—and would suppose that the adversaries of Job were thus represented. The adversaries were—or this satan was—1st. Those tribes who envied Job's prosperity, and conspired to rob him of his possessions—the Sabeans, the Chaldeans, and the Arabs. 2d. Those calamities that produced distress and pain, as the lightning, the whirlwind, and the black leprosy, or elephantiasis;—and 3d. The advocates for idolatry, and opposers of religion professed by Job. A. B. G.

#### NOTES FOR MY FRIENDS.

DOING WELL.—Being unable to attend the U. S. Convention at Akron, in my own proper person; or transform myself into the likeness of the venerable Father Ballou, and go there; I did what was probably the next best thing that I could do to gratify our brethren at the West—I agreed to supply Br. Ballou's desk during his absence. (It is perhaps some mitigation of my immense claims upon the gratitude of all who were delighted at beholding and hearing Father Ballou at the Convention, to say, that he agreed to go to Akron before I engaged to supply for him!)

Missing the Cure.—I left home on Friday night, (after attending the Conference at Lee,) thinking to reach Boston on Saturday evening. But, going by the way of Troy, we reached Albany just in time to see the last puff of steam go up over the eastern hill, like the dying whiff of a smoker's pipe. That was vastly uncomfortable. To have been able to send a letter to a friend in the city of Notions, telling him the cause of my delay, and to assure him that I would be there in good season the next morning, would have been some satisfaction. Ay, it would have been less vexatious, even, to have arrived half an hour too late. But to be just in time to

be too late!—well, there was no use in running to overtake them, and still less in fretting about it; so I visited Br. Van Schaack and family, and called on Br. S. B. Brittan, the present pastor of the Albany society, and thus passed away my time very pleasantly until the afternoon train left, carrying myself and baggage with it.

The Western Rail Road.—This is a much more beautiful and permanent work than any in our region. The embankments and excavations are very great and numerous from Albany to Worcester, and the excellent manner in which all these natural obstacles have been surmounted, awakens admiration of the powers bestowed by the Creator on man, as the High Priest of nature, and Lord of this lower world. There are some bold and beautiful views, and very picturesque scenery on this road—enough to make one regret sometimes that the rapidly moving wings of water hurry you on so fleetly. The Hudson and Berkshire road, for a part of the way, runs nearly parallel with the Western road, and it excites some interest to mark how singularly the two seem to cross and recross each other as they wind along on their respective courses among the hills and rocks, and over the ravines and streams. Two monstrous serpents could not do it more beautifully.

The awakening.—Having travelled all night on Friday, and slept only about 3 hours at Springfield on Saturday night, the passengers in the "mail train" snoozed as comfortably and steadily as the steam whistle (which seemed to be blown about every three minutes!) would allow. On our arrival at Worcester, finding we had about 20 minutes to spare, the most of us started on a tramp of observation. On our return, we found, to our surprise, that it is the fashion to change cars at Worcester—those in which we arrived having returned to "the other depot," carrying with them our valises, cloaks, umbrellas, &c., and those in which we were to depart, being nearly ready for a start. Here was a pretty race for a quarter or half a mile to be run by some dozen of us, against time! We ran—we won—and left Worcester wide awake, of course!

The robbery.—We had hardly left Worcester before we were more thoroughly awakened in feelings of sympathy for an elderly gentleman, who had been robbed of \$1115 the day before, on his passage from Boston to Springfield. He had just drawn the money from the Bank, and put it in his pocket book, and that into his coat pocket behind, when the cars left. He kept his hand on the pocket, waiting for a chance to transfer it, without being observed, to some more secure place.—But on stopping, and while drinking a cup of coffee, the book was taken. When we arrived at the place, the emptied pocket book which had been found, was handed to him. The last hope vanished, and the poor man wept bitterly. It seems he had been unfortunate in business, and some friend endorsed for him to enable him to start again; and now that friend must sustain nearly the entire loss. While thinking how we might approach him, and ascertain his immediate wants, an Irishman, with the prompt benevolence and straightforward impulse characteristic of the nation, went directly to the man, and having ascertained that he was actually left penniless, took out a dollar, and went around among the passengers, and raised upwards of eight dollars for the sufferer. Commend me to an Irishman for laying aside all delicacies when any suffering is to be relieved—he does it "so quick" (as Harry Bushnell, our Utica Blacksmith, would say) "that it makes your head swim!" It gave much pleasure to learn afterwards, that the robbers were caught, and part of the money recovered. It may not be improper also to state, that the kind hearted young Irishman is Mr. J. J. Mahoney, and keeps a clothing store on Ann street in Boston.

At home—not in Utica, but at Br. T. A. Goddard's, in Boston. Arrived here at 8, A. M., and was cordially welcomed by this amiable and excellent family—the three members of which are actively engaged as members of Father Ballou's church and society—in the Sunday school and the choir. Was soon relieved of the evidences of having journeyed, and washed, and refreshed

## MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry.

UTICA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1843.

### BOOK OF JOB.... NO. III.

A few words in regard to the satan spoken of in this book. As the book of Job is acknowledgedly the oldest writing extant, we must depend on finding the meaning of words used in it, by examining other writings of the nearest date to it. The Hebrew of *Shaitan*, transferred without translation into our common version of the Bible, we are informed simply means an opposer—an adversary. It occurs for the first time in Gen. xvi: 21, as the name of a well—*Sitnah*, the term *Shaitan* in Hebrew. But why the name of a well? Because the well was an occasion of great strife, or opposition, between the herdmen of Gerar and the herdmen of Isaac—for it is written—"And the herdmen of Gerar, did strive with Isaac's herdmen, saying, The water is ours: and he called the name of the well *Esek*; because they strove with him. And they digged another well, and strove for that also: and he called the name of it *Sitnah*." The term *Esek*, in the Hebrew, signifies contention—of *sitnah* or satan, opposition or adversary. This is the first place in which the word satan occurs in the original Scriptures. I believe it does not occur again until in Numb. xii: 22, where it is applied to the angel of the Lord—



and prepared for the duties of the day. And from that hour to this at which I write, I have found kindness on kindness under this roof, where I feel as much at home as I can be, absent from my family. More I would say, but it might not seem proper—less I could not say in justice to my own feelings.

**Large shoes.**—There is not a man now living in the United States, who has effected a greater, wider, and more permanent a change in the religious opinions of community, (not only of his own denomination, but of the entire religious world of these United States—) than Hosea Ballou, of Boston. He is not only the main moulder of the present peculiar form in which Universalism is professed and taught, but he is also the first writer in these United States who wrote and published a work on the Unity of God, and the corresponding views of the nature and object of the atonement, as held by the Unitarians, the Christians, and others.—And in force of native intellect, shrewdness and closeness of argument, the veteran is yet a match for any opposer who may venture to assail him. You may therefore well imagine that I felt like a very small man in a pair of large shoes, when, for the first time, I stood in Father B.'s desk, on that Sunday morning, and attempted to preach to a congregation, many of whom had been converted and taught under the ministrations of Murray and Winchester; and all of whom were accustomed to hear, not only Father Ballou, but all the great "wise men of the East," besides! It reminded me of the foolish feat I once undertook—of trying to preach, by lifting up my feeble voice amid the thunder-sounds of Niagara Falls! However, God is merciful to us—I have lived to wonder and smile at that feat of folly.

**Boston.**—Whatever the rest of the world may think of the matter, *strangers* are very apt to esteem hospitality one of the chief virtues. I have never found it deficient in this city and vicinity; but rather excessive. Anxious to see and become acquainted with those of whom I have heard much, as well as to visit again my old acquaintances, I have not been idle since my arrival here. Calls, visits, and walks have generally occupied me all day, and sent me to bed well qualified to enjoy its repose. In the course of my rides and rambles, I have seen many of the towns and villages around Boston, and intimately connected with it. Indeed, this city looks, in its location with regard to its environs, like a mighty hen surrounded by a large brood of chickens. Its crooked, winding, and sometimes narrow streets, rendered darker by the time-stained externals of the houses, are rather interesting, and some times puzzling to a stranger who wishes to go from one point to another, by the shortest way. Br. Chapin has well compared its winding to those in an old cheese.

I find our cause prosperous as usual in this section. All hands are engaged, each in his own way, in building up Universalism—one in doctrine, another in precept, and we trust all in practice, and some in all these varied parts of the great whole. The few excesses perpetrated in the Union Conference meetings held in this section last winter, appear to have done us very little injury, and we can not but think will learn us that even Universalists are not infallible, and may therefore need the admonitions given to the world by the numerous beacons erected by other denominations. The weekly Conference meetings at Br. Skinner's and Br. Streeter's churches, are well attended as usual. Br. Streeter's weekly Conferences have been regularly kept up since the days of Murray, and seem therefore like a relic of olden time. The pulpit of the conference (vestry) room, is that in which Murray preached—and his portrait hanging on the wall, smiles affectionately to the worshippers, while his spirit seems to speak in the warm and cheerful fervor of Br. Streeter's voice and manner. More anon.

A. B. G.

#### WICKED CONDUCT OF CHURCHES.

There is a species of conduct that long has been, and still is very prevalent in the churches of almost every denomination, that appears to us to be very wicked and reprehensible. What we allude to is this:—when, a

member of the church changes his views and embraces those of another denomination, and asks the privilege of withdrawing from the communion, the church reproaches and abuses him, stigmatizes his character, and represents him before the world as a very bad, if not indeed a very wicked man. And this is especially the case when the individual embraces views more liberal and cheering than those of the church to which he belongs—particularly the doctrines of Universalism. However much a man may be honored for his talents and loved for his Christian virtues, if he become a convert to the holy and cheering faith of the blessed gospel, that all men shall finally be made sinless and happy, with no change in his character save that his benevolence becomes more enlarged and pure; he at once is made an object of hatred and persecution, by the very church which, a few days before, respected and esteemed him. There seems then to be left in that church no charity for him; but like Paul when he became a Christian, he is pursued by his former brethren, with an unrelenting vengeance, day and night. Nor is the pursuit given over so long as there is the glimmering of a hope left of injuring his feelings, or working his ruin.

We have a case in our mind now of somewhat recent occurrence. It is only one of very many of the same kind that have come within our knowledge. An individual, who stood very high in a certain church, and who was, by all his brethren and sisters, regarded as holding a place second to none but the minister himself in talent and every Christian virtue, became by the study of the Bible alone, without any other aid whatever, a happy convert to Universalism. As soon as he made known the change that had taken place in his views, he was labored with by the church; exhorted, entreated, and besought with tears to give up his heresy and not leave the church. He felt, however, that his duty to himself, to the world, and to God, required him to be an honest man and to make an open profession of his faith in "Jesus as the Saviour of the world." To do this and continue his connexion with the church, would be impossible. Besides, he wished to go where he could hear those doctrines in which he believed, proclaimed from the desk. Hence he concluded that it was his duty to ask a letter of dismission from the church. He did so; but as soon as it became known that he was fixed in his resolution to leave them, the church, with a few exceptions, lost all sympathy for him, and turned into his persecuting enemies. They began to throw out insinuations, touching his character as a Christian; these were very soon followed by "darker epithets," "forged in malice's vengeful fires;" and then came "more fearful tales and ominous," until, if the language and insinuations of the members of that church, which, before he avowed his change of faith; was wont "to fold him in the bosom of its dearest kindness," had been believed, he would have stood before the world with "just no character at all," or rather with one as dark as hypocrisy could dye it.

Among those who were his bitterest persecutors, were to be found the very men who had been loudest in their praise of his talents, and warmest in their protestations of regard. These men, not satisfied with heaping upon the head of their dissenting brother, the withering anathemas which it is the prerogative of orthodox churches to denounce against whomsoever their holy wrath may move them, attempted in a dastardly, mean and most unrighteous manner, the ruin of his pecuniary condition and standing in the world! May God have mercy on such men, and convert them to gospel honesty and Christian charity; nothing else can do it; for the fires of hell, glaring them in the face, have been tried for years, in vain.

Now this conduct appears to us any thing under heaven but Christian. That brother was never suspected of any thing inconsistent with the most perfect Christian character, before he declared the change that the Bible had wrought in his faith. Until that moment, his reputation in the church and before the world, was "without spot or blemish;" not, if there had no change in his views taken place and he had continued his membership in the church, would there ever have been heard the

faintest whisper against his character as a Christian or a man. Nay, more than this; if any one had spoken disrespectfully of him, they would have stood up manfully in his defence, and even pointed to him as a pattern of the true Christian's life. When, therefore, for no other reason than that he had ceased to believe as they believed—no change whatever having taken place in his character, only for the better—the members of that church set about, deliberately and with a fixed determination, to blast, if it be in their power, the reputation of that brother, they are doing a deed of such studied wickedness as should make them shudder to think of, and as must bring down on their guilty heads the severest retributions of a righteous God.

It is in vain for them to plead, as they often do, that the man's conduct was so bad—and had been known to be such for a long time—that the church would soon have expelled, or to use orthodox phraseology, excommunicated him. It is no such thing; and they who make the plea, know it to be a false plea; and that it was never thought of until after his conversion had come to their knowledge. And even then, instead of contemplating his excommunication, they labored with him; used all their arts of persuasion; exhausted all their arguments; expressed their deep sorrow; prayed around him and shed tears over him; and all this, too, to induce him to abandon his new faith and remain in the church. A singular comment on their plea, truly! It was not until they saw he was determined to leave them, that they ever mistrusted even he was in any way a wicked man. But when they saw him about to enter the bosom of another, and one whose sentiments were congenial with with his own, then it was that

"Slander filled her mouth with lying words,  
Slander, the foulest whelp of sin;"

And

"Persecution mad, her bloody work  
Began and ruin; and to steep in woe  
The heart that long had had their praise."

I have much more to say on this subject; but I have already extended this article to a greater length than I designed; I will therefore, for the present, leave it.

H. B. S.

**HISTORICAL SKETCHES AND INCIDENTS,**  
Illustrative of the establishment and progress of Universalism in the State of New York. By S. R. SMITH. Buffalo: Steel's press, 1843.

This is the title of a new work from the pen of Br. S. R. Smith, which he has had in contemplation for the past two years, and from which he has furnished two or three extracts, at different times. In another column of this week's paper, will be found another extract, containing an anecdote connected with the lamented J. Whitnal, which may serve as a sample of the more humorous portion of the book. Its pages also contain much that is pathetic, and that can not fail to touch deeply the feeling heart. It is altogether what it professes to be, not a circumstantial and grave history of Universalism in this State; but a collection of incidents connected with the introduction and propagation of that doctrine, with historical sketches of the organization of the Societies, Churches and Associations, the building of the first meeting-houses, enlivened with biographical notices and numerous thrilling anecdotes of the preachers engaged in the great and difficult work of the ministry of these early times, in the State—all chronologically arranged. It commences with the year 1770, in the city of New York, and comes down with its sketches to year 1817; and will probably, in due time, be followed by another volume, as indeed the author has more than intimated it shall be. In the preface he says: "It will be perceived that the present little volume includes but a small portion of our progress as a denomination. Should the time and health of the writer permit, and other circumstances seem to require, the same general plan will be followed in farther attempts to supply what is here omitted."

We are confident that we express the feelings of all who shall read the little volume before us, when we say that we ardently hope Br. Smith will be able to accomplish his design, and bring the Historical Sketches down to the present time. The present volume supplies a,



desideratum in our denominational history, which we verily believe, no man living is so well qualified to give as is Br. S. R. Smith. During the past thirty years, his own personal history has been inseparably connected with that of the denomination in this State. In its infancy he was with it—in its long years of trial, when hope seemed, at times, struggling with despair, he was with it in all the strength and ardor of his soul—and in the day of its prosperity and triumph, he has become its pride and glory.

It seems to us, therefore, that no person who has enjoyed the pleasure of making his acquaintance—and what man or woman is there in this State, large as it is—who has been a Universalist more than seven years, that is not personally acquainted with Br. Stephen R. Smith?—can rest until he gets into his hands his Historical Sketches. We have read it with intense interest and pleasure, and we may add, profit; and we therefore give it our humble and hearty recommendation to the Universalist public. It is for sale at Grosh & Walker's, 32 Genesee street; price only fifty cents. H. B. S.

**GRAMMAR.**—We shall have to cashier Professor Thayer—or, at least turn him over to Corrector General Drew, for rebuke and correction—unless he minds his business a wee bit better. The world will not, most certainly, tolerate such violations of the plain rules of Grammar as the following, which we find in the Rose of Sharon for 1844, beginning on page 67, and ending on page 68.

"System upon system go sweeping in solemn glory and beauty before him; while cluster after cluster, farther and farther on into the unknown, reveal themselves, till it would seem at last, &c."!

Why, sister Sarah! where were your spectacles, that blunder after blunder were thus passed by uncorrected, until they seem like blotch after blotch on the leaves of the Rose of Sharon?

It is but just to say that the article is an excellent one, save these errors—Br. T. B. T., don't you owe me one?

A. B. G.

Br. Whittemore—Can you inform us of the whereabouts of one E. H. Lake, whose name, as a subscriber, you sent us about the first of May, 1841. He took his paper at Lynn. We sent him the back numbers from the commencement of the volume. He continued to take the paper until about the close of the volume, when he removed to Boston. He owes us \$2.50.

Post MASTER at Richmond, Va., says I. S. Cary has not taken his paper from the office for a long time, and refuses to take and pay for it. Said Cary, for aught we know, owes us \$9.00. Post Master at Boonville, says James Simonds does not take his paper from the office. Said Simonds owes \$5.50.

☞ We have on hand a quantity of volumes of the Magazine and Advocate, bound, which were left by subscribers, several years since. The binder with whom they were left, was about to sell them for what he could get, to pay him for his labor. We took them off his hands. Those to whom they belong can have them by paying for the binding and our trouble, (which will not be much,) if attended to soon. Otherwise, we shall sell them, as we have opportunity. The following is a list of them, with the names of those to whom they belong, what is due on them, &c.:

Wm. Currie, volume 2, old series, for 1829, volumes 2, 3, 4 and 5, new series, for 1831, 2, 3 and 4—due, \$3.00. — King, volume 1, new series, for 1830—due, 63 cents. John P. Smith, Lockport, volume 4, for 1833—due, 63 cents. W. Wilbur, volume 4, for 1833—due, 63 cents. D. Sayles, New Hartford, volume 5, for 1834—due, 63 cents. S. P. Landers, volume 4, for 1833—due, 63 cents. J. W. Redington, volume 7, for 1836—due, 63 cents. O. or A. Allen, volume 8, for 1837—due, 63 cents. Nelson Wentworth, Lee, volume 10, for 1839—due, 63 cents. — Vanderpool, volume 11, for 1840—due, 63 cents. J. Jackways, volumes 8 and 9, for 1837 and 8—due, \$1.25.

**TREMENDOUS STORM AT PORT LEON, FLORIDA.**—Our city is in ruins! We have been visited by one of the most horrible storms that ever before devolved upon us to chronicle. Wednesday, about 11 o'clock, A. M., the wind commenced blowing fresh from the southeast, bringing up a high tide, but nothing alarming; at 5 P. M., the wind lulled and tide fell, the weather still continuing lowery.

At 11 o'clock at night the wind freshened, and tide commenced flowing, and by 12 o'clock it blew a perfect hurricane, and the whole town inundated. The gale continued with unabated violence until 2 o'clock, the water making a perfect breach 10 feet deep over our town. The wind suddenly lulled for a few minutes, and then came from the southwest with redoubled violence, and blew till daylight. Every warehouse in the town was laid flat with the ground, except Messrs. Hamlin & Snell's, and a part of that also fell.

Nearly every dwelling was thrown from its foundation, and many of them crushed to atoms. The loss of property is immense. Every inhabitant participated in the loss more or less. None have escaped—many with only the clothes they stand in.

St. Marks suffered in like condition with ourselves. But our losses are nothing in comparison with that at the Light House. Every building but the light house is gone. And dreadful to relate, fourteen lives lost, and among them some of our most valued citizens. We can not attempt to estimate the loss of each individual at this time, but shall reserve it until our feelings will better enable us to investigate it. We give below a list of those drowned, so far as heard from.

At Port Leon.—A crazy negro boy, belonging to Tallahassee.

At the Light House.—Capt. M. C. Robertson, his wife and three children, and a child of Dr. Treadwell.

Joseph Wood, a portrait painter, from Tallahassee.

A child of R. V. Buffins, and five negroes.

Those saved are Capt. Hungerford, his wife and two children, Dr. Treadwell's youngest child, Messrs. Oglesbee, Blethen and Kennedy, pilots, and five negroes.

Our citizens are now out, looking for any that may have escaped, and bring the bodies of those that may be found. Such a total destruction of property has never occurred in our place.

Our loss is estimated at \$250,000.

In addition to the above, we have learned that the family of Mr. Edward Walker, living on Shell Point, wife, children, five or six negroes, all perished. Mr. Edward Walker himself escaped by clinging to the branches of a tree until the waters subsided.

It is also stated that there are several other persons living at this point who have not been heard from, and of whose safety great doubts are entertained.

There are also several families from this county, in summer quarter on James Island, and on whose account much anxiety is felt. Indeed, such was the violence of the winds, and the height to which the tide rose, that our imagination can scarcely fix limits to its ravages.

Cedar Keys, Apalachicola, and St. Joseph, can scarcely have escaped without much damage.—*Commercial Gaz.*, Sept. 15.

**Wiskonsan Wheat crop.**—The Southport American thinks 1,000,000 of bushels a moderate estimate for the wheat that will be exported from Wiskonsan, the product of the crop just harvested.

**WEALTH OF GERRIT SMITH.**—This distinguished advocate of emancipation is thus noticed by a correspondent of the Mercantile Journal, travelling in the State of New York:

"I visited Peterboro', the residence of Gerrit Smith, and the focus of those immense transactions in the purchase and sale of land property, which Hon. Peter Smith so long and so successfully carried on. About forty-five years ago, Judge Smith purchased of the Indians, 60,000 acres of land in one parcel, covering nearly the whole of the present county of Madison, for the sum of \$225,000. He subsequently became the largest landholder in the State. His son Gerrit, who some

years since inherited the greater part of his father's property, now owns more than one million acres of land in the state of New York alone, lying in forty-eight of its fifty-six counties. His annual land tax is upward of ten thousand dollars!"

**Pick Pockets.**—These gentry were quite busy yesterday in the Cattle Show, succeeding in cleaning out several of the unsuspecting among the crowd. One man caught a fellow's hand in his pocket—saved his wallet, but lost the would-have-been thief. One man, Mr. Pond of Brockport, came up minus a coat skirt, and fortunately his money was not in that quarter.—*Rochester Rep.*

The Rochester Democrat, of the 26th ult., states that the amount received from admission fees at the show ground was about \$1,400, and from members and subscriptions about \$1,000—making in all, say \$2,400. The amount of premiums for the year \$2,000, and the contingent expenses are nearly \$1,000. The society receives \$700 from the State.

**Laege Calf.**—Mr. George W. Davis, of Windham, Mass., raised a calf this year, which weighed when 17 weeks old, 550 pounds. The calf was weighed again last Wednesday, at the age of 21 weeks and weighed 670 pounds.

The census of Chicago, Illinois, has just been completed, and the population is 7580. The census taken in 1840 showed the number of inhabitants to be 4853. Consequently there has been an increase of 2727 in two years.

Counterfeit two dollar bills of the New England Bank are very plenty in Bangor. They are of the Perkins plates.

Rochester is in a very flourishing condition. About 300 buildings are going up there.

The sentence of death passed upon Isaac Leavitt, for the murder of Mary Knapp, at Scituate, in the county of Plymouth, Mass., has been commuted by the Governor and Council to imprisonment for life.

The ship America, just arrived from Bremen, at Baltimore, has brought a group of the Gipsy race, consisting of William Wagner, the father, and five small children. The girls have jet black hair, which falls in neglected style over the shoulders.

**BIGAMIST CONVICTED.**—On Wednesday, in the court of Salem, N. J., Alexander Novoscoski, alias Edward Bronowski, alias Smith, was convicted of bigamy. It was proved upon the trial that he had at present four wives living, and that the whole of them had been at the house of a relative of one of his wives in Newark.

REV. AMOS LEFEVER, says the Broome Republican, the seducer, who was lately tried and convicted at Tonawanda, Pa., has just been sentenced to imprisonment for three years. Before his sentence, he made a speech occupying three hours, to prove that he was the seduced and not the seducer, and concluded by expressing his willingness to marry the victim of his wiles. His speech, however, did not dispose the judge to lenity, for he sentenced the polluted wretch to the longest term of punishment permitted by the law.

**FIRE.**—On Saturday night, a fire was discovered in the building just erected on Columbia street, near the corner of Cornelia street, owned by Mr. L. Morgan. It was entirely destroyed; but by the well directed efforts of the fireman, the fire was got under without much damage to the adjoining buildings. It is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.—[*Utica Dem.*]

**CENTRAL RAIL ROAD.**—The business upon the Central Rail Road is fast increasing both in passengers and freight. For several mornings past the cars have gone out with upwards of 100 passengers. The quantity of freight going out is large and increasing. The amount of flour coming in averages about 1000 barrels per day, which, we believe, is less than last year this time. This is said to be owing to the farmers being unusually busy in putting in their fall seed, which, in the eastern portion of the State, they are doing more extensively this year than last.—[*Detroit Free Press*, Sept. 22.]



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## TRINITY.

The doctrine of the holy trinity is a fatal rock, on which many a devoted Christian has wrecked his hopes, and floated with the shattered bark down the stream of time, till he ultimately landed in the dominions of infidelity. A system that teaches us one of the fundamental tenets on which it rests, that there are one, and that a thing can be, and not be, at the same time, is too absurd to meet with encouragement, even from the implicit believer, much less from the vigorous and independent mind that dares to launch into the ocean of manly investigation.

Were this principle of reasoning to be admitted, it would confound all the transactions of human life, reverse the entire system of mathematics, and, in short, would reduce all things to irremediable disorder and chaotic confusion. To say that a square, a circle, and a triangle, have each an independent existence, and yet are one and the same, is an absurdity, that even the intellectual capacity of a child would intuitively discover. If a triangle has in itself qualities sufficiently distinct to entitle it to an appellation independent of that of a circle or a square, this fact alone affords conclusive evidence, that the triangle is neither a circle nor a square, but a triangle; and by that appellation alone is the qualities of the triangle conceived by the mind. When we are informed that a triangle is described on the blackboard, the conception of the mind is entirely different from what it would have been, if we had been informed that a circle or a square is described; and the mind irresistibly concludes that a triangle is there described, and not a circle or a square. So when we are informed that Christ suffered upon the cross, the mind necessarily concludes that Christ was there and suffered, and not God. And, again, when we are further informed that God sent his only begotten Son into the world to redeem sinners, the mind conceives that Christ, a personage distinct from Deity, was sent, and not God; for to say that God sent himself, is a perversion of human language, and an absurdity too palpable to need reflection. "But," says the objector, "the three personages are one in spirit, and not in substance." Suppose that I were to retort, and say, the three mathematical figures are one in essence, and not in quality; what idea has the mind of this oneness of essence, as distinct from that of their individuality in quality?—a distinction that involves a metaphysical subtlety too refined for the comprehension of any being.

It perhaps is not necessary to dwell any longer upon this complicated system of human folly, except to remark upon the tenacity with which Trinitarians support a doctrine so fraught with absurdity, and diametrically opposed to every principle of reason and common sense; when a doctrine perfectly consistent, which involves neither mystery nor contradiction, is distinctly taught in the same volume from which they have extracted, and by combination formed, this ideal phantom, the endeavor to comprehend which has called forth so many metaphysical disquisitions.

St. Paul was so sensible of the finity of the powers of Christ, that he does not hesitate to call him a man, 1 Tim. ii: 5, "For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." The Saviour himself in repeated instances, acknowledges that his power was not eternal. Matt. xxviii: 18, "All power is given unto me in heaven and earth." Matt. xi: 27, "All things are given unto me by my Father." He also calls God "my God," indicating that God is a being so distinct from himself, that he claimed a property in him; which could not be the case, if they were identified. And again he says, "Thou hast sent me into the world, as I have sent them (disciples) into the world." These declarations, so explicit, are amply sufficient of themselves, to establish beyond doubt, the dependence of Christ, and his man-identity with Deity; exclusive of the numerous other Scriptural proofs that can be adduced.

Daniel who prophesied of the birth of Christ,

gives additional evidence that Christ was not identified with God, either in spirit or substance, when he says that "there was given him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom"—meaning undoubtedly that it was given to Christ—for if it was to Deity himself that this donation was made, (as Trinitarians virtually maintain,) He must previously have been finite in his attributes, and consequently imperfect. John still more explicitly declares the dependence of Christ and his powers, when he says, that "The Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father do." And further, Jesus (as recorded in Matthew and Mark) speaking of an impending calamity, distinctly declares that he is finite in knowledge, "But of that day knoweth no man, not even the angels, neither the Son, but the Father."

But says the objector, I have one passage of itself, sufficient to silence for ever any doubt as to the identity of Father and Son, viz., "I and the Father are one, and he that hath seen the Father, hath seen me." But I reply that this oneness of the Father and Son, intimated in this passage, was intended to mean nothing more nor less than their union and agreement in the great work which he had undertaken, and as a corroboration of this fact, I refer the objector to John xvii: 21, where Christ prays that his disciples may be one, even as he and his Father are one—not meaning that John may be identified with Peter, or vice versa, but that they may be well agreed in the Gospel salvation. And so of the passage, (upon which Trinitarians found their doctrine,) "I and the Father are one; he who hath seen the Father hath seen me"—unquestionably intended to convey the idea that there was an identity in the objects for which they labored, and that there was a union and agreement in the work which they had undertaken.

Now I believe it is a rule universally admitted, and practiced upon by learned and unprejudiced commentators, that where two constructions may be put upon a passage, that one should be received which is most directly supported by the context, so long as it does not contradict reason and common sense. Adopting this rule of interpretation, there can not remain a doubt as to the separate individuality of Father and Son, either in spirit or substance.

JUVENIS.

Cambridge, Mass.

From the Historical Sketches.

## HOW TO FORM AN ACQUAINTANCE.

BY REV. S. R. SMITH.

The session of the Association was held this year in Homer, Cortland county, and the journey of about seventy miles, was made on horseback by our company, which consisted of several preachers and lay-delegates. On the day preceding the session—a genuine Spring day—damp, dreary, with a perseveringly steady and chilling wind, we travelled some forty miles over a detestable road. It would give but little idea of our situation on reaching our destination—to say, that we were wet and fatigued—we were cold, exhausted and covered with mud. But a shelter, a warm supper and a warmer welcome—together with the constant succession of new arrivals of friends, made ample amends for any inconvenience already suffered.

Among the new arrivals was Mr. Whitnal, already named; and who had been but recently converted from the Baptists. His appearance was as singular as his mental peculiarities were extraordinary; and he was in all proper senses of the phrase, an "everlasting talker." Too young and too little known to win his attention, I had leisure and opportunity to observe his movements and unfeigned tact. He literally flew from one person to another, like a bee from flower to flower—and apparently for the sole purpose of talking and rendering himself conspicuous. Nothing however was farther from his intentions; for no man living was less vain or pretending; and he talked perpetually for the simple reason, that he could not keep his tongue still.

The fatigue and discomfort of the day, sent several

of us early to rest—but not to sleep. For the large lodging room, where some eight or ten persons were to spend the night, was directly over that in which our friends were still engaged in conversation; and the clear sharp voice of our new preacher seemed to penetrate the walls and flooring as if they were gauze—and came pealing in with unceasing din. Add to this, the bursts of laughter which his profoundly comic style and manner provoked; and it will be perceived that sleeping was entirely out of the question. At length the conversation ceased, the door of our chamber opened, and Mr. Whitnal entered. My bed was near the door, and turning to me and holding the light above his own head and looking steadily in my face for a few seconds—he commenced.

"Yes—this is Br. S.; well I have got acquainted with all the rest of the preachers; and now you must come to it."

"Excuse me to-night—it is getting late—I am fatigued; and besides, it may take some time to form an acquaintance."

"O no; it will take but a few minutes—it must be done you know, and may as well be done now as any time."

There was some reason in this; and while I was meditating whether to answer, or to laugh at our position, he took advantage of the pause, and proceeded.

"When travelling, I make it a rule to tell those where I stop, who I am, where I am going, and my business—this you know saves time and trouble. So in coming here to-day, I had occasion to call at a farm house for a drink of water; and while the good woman was getting it for me, I told her that my name was W.—that I was a Universalist preacher, and was going to a Universalist Association."

LADY.—"A Universalist—pray what will you do with the case of Esau?"

WHITNAL.—"Why—what of Esau madam?"

L.—"O, he sold his birthright, you know."

W.—"Yes; but what was his birthright?"

L.—"Why, his soul to be sure."

W.—"His soul! Well, do you suppose that Jacob had Esau's soul? You must remember that he fairly bought it."

L.—Hesitating—"Yes, that seems probable."

W.—"And what, do you think, became of Jacob?"

L.—"O he went to heaven no doubt."

W.—"Well—do you think he took Esau's soul along with him?"

L.—Hesitating again—"Yes, that seems probable."

W.—"Now what do you think became of Esau?"

L.—"Of Esau?—Why no doubt he went to hell."

W.—"But that is rather odd ma'am, that Jacob should go to heaven with two souls, and poor Esau to hell without any."

He gained his object—we were emphatically acquainted from that time forward while he lived.

Peace to his ashes, and honor to his memory.—He was truly "one of nature's noblemen," generous, self sacrificing and sincere. In the midst of opposition and reproach, he witnessed a good profession, and with all his eccentricities, he won friends and honored the truth. He died, as he had lived—believing and cheerful, resigned and happy in the hope of universal grace and salvation.

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# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."....."PROVE ALL THINGS HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1843.

NO 41.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## FAREWELL DISCOURSE.

Delivered in Auburn, August 27, 1843.

BY REV. G. W. MONTGOMERY.

[Published by request.]

"Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect; be of good comfort; be of one mind; live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you." 2 Cor. xiii: 11.

It was with no ordinary feelings that this discourse was prepared—and it is with no common emotion that I speak it before you. And, with the vivid recollection that the numerous social and friendly ties which have rendered our communion so pleasing and so strong, are now to be torn asunder by separation; that the hallowed association of many years are to be broken up by what may prove to be a final parting; and that we may not again see each other on the stage of human action; gladly would I have avoided the painful service of bidding you farewell in the form of a public service. But the custom of society demands it—probably your wishes call for it—and it may be that the closing admonition of ten years of happy ministrations among you, may be productive of good, urged upon your notice, as it is, with the most ardent desire for your growth in the faith, for your increase in devotion to the truth, and for your steady advance in that practical religion which gives warmth to the affections, purity to the conversation, and holiness to the life.

For a long time, and with strong union, have we labored together as pastor and people. We commenced our work when we were few in numbers, and when the opposition was vigorous and determined. We strove for the faith, when the skepticism of a former teacher had brought reproach upon it, and wounded the cause of the Saviour in his own house. But the Lord abundantly blessed us. We have seen the cause steadily progress in power and influence, until it has compelled that respect to be given it, which was so tardily, and in many instances, unwillingly accorded to it. Under its silent and hallowing truth, we have seen the bitterness and prejudices of people softening into a better form of toleration and kindness. Together, and with joyful souls, we have beheld the grace of God, like the unseen river which causes the sandy desert above it to smile with fertility, pour its renovating vigor into the barren creeds of the day, until losing tradition after tradition, they begin to put on the aspect of that admirable system which was formed in heaven, and which, descending to men on earth, has gone forth in its ministrations of love and mercy, to bless the world with knowledge, civilization, morality and consolation.

The truth, in whose vineyard we have humbly labored, is beyond all things else, *exceedingly precious*. All material objects are perishable. As the swift meteor sends its lurid flash across the sky, and then vanishes forever, so passes man in all the pride of his strength and of his boasted works.—But *truth* is eternal, and ever bears on it the freshness of the Divinity. It is the sun which knows no setting. It is the rock which remains unmoved by the raging waves of time's stormy ocean. And though cherished objects slip one after another from our grasp, like straws in a flood before the eyes of a drowning man, yet truth will not fail us. Its clear light; its sustaining power; its warm and unvarying friendship; will ever shield us; and through the night of death, will dispel the gloom of fear, and will smile upon departing souls with that divine love from which nothing can separate us.

Truth is *precious*, because it shows us that the Author of the universe is indeed the Father of the human race, whose untiring love surrounds us with

its continued affection. By its instruction, we receive such pure and ennobling views of his character, that we can, in the emotions of the soul, enter into his spiritual presence, and realize that he is our everlasting Friend. He is manifested to us as the ever adorable Sovereign, whose wisdom fashioned man in benevolence; whose power created him for a noble purpose; whose justice subjects him to punishment, that his soul may become pure, even as gold is separated from all impurity by the refiner's fire; whose mercy regards his lot with tender compassion, mingling all his evils with that hope, which, like the north star, never sets to the world of mind; whose goodness has filled the glorious and beautiful earth with multiplied sources of exquisite enjoyment; and whose love, unlimited by time or death, has developed a plan for his future exaltation, whose felicity no mind can conceive, and whose duration will be eternity itself.—Indeed, all truth in regard to the parental character of God, is embraced in the simple but expressive language of the apostle, "*God is Love*." It is hallowed, noble truth. And wherever we may roam; whatever disaster may befall us; and under whatsoever circumstances life's feeble taper may go out; if this truth sheds its steady light on the soul, we can realize that a watchful Friend is ever with us, from whose care we can not flee, and to whose spiritual presence all must ultimately return.

This truth is *precious*, because it reveals to us the Son of God, that exalted personage who knew no sin—who is invested with absorbing interest as one whose labors will extend their results to the entire race of Adam. As our *Saviour*, his mission relates to the redemption of the nations and families of the earth, and aims to deliver the soul from the slavery of sin, error, and death. As our *Consolation*, he exhibited unshaken confidence in God; and even when subjected to trials that would crush any courage which ordinary men are capable of exerting, he stood firm in the tried discipline of his soul, and said, "*thy will be done*." As our *Example*, he was unspotted purity. In the strength of his holiness, kindness, and obedience, he made benevolence more attracting, integrity of conduct more noble, and devotion to righteousness more admirable.—As our *Light*, his simple yet truly eloquent instructions are ever in our dwellings, to guide and to cheer us—and in the darkest seasons of life, fill the mind with divine light, and give it that strong faith by which, in spiritual communion with God, it rises above earthly evil. In few words, truth is precious, not only because it reveals to us God in all the glory of his paternal character, but because it shows us that Redeemer who is the Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus.

Truth is *precious*, because it communicates the startling yet sublime, the astonishing yet rejoicing news of the resurrection of the race to life and immortality. This fact is founded on the death and resurrection of our Lord. Consequently, while all have an absorbing interest in this great topic, all our hopes of another life cluster around the Saviour. You may dream that you have no interest in this matter—that from other sources beside those of Christian truth, you may obtain a knowledge of futurity. But where are those sources? You may call to the stars for this knowledge; but your calls will not disturb their awful silence. You may beseech the earth to listen to your desires; but instead of affording you one hope of immortality, it will point to the dust of ruined empires and cities sprinkled on its surface, and in the voice of death, say, "*so passes man*." You may lay your request at the feet of the wise, the philosophic, the most learned priests in the temple of nature, but on this subject, they can see no farther than can the wander-

ing savage. But Christian truth develops life beyond the grave. The voice of the Saviour is eloquent with tidings from heaven. It tells us, that when the chemistry of death shall separate the mind from the body, it shall not sink into annihilation, but shall rise amid the universal knowledge of nature, and be clothed with the spiritual body, becoming an angel of God and immortality, to live forever in joy, in felicity as pure as the nature of him who imparts it.

Truth is *precious*, because it reveals what every one hopes for, viz., the *ultimate reconciliation of the world*. In accordance with strict justice, accompanied by mercy and goodness, God will fulfil the work in Christ Jesus. He was sent as the ransom for all—he tasted death for every man—he came to reconcile the world to the wise government of God. And by the system which Jesus watered with the tears of his anguish and sealed with his blood, he will accomplish his sublime mission.—In the unwearied assiduity of his love and the tireless ministrations of his mercy, the Saviour will go on with his conquering might, until the whole race shall be emancipated from the dominion of sin and mortality. So surely as God has revealed it in his holy word, so surely will mind, like a rising star, emerge from the clouds which obscure its glory—so surely will every tear be wiped away, every sin be finished, every error destroyed, and death be swallowed up in victory—so surely will God be all in all. Glad tidings these for poor, suffering humanity. The darkness of sin and error now broods over the world—but the glorious morning is breaking, and its meridian splendor will send the light of love and truth into every soul. The prophecy has gone forth from heaven, and its accomplishment will be unfolded in the "Restitution of all things."

Truth is *precious*, because it inculcates a *religion which aims to produce purity in the soul and holiness in the life*. Religion is not a mere statue, cold, lifeless, dead. It is a vigorous form, instinct with righteousness, and strong with virtue. It quickens man's moral perception—warms him with the law of kindness—fills him with love of holiness—arms him with perfect obedience—and strives to make him the noblest among men, by reason of inward and outward purity. It condemns all vice, whether frightful in feature and magnitude, or whether minor in character and deceptive in appearance. It makes virtue more attracting, because of the smiles of God which accompany its observance—makes it more desirable, because of the reward which always follows its practice. Religion consists not in what too many make it, of profession, of prayers, and of outward ceremonies. Religion has no other profession, but that which grows out of obedience to the rule of holy living given us by our Saviour—prayers are but the pure breath of the well-regulated soul within—outward ceremonies are but the forms of its sincere communion with God. And if it wins a soul from sin, and inspires it with love, charity, and virtue, none of its noblest victories is achieved; one of its greatest objects is effected. Very precious then, is the system which aims to so regulate the conduct of men, that they shall shine in the light of a pure example, and thus go down to their graves in peace, lamented by the living. Happy would it be for the world, if all observed and practiced this system.

But truth, some of whose prominent features we have thus imperfectly delineated, is the *more precious* to us, for its influence. That influence we have beheld, and, I trust, appreciated. With us, it need be no subject of speculation—our eyes have seen it; our ears have heard it; our souls have felt



it. In our midst, Jesus has reigned and conquered by its power. The intemperate have become sober; the profane have cast away their evil habits; sinners have turned to a pure faith and a better life. It has calmed the fretfulness and murmurings of the sick into confiding resignation to the divine will. And the dying—how many of our society have departed out of life during our connexion—how many, from youth to the frosts of age, have approached death without a fear, and in the triumphs of faith and the glorious anticipations of immortal felicity, have fallen asleep, as the sun sinks to his rest, nobly. Such solemn scenes have been of frequent occurrence among us. And in vivid tones do they show us the importance of the hope we cherish. Nor has that importance been lessened, when, in the houses of mourning and lamentation, we have seen the oil of truth smooth down the raging waters of grief, the hand of faith wipe away the scalding tears of sorrow, and the assurances of divine goodness call forth the breathing prayer of holy resignation to the true and just ways of the most High. To small purpose, indeed, have these vivid lessons been read to us, if in them we have not been impressed with the grandeur and incomparable value of the truth which deprives death of its sting and the grave of its victory.

And now, about to part from you, and realizing the preciousness of our faith, may I not, as the last words I may ever utter in this desk, earnestly exhort you to vigorously carry out those measures which will insure your prosperity, will cause your society to be watered with the dews of divine grace, and will bring many souls to the knowledge of divine truth? Remember, that if your duty is performed, success will crown all your efforts—if you become cold and careless, your cause will retrograde. All depends upon your conduct.

As you have done heretofore, be united heart and hand. Without unity, you can not prosper. Contentment always indicates the absence of religion in a society, and the reign of passion and lust—for where envying and strife are, is found every evil work. Let your conduct in this respect, in past times, be your rule for the future. During the ten years we have been united, you have not had a single quarrel; not even in the choir. Every thing has been conducted with perfect harmony. The blessings of peace have been your reward. Continuance in this disposition and practice, will give you renewed illustrations of the truth, that it is pleasant for brethren to dwell together in unity.

Be careful to attend the sanctuary services, especially on the Sabbath. Neglect of public worship exerts a very injurious influence on the progress of truth—it is like frost in fruit-time. But attention to this delightful and easy duty has many results—it cultivates the spirit of worship in the soul; it gives wonderful prosperity to the society; it induces others to examine the system which so excites the zeal of its believers; and the preacher is encouraged to perform his duty more efficiently. There are many now before me, whose habit of attending divine service is such, that their non-appearance in their accustomed places on the Sabbath has been sure proof of either sickness or absence from town. Their example, if faithfully copied, will be productive of the happiest consequences.

But as the foundation of all prosperity, of success as laborers for the advancement of truth, a pure life, rich in virtue and warm with a devotional spirit, is indispensably necessary. No zeal, no constant attendance to the outward affairs of a society, can compensate for the want of moral practice. Success will not, can not attend those who hold the truth in unrighteousness. Be faithful, then, to know and observe your duty in all the relations of life. Cultivate charity—relieve the wants of the unfortunate—advocate your faith in the spirit of liberality and kindness—be just in all your transactions—speak truth with your neighbors—exercise love towards God and men—endeavor to be resigned to the allotments of divine Providence—strive carefully to follow the rule of doing to others as you would have them do to you—in prayer and devotion study the instructions of your dying Saviour—make the Bible your meditation and delight—

and as individuals, you will be richly and abundantly happy—as a society, you will increase in numbers; you will increase in the measure of true respectability; you will become a shining star in the midst of a gainsaying world; truth will spread and be glorified in the conversion of many souls from the darkness of error. Let there be no despair among you—let no one utter disheartening words among you—but be patient, and faithful, and zealous, and charitable to each other's faults; and he who reigns in goodness and justice, will crown your labors with an abundant harvest. Assure as seed time and harvest do come to the industrious husbandman, so will you find the reward of well-doing in making your society more prosperous, more permanent than ever.

Brethren, my constant prayer is, that while God shall continue me in life, I may be able to say of you, as the apostle said of his brethren—"Only let your conversation be as it becometh the Gospel of Christ, that whether I come and see you, or else be absent, I may hear of your affairs, that ye stand fast in one spirit, with one mind, striving together for the faith of the Gospel." Phil. i: 27. Such a result will show that ye are of the right seed; a peculiar people, zealous of good works.

Oh! long may this house be filled with devout worshippers—long may this altar be surrounded by crowds of ardent, zealous, practical believers—long may those seats, as they have been in past times, be filled with a faithful band, whose voices shall chant the songs of Zion, and swell the soul with praise—long may this abode of prayer strongly attract you to its delightful services—here may you come from the cares of the market-places; the toils of business; the strifes of the world; and dwell upon that truth which draws in the wandering affections, and concentrates them upon God, the source of light and salvation—here may the mourner come, and find consolation in the blessed Gospel of Jesus, and behold therein the promise of the final victory over, and the destruction of, death—here may the sinner be guided to the Saviour; be led to the refreshing waters of virtue; be roused to hearty penitence; be reconciled to the divine rule—here may your children come in bands of beauty and health, and be instructed in the character of their Father; be taught the immense interest involved in the sacrifice of the Redeemer; be directed in virtue and obedience; that they may grow up free-born sons and daughters of holiness and truth. May this house long be the sanctuary in which your friendship and good feelings toward one another, may ripen into full Christian communion—and here may you often be brought to feel that you are fellow travellers in the journey of life, and that in kindness you should assist each other in business and in affliction.

Slips, ye that are dear to me by reason of the warm and ardent friends ye have held.—Gallery, pleasant to me by the continued presence of the singers in Zion.—Desk, delightful place, where long I have spoken the truth of my Lord to the mourner and the seeker after light.—House, familiar to my eyes as the place of kindred minds, and fixed in my memory as the sanctuary of praise and prayer.—I will say of you, as the royal singer said of Jerusalem, "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sake, I will say, 'peace be within thee.' Because of the house of the Lord our God, I will seek thy good." Ps. cxxii: 7, 8, 9. May the Lord command that the dews of his grace and the beauty of his love dwell here forever.

In bidding you farewell, with sincerity do I say, that the years of my connection with you, have been years of peace and happiness. And with equal sincerity it is said, that no cause of complaint rests in my soul—your warm friendship; your kind attention to my family and to myself; preclude complaint, and give rise to friendship and gratitude on my part, which, I trust, will not cease to be cherished so long as life shall continue. Indeed, when I see so many around me at this time, whose faces have long been familiar; whose sympathies I have long enjoyed and whose conduct has

never changed from affection towards me; my soul tells me that I shall never find truer friends, wherever my lot may be cast. Nor are those friends confined to the society of which we are members. For from many individuals in other denominations, I have received the most generous exhibitions of of good will and warm feeling. To them my attachment is strong, and it is with pain that I part from them. May the Lord bless them, and the numerous friends, living in the surrounding country, dear to me by long and pleasant acquaintance. Brethren, remember that if we are never permitted to meet again in this life, we shall be permitted to meet hereafter, never more to be separated. "Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect; be of good comfort; be of one mind; live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you." Amen.

NOTE. Any defects in the close of this discourse, are accounted for by the fact, that a part of it was extemporaneous, and therefore could not be given precisely as delivered. G. W. M.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### LETTER TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

Dear Sir—The season of youth is an auspicious one in the life of man, and pregnant with events of the greatest moment to all. It is then that our habits and dispositions are formed, which will influence us more or less through life. And our characters will generally then develop themselves, which will characterize our future course of conduct. How important then, this portion of our lives, and how necessary that it be spent in a manner becoming its importance, in acquiring virtuous principles, and treasuring up knowledge, useful in all the various stations of life! We should strive to spend it in such a manner, that when old age creeps over us with its silver locks, we can look to this period with joy, and say, "this is one of the bright and sunny spots of my existence." Alas, how many date from this period, their downfall and ruin, in consequence of its misimprovement!

In the kind admonition of a friend, let me warn you, to beware of these latent principles of skepticism, that are taking root in your bosom; quench them in their infancy, for when once they have the ascendancy they surely will make you wretched. The mind in youth is buoyant, and delights to soar aloft in the bright regions of fancy, and the habits and principles are not so firmly seated, and have not yet acquired that power and strength over one which they attain in after life. We should strive, then, to acquire such as will stand by us, and be our consolation and support when youthful scenes, with their bright visions and joys, are vanished and give place to stern reality. Many minds, not having sufficient stability and firmness, are driven about by every wind of doctrine that has the least appearance of plausibility, and too often we find a lurking spirit of scepticism and infidelity take a deep and fatal root.

Many, laboring under false impressions, imagine they have only to discard revelation, and all things that pertain to our incorruptible state, and they are at once philosophers, men of great minds untrammelled by creeds and traditions that rise above these things which they consider fit only to amuse women and children. How awfully are they mistaken,—under how great an error do they labor! They forget, or at least do not know, that Christianity has enlisted the brightest and greatest minds in existence in its defence, such as Bacon, Locke, Addison, Sir Humphrey Davy, Sir Isaac Newton, and a host of others of the same class; men whose names will live in the memory of mankind, as long as science and arts shall have a being. As a young man, (I would say to you in the words of another,) "It becomes you to consider, with great seriousness and attention, whether it can be for your interest to esteem a few witty sarcasms, or metaphysical subtleties, or ignorant misrepresentations, or unwarranted assertions, as unanswerable arguments against revelation; and a very slight reflection will convince you, that it will certainly be for your reputation, to employ the flippancy of your rhetoric,



and the poignancy of your ridicule, upon any subject, rather than upon the subject of religion."

You have chosen one of the best of missions, and as I learn are in successful prosecution of the same, the amelioration of the sufferings of humanity, restoring this mortal and perishing frame to life and vigor—the sick and afflicted to enjoyment and health again. Do you not perceive how important it would be, if you were enabled to heal their moral as well as their physical maladies—to pour the oil and balm of consolation into their moral as well as their physical wounds, and thereby in a manner hasten the cure of both? The Great Physician went about and healed all manner of disease that flesh is heir to; he healed the sick, gave sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, deliverance to the captive, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound in the chains of sin and oppression; no wound so deep that he could not probe, or no disease so desperate that he could not reach—truly *all manner of diseases* yielded before the touch of his plastic hand. Let me then enjoin upon you, earnestly desiring your happiness and welfare, to strive and pattern after that great Physician, study his precepts, and profit by his example; then will those sceptical principles that now darken your mental vision, vanish away like the mist before the rays of the morning sun.

Yours affectionately,

PHILOM.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### A CARD.

Br. Grosh—I hereby acknowledge the receipt of a box of ready made clothing, and seven dollars and seventy-five cents in money, (the whole valued at twenty seven dollars and seventy-five cents,) from Br. A. G. Clark and the first Universalist society of McLean or Groton. The principal articles are well adapted to our particular wants, and those dear friends will please accept our sincere and hearty thanks for their well timed liberality. May God bless them; yea, he *will*, and *has* blessed them, for the liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall be watered again. From your afflicted Brother and Sister,

C. B. AND MARY BROWN.

Hastings, October 2d, 1843.

#### VISIT TO THE POOR.

"There is a poor woman in this city, reduced to her dependence by the gradual failing of those resources which sometimes seem to come along in the events of Providence, and now in her old age she is dependent upon the different charitable associations who may relieve her. One society furnishes her with fuel, another with money to pay her rent, another with comfortable garments, and there seems a provision for every passing want, save that of food. She tells me she is often 'an hungered,' and the cause she ascribes, as I think aright, viz: to the apparent comfort which pervades her apartment. There is an extreme neatness about it. The mahogany table, made a half century ago, retains the polish of one in a rich drawing room; the bureau vies with the table in its shining surface; the bed is nicely made, with the 'patch covering' which belonged to the 'spare bed' of her marriage days; the antiquated looking glass has no specks upon its plate; the polished hand-irons have attained their brilliancy from being rubbed in an elevated position, her stiffened limbs refusing to bend; the nicely reddened hearth, and the two sticks carefully put together so so as to make a cheerful blaze; together with the 11st carpet in the winter, which is exchanged for the time worn, but spotless Kidderminster in the summer; every article in good keeping with each other, gives to the apartment, as I before said, an air of comfort, and even cheerfulness, beyond what we usually find among those we denominate 'very poor.'

Here sits the widow, day after day, year after year, rarely able to leave the house, being subject to rheumatic affection and other diseases of a prostrating nature, with her Bible for her library, and her trust in Him who there declares Himself the

widow's God, dependent entirely upon the benevolence of those who may aid her. She sits alone! Who would not delight to bestow the means whereby that fire may still burn, and that heart be comforted?

In one of my visits, she remarked, 'I believe if I looked poor, I should be considered a greater object of charity; and yet,' said she, 'I can not part with any thing. I feel as if I could not.'

I replied, no one would wish it, did they know you. I should suppose the very neat and comfortable apartment which, by your toil, amidst suffering, is made to look so inviting, would induce many to visit you.

'Ma'am,' said she, (I give her own words as near as I recollect them,) 'I have had a visit that I must tell you about. Two ladies, who said they were sent to me, but refused to tell who sent them, came to see if I were really needy, as they had heard I was. They were finely dressed, and I endeavored to receive them politely. Soon after they were seated, they commenced staring about my room, remarking 'we were sent here to aid you, but really, you seem to be so comfortable, I think we were mistaken in coming.' 'Why,' said one of them, 'you look as neat as any body.' And here the old lady shrewdly remarked, 'as if poverty and dirt must go together.' 'I am sure,' added my benevolent visitors, 'you can not have suffered much, or you would have parted with your nice table, or bureau, or looking glass—not many poor people can keep such things, you know.'

This was a sensitive spot, which went to the poor woman's heart. She indignantly recoiled from further conversation, and only answered, 'My table I eat upon; my bureau contains my grave clothes, and my glass shows me if I am clean in my person.' They probably read her feelings, and bade her 'Good morning,' remarking, 'we may call and see you again.' Who could wonder, as she related the story, she added, 'But I hope I shall never see their faces again.'

The facts are, that these relics of 'better days' (as the world calls all prosperous days) she looks upon as old friends, and now husband and children are all dead, if she can derive any satisfaction from surveying those mute articles which recall associations so tender, when that table was well spread, and its provider was at its head, and the olive-branches around its sides, is it not a cruel suggestion, that she should put them away to buy herself bread? They make her home less desolate, and sometimes for days when her famished frame has craved food, she has withstood the temptation to part with her furniture, till the deliverer came with the needed supply. 'Why, the very day those ladies came,' said she, 'I had not a morsel of food to eat, and yet, I would not tell them of it. Had they found me squalid and dirty, with my hand-irons broken, and my chairs without a back, sitting upon three legs,' she ludicrously added, 'I supposed they would have believed me poor!'

The poor woman's self-respect is still left; and she often weeps that she is dependent upon the mercies of the world. Now who will not write a chapter upon the *important qualifications* of making our visits to the poor acceptable.—*Ladies Repository*.

From the Christian Messenger.

#### UNIVERSALIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The ninth annual session of the Universalist Historical Society was held in Akron, Ohio, on Thursday, Sept. 21, 1843; Rev. W. S. BALCH, Vice President, in the Chair.

Prayer was offered by Rev. R. Tomlinson, of Mass.

The minutes of the last session were read, amended and approved. The Constitution was read, when fifty persons signed it, and became members of the Society.

On motion, Rev. A. W. Bruce, of Indiana, was appointed Assistant Secretary.

The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were then read, accepted, and ordered to be printed.

On motion of Rev. T. Whittemore, of Mass.

*Resolved*, That a collection be taken up this afternoon in aid of the funds of this Society. Six brethren were appointed by the Chair to receive said collection, viz., Revs. J. N. Parker of R. I., T. P. Abell of Mass., Z. Baker of Ct., S. Ashton of Pa., E. M. Pingree of Ky., and A. Kinney of Ill.

The following resolution, introduced by Rev. W. S. Balch of New York, was unanimously adopted:

*Resolved*, That the Secretary be directed to request of the Standing Clerks of the several State Conventions the transmission to him of the annual proceedings of their respective bodies, from which he shall abstract and copy into the records of the society so much as he may deem necessary to preserve a correct and continuous history of our denomination.

Rev. Z. Baker of Ct., introduced the following resolution, which was adopted:

*Resolved*, That all the publishers of books, papers, and pamphlets in any way connected with the subject of Universalism, be respectfully solicited to furnish gratuitously to this society copies of their respective works, and in case they fail to do so, that the Secretary be directed to write them on the subject.

Resolution of H. Greeley, Esq. of New York:

*Resolved*, That the Secretary be instructed to return, at the close of each year, the thanks of this society to those authors and publishers who shall have made donations to this society during the year, specifying their names and contributions, and publishing the same in our periodicals. Adopted.

On motion, the Society went into the election of officers for the ensuing year, when the following brethren were elected, viz.

WM. S. BALCH, President.

J. A. GURLEY, Vice President.

T. J. SAWYER, Secretary.

LEWIS SEYMOUR, Treasurer.

Corresponding Secretaries.

Maine	Rev. W. A. Drew,
New Hampshire	" G. W. Montgomery,
Massachusetts	" H. Ballou, 2d,
Vermont	" W. S. Ballou,
Rhode Island	" H. Bacon,
Connecticut	" R. O. Williams,
New York	" J. M. Cook,
"	" A. C. Thomas,
New Jersey	John Bell, Esq.
Pennsylvania	Rev. A. Moore,
"	" N. Stacy,
Maryland	" J. Shrigley,
Virginia	" G. L. Lumsden,
North Carolina	Dr. G. C. Marchant,
South Carolina	Rev. A. Case,
Georgia	Allen Greene,
Alabama	Rev. S. J. McMorris,
Louisiana	Wm. E. Camp,
Illinois	Rev. S. Barnes,
Indiana	" A. W. Bruce,
Kentucky	" E. M. Pingree,
Ohio	" M. L. Edwards,
"	" N. Doolittle,
Missouri	" J. Libby,
Michigan	" J. Billings,
Wisconsin	" T. S. Bartholomew,
Iowa	" A. R. Gardner,
Canada West	" A. G. Laurie,
Canada East	" J. Ward,
New Brunswick	" A. Hutchins,
Nova Scotia	" A. Seamans,
Scotland	Geo. Harris,
England	Rev. David Thom,
"	" J. R. Beard,
France	" A. Coquerel,

On motion, *Voted*, That the Secretary be authorized to make such appointments during the year, of Corresponding Secretaries in different parts of the Eastern Continent as he may deem advisable.

On motion, *Resolved*, That Revs. T. J. Sawyer of New York, T. Whittemore of Boston, and Asher Moore of Philadelphia, be a committee for the purchase of books.

*Voted*, That Rev. W. S. Balch prepare the minutes of the present session for publication. Adjourned.

By Order, Wm. S. BALCH, President.

T. J. SAWYER, } Secretaries.  
A. W. BRUCE, }



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## DEATH OF REV. THOMAS F. KING.

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

Who preached beside thy bed,  
Thou pale and dying saint?  
Thy lips were white as clay—  
Thy frame was weak and faint;  
But still with thrilling voice  
You spoke of life and glory,  
And deemed that o'er thy couch  
Was told salvation's story.

Methinks I see thee now,  
With high uplifted hands,  
Listening as if ye heard  
Some voice from angel bands;  
And then with accents strong  
I seem to hear thee say,  
While rapture kindles in thy eye,  
"Great preaching here to-day!"

Who knoweth what you heard  
In those bright dying dreams—  
Perchance you caught high eloquence  
From where the "white throne" gleams—  
Perhaps you heard a voice  
Ne'er heard by mortal ear—  
No wonder that you thought  
"There is great preaching here."

There were strong ties which bound  
Thy spirit down to earth—  
Thy fair young children wept,  
Hushed from their noisy mirth—  
The partner of thy early life  
Stood near with streaming eye,  
But with a smile you turned from all,  
And thought it "gain to die."

You know there was 'round them  
The strong protecting arm  
Of One whose foresight could discern  
And shield from every harm—  
Oft had you poured out balm  
To heal thy neighbor's wound,  
And now you proved your faith  
Was not an empty sound

"Glory to God!" dwelt long  
Upon thy dying tongue—  
How wildly sweet it rose  
And in the hushed air rung—  
Pass on! those were fit words  
With which to meet thy God,  
And tread the golden courts,  
By mortals never trod.

"The next time I saw him, and the last while he could speak, it was very obvious that the balance of his mind had given way—that reason had partially, at least, deserted its throne.—After a wandering glance of his eyes about the room, he closed them apparently with the deepest reverence, and lifting both his hands in the most solemn manner, one peculiar to himself, for no one could fully imitate it, he exclaimed in a fervid and loud voice, "There is great preaching here to-day! there is great preaching here to-day."—See *Happy Death Scenes*.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## CHANGE AFTER DEATH...NO. I.

BY REV. W. N. BARBER.

"Behold I show you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed." PAUL.

A very strange idea has gone abroad in Christendom, that for man there is no change after death. It is said that the present life is one of probation; and that the characters we form here, we shall retain forever. Before I yield assent to this doctrine, there are a few questions arising in my mind that must be answered; and in this, and one or two more articles, I propose offering them to the public; and should they meet the eye of any one who believes this stale and hackneyed notion, and thinks himself able to defend it, such an one would confer a favor by answering them.

If there be no change after death, will the future world differ in the least from the present?

For aught I can see, this question must be replied to in the negative. Does a man die intoxica-

ted? to all eternity he will be a sot. Does a man die an infidel? Though he be brought into a situation in the future state where he will have ocular demonstration of the truth of Christianity, he will continue a stubborn unbeliever forever. Does a man leave the world as did Napoleon Bonaparte, calling on his soldiers in his last moments to rush to arms? As long as the throne of God endureth, he will have the same fighting propensity, and feel himself competent and qualified to govern empires. In fine, if the idea of no change after death be correct, people in the eternal world will have all the various passions and appetites that characterize the present life. We shall find there men of every occupation, doctors, lawyers, mechanics, merchants, preachers, politicians and pedlers. We shall also meet with all grades of character, from a Howard's to a murderer's. Misers will be there, grasping for gold; robbers plundering, and libertines seeking the indulgence of animal passions. Meek, unassuming, and practical moralists will be there; and there we shall find noisy church-goers, and impudent, ill-bred revivalists, together with little armies of unreflecting men and "silly women" to give them countenance and support. Hence I infer that if there be no change after death, the future world will not differ one whit from the present.

Dummerston, Vt., 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## MORAL LAWS GOVERN NATIONS.

Such is the symmetry by which the moral world, equally with the physical, is governed, that even nations as well as individuals are subject to the eternal and unswerving laws established by the Creator. In taking a retrospect of the great drama of human action, we necessarily discover that there are two imperative injunctions imposed upon nations by the eternal mind, both of which must be strictly complied with, before they can enjoy the greatest amount of happiness attainable by mortals—viz., that they themselves individually, as nations, must not only conform strictly to the requirements of the divine law; but that they must also extend their efforts to induce all the habitable globe to pursue the same laudable course. For were they to establish, and even carry into execution, the ideal republics of Plato, Fenelon, Hardington, &c., (which were predicted upon the nature of man as he should be,) still the exquisite happiness resulting from the perfection of their government, would necessarily be marred by the lawless aggression of surrounding nations.

In turning over the pages of history, how forcibly are we impressed with the idea, that nations are under the immediate control of undeviating laws, which mete out rewards and punishments to observers and infractors, with a mathematical exactness!

The Egyptian nation in early stages of its existence, when its laws were politic and its rulers wise and restricted in the exercise of their jurisdiction, prospered beyond calculation; and its people were affluent and happy; but as soon as its princes transcended the limits of their authority, and superstition was introduced into their religion and incorporated with their civil laws, dire misery overwhelmed the people, and destructive wars the nation.

Persia, which once extended from the Hellespont to the Indus, and could boast of her Babylon and her Ninevah, and the corporative happiness of her people; by her wanton departure from that rule of conduct engraved in bold relief upon the face of nature, was Belshazzar-like, stripped of her greatness, and her people made menial vassals and tributaries of other nations.

Greece, once the abode of sages and school of science, whilst her virtue remained, beheld her people amply enjoying the benefits of life, and sustaining herself against the united powers of the world. But she, too, at length, by her civil contentions and a reluctance to disseminate her treasures of excellence among contiguous nations, ultimately prostrated herself at the feet of autocracy.

Rome, the seat of empire and mistress of the

world, in her juvenility richly enjoyed the prosperity and happiness consequent upon a virtuous system of national policy; but lawlessly extending the limits of her jurisdiction, and cruelly oppressing other nations, and hoarding up in her garners the wealth extorted from them, she literally wrought out her own destruction, by inviting invasion from the avaricious and barbarous tribes of the north and south.

And finally behold old England on the verge of ruin, trembling and tottering beneath the uplifted hand of offended nature, expecting every moment the blow that will strike her to annihilation! She may oppress the poor—impose arrogant restrictions upon other nations, and dictate to empires, but she can not conquer nature, whose arm is omnipotent, and is never thwarted in her main operations.—Many years may elapse—many revolutions may fertilize Britannia's soil with human gore—many millions yet unborn may groan beneath her despotic sceptre—yet as certain as London is within her dominions, her iniquity must ultimately precipitate her into the gulf of destruction. JUVENIS.

Cambridge, Mass.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## MINUTES

Of the proceedings of the Cayuga Association of Universalists.

Met in pursuant to adjournment, in Auburn, 27th and 28th of September, 1843. United in prayer with Br. H. H. Watson.

Chose Br. Wm. H. Coffin, Moderator, and Br. H. Van Campen, Clerk, and Br. J. Douglass, Assistant Clerk.

Read and approved the minutes of last year.

Voted that ministering brethren from other Associations be invited to take part in the deliberations of the council.

Chose Br. Charles Eldred, Ira Curtiss, and H. L. Hayward a Committee to arrange the order of public services for the occasion.

Heard and accepted the report of the Committee on fellowship and ordination. No application—and of the committee on Conferences. Conferences have been held at McLean and Cortlandville.

Received and read letters from societies in Mottville, in McLean, in Speedsville, second in Onondaga, in Cortlandville, in Aurora, and in Niles, which were duly represented.

Chose Brs. A. G. Clark, H. L. Hayward, and A. Mudge a committee on fellowship and ordination for the ensuing year—and Br. H. L. Hayward Standing Clerk, with power to record the minutes of last year in the book of records.

Voted that the First Universalist Society in Niles be received into the fellowship of this body.

Appointed Brs. A. G. Clark, A. Peck, (clerical,) Hon. John Buynon, and Ashley Clark, (lay) delegates to represent this body in the State Convention at its next session, with power to appoint substitutes and fill vacancies.

Voted that if any society within the limits of this Association the ensuing year shall desire a Conference within its bounds, it shall determine the time and place of meeting, and publish a notice of the same in our periodicals.

Voted that Brs. T. J. Whitcomb, N. Brown, and Ira Curtiss be the Committee on discipline for the ensuing year—and that Br. H. Van Campen prepare the minutes for publication and accompany them with remarks.

Voted that this Association adjourn to meet in McLean the fourth Wednesday and Thursday in September, 1844.

Wm. H. Coffin, Moderator.

H. VAN CAMPEN, Clerk.

J. DOUGLASS, Assistant Clerk.

Ministers present.—Brs. H. Ballou, T. Whittemore, Boston, Mass.; W. S. Balch, New York; S. Miles, Piusford; N. Sawyer, Wolcott; A. G. Clark, McLean; H. L. Hayward, Auburn; A. Peck, Scipio; and H. Van Campen, Mexico.

Brs. H. H. Watson, Venice; Wm. B. Cook, Scott; E. Carpenter, Speedsville, having signified their intention to preach the everlasting Gospel, re-



quest their names entered into the minutes of this body as applicants for its fellowship.

*Delegates present.*—Chester Clark, Cyrus Glass, Mottville; John Case, Lucius Robinson, Onondaga; Calvin Jenks, Levi J. Osborn, Speedsville; Henry Boynton, Daniel W. Dodge, McLean; Samuel Brown, Wm. H. Coffin, Auburn; Abram Mudge, Orrin Parsons, Cortlandville; Nathan Howard, Luther N. Fuller, Niles. Total 14.

Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning we enjoyed the privilege of listening to the communications of Br. T. Whittemore. Wednesday afternoon we were entertained and instructed by our venerable Br. H. Ballou. During the evening of that day the installation of Br. H. L. Hayward took place. The service was interesting, and was conducted by brethren in the following order:—

Reading select Scriptures, H. Van Campen. Introductory prayer, N. Sawyer. Sermon, W. S. Balch. Installing prayer, S. Miles. Charge, H. Ballou. Right hand of fellowship, A. G. Clark. Address to the Society, H. Ballou.

The brethren to whom we had the pleasure of listening thus far during our meeting, were returning from the Convention at Akron, and could tarry with us only one day of our session, hence we had the best wine at the commencement of the feast.

On Thursday sermons were preached by Brs. H. Van Campen, A. G. Clark, and S. Miles, in the order of their names. The usual addresses were given by Br. Miles.

The weather during the session was good, and the congregations were large and attentive. Our friends in Auburn received us with open hearts and doors, and we were amply and bountifully supplied by their hospitality, for which they have our hearty thanks.

We regret that all the societies in the bounds of this Association were not represented, and that so few of the preachers were present—the rest being absent from home.

The most perfect harmony prevailed in council, and our hearts were made glad by the intelligence that the cause of the Restitution is making such rapid and successful progress in its limits. The Society in Auburn have made choice of a worthy and efficient Pastor, who will feed them with knowledge and understanding. May the blessing of God rest upon them, and strengthen the word of union that unites them; may their mutual efforts for the advancement of truth and righteousness be blessed until they shall overcome all opposition by the spirit of love, and the cheering message of the Gospel gladdens every heart, and corrects every evil practice. H. VAN CAMPEN, Clerk.

## MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry.

UTICA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1843.

### A FOOLISH ARGUMENT.

It is frequently said to us by believers in Partialism, Why, sir, if I believed as you do; if I believed that all mankind will be finally holy and happy, I would indulge every evil passion and propensity I have; I would do all the evil I could, and keep out of the reach of the civil law. Now this may be consistent with the feelings Orthodoxy begets in the hearts of its believers; but it is certainly a very poor comment on the religion such persons profess. To our mind, such remarks betray either the corruption of the heart or the weakness of the head. It, however, gives us a practical view of the good old Orthodox doctrine which we used to listen to in our younger days; that the way of sin in this world is pleasant; that there is more unmixed happiness to be found in this life in wickedness, than in the pure and holy religion of Jesus; and that if it were not for the fear of the judgment and hell, Christians would cease to pray, and turn into, if not demons, the very wickedest of human beings. What a pure and holy love towards God; what a chastened and devotional spirit;

what a Christ-like temper and disposition; what a child-like gratitude, and humility, and obedience; what a heavenly peace; what ecstatic joy and heaven-kindled rapture, are, by such teachings and remarks, made to be the legitimate offspring of Orthodoxy!! Its love is inspired by the flames of hell, and its obedience by the fear of endless torments. And if what these persons tell us be true, is it any marvel that when they forget the miseries of hell, they should be guilty of such gross wickedness as they often are? For if the fear of an endless hell be the only thing that restrains them from wicked actions, of course, when that restraint is removed, or is absent from their minds, they will give license to every unholy passion which they have engendered and fostered in the soul. But, after all, we can hardly believe that they "know whereof they speak" when they utter such unholy sentences as those above; but if they do—if they really speak what they feel, and what they honestly think of themselves; then our exhortation to our readers is, beware—keep out of their way; for if they should happen to forget their creed, there is no telling what evil would be visited upon your innocent heads.

But, I repeat it, I can not altogether believe that those persons who use the language above as an argument against Universalism, fully consider what they say; for if they did, it does not seem to me that they would use an argument which, instead of bearing against Universalism, proves conclusively either that their religion is bad, or that their hearts are very corrupt. And my prayer is that they may be converted to a knowledge of God's everlasting truth, so perfectly as to be enabled to see the beauty and glory there is in the religion of Jesus, and to feel the bliss there is in supreme love to God, and universal charity to man. H. B. S.

### BR. MORSE IN REPLY—AGAIN.

I give the following reply of Br. Morse, *verbatim et literatim*, without any contradiction, explanation, or comment of or on, any of its statements; for the reason, that Br. Morse may have nothing further of mine to reply to. I give Br. Abbott's note, also; because as he has been referred to, he should, in justice, have the right to say how far others have spoken of him truly, or incorrectly. His note is so framed that it appears to me to call for no reply; and while I think so, none will be inserted—so that here this matter ends, so far as I am concerned with it, either as party or editor. This assurance will, I hope, satisfy those brethren who have urged me to allow no more on that subject to appear in our columns; and as for others, if there are any, I can only say, I can not now satisfy them also. A. B. G.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

Br. Grosh—Having a "wish to reply again," not "to the two brief notes above," for those "notes" have not been replied to—but on the subject to which said notes refer; which reply is required by the notes contained in the Mag. and Adv. of Sept. 8th. I am glad you have so kindly expressed the "hope" that I "will do so;" and if I do not make the subject as "interesting" to your readers as it is to me, (though I have no extraordinary emotions on the subject) I would prefer an expression from some of them, rather than an intimation from you for them.

1. "Determined to controvert even to the last word." 1. To controvert in a suitable manner is lawful and right, and has been practiced by Christ and the Apostles, by philosophers, statesmen, philanthropists, &c., to dispel the mists of error from, and shed the light of truth upon the human mind. In a controversy, one of the parties must have "the last word." It is therefore not necessarily criminal "to controvert even to the last word." 2. Is it not your common practice to have "the last word" in your published controversies by remarks in brackets, notes, &c? 3. If you mean that I am very tenacious to have "the last word," I think you are mistaken. If you do not mean this, why give any intimation susceptible of such a construction? It is immaterial to me who has "the last word," provided false lights and shades are dispelled from the subject.

2. It seems you would have an Editor strike out

a part of an article prepared by you for the press or "the whole of it" (do you mean *annihilate* it? If not, why "strike out" at all when the whole is rejected?) "even to condense the whole of it as Br. Price did, if needed." 1. There is a wide difference between *condensing* an article, which has been published, and giving notice thereof at the time of the condensation—and *originally publishing* an author's production, *professedly as his production*; first *mutilating* it, without giving any notice of the mutilation. One seems to me to be fair, the other unfair. 2. "If needed." The Editor must of course be the judge of what is needed. This rule, if I mistake not, makes every author's production, in the hands of an Editor like "clay in the hands of the potter." If this rule should be adopted and admitted; I see not why an Editor might not consistently allow, either individuals or public bodies to be attacked even by falsehood, and then refuse to publish a defence or refutation; or to state that he had received any! 3. I thank you for promising to deal with my articles as I requested; though it seems to be an exception to the rule you have established for yourself, or for editors in relation to you. As a writer, I would not have my productions mutilated, nor as an editor would I mutilate the productions of respectable and responsible authors without due notice or consultation.—If we can not see this subject alike, I hope we shall continue to see and feel the exercise of mutual charity and forbearance. Yours in the bonds of the Gospel, P. MORSE.

Henderson, Sept. 20th, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

Br. Grosh—In No. 36, present volume, in Br. Morse's reply to your note of August 25th, speaking of the minutes of the proceedings of the Black River Association he says, "If I had not made other additions more than one vote would not have been recorded at all." Now I can not believe that Br. Morse meant to insinuate that *any important vote would not have been recorded*. If he meant to be understood with reference to votes generally, that more than one vote would have been omitted, I can not say but what it would be right. For where so much was to be written, it would not be strange for a clerk to leave out some small votes, on arrangements, questions of order, &c., &c. But I think there was one large vote that ought not to have been passed, and never to have been recorded.

I see there have been some words with regard to my voting for the resolution touching Br. W. H. W. I wish to say that I did not vote for it, neither did I vote against it, as was the case with several that could be named. I well knew the state of feeling that existed. I knew it would pass. But before it did, I stated to the council that I believed it to be unconstitutional, and that it would be a foul stain upon the records of our Association, or words to that import. For I believe that this publishing a man as guilty, before he is proved so, and thus exciting public opinion against him without a chance of defence, is contrary to the spirit of our holy religion. G. S. ABBOTT.

Dexter, Sept. 18th, 1843.

### NOTES FOR MY FRIENDS.

*Schools.*—Massachusetts is rapidly realizing, and some of her school districts have already realized, the desire, that the common schools should be the best schools. In Charlestown, I am informed, no select or private school can be sustained—the common schools in every instance being so good as not to be excelled by any attempt hitherto made. This is as it should be. It would sound not only ridiculous but barbarous to talk of supplying the lungs of the people with common air so inferior for the purposes of respiration, that the few must have select breathing spots through which the pure air could be reached. Every one would cry out for a general and thorough purification of what was so necessary to the life of the individual and the well-being of the State. Yet the atmosphere of the mind may be corrupt and abominable—the very nutriment of the soul may be deficient in quantity and quality for the "common peo-



ple," and no adequate efforts be made to remedy the evil; because the remedy costs a few dollars per month extra, which few dollars are lavished on select schools!

I visited two schools in Charlestown, and was much delighted with nearly all I saw and heard. The system of education seems nearly perfect. The foundation carefully laid in the primary schools, is thorough and perfect; and the habits of correctness in behavior and learning there acquired, are carefully built upon as the pupil advances onward and upward. If any fault could be found, it would be, that the reading, writing, &c., of the scholars was too uniform—to exactly alike—*stereotyped*, if I may use the phrase. This uniformity begets a suspicion that it is all *by rote*—morely mechanical.—But on examining the scholars in reading, they readily analyzed words—giving the sounds and uses of each letter—and sentences, giving the omitted words, and transposing the members so as to give the sense in the clearest manner—thus showing that every part was thoroughly understood. I think I never met with as many good, accurate readers, not only in *any school*, but in *any company*. And these schools, be it ever remembered, are for all; for there are no other schools in the place—rich and poor, white and colored, here meet as the children of Massachusetts, and receive the same excellent training and instruction.

The teachers of these schools are raised, generally, from among those who have been educated in them—and are promoted gradually, according to their merits. Assistant pupils receive about \$50 per annum; assistant teachers, a higher rate; teachers of primary schools receive about \$250 per annum; and teachers of the higher schools, at from 600 to 800 dollars a year. In Boston, the head teachers of the principal schools receive salaries of from 1000 to 1500 dollars per annum—which may be considered the highest stations in the profession, to be filled by those only who have proved themselves superior teachers.

*The East wind*, of which I had often heard as being disagreeably cold and uncomfortable, I found by experience to be a very fair mixture of all that is disagreeable in our winter South wind, and our Fall western wind accompanied by cold shower. It not only goes through the clothes and skin to the bone, but appears to reach the very marrow. But bad as it is, I suppose a body may get used to it.

*Homeward*.—Having lengthened my stay one week longer than I intended, it may be well to shorten these notes to make up for it. I will therefore conclude by saying that I left Boston at 7 o'clock A. M., October 2d, and reached Utica at 3 A. M. next day—in 20 hours. I made no stop, for I became anxious to get home—and well it was I did reach it; for I was taken down shortly after my arrival—the evening of the same day—with a severe bilious attack, which required prompt, active treatment. By this course, I have got rid of my physician for a few hours to day, (Thursday,) to prepare copy. I hope to be able in a day or two to attend to matters as usual.

A. B. G.

**HISTORICAL SKETCHES:** BY BR. S. R. SMITH.—This small book has afforded me so much pleasure and instruction, during the reading intervals allowed me during a brief but severe illness, that I can not forbear adding my humble recommendation to that already given by Br. "H. B. S., Ed. pro tem." Many of the anecdotes and sketches had been heard by me from the lips of the author himself, years ago—others were learned now in print—yet all alike seemed new yet familiar—like a faintly remembered event of early life. There is much of the author in the style of the anecdotes—such an occasional flash of his peculiar aptness and power—and so much of his own busy life mingled in the events he describes, that it really seems like hearing Br. Smith once more by his own fireside. It is to be regretted that the illusion of naturalness is broken in upon by his speaking of himself so much in the third person, as "a certain preacher," &c. It is not the frank, free, easy social manner of Br. S., at all, at all. The pleasure of reading was also much marred, especially to a nervous

invalid, by the blue spotted, dark colored paper, on which the book is printed, and the numerous, gross typographical errors by which the pages are defaced.—Br. S. R. S. deserves to have his thoughts (and the subject also should be) recorded on the whitest and best paper, and with the best typography. He is also correct in his own orthography, except *one word* which he spells almost invariably with a very "short cut" across three silent letters—and yet, strange to say, the proof reader has not failed once to print that word correctly, while nearly every other important word has been, somewhere or other, marred in its fair proportions!—But to most readers, indeed to all of steady nerves, these faults of paper and type are mere trifles—and even to myself while deeply interested, it required two or three in rapid succession to engage my notice. The book is one of the most interesting to the denomination that has ever issued from the press—to it the future historian of our cause in this country, will resort for many of his materials. Let it be well read also by our preachers—it will teach them what trials were patiently endured by our fathers in the ministry in this State.

A. B. G.

Br. ASA DICK.—Melancholy, but not altogether unexpected, was the news of this good brother's departure for the spirit-land, which was announced in an obituary notice contained in this paper, No. 39. One fact should have been noticed in that obituary, even though it might have added to its length; for he merited all that could be said of him. Br. Dick was an Indian of the Brothertown tribe, in which he always held the office of Peace-maker, or reconciler of the disputes and misunderstandings that arose among his red brethren. He was ever an active man among them, and enjoyed their confidence. In their removals to the west, (the region of Green Bay,) he always aided largely, and several times went with them to their new home—once, but a few months before his decease. He began life poor—without any school education; but by his habits of industry and economy, aided by excellent business talents, he acquired a handsome property, which, by a series of misfortunes, he leaves greatly embarrassed—and by his close observation of men and things, he acquired an excellent fund of general information. But his main characteristic was his high sense of *honesty*—his warm and active benevolence—his Christian liberality to all denominations, combined with a decided preference for his own—and a constant, unaffected piety and devotion to God and the Saviour.

His hospitality was warm, easy, and free—I shall never forget it—and it was the hope of my heart to be able, on my return from the East, to attend the Conference in Marshall, and again, and probably for the last time, see Br. Dick amid his family and under his own roof. But he had departed ere I left, though I knew it not—and even had sickness not prevented, one strong inducement to go to the Conference was taken away with him. It is a pleasure to know that he died as he had lived, a Christian—a Universalist, yet acknowledged to be a Christian by all of every denomination who lived in his vicinity, whether of Indian or European descent. And greater is the consolation of believing that we shall meet with him in that world, where all shall be one in Christ, and where his desires for the harmony and unity and happiness of all will be overflowing gratified.

A. B. G.

#### MRS. SCOTT'S POEMS.

It must give great pleasure to almost every admirer of this departed sister's productions, to learn that the first volume of her collected works are now being prepared for publication by Br. Tompkins, of Boston.—While there, I had the pleasure of seeing some 70 or 80 pages of the work in proof sheet. It is edited by her friend, Miss S. C. Edgerton, who has prefixed a brief Memoir of the author, to the work. This biographical sketch is well written, and will be found quite interesting. A portrait of Mrs. Scott, engraved by Sartain, also accompanies the work. Sartain is hardly to be excelled for his mezzotint work, and the likeness is so striking as to bring the original vividly and most pain-

fully before me. It has the fulness of health combined with the languor of illness, and presents the countenance in a state of complete repose. The ever-speaking and rapidly varying countenance of Mrs. Scott could not, of course, be transferred to canvass or paper. The poems will contain all her best poetic writings that were published in the Casket, Saturday Evening Post, New Yorker, and our various Universalist periodicals; and, probably, some that never were published at all; but of this last I am not certain. A stipulated sum on each copy of the work will go toward defraying the expense of educating her child.

The work will probably appear during the present year—in November or December—and should the sales warrant, will undoubtedly be followed by another volume containing her prose writings, edited by the same faithful friend. We have no doubt that a large edition of the poems will be sold readily, for *their own merits* demand such a substantial testimony from Universalists generally.

A. B. G.

#### THE ROSE OF SHARON FOR 1844.

I am unwilling that our readers should forget to treat themselves to a copy of this annual for each family that can at all afford it; though I have not yet been able to peruse it entire myself, during my absence from home, and the other duties that have occupied my time. But what I have read of it, though only by brief snatches, has delighted me much with its pages. Its articles are interesting, and profitable—all, so far as perused, evincing a polish of style and depth of thought, and a high order of talent. And then it is cheap—so cheap compared with other annuals. A large duodecimo, splendidly bound in morocco, gilt, with four or five beautiful engravings, and filled with choice matter from many able pens—all for *two dollars only*. Surely all ladies and gentlemen of taste will desire to supply themselves with copies either for their own use, or to present to some chosen and beloved friend, or more than friend, as an appropriate token of pure affection. Grosh and Walker are agents for the work, and keep it for sale at this office.

A. B. G.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Br. Wm. Paul—I will order Grosh & Walker to give you credit for \$6.25—you can then order what you want of them. Discount off, and that is the balance—postage paid by myself.

Brs. Billings and Thornton, I have sent you 500 copies of the Companion and Register, directed to you at Ann Arbor, Mich. You gave no other direction; but I trust they will reach you in safety and in time.

Br. Davis Bacon, you may make what appointment for me you please, on the *fourth Sunday inst.* I have written you as requested.

Our copy drawer is again nearly empty. May we not hear from a number of our friends *very soon*? We need a constant supply of favors of almost every size and kind, only so they are well and plainly written.

A. B. G.

**THE UNIVERSALIST COMPANION, WITH REGISTER AND ALMANAC FOR 1844.**—Now is the time for our preachers to supply themselves, that the friends in every district may be able to get copies in time. Being a *periodical* they can be sent by *mail* at a moderate postage. Cash orders always promptly supplied at this office, at the publisher's prices. Send in *ones, threes, fives, or tens*, and a proper number of copies of the work will be returned as the order may direct.

**"ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE DIVINE GOVERNMENT BY T. SOUTHWOOD SMITH."**—This admirable English Unitarian work—admirable whether we regard subject, style, argument or spirit—forms the 4th and 5th numbers of the "Select Theological Library" of Brs J. H. Gihon and Co. It forms a large, beautifully printed and covered pamphlet of 100 large double columned pages; which are furnished at only 25 cents per single copy—very cheap indeed—one third only the ordinary price of the book.

Do Universalists realize the importance of sustaining.



liberally this Select Theological Library?—the cheapness of works got up this way, and the excellence of the works thus furnished! It is to be hoped they do. This work of Dr. Smith's is one of the very best in the English language, to convince a thinking man of the truth of Universalism. Let it be widely circulated. For sale at this office. A. B. G.

Br. Tompkins—Credit Miss Julia Benson, Sullivan, N. Y., \$2.00 for Repository. Charge us.

P. M. at Lawrenceville, N. Y., writes us that Joseph Levanway does not take the Magazine and Advocate from the Post Office. Reason not known. Query? It is not because said Levanway owes us \$4.00. What an argument in favor of the system of *advance* payment.

#### A CHANCE TO SAVE ONE DOLLAR!!!

Those who are owing us for three volumes of the Magazine and Advocate, including the present volume, (\$7.00 according to terms,) shall be credited in full for them and the next year (making four volumes) if they will send seven dollars, *free of postage*, immediately.

Those owing for two years, including the present, shall be credited in full for them and next year, (three volumes,) by sending five dollars, *free of postage*.

Those owing for the present year only, shall be credited in full for this and next year, by sending three dollars *postage free*.

Friends and patrons, can you doubt that we need the money?

Br. Stephen Van Schaack is our authorized agent at Albany, N. Y.

CONFERENCE at BRAMAN'S CORNERS.—A letter from Br. H. Lyon desires us to give notice that the First Quarterly Conference of the Hudson River Association will be held at Braman's Corners on the third Wednesday and Thursday in October, instant, instead of the second, as named in the Minutes of the Association, for special reasons not necessary to name here.—[Messenger. (See Religious Notices.)]

THE EXPLOSION IN LOUISIANA.—We received yesterday a slip, which should have reached us earlier, from the Louisiana Chronicle, containing particulars of the loss of the steamboat Clipper while leaving Bayou Sara. She blew up just as she was leaving her moorings: all her boilers burst simultaneously and the whole vessel was hurled in fragments into the air. Many of the pieces fell upon houses three hundred yards from the scene of the disaster. The hapless victims were scalded, crushed, torn, mangled and scattered in every possible direction—many into the river, some in the streets, some on other side of the Bayou, nearly 300 yards—some torn asunder in coming in contact with pickets and posts, and others shot like cannon balls through the solid walls of houses at a great distance from the boat. The Chronicle thus pictures the scene presented at the temporary hospital to which the dead and wounded were removed:

"The floors of the two large ware-rooms were literally strewn with the dead and dying, and others pouring in as fast as it was possible to convey them—praying, groaning, howling and writhing in every possible contortion of physical agony. In the midst of this confusing din, up to their arm-pits in oil and cotton and bandages, we found our praise-worthy physicians—like good Samaritans doing good—quietly and silently, but with the energy and activity apparently of fifty pair of hands—now washing a burn, now dressing a wound, now splinting a fractured limb. Indeed, our citizens generally, every man and mother's son, appeared only anxious as to how they might render most service to the poor sufferers—white and black, without distinction."

The crew consisted of 43 persons; of which 28 persons were undoubtedly killed. One of the passengers, Mr. L. Thomas, of Bayou Sara, is missing.—[Tribune.

Gov. Morton has appointed Thursday, the 30th of November next, to be observed as a day of Thanksgiving and Prayer, in Massachusetts.

Gen. Wm. A. Mills, of Mt. Morris, Livingston county, had a pair of oxen at the Cattle Show at Rochester, which weighed 6250 pounds.

The Buffalo Gazette states that Benjamin Rathbun, had returned to that city, and been visited by many of the citizens.

LARGE SQUASH.—We have had at our office for two or three days, a Squash of the mammoth kind, weighing one hundred and eleven pounds, raised by James G. Redfield, Esq. of this town. It is the largest we ever saw, and has attracted many visitors. It will be exhibited at the Fair this day.—*Delaware Gazette*.

A YOUNG PRINCESS.—The London Times says that the Princess Christophe, of Hayti, gave birth to a daughter on the 29th of Aug. Mr. Elkins, surgeon accoucher, of Foley Place, was in attendance. The Princess Christophe is only 16 years of age, very interesting and pretty; and we believe, this is the first instance of an African Princess giving birth to a child in that country.

A band of native pirates at the Isle of Pines took possession of an English merchant vessel trading there in April, and massacred most of the crew. The captain, who was on shore at the time, succeeded in regaining the vessel, principally through the desperate courage of the mate, who had remained on board, and as a last resource, blew up a cask of powder, which sent the natives and a large portion of the vessel into the sea.

STATISTICS OF LUCIFER MATCHES.—One of the witnesses before the Childrens' Employment Commission in London, stated that he is a maker of the boxes for containing Lucifer matches; and for the American pine wood of which he makes them, he is in the habit of paying the large sum of \$1000 a year. According to his belief, from 12,000 to 15,000 of such boxes as he manufactures, were made every week in London during the year 1841. Each box contains 50 matches. Upon these data, the sub-commissioner calculates that the weekly consumption of lucifer matches amounts to 97,200,000, or 5,055,000,000 yearly!

NATIONAL LITERATURE.—We received the following epistle yesterday from one of Uncle Sam's P. Ms. It can not perhaps properly be classed under the head of *national literature*, but as it was written by one in the service of the nation, we think the designation semi-appropriate: We give it verbatim, etc:—[Columbia Spy.

" — Sept 23 1843  
Sirs—the Paper addressed to — is not taken up any more he & nun of his family is about here any more which I hope is known by all men and I doned think it is for any youse in senting his Paper to this office any more because he lives in — now; at least I am told so  
Yours &c —, P M

The following was received at this office a few days ago:

Pleas discontinyou this Paper For the man, has gon a way and he said that he was coming back But he aint and he wrote to me to have his Foalk take them But they wont an there is a Mess of Back Numbers in this Post Office  
Yours P M

#### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching on the third Sunday in October by Br. GROSSE in Syracuse.

The Second Conference of the Otsego Association will be held in Louisville, (town of Butternuts,) on the last Wednesday and Thursday in October (25th and 26th.) A committee will be in attendance at the church to receive friends from abroad. Ministering brethren from sister Associations are particularly invited to attend—those in the Association will be present of course.

O. WHISTON,

Standing Clerk.

A Universalist Conference will be held at Speedsville, Tompkins county, on the 18th and 19th inst. (third Wednesday and Thursday). Preachers and friends generally are invited to attend.

A. G. CLARK.

In behalf of the Universalists of Ithaca, we would inform our friends generally, that a Conference will be held at the Court House in Ithaca, Tompkins county, on the first and second days of November next. The friends have raised the "Macedonian cry," and we hope it will be listened to—let all that can attend, be there on those days.

Preachers in this Association, and as many others as can make it convenient, are earnestly invited to attend. "Come one, come all."  
A. G. CLARK.

DEDICATION AND CONFERENCE.—The Universalist meeting house in Boston, Erie county, will be dedicated to the one living and true God, on Tuesday the 17th of October next. Br. S. R. Smith is expected to preach the dedication sermon. On the Wednesday and Thursday following the 17th—i. e., the 18th and 19th—a Conference of the Genesee Association, will be held at the same place, and our friends generally are respectfully invited to attend, "especially bur ministering brethren." A committee will be in waiting at the church, to direct our friends from a distance to places of entertainment.  
D. ACKLEY, Standing Clerk.

The First Quarterly Conference of the Hudson River Association will be held at Braman's Corners, on the third Wednesday and following Thursday in October. Friends who come by the rail-road or the canal, will be met at Fort Jackson, (opposite Amsterdam,) at 12 o'clock, on Tuesday, (the day previous,) and conveyed to the Corners by our friends from that place.  
J. A. ASPINWALL,  
Standing Clerk.

#### MARRIAGES.

In Marshall, September 20th, by Rev. C. S. Brown, Mr. THEODORE HORTON MUNGER, merchant of Deansville, to Miss ELIZA H. EVERET, of Augusta.

In this city, October 7th, by Rev. A. B. Grosh, Mr. ALONZO ROWLEY, of Utica, to Miss JANE MINERVA SABIN, of Vernon.

In the town of Little Falls, October 8th, by the same, Mr. ALPHONZO BURT, to Miss BETSY LEVY, both of that town.

In Westmoreland, September 28th, by Rev. J. D. Torrey, Mr. SAMUEL ALLEN, to Miss BETSY ANN GRAY, daughter of Mr. Joel Gray, all of that town.

In church, at East Stockholm, on Sunday evening, October 1st, by Rev. W. H. Waggoner, Rev. S. W. SQUIRE, Pastor of the Universalist societies of Massena and Nicholville, to Miss B. JANE KNIGHT, of the former place.—Prayer on the occasion by Br. G. S. Abbott.

In Canton, by the same, Mr. HIRAM BIGSBY, to Miss AMELIA HERD.

In Somerville, by Rev. W. H. Waggoner, Mr. DAVID W. BALDWIN, to Miss L. MERRIMAN.

#### LIST OF BOOKS

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## MEDITATIONS BY THE SEA-SIDE.

BY J. O. ROCKWELL.

I stood by the shining sea—when all the west  
Glowed like a weltering furnace in conmotion  
When every cloud in glory was at rest,  
And balmy breezes fanned the golden ocean;  
When the south sky was blue as violets are,  
(Save some reflection from a sunlight billow.)  
And rain-drops wavered in the evening air,  
From drooping flower, and bush, and leaning willow.

I stood by the shining sea—and gazed away,  
First on the sky, then on the towering mountains—  
Then on the lesser hills that stretched away,  
Then on the sea, and then upon the fountains—  
And felt, while thus I sent mine eye abroad  
Upon this brilliant scene, that is diurnal,  
That the universe was fashioned by a God,  
And that he dwelt in all, o'er all, eternal.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE INQUISITION  
AT MADRID.

In the course of a lecture delivered a few days ago, in the chapel of Brown University, Col. Lehmanowsky gave a most graphic description of the capture and destruction of one of these establishments, by soldiers under his own command.

In the early part of the year 1809, Napoleon commanded all the buildings occupied by the Inquisition to be destroyed. Col. L. requested Napoleon to give him a command in an expedition against one of these dens of vice and cruelty. (If I remember right it was the Inquisition of Madrid.) "My request," said the Colonel, "was complied with, and I had the command of the 11th regiment of the line. Upon approaching the building we saw several soldiers on the walls. We summoned them to surrender in the name of the Emperor of the French; they turned and bent over as if conversing with some who were inside, and after carefully scanning our number, which was but small, they answered our summons by firing among us. Several were wounded, and one man killed. We then procured some heavy timbers, and by the united strength of all the men made a breach, and entered within the walls. As soon as we were inside, we had a specimen of the cunning jesuitism of these rascals. The whole company of priests and inquisitors, came towards us in a very humble attitude, with their hands crossed over their breasts, and the first we heard, these artful fellows were reproving the soldiers on the wall for having made any resistance, and for not having politely admitted these very fine gentlemen,—although it was, of course, by the directions of these very men, that resistance had been offered.—The only answer we gave was by placing a guard over these very obliging fellows, with directions to keep a sharp look out after them that none might escape.

Upon examining the interior of the building, we found it beautiful in the extreme; everything appeared quiet and in excellent order.

The floor of the principal hall was paved with slabs of fine marble, and at the end of this hall was an altar with several wax candles burning. The priests appeared so quiet and submissive, and every thing appeared so quiet and orderly, that my suspicions," said Col. L., "were almost lulled to sleep, (which was the effect they intended to produce,) and I began to suspect that a great many falsehoods had been told about the cruelties practised in these establishments. We could discover nothing of the secret rooms and underground cells, of which we had often heard, and I was upon the point of retiring with my men and leaving the building for the present in the hands of its old occupants, when a brother officer urged to a most diligent examination of the whole building. We proceeded to examine carefully the principal hall, to discover if possible, some trap door, or other entrance to the regions below. Some of the soldiers tried to thrust the points of their bayonets, others of their swords, between the slabs of marble, but all without success. I was upon the point of giving up, when it was suggested that water should be poured over the floor to see if it would find an outlet through the crevices. After watching the water carefully, we ob-

observed one place where it evidently escaped between the slabs—"Ah," said some, "what's here? we shall make some discoveries now"—while the captive inquisitors stood by shaking with fear.

Presently a soldier struck a heavy blow with the butt-end of his musket on one side of a slab when all at once a spring seemed to give way, and the slab at once turned into a pivot by which it was fastened at the two sides, disclosing an opening, and a staircase leading to some dark cavity below.

I at once walked up to the altar and seized some of the lighted candles, when one of the bald-pated priests stepped up very sanctimoniously: "O, my son, these are holy candles, you must not touch them." "But," said the Colonel, "my only reply was—very well, I want them for a holy purpose. I want to see holy things." Below we found an apartment of considerable size, furnished with settees, &c., which we knew by the infernal contrivances to be the hall of torture. We went round and soon discovered an alley, and on each side of this alley a number of dark and gloomy cells. In these cells were a large number of the victims of the popish cruelty, young and old loaded with chains, and some of them, women as well as men, literally as naked as their mothers bore them. The soldiers threw their coats and cloaks over these poor miserable wretches, and loosing them from their chains, proceeded to help them to the hall of judgment above ground.

When the soldiers had provided for the safety and comfort of the weeping wretches, they turned their attention to the inquisitors, and insisted upon putting them all to death. In their excited state of feeling," said the Colonel, "it would have been in vain for me to oppose their will.

Among other instruments of torture, we found an image of the Virgin Mary, so contrived with spikes, knives, &c., that when a person went to kiss it, the arms closed and the victim was pierced with a thousand wounds, and cut to pieces. The soldiers insisted upon the chief inquisitor kissing this image; he refused; they pricked him with their bayonets and compelled him to do so, when the arms closed and he was cut and hacked to death in a most shocking manner. After taking out the most valuable books and other valuable articles, we placed a number of barrels of gunpowder in the building, and setting fire to the train, soon had the satisfaction of seeing this horrid abode of cruelty a heap of smoking ruins.

After we had seen the end of the inquisition, we invited all in the neighborhood whose relations had been torn from them by the officers of this bloody tribunal, to come and convey to their homes such of them as they could find alive; "And," said the Colonel, "never shall I forget that sight! The soldiers whom I commanded were used to scenes of blood, the sight of human misery and slaughter had become so common to them, that they could eat their meal, with none the less relish because they were using the dead body of a comrade for a seat; but when they saw this miserable company of living skeletons standing before them, and their anxious relatives pressing around to discover their long lost loved ones—when they saw, now a weeping father or mother embracing, as though they had recovered from the dead, a beloved son—then a husband clasping in his arms the half murdered mother of his children—and then a weeping wife and mother turning in despair from the search after a beloved husband and father, convinced that he had found a grave in these horrid dungeons—when these iron hearted warriors witnessed this sight," said Col. L., "they wept and sobbed like children."

## BABOONS.

Lieutenant John Shipp, in the account of his amusing military adventures describes several rencounters he had with the baboons near the Cape of Good Hope. "On these hills, (says he,) whole regiments of baboons assemble, for which this station is particularly famous. They stand six feet high, and in features and manners approach nearer to the human species than any other quadruped I have ever seen. These rascals, who are

most abominable thieves, used to annoy us exceedingly. Our barracks were under the hills, and when we went to parade, we were invariably obliged to leave armed men for the protection of our property; and even in spite of this, they frequently stole our blankets and great-coats, or any thing else they could lay their paws on. A poor woman, a soldier's wife, had washed her blanket, and hung it out to dry, when some of these miscreants, who were ever on the watch, stole it, and ran off with it into the hills, which are high and woody. This drew upon them the indignation of the regiment, and we formed a strong party, armed with sticks and stones, to attack them, with the view of recovering the property, and inflicting such chastisement as might be a warning to them for the future. I was on the advance, with about twenty men, and I made a detour to cut them off from caverns, to which they always flew for shelter. They observed my movement, and immediately detached about fifty to guard the entrance, while the others kept their post; and we could distinctly see them collecting large stones and other missiles. One old grey-headed one, in particular, who often paid us a visit at the barracks, and who was known by the name of *Father Murphy*, was seen distributing his orders, and planning the attack, with the judgment of one of our best generals. Finding that my design was defeated, I joined the *corps de main*, and rushed on to the attack, when a scream from *Father Murphy* was a signal for a general encounter, and the host of baboons under his command rolled down enormous stones upon us, so that we were obliged to give up the contest, or some of us must inevitably have been killed. They actually followed us to our very doors, shouting, in indication of victory; and during the whole night, we heard dreadful yells and screaming; so much so, that we expected a night attack. In the morning, however, we found that all this rioting had been created by disputes about the division of the blanket; for we saw eight or ten of them with pieces of it on their backs, as old women wear their cloaks.—Amongst the number strutted *Father Murphy*. These rascals annoyed us day and night, and we dared not venture out, unless a party of five or six went together.

One morning, *Father Murphy* had the consummate impudence to walk straight into the grenadier barracks; and he was in the very act of purloining a sergeant's regimental coat, when a corporal's guard (which had been relieved) took the liberty of stopping the gentleman at the door, and secured him. He was a most powerful brute, and, I am persuaded, too much for any single man. Notwithstanding his frequent misdemeanors, we did not like to kill the poor creature; so, having first taken the precaution of muzzling him, we determined on shaving his head and face, and then turning him loose. To this ceremony, strange to say, he submitted very quietly; and when shaved, he was really an exceedingly good looking fellow, and I have seen many a 'blood' in Bond street not half so prepossessing in his appearance. We then started him up the hill, though he seemed rather reluctant to leave us. Some of his companions came down to meet him; but, from the alteration which shaving his head and face had made on him, they did not know him again, and, accordingly, pelted him with stones, and beat him with sticks, in so unmerciful a manner, that poor *Father Murphy* actually sought protection from his enemies, and he in time became domesticated and tame. There are many now alive, in His Majesty's 22d regiment, who can vouch for the truth of this anecdote.

Those who are so skillful in making excuses generally are those who have the most need of them.

A particle at a time will remove the world.

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# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."....."PROVE ALL THINGS HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1843.

NO. 42.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## CHANGE AFTER DEATH....NO. II.

BY REV. W. N. BARBER.

"Behold I show you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed." PAUL.

In this number I propose calling the attention of the reader to the following question:

*If there be no change after death, will there not be much virtue in hell, and much vice in heaven?*

I know not how it may appear to others, but it verily seems to me that this query must receive an affirmative reply.

It must be apparent to every observant mind, that there is a class of men in the world who are good moralists, but who never make pretensions to any thing more. They are honest in their dealings, benevolent and accommodating as neighbors, good to the sick and poor, and by their good deeds and benevolent dispositions gain the respect of all. Still, they go through life and finally die, without ever meeting with a mysterious change "from nature to grace." There are thousands of this character who leave the world every year. The much-talked-of tear of repentance never washes the stain of guilt from their sin-polluted spirits; and according to the once popular theology, they go down, down, down, nobody knows where, for the story is, that hell has no bottom to it. Now if there is no change after death, these men, of course, will not be changed for the worse; the good characters they form here, they will retain forever. With all their virtues they sink into eternal perdition. Much virtue, therefore, according to the erroneous notion in question, will find its way into the murky regions of endless perdition.

Turn we now, and look on the other hand. Here is another class of men in community styling themselves new born creatures, whose natures have undergone, as they suppose, a radical change. They call themselves something more than mere moralists. Now I do not refer to them for the purpose of censuring truly religious men of any denomination. No, no—God forbid! Many of these men are good men,—are what we all ought to be; honest, peaceable, industrious, continent and faithful to their word. And some of them, I must say, are what we all ought to try not to be,—deceptive, tavern-hunting, tattling, mischief making people. But taken as a whole, they are nothing more than men; they have all the passions and imperfections of men. It requires as much caution to trade with them, they have as much thirst for riches and power, are as likely to quarrel with their neighbors abroad or in their families at home, as those to whom they profess to be paragons of piety. But these men have been born again, some of them three or four times over, and of course, expect finally to take up their abode in that heaven whose territories none but themselves ever will be permitted to enter. But instead of being "changed" at the resurrection from dishonor to glory, from weakness to power, from natural to spiritual and earthly to heavenly, they anticipate carrying all their evil propensities with them. But alas! if such be the case, I fear for them. If they carry these earthly-formed characters to heaven, I fear that it never will be a holy place. Will not those "professors" who cheat each other in trade, and wrangle and dispute here, be likely to do the same there? Will not those new-born creatures who tattle and slander here, be apt to tattle and slander there? In short, none are perfect here, and if there be no change after death, it is plain, that there will be no perfection in heaven,—that is, if anybody goes there. And with this theory before me, I see so

much virtue in hell, and so much vice in heaven, that I am puzzled to conclude which will be the most desirable place.

People sometimes object to Universalism because the advocates of the doctrine teach that men are going to heaven in their sins. Nevertheless the blow aimed at us with this false weapon, it must be seen, rebounds upon the head of the assailant. Universalism teaches that men will be changed at the resurrection, and that no impure being can ever enter the immortal state. Who is it, therefore, that teaches that men will go to heaven in their sins?

Dummerston, Vt., 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## THE TEST OF CHRIST.

BR. GROSH.—It is not often that I trouble the readers of any religious paper with articles for their consideration; for the very good reason, that there are so many others that are better qualified to interest and instruct the public mind. But when I see many good and eminent brethren stepping beyond the bounds of religious liberty marked out by Christ and his apostles, I can not remain silent upon those subjects which interest the public generally.

It is well known to all believers in the Restitution, that for many years the pioneers of Universalism in the United States, laying aside their differences of opinion upon other subjects, united their efforts in promulgating the all-important truth, "God will have all men to be saved;" and success followed their labors. Our Murray, Winchester, and others no less worthy, would often meet in our ecclesiastical councils for the purpose of taking into consideration such measures as would tend to advance the cause of the Restitution, without creating disputes concerning some minor points of doctrine about which they differed as individuals. Universalism they considered to be a "land of liberty," and having drunk of its spirit they were willing to make love to God and man the only test of discipleship. For more than fifty years this spirit has been kept up in the denomination, causing the wilderness to rejoice and the desert to blossom as the rose.

But a change has come over some sections of our beloved Zion. In too many instances the harmony of our councils must be broken up by the introduction of preambles and resolutions, calling upon the denomination to acknowledge certain rites and ceremonies as the necessary attendants of a belief in Christianity. The time that should be occupied in the discussion of more important subjects, must be spent in useless debates about some few ordinances, which both our laymen and ministers had much better leave to the consciences of individuals, than to make laws about them that will be violated by those who differ from the (supposed) majority.

Many of our clergymen also seem to delight in selecting such subjects for their discourses as will lead them far from the glorious truths of a world's salvation from sin and suffering, and to dwell upon individual differences of opinion, and draw lines of demarkation between believers in Christ as the "Mediator between God and men." A short time since I attended one of our religious meetings, and a better meeting I am sure I never attended. We met as brethren should meet, to sympathize with each other, and to encourage and strengthen those who had undertaken the task of enlightening the blind, and giving to the weary rest in Christ. The first sermon was calculated to unite all hearts present—the preacher spoke of charity, of its power to heal difficulties, its liberality, and of its uniting heart to heart in sweet communion, and of its triumphs in uniting all souls to God. The next

speaker spoke from the parable of the Prodigal Son. He described the love of the "Father of spirits" for his off-spring, of his regard for the welfare of the sinful and disobedient, and of the final return of all prodigals to the Father's house, drawn to him by the watchfulness and love of the Saviour. These were themes worthy of the attention of every Christian, as they have been themes upon which angel harps have been tuned. Then followed a discourse upon water baptism—upon immersion. The speaker said much respecting the church, its standing and importance, and of the duties of its members—and well did he perform his task thus far.—The next spoke of baptism by immersion. Faith and repentance towards God he considered to be necessary, yet God could not consistently forgive sins, until we were baptized (or immersed,) "or, in other words, without immersion there can be no remission of sins." All professed Christians who have not been immersed in water by some genuine Christian, (I care not how good they may be in conduct, or correct in faith, or devout in feelings,) are not true disciples of Christ!

Now I ask, what is the tendency of such preaching? Does it convince the unbeliever—does it lead us to embrace Christianity because it is liberal in all matters pertaining to the conscience? No, far from it. It makes true Christianity consist in an outward observance of some rite which can not affect the heart—it can do no good, because it is opposed to the teachings of Christ. When the woman came to Jesus while he sat at Simon's table, and knelt at his feet, and watered them with her tears, and wiped them with her hair, and kissed his feet and anointed them with ointment, Jesus knew that she was a sinner, and he knew that she thus humbly and silently asked for pardon, yet he did not say to her, "Go, and wash in some pool," as he did to a blind man upon a certain occasion. But he says "thy sins which are many, are forgiven thee; thy faith [not immersion] hath saved thee. Go in peace." Let us do likewise!

As much as I love this ordinance, I dare not say to my brother, who as firmly believes in, and practices, the doctrine of love to God and man, "Thy sins are not forgiven thee. Go not in peace, until you comply with my views of my duty." I love the ordinances of God's house, and I will use all desirable means to bring them into use in the church; yes, I should like to see all believers sitting at the table, and there break the bread and drink the wine in remembrance of their Lord—I would like to see brethren wash each others' feet in imitation of Jesus and his disciples, and all such as believe in the utility of immersion, buried with Christ in water. Yet I would have them observe these ordinances, because they are Christ's disciples—and not for the purpose of making them such; because their sins are forgiven, and not to cleanse them from sin; for "by this, (said Jesus,) shall all men know that ye are my disciples—that ye have love one for another"—and these ordinances administered in love, would tell to the world—"how these Christians love one another."

If those ministers and editors who preach and write so much about the ordinances, would first cultivate this heavenly principle of love, and teach it to others—would make supreme love to God and universal love to man the only religious test, and say and write less about other tests of discipleship, but urge upon the minds of community the appropriateness of the ordinances as appendages—and would at the same time, manifest a disposition to respect the opinions of brethren who are as good as themselves, though they may differ from them on some points of faith or practice—it would unite the



members of our denomination, and make not only our faith and our hope, but our *interest one*. And let me say, in conclusion, to my brethren of the Central Association, let us be very careful not to interfere with the rights, liberties and opinions of our brethren; but if we differ on some minor points, let our faith remove mountains of jealousy and our charities cover all our neighbors' sins, and destroy our own.

ULRIC.

September 18, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### "WHAT WAS THE DEVIL MADE FOR?"

Universalists are frequently puzzled with many curious and perplexing questions. It was my lot to be asked by a respectable lady of this place, not long since, "what the devil was made for?" "If Universalism be true, what was the DEVIL made for?" This was truly a puzzling question. If I gave her my notions of the devil and his use, of his origin and fate, it would be unsatisfactory. So my answer runs in this wise.

The Deity, from the morning of time, looked through all space to the end of duration, and beheld all things that would, in the whole process of time, come to pass. With his all-surveying eye he saw that the greater part of his intelligent offspring whom he was about to call into being, would remain, against his wishes, (for "he has no pleasure in the death of the wicked,") finally impenitent and disobedient, and desired to inflict on them eternal damnation. Not for their *benefit*, as a worthy and loving parent—not for the gratification or benefit of any of their *fellow beings*, did God desire this to take place; but as a sort of *revenge*, to gratify the spiritual nature of the immaculate Jehovah for their disobedience to him and to his requirements. This is not to take place to gratify the feeling, better the condition, or enhance the happiness of the *saved*; for as corrupt as human nature is, it can not desire the endless torment of its fellow nature. *Especially* would the nature of those heavenly feelings of the immortally "*saved*," desire a happier fate to dawn on the family of spirits of which they were a part. The most degraded *wretch* even, who wallows in the very mire of iniquity and vice, and seemingly does all in his power to blacken and deface the picture of human nature and the chart of human happiness, would be touched at beholding the child of endless woe; would shrick with horror as he listened to his bideous yells of despair, and exert himself to the utmost to snatch from his quivering lips the cup of ceaseless torment. The Deity, ever holding forth to his offspring that he is the unchangeable "Father of the spirits of all flesh," that his love is *infinite*, and therefore extends to all the children of his care, that his *mercy* is illimitable and "endureth forever," that he loves all the works of his hands and "never would have made anything to have hated it," was unwilling to perform the *immediate* work of damning endlessly so many souls himself,—and therefore created a malignant, personal *devil* to act as his *AGENT*. To accomplish this object, it was requisite that God should bestow upon him such power and disposition, as would enable him to inflict pains on the subjects of his wrath, with pleasure and rejoicings. So the Ruler of the universe made a malicious devil to execute judgment on the subjects of his displeasure, which compose about three-fourths of our race.

The devil, ever rejoicing in his work of destruction, goes about seducing all he can, from the path of virtue to the vortex of vice; and, owing to the frailty of human nature, succeeds in obtaining by far the greater portion; and in this he is peculiarly *interested*, for the more he gets, the more his own happiness is enhanced. So that all must see that he is bound by the strongest of all ties, namely, that of interest, to decoy the greatest possible number into his arms of death. The devil sits, at the day of judgment, and as the innumerable hosts of rejected spirits created in the image of the Most High, pass on to the judgment seat, triumphantly sings, as he contemplates his triumph over our Saviour, (for he has already three-fourths, and would fain see disappointed the travail of Christ's soul, and be satisfied with nothing less than *whole*),

"husbands and wives here must part; brothers and sisters here must part, must part to meet no more."

This is a favorite song of the devil's, for it expresses so admirably the feelings of his heart.—When he gets his unnumbered hosts of dejected spirits who are destined to irretrievable ruin congregated within the gloomy walls of hell, blackened with the venom of the serpent, crimsoned with the fiery indignation of God's wrath, and smoking with the sulphurous flames of the victim's torment, and they begin to repent of their sins as the "rich man," and beg to be released from this torture, and inquire why in justice they should be doomed to *infinite* woe for the *finite* deeds they committed in this world, the aged and affectionate parent can look down from his seat in the paradise above, and behold *seven*, and perchance *ten* of his natural offspring, wailing, wailing in torment, and exclaim, "you lived in sin in the world, neglected to secure your soul's salvation, and are now suffering the just demerits of your deeds—my cup is full to overflowing with joy in the Holy Ghost." When we look upon this heart-rending picture, which is naught but the faith of many devout worshippers at the altar of the Most High, our sympathetic nature shrieks within us, and humanity weeps. "What was the devil made for?" The Deity is the universal parent of mankind. His infinite power and goodness calls into being all classes and species of the human race. His benevolence watches over them and provides for their wants. He is good unto all, and his tender mercy is over all his works. He is the same loving and unchangeable Father in all circumstances and conditions of our life. He is the widow's God and the orphan's Guardian; the author of every good and perfect gift to man, who hears the young ravens when they cry, and affectionately supplies the natural wants and desires of all the children of his care. His presence is felt in all climes, and his beneficence extends to all people. The devil is *vice versa*. His character is the *opposite* of the parent of the universe. He seeks to destroy. He grasps the smallest inheritance of man and fiendishly dashes it into the depths of oblivion. He rolls the dark pall of ceaseless woe over most of mankind, and buries them in the grave of endless despair! He forever rolls the wheels of sin in the bosom of men, and their souls into the ruin of perdition. He throws the gloomy veil of ceaseless death over the greater part of our race, and forever shuts from their aching souls the slightest ray of peace and the minutest spark of hope. He delights to torture; this is his nature. Not a glimmer of joy can penetrate his demon-woven mantle; and gladden the soul of the wailing sufferer. All is gloom—all is dark forebodings. Their hearts lit up with no prospect or hope of escape.—He is the adversary of man; he seeks to bury all in one common sepulchre of eternal death. And "what was he made for?"

Is this the object for which the immaculate Parent of our existence gave him birth? Does he answer the object of his creation? And is he therefore an assistant of his Maker? If these questions are not to be answered in the *affirmative*, "what was the devil made for?"

J. DOUGLASS.

Central Square, Oswego co., N. Y.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### PERSECUTION.

It is a remarkable fact that, in all ages of the world the identical people who were persecuted for opinion's sake, when they gained the ascendancy in power, invariably indulged in the same puerility. The Israelites, after enduring the most intolerable suffering in consequence of their Egyptian slavery, and clamorously condemning the cruelty of their oppressors, no sooner found themselves extricated from the tyrannical grasp of Herod, and established in power, than they began to persecute the Gentile.

The Christians after being scoffed at by Jew and Pagan, and driven as it were from human society, when subsequently elevated to power, exercised it with the same severity against their persecutors. In a more modern period, when they had silenced

all Pagan opposition, and when all Europe cringed beneath the Roman pontiff, we find them turn the hellish torrent of persecution upon those of their own denomination. As the Huguenot slaughter, and the many thousand that died with excruciating torture, by the mandate of the infernal inquisition, fully testify. The Reformed church, being for many years the object of popish vengeance, when released from the folds of this monster, did not fail to mete out persecution to Dissenters, with the same malignity and unrelenting severity. Even the hands of the notorious Chalmers are stained with the innocent blood of Van Paris, and Joan of Kent. The Puritans, after being hunted and driven from home by the established church of England, found in turn their objects of persecution in America.—And so it may be said of all the multifarious sects and denominations of Christians, each in their turn have persecuted, and been persecuted. And finally, before concluding, one word to the Universalists who are now with a manly fortitude, writhing beneath the rod of persecution, wielded by Christian professors. If ever they ascend the throne of power, (which I have no reason to doubt, but every reason to expect,) let it never be said by after generations, that they too, (whose motto is, "freedom of discussion and no physical shackles for mind,") have disgraced humanity, and outraged common sense, by a participation in this cowardly and infinitely contemptible practice, of annihilating by scurrility and physical might, what they can not silence by a manly appeal to intellect and reason.

Cambridge, Mass.

JUVENIS.

NOTE.—Juvenis writes carelessly, and hence uses words in an improper sense. Thus (and I have left the error stand uncorrected, purposely to show the necessity of, not only an author's being careful to write, but also of an editor's correcting what is sent him, by altering, adding, or omitting, as he may deem necessary—) in the sentence at the commencement of his article, he names *Herod*, a Jewish ruler in the days of Jesus, instead of *Pharaoh*, an Egyptian king in the days of Moses! We do not marvel that after this he accuses the Jews of persecuting the *Gentiles for opinion's sake*!—and this, too, when the Law of Moses is probably the *only* code of ancient religion that does not even *allow*—for the rest generally *command*—proselyting surrounding nations, neither by argument or by the sword. Has Juvenis ever noticed this remarkable fact? The Gospel of course does not allow persecution for opinion's sake.

Juvenis might have added another most remarkable instance of modern times in which the persecuted became persecutors in despite of all their professions of superior and almost exclusive liberality—I allude to the skeptics and deists and atheists of France—who *legislated* on their religion as zealously as ever did Catholics or Protestants, and made their penalties fall as heavily on the priesthood as ever the priesthood did on them. I agree with him, therefore, in cautioning Universalists to take heed how they stand, lest they fall—*professions* of liberality, as we have seen, are no surety against a persecuting spirit. In our opinion, nothing but a firm adherence to *Christianity*—the *only* unpersecuting religion suitable for civilized man—a firm belief of *Christian* truth, and adherence to the precepts and example of Christ, can keep a spirit of persecution out of the heart of man.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### KNOWLEDGE.

I saw a child in the rosy dawn of existence. He was a fair, blue-eyed boy, and a profusion of golden curls half shaded his beauteous face. His home was where religion and education flourished, and as I passed that way, I saw his little form bent in prayer by his mother's side. I heard her voice raised in earnest supplications for that precious one and I heard her speak of the "dreamless sleep," and of Him who died that we might have a life beyond the grave.

Far away in the deep forests, I saw another child. He too was beautiful, but his complexion was dark, and his hair and eyes of a jetty hue.—



His mother doated upon him, and I saw her point to the greatest warrior of her tribe, and bid her son be like him.

When many years had passed away, I saw those beings no longer children, but men. I saw one in the house of God, rivetting the attention of an assembled multitude, by his powers of persuasion and eloquence. Piety and intelligence illumined his countenance, and he explained the truths of the Holy Book like one inspired. I followed him to his home, and saw cheerful faces gathered around his fireside; in his walks, I heard the poor and distressed whom he had comforted, bless him, and I felt that he was happy.

I saw the other—a fierce untutored Indian. He had a wife, but she was treated as a slave. He had children, but it was weakness to love them. In the battle and chase he was foremost, and his lodge was hung around with trophies of cruel deeds.—His aged mother was neglected, and his brightest dreams were of war and bloodshed. He was a creature to be pitied, for no gleam of light dispelled the midnight darkness of his soul.

As I mused upon the condition of those men, and marked the difference between them, I saw how important was true knowledge to a useful and happy life.

Paris, N. Y.  
NOTE.—Thank you kindly for the above excellent sketch. Will you not favor us with more? Do—that's a good girl!  
A. B. G.

From the Star of Bethlehem.

#### U. S. CONVENTION.

Akron, Ohio, Sept. 25, 1843.

*Brs. Thayer and Minor*—The Convention closed its meeting last evening. Though the Council adjourned on the 21st the friends would not consent to have the meeting terminate at that time. Hundreds had come a great distance, expecting that it would continue till Sunday night. Many of the clergymen expected that, and had made their arrangements accordingly. Thesequel proved that it was wise thus to continue the meeting. The attendance on the 22d and 23d was nearly as large as on the 20th and 21st; and on the 24th the congregation was larger by several hundreds than on the previous day. Besides, the interest in the meeting did not abate in the least. On the contrary, it seemed rather to increase.

I have never attended a Convention with which I was so much pleased as this. The people all came to hear, and they listened with devout attention to all that was said. For order and decorum the people excelled any numerous gathering I ever saw.

The number present was variously estimated. Some thought there were three thousand in attendance on the last day. From what I was informed, I think there is no exaggeration in saying, there were four thousand different persons at the meeting, though I can not think that there were 3000 persons at any one service. There might have been however. Though the house would hold 600, and the awnings spread on the side of the house was very large, hundreds could not obtain seats on the last day, and were obliged to stand around the awning, and on the opposite side of the church.

The preaching was very able and effective.—There were sixteen sermons delivered. Sunday [Tuesday] evening Br. Rogers preached. Wednesday, Brs. Gurley, Balch and Skinner. Thursday, Brs. Ballou, Sawyer and Whittemore. Friday, Brs. Hawes, Brown and Hathaway. Saturday, Brs. Todd, Ashton and Pingree, and Sunday, Brs. Cook, Skinner and Gifford.

My limits will not permit me to speak of the different sermons, though I must say a word in relation to that delivered by father Ballou. He had travelled 800 miles to attend the Convention, and there were many hundreds present, who, though they had never seen him, had been brought to rejoice in the truth by his labors, a great anxiety was manifested to hear him. I never saw such a strong regard and deep reverence for a man as was manifested by the friends generally. They all felt that

the denomination owed more to him than any other man. It gave me great pleasure to see these manifestations of love and esteem; for none who have known father Ballou, will hesitate to say, he richly deserves them. He is not only an old and able soldier of the cross, but on all occasions he has proved true to the interests of our Zion. His sermon was equal to the occasion, and the circumstances under which he was placed. It more than met the expectations of all who heard him, and was one of his happiest efforts. His reasoning was strong and clear; his allusions to the occasion and his declining years, happy; his delivery effective. The old gentleman seemed to have renewed his vigor, and to have restored to him for the occasion his native fire and pathos.

I wish to say a word in relation to the sermon by Br. L. C. Todd. This is the man who a few years since renounced Universalism and joined the Methodists. He is the one too who wrote a book against Universalism from which Campbell in his discussion with Br. D. Skinner, and Matthew Hale Smith in his lectures make such large quotations. He has renounced his partialism, and been received again into the fellowship of the Universalists. He appears to be a humble, devout, sincere man. He at times has been greatly depressed in mind. It was in one of his seasons of depression that he left us and wrote his book. The friends have entire confidence in him, and think that he has acted honestly in all he has done.—When he left us he was in good standing, and has uniformly borne an irreproachable character.—He is not therefore, to be classed with M. H. Smith, who renounced Universalism after the Universalists had lost all confidence in him, and he could not gain admittance into the church where he had preached for two or three years. I listened to the sermon by Br. Todd with great pleasure. He is a good speaker, and a powerful thinker. He has two qualities of mind not often united, viz., strong reasoning powers and a fine fancy. As a preacher he is excelled by few. His reasoning was not only very strong, but original, and his language bold and beautiful. His sermon did great good.

There was not much business of importance transacted. Two amendments to the constitution were proposed. The first changes the name of the Convention, and the second extends its territorial limits. The objects of the change is to embrace our friends of the British Provinces.

Some resolutions on slavery were passed. They were the best I have ever seen. There was but one dissenting vote.

The friends at Akron gave us excellent accommodations, and are entitled to our warmest thanks. The Convention adjourned to meet in Baltimore.

Yours, etc., O. A. SKINNER.

#### REASONS FOR BEING A UNIVERSALIST.

"Because, though sorrow and grief have so widely and so long prevailed in the world, yet, "The Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces." Isaiah xxv: 8. "There shall be no more sorrow nor crying." Rev. xxi: 4.

"Because, though death with all its evils entered into the world by sin, and passed upon all men, for that all have sinned; yet "He (God) will swallow up death in victory." Rev. xxi: 4. "Death the last enemy shall be destroyed." 1 Cor. xv: 46.

"Because, though all have sinned after Adam's example, and come short of the glory; yet "The Lamb of God taketh away the sin of the world." St. John i: 29.

"Because, though the death that followed transgression affected both body and soul, and for any thing that men could do would have reigned forever; yet in the purpose of God it was not eternal; for he hath said, "death, I will be thy plague; O grave, I will be thy destruction." Hosea xiii: 14.

"Because, though the way to the garden of Eden was closed and guarded by Cherubim, yet Christ hath opened a new and living way to the favor and presence of God; for Jesus hath "entered into heaven itself," now to appear in the presence of God for us." Heb. ix: 25.

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For the Magazine and Advocate.

### CONFERENCE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE ASSOCIATION AT SOMERVILLE.

On the 27th and 28th of September a Conference was attended at Somerville, St. Lawrence county, which, on many accounts, was peculiarly interesting and useful. It was anticipated with high expectations, which, in the sequel, were fully realized.

As there was no house of public worship in that pleasant little village; it became necessary for our Christian friends to make some provision to accommodate the multitude when assembled for public worship: and they very judiciously prepared a store room and an adjoining shed with temporary seats sufficient to accommodate 600 or 800 persons. Nine ministers were present, viz. Brs. Hall, Swan, Wood, Wilcox, Boughton, Worden, Abbott, Morse and Potter: and eight sermons were delivered by Brs. Abbott, Wilcox, Worden, Potter, Boughton and Morse, which were heard with profound attention, unwearied patience and undisguised satisfaction by the increasing throng of devout worshippers of "the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named."

The singing led by a Mr. Condat, was unusually spirited and animating, and gave a rich zest to the solemn and delightful social worship of our common Father in heaven.

On Thursday afternoon Br. B. Hall was solemnly ordained as a minister of the Gospel of universal reconciliation. Order of ordination services.

1. Voluntary from the Choir. 2. Reading select Scriptures by Br. Wilcox. 3. Hymn. 4. Introductory prayer by Br. Worden. 5. Hymn. 6. Sermon by Br. Morse. 7. Voluntary by the Choir. 8. Ordaining prayer by Br. Boughton. 9. Delivery of Scriptures and charge by Br. Potter. 10. Right hand of fellowship by Br. Wilcox. 11. Addresses by Br. Morse. 12. Voluntary by the Choir. 13. Benediction.

Br. Hall is entitled to the confidence of a Christian community for his moral worth, and to the approbation of all those "who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity," for his faithful and successful exertions in building up the cause of Gospel truth in that portion of the moral vineyard of God in which he labors.

Our Christian friends in Somerville greeted those who came from abroad with salutations of peace and good will, and bountifully supplied their temporal wants during the meeting, and gave evidence of the purifying and healthful influence of the grace of God upon their hearts.

After the close of the meeting a subscription was presented to raise funds for the erection of a Universalist church in that place; and in a few minutes with a few names, one third part of the necessary sum was subscribed. May the Lord prosper and bless them forever. During the whole meeting harmony and love prevailed.

"Thus in the heavenly hills,  
The saints are blessed above,  
Whose joy like morning dew distils,  
And all the air is love."

P. M.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### DEDICATION AND ORDINATION.

On Thursday, September 14th, the new Universalist meeting house in Madrid, St. Lawrence co., was solemnly consecrated to the glory and worship of the one living and true God. The services commenced at half past 10, A. M., and were as follows:

1. Voluntary by the choir. 2. Reading Select Scriptures, by Br. S. W. Squire. 3. Hymn. 4. Introductory prayer by Br. S. W. Squire. 5. Hymn. 6. Sermon by Br. W. H. Waggoner, from Psalms cxlv: 1, "I will extol thee, my God, O King: and I will bless thy name forever and ever." 7. Dedicatory prayer by Br. Job Potter. 8. Anthem by the choir. 9. Benediction by Br. W. H. Waggoner.

This is a neat and convenient house, and enjoys the advantage of a very fine location, being situated in the more elevated part of the village. It is built of wood, after the Gothic order. Its dimensions

are 42 by 63 feet. It is an interesting monument of the liberality and zeal of "The First Universalist Society of Madrid." Long may it stand as such, and thither may all its members repair on every Lord's day, to extol and bless their common Father.

Br. D. Mott, the pastor of this Society, was ordained in the afternoon of Thursday. Services as follows:

1. Voluntary by the choir. 2. Reading of the Scriptures by Br. S. W. Squire. 3. Hymn. 4. Prayer by Br. W. H. Waggoner. 5. Hymn. 6. Sermon by Br. Job Potter. 7 and 8. Ordaining prayer and charge, by Br. Potter. 9. Right hand of fellowship by Br. Squire. 10. Address to Society by Br. W. H. Waggoner. 11. Benediction by Br. Mott.

A very large congregation was in attendance, throughout all the services of the day, and gave the most undivided attention to every part thereof. Eyes "unused to the melting mood" were seen to shed tears of contrition and joy, and the soul seemed to be overflowing full of the glad tidings of the Gospel of a world's salvation. Upon the whole, the Dedication and Ordination at Madrid, will long be remembered as an occasion of the deepest interest; and we most sincerely pray that the Society in that place, (which is composed of some of the best men of the town,) with its young but talented pastor, may see even brighter days than they have yet enjoyed. They have been prospered—may they prosper more abundantly.

W. H. WAGGONER.

Canton, Oct. 3, 1843.

### CONFERENCE IN PROSPECT.

By a letter from Br. Davis Bacon we learn that this Conference had nearly proved a failure, by the almost total failure of preachers to attend it. It is in the Mohawk River Association. Brs. Kibbe and Hathaway were absent at the U. S. Convention—Br. Skinner, I believe, was busy about some matters at home, and Br. Hicks faithfully attended, though at a late hour. Of preachers out of the Association, none had been relied on with any confidence, I believe, except Br. Soule and myself. I was absent in Boston, and Br. Soule if he went must have gone alone, and borne the entire expense (about \$5.00) out of his own pocket. He did not feel it his duty to do that—especially as it was not in his own Association; and so, at a late hour, after considerable hesitation, he gave up the idea of going. Had I been at home we would probably have gone together, and by dividing the expense of a hired conveyance, made the burden endurable. Such, I believe, are the excuses and apologies of all the preachers concerned, and they present all the reasons I am acquainted with, why there were not more preachers at Prospect. And now for the doings of the Conference itself, as furnished by Br. Bacon's letter. Br. B., it will be remembered, has lately commenced preaching, and resides in Prospect, and was therefore placed in a very embarrassing situation by the almost failure of the Conference. His letter was not written for publication, but the extracts we give, contain nothing but what is perfectly proper, and indeed should be given to the public.

A. B. G.

Prospect, Sept. 24th, 1843.

Br. Grosh—Our Conference has been held, and I now sit down to give you a little account of it.—The weather was very pleasant, and between 9 and 10 o'clock of the first day the people began to collect, so that by the time of the usual commencement of services, a respectable congregation had assembled—but no preacher. The reason we could not divine; but we waited, expecting every moment that some one would arrive; and in this way time slipped along until near one o'clock. Many of the people getting quite impatient, we then concluded it best to have an intermission of an hour, in which time probably some minister might arrive, and we could take some refreshments and be ready for afternoon services, should one arrive.

But we collected again after dinner—and still no preacher. Some almost began to murmur; had they not been Universalists, I should have expected

much more of it. Finally some began to start for home; but others not willing to give up so, having come from 10 to 15 miles, urged me into the desk, without the least preparation. I reluctantly commenced the services, that I might keep the people together a little longer; for I still had hope that some preacher would yet arrive. I acted from the spur of the moment; and as I always speak extemporaneously, I had nothing prepared more than would be suggested by the occasion, at the moment of speaking. But I succeeded beyond my expectations, and kept the people together the best part of an hour; but I had one invaluable help, that was excellent singing. A few minutes after I closed, as we were about to disperse, giving up in disappointment, Br. Hicks arrived, and in fifteen minutes we had him in the desk speaking. He gave us a good extempore discourse and another in the evening.

In the morning I again took the desk, with only an hour or two of preparation, and was followed by Br. Hicks. In the P. M. he gave us another long and excellent discourse—as, indeed, were they all, all excellent. The singing was still better this day, than the day before; and thus ended our Conference.

Though we were sadly disappointed in not seeing and hearing from those ministers whom we confidently expected—although some went away, and many did not attend that would have had they been here—yet over all this, we had a good meeting, and I believe a profitable one. Why were not Br. Skinner and Br. Soule present? Did you (all of you) account us unworthy of eternal life, because we have just started in a religious course? For my own part, I could bear the disappointment very well; but it gives our Partialist friends a chance to talk of our indifference—"your ministers, (say they,) don't care anything about you; and if I believed as they do, I'd be so too—I'd not travel away out here, over these hills, just to preach Universalism." Respectfully yours, DAVIS BACON.

### OPPOSITION IN RACINE, W. T.

The following card, which we copy from the Racine Advocate, a secular paper published in Wisconsin, will show the means used by sanctimonious looking pretenders to godliness and piety, when they wish to put down Universalism or prevent its spread among the people. And yet these Pharisees will talk about the licentiousness of Universalists!—will lie for a theatre's sake, and pretend that Universalists are immoral and irreligious!—will defraud neighbors out of their just rights, and then talk about "a God all mercy is a God unjust," and affirm that Universalists deny the justice of God!!!—Wonder what kind of truth, morality and justice these men believe in?—we know by this sample what kind they practice when they would serve God by attempting to put down Universalism. They will find, however, that there is a moral sense in community, planted deep in the human heart by Almighty God himself, which will rise in detestation of such mean iniquity, and cause their tricks to recoil on their own pates. By this moral sense, when duly enlightened, Universalism will yet be recognized as the truth of Heaven, and sustained against all opposition. Here is the card. It is the same referred to by Br. A. C. Barry in his account of his tour to Wisconsin.

A. B. G.

### A CARD.

As there has been a misunderstanding respecting the occupation of the Court house, in this village, on Friday evening last, and as the Universalist society had the right to the use of the same, for that evening, but were prevented from gaining admittance, it has been deemed advisable, to present a brief statement of the facts in the case. On Sunday evening last, the Rev. Mr. BARRY, after lecturing in the Court house, and before the audience withdrew, announced that he would lecture again in this village, on the following Friday evening—being his last discourse here, before his return East, at such place as might be agreed upon. The Universalists, knowing that the Baptist Society had the use of the Court house, on Friday evenings, for their



regular prayer meetings, called upon or the leading members of that church, on the subject of obtaining that house, which was kindly relinquished by the said society, to the use of the Universalists, for that evening, they having before had the goodness to do the same. Accordingly the meeting was published in our village newspaper.

Subsequently, we learned that there was to be a theatrical performance in Racine, on the same evening, and that they designed using the Court house for that purpose. On Friday, the remark was frequently made, that the theatre would be held there. One of the Trustees of the Universalist church, the same gentleman who obtained permission from the Baptists, called again upon the member of that church, by whom permission was granted to use the house—as the report was, that the Baptists had relinquished their right, in favor of the theatre—who stated, that that was not the fact, but that it was given up to the Universalists. After fully investigating the matter, it was found, that H. T. SANDERS, who has been appointed District Attorney, for Racine County, by the Board of Supervisors, who have been in session this week, acted a very conspicuous part in defrauding the Universalists out of their just rights, by using falsehood and misrepresentation.

At the time appointed for the meeting of the Universalists, they, and their friends, assembled; some had come from a distance, expressly to attend that meeting; when they found that the theatrical corps, and their allies, had taken possession of the house, and refused to give up the same, saying that they had been promised it on the Sabbath previous, by MATTHEW B. MEAD, President of the village; and also, had the consent of the Deputy Sheriff, and the Board of Supervisors; which last was corroborated by WILLIAM H. WATERMAN, another person who has always acted a conspicuous part in our county—he stated, that a majority of the Supervisors had been promised a free ticket of admittance to the performance, on condition of their giving consent for the use of the Court house.

MASON YOUNG, JACOB LYBRAND,  
SAMUEL HUTCHINSON, N. M. HARRINGTON.  
EDGAR WAIT, CHASE CONNER,  
JOEL R. CARPENTER, ROBERT MILLER.  
Racine, September 9, 1843.

#### LETTER FROM AN OPPOSER.

The following was received during our absence from home. It is given now as a mere sample of the indefinite and pointless letters we frequently receive from anonymous opposers, notwithstanding that propriety, and our frequently published rule, require that the real name of writers be given us, if they would secure our attention.

Utica, Sept. 16th, 1843.

Mr. A. B. Grosh—Sir, I saw a piece in your Almanac of 1844, headed Universal Salvation. You ask, does God feel averse to such an amount of holiness and bliss existing in his universe—is he opposed to the destruction of all evil and misery?—You say certainly not; so say I, but I would say to you, that Christ wept over Jerusalem, and said how oft would I have gathered you as a hen gathereth her chickens, but you would not. And for farther particulars I would refer you to Matthew x: 15, 28; vii: 13 and 14; viii: 12; xviii: 3 and 8; xxiii: 37; xxv: 41 and 46; John v: 28. 2 Thessalonians i: 7, 8 and 9; Hebrews ix: 27; and Revelation xx: 11 and 15.

Now, then, since these passages are so plain that a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err, how important it is, that we try to persuade mankind to repentance, and tell them that unless their righteousness exceed that of the Scribes and Pharisees, they shall all likewise perish; or, in other words, they shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven. Yours respectfully, G. W. B.

"Now, then," what is there in all this letter of a definite character, or bearing on any special point? G. W. B. agrees with the very article he writes as if he intended to oppose it. And, as if in opposition, he refers to Christ's weeping over the prospect of the tempo-

ral destruction of Jerusalem! What has that to do with endless sin and endless suffering in another world? He then refers me "for further particulars" to a number of passages of Holy Writ, not one of which makes any denial whatever of the final cessation of sin and suffering—or affirms the endless damnation of sinning and torments! I might as well refer G. W. B. "for further particulars" to Weem's Life of Washington. "Now, then," he says these passages are so plain that a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein. Admitted—and why then does G. W. B. refer me to them as if they taught the doctrine of endless sin and misery, or denied the doctrine of final universal holiness and happiness? Why does G. W. B., who is neither a wayfaring man nor a fool, err in understanding them, when they so plainly teach nothing against what I believe, nor in favor of its opposite? Does G. W. B. suppose that Universalists, and especially Universalist preachers and editors, are unacquainted with the passages he refers to—that we have never read and considered them, so as to understand their meaning? I can not think that he believes us so ignorant and careless. Yet, if he does not deem us such unfaithful readers and teachers, why does he not show us our error in understanding these passages—why does he not take up our frequently published views of these very texts, and show us wherein we have erred in our expositions of their meaning?—Frequently have we published our explanations of those very texts, giving our reasons for dissenting from the popular construction of them, and showing that the most learned and candid commentators in the ranks of our opposers—Drs. Clarke, Campbell, McKnight, Wakefield, Whitby, &c., &c., &c.—gave essentially the same explanation of them that we do. If G. W. B. was in earnest, why did he not show wherein our views of these passages were wrong—wherein his own Commentators were mistaken in regard to them—and wherein lay their strength and pertinency as proofs of the endless continuance of sin and woe in God's universe, and against God's will and desire and purpose? The probability is, that G. W. B. is a young man, and full of zeal—that he has received his knowledge of the Bible and religion from the lips of others, rather than from his own careful and thorough examination of the Bible, and its expositions and commentaries—and that therefore, without much reflection on the subject, he wrote his letter. He certainly is ignorant of Universalism, and the texts and arguments by which we defend and support it, or he would not have referred us to some of the passages named in his letter—nor referred us to any of them, without showing wherein or how they applied to the subject.—Take Hebrews ix: 27 for an instance. What is that passage? But a part of a sentence, making no sense whatever of itself. Take it with its context, and what is it? Not an affirmation teaching any thing directly, but a comparison. And a comparison between what? Between Jesus "our High Priest," and the "men" who were high priests under the law—between his sacrificial death "in the end of the world," and their sacrificial death "once every year"—between their appearing with the Judgment (on the Urim and Thummim in the breast plate of Judgment) to the children of Israel, after their entrance into "the Holy place" of the Temple, and Christ's appearing "the second time without sin unto salvation," to all who looked for him. And this comparison, the summing up of the preceding chapters, when misquoted and mutilated, is urged as proof of a great day of judgment in another world!!—is set forth as a prop to support the horrid, unscriptural, and God-dishonoring dogma of unending sin and torments!!!

G. W. B. and we are agreed in the importance of trying to persuade men to repent and believe the Gospel, and to do works of righteousness. This is a work Universalists are very actively engaged in. We preach that the righteousness God requires, must be induced by love of Him, and not by fear of an endless hell—that the repentance He asks, is that induced by "the goodness of God," and not a fear of the devil—and that it must consist in love to God supremely and to man universally, and not in mere outward show, loud talk, and much profession. The righteousness of the Scribes and Phari-

sees was to make long and loud prayers; to perform their devotions publicly, that they might be seen of men; to trumpet abroad their alms, that they might gain the applause of the religious world; to be full of professed zeal, compassing sea and land to make proselytes, and punctiliously paying tythes of mint, anise and cummin, and performing all manner of outward forms and ceremonies—all these things they did, and were proud of them, esteeming themselves righteous and despising others—but they neglected fidelity, judgment and mercy, they despised the poor and the sinner, and oppressed the widow and the orphan. "Such righteousness can never give entrance into the kingdom of God, which is at hand; for that kingdom does not consist in outward forms and appearances and empty professions, but "in righteousness, peace, and joy in the holy spirit." And so Universalists teach—and for this all true Universalists labor—whether G. W. B. knows the fact or not. And the strongest motive we can find to lead men to repentance and faith in God, and to induce them to enter into this kingdom of heaven by a practical and experimental knowledge of its power and goodness, is that very doctrine which G. W. B. seems desirous of opposing—viz. that "God is love"—that He "is the Saviour of all men"—that finally he will be "all in all."

In conclusion—for really our subject has led us to say four times more than we intended when we began—if G. W. B. wishes to show us (our readers) our error, our columns are open to him—only let him do his work—if he refers to what he considers proof of endless sin, let him show that our views of that proof are wrong, and that the text does really teach the doctrine of ceaseless transgression. If he will do thus, we will listen to him patiently, and answer him respectfully, publicly or privately—but if he will not—if he will persist in treating us as if we had never read our Bibles, nor what our opposers have to say for their views and against ours, and as if his understanding of a text is the only sense it will bear; why then, we must in all candor advise the young man to save his labor and use his time for some more hopeful understanding. We have been all over his ground, and believe we are as well acquainted with it as he is—and we have for about 20 years very faithfully examined ours, and are perfectly willing to be shown any errors any person can point out in it. We want the truth, and the truth only, let it come from where it may. But we do not want assumption, and error, and ignorance, and will not willingly receive them, as God's truth. If G. W. B. or any one else can give us any truth we have not already, or will take from us any error we now hold, we will most thankfully bless their labors. Will he do it? A. B. G.

#### VISIT TO WISCONSIN.

Br. Grosh—On Monday, August 14th, I left home for the "Far West," having long entertained a desire to visit our friends beyond the great lakes—with several of whom I had corresponded—and to ascertain something relative to the prospects of our wide-spreading cause, in that far-off section of this mighty Republic. I will pass by an account of my journey, and say that I was landed at Racine from the steam packet Illinois, on the morning of Monday, August 21st, at half-past two o'clock; having travelled a distance of thirteen hundred miles—by way of the Upper Lakes—in a few hours less than one week's time.

Racine, the county town of Racine county, is a fine, flourishing village, beautifully located on Lake Michigan, 25 miles above Milwaukee, and 65 miles below Chicago. Its settlement was commenced in 1836 or 1837, and it now contains between 1200 and 1400 inhabitants. An excellent harbor is being built at the mouth of Root river, which when finished, will add much to the importance of Racine, as also to its growth and prosperity—making it second to none, perhaps, on the Lake.

My first call was on Mr. Ly Brand, a merchant, by whom I was cordially welcomed to Wisconsin. I had long corresponded with this gentleman, and was right glad to take him by the hand, for I knew that he possessed an excellent heart, from the deep interest he manifested in the cause of impartial grace. With other



brethren I soon became acquainted, among whom I may name Mr. Stebbins and Mr. Parmelee; the former of whom removed to this place from Clinton, N. Y., at an early period in its settlement.

*Sunday, August 27th.*—To day—for thus reads my Journal—for the first time held forth in Wisconsin.—We had three exercises, agreeable to public notice.—Owing to the rain, but few were in attendance in the morning—more came in the afternoon, and in the evening the schoolhouse—which was a large one—would scarcely contain the congregation that assembled. A Series of Lectures which I delivered—two of them in the court house—were afterwards listened to by very respectable audiences, and with much apparent interest; and I have reason to believe, that they were blessed of God to the furtherance of our holy cause, in this portion of our Master's vineyard.

Our friends in Racine have occasionally, for a year or two past, enjoyed the labors of Br. Barnes, whose praise is in every place where he has been; and now, through his instrumentality, and the constant accessions to their numbers, they feel themselves able to employ a preacher one half of the time, and to build a house of worship. They are warm-hearted, active and devoted; and with a pastor as faithful and true as themselves, they could not fail of prospering beyond any society in their midst. They have already effected an organization, and are doing what they can of themselves to advance pure and undefiled religion among their fellow men.

Southport, the next place that I visited, and where I preached the second Sunday after my arrival in the Territory, is also situated on Lake Michigan, 10 miles above Racine, and is a flourishing village of the same number of inhabitants. It is a place of extensive business—has a pier or steamboat landing, and efforts are being made to obtain for it a harbor; which when obtained, will enable it to keep pace with its sister villages on the Lake. In Southport, as in Racine, we have many warm-hearted and active friends, who are anxious to have stated preaching among them, which they have never yet enjoyed. They are both *able* and *willing* to support a preacher half of the time, and support him *well*; but they must have one (to use the language of a correspondent) “faithful and true, and well qualified for the calling.” Such a one would be warmly welcomed—hearty co-operated with, and would find his labors greatly blessed.

I think Br. Barnes wrong in the statement made in his paper concerning the friends in Southport, and the condition of the cause. There are *Universalists* there—excellent men and women, with the *spirit* of our doctrine in their hearts, and who do honor to the profession they have made. They must therefore have been misrepresented to him; and from our acquaintance with Br. B., we know he will do them and the cause the justice to correct what is so manifestly wrong.

In Southport, I preached two discourses on the Sunday named, and gave several lectures on week-day evenings, to intelligent and respectable congregations. As I have already more than intimated, there is nothing to prevent a large and flourishing society being built up in S. And with a preacher of our faith there, a house of worship would soon be erected, and filled, with attentive and devout hearers. Esq. Kimball pointed out to me several beautiful lots, either of which were at the service of the friends whenever they wished to build. And more than this he will do; for he has means, and will be liberal. In addition to this gentleman, I became acquainted with Major Davis, Mr. Rounds—a correspondent—and Esq. Eastman—men of intelligence and moral worth, to whose kindness and hospitality I feel myself greatly indebted; as also to the attention of my friend Welsh and family, who were for a short time members of my congregation in this place.

On Wednesday evening, September 6th, I lectured at the house of our friend Judge Berry, recently of Homer, Cortland county, N. Y.; now of Rochester, Racine county, Wisconsin. Here, too, my parents, and brother, and sister reside. The congregation was not large, though very attentive. Br. Bartholomew is la-

boring in this vicinity a portion of the time, to very good acceptance. Believers are already somewhat numerous, and the number is constantly increasing. The same may be said of Troy, and other places west of Fox River. And go where he will, the preacher finds in this beautiful country, men and women hungering for the bread of God. Certain I am, that had I been six preachers instead of one—and that one none of the best—I could not possibly have answered the demands upon my time and labors.

Saturday, September 9th, bidding my friends in Racine (whom I ever shall remember for their great kindness,) adieu, I took my seat in the stage, bound for Milwaukee, where I arrived late in the afternoon of the same day.

Every body has heard of Milwaukee, the Emporium of Wisconsin. It, too, is situated on Lake Michigan, 180 miles from Mackinaw, 90 from Chicago, and 910 from Buffalo. Its settlement was begun in 1836—it numbers now between four and five thousand inhabitants, which fact exhibits a rapidity of growth not much, if any, excelled by the history of any place. There are, in this village—or city, as it is called—eight religious societies, six of which have churches, the Universalist society being included in the number.

But few sermons have every been preached in Milwaukee by clergymen of our order. Br. Barnes has occasionally extended his labors as far as here, and it is due him to say, that it is measurably throught his instrumentality that our cause in this place owes its establishment and present prosperity. In saying this, we do not forget those who have toiled with him, and nobly seconded his efforts. They have accomplished that which deserves to be told to the world. With no preacher among them, and assisted only by the occasional services of one whose field of labor was far away, they have builded them a sanctuary, much as Potter of old builded his—in the hope that God would send to them a minister of the reconciliation.

Public notice to that effect having been given a week or more previous, I delivered three discourses, in my humble manner, on the Sabbath following my arrival, to very respectable audiences. I was much gratified with the profound attention that was paid to the preached word, and the deep interest that was manifested. And I am confident from what I witnessed, and the information I derived from highly respectable sources, that nothing is now wanting but regular, stated services on the Lord's day, to ensure the rapid and permanent progress of our cause in this city.

My stay in Milwaukee, though short, was a pleasant one. Every attention was paid me, and all I had to regret was, that I could not remain longer. But my visit was limited to a few weeks, and it was necessary that I should return home to my society and family who would be expecting my arrival. I accordingly left on board the Madison, bound for Buffalo, Tuesday morning, September 12th, and reached Fort Plain the Monday following, having been absent five weeks, travelling during this time nearly three thousand miles, and preaching fourteen discourses.

To conclude—my visit throughout was a very agreeable one, and one which I shall always look back upon with pleasure. Friends seemed to multiply around me as I remained, from whom it was hard to part; and every where I saw the principles of a pure, Gospel faith taking root, and felt that a day of triumph was at hand. Universalism needs only to be preached faithfully in the West, to have it prevail rapidly over every other system. But Wisconsin has but one or two, to proclaim the Gospel in its fulness, though there are multitudes waiting to receive it, to whom the doctrine of the Restitution would come as the water of life.

The opposition in the places I visited, though powerful, is nothing to what it is with us at the East. In one instance it prevented a meeting that had been appointed, an account of which you will find in a paper I send you; but they accomplished that by intrigue, which they could not have effected openly. They were boldly met, however, as you will see, and so they will be met in every encounter.

A rich and beautiful country, all over which God has written Universalism with his own hand—a liberal and enquiring people—friends, warm, energetic, and with the love of truth in their hearts,—what can we expect but that our cause will be onward, and that its *rest* will be glorious! We shall see. A. C. B.

“FIVE PILLARS IN THE TEMPLE OF PARTIALISM SHAKEN AND REMOVED; by J. F. Witherell, Ambassador for Christ.”—The passages explained are Luke xvi: 19–31; Matt. xxv: 31–46; Psalm ix: 17; Matt. xii: 31, 32; and Luke xii: 4, 5. Br. Witherell is able to do them justice, and has no doubt, by their proper explanation, refuted the false construction frequently put upon them, and thus removed five pillars as stated in the title. We have not had time to read the work; but it is by a good writer, neatly printed, bound in a paper cover, contains 72 pages, and is sold cheap. Published at the Balm of Gilead office, Concord, N. H.

The reason for taking the title Br. W. has given himself, is, that he can not understand that the word “Reverend,” when applied to a preacher, means anything less than the name of the Almighty; or, when used as a mere prefix, that it can mean any thing else than “awful.” He differs therefore from the whole world of lexicographers and writers, who use it as a mere professional title, as “Dr.” “Prof.” &c.; and mean only to have it understood as synonymous with *teacher* or *preacher* of religion. Br. W. still calls men “Mr.” i. e. *Master*, contrary to Matt. xxiii: 10; and women “Mrs.” who are not his Mistresses! But probably he will soon cease to do that also—for surely he that strains out a gnat will soon learn to keep out the camel also!

A. B. G.

“THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURALIST'S ALMANAC FOR 1844.”—We have just received from the office of the New World, 30 Ann street, New York, a copy of this work, edited by A. B. Allen, Esq., aided by an Association of eminent Agriculturalists. Being no farmer I am not capable of sitting in judgment on its merits, but have no doubt that any industrious and ingenious farmer will make it yield him more than *cent. per cent.* on its cost, which is only one shilling per copy. It contains a full Almanac, calculated for all necessary meridians—for the United States and Canadas—with a Northern Calendar for every month in the year, giving directions for managing a farm, garden and orchard; and a Southern Calendar for the plantation;—also, miscellaneous matter of importance to the planter, farmer, breeder of stock, horticulturalist, &c., &c. Agents, booksellers, &c., will be supplied at \$3.00 per hundred. It appears to me that the work would be very useful to every farmer who can get one; well worth more than the shilling merely as a pamphlet on the subjects of which it treats. If any one after purchasing it, finds that my opinion is not a correct one, why—the knowledge will only cost them a shilling, and I venture to say they have often paid more money for less information!

A. B. G.

P. M. at Harford, Cortland county, N. Y., sends back the last number of the Magazine and Advocate, addressed to Enos Cook, and writes on the wrapper that said Cook has *met with a change of heart*, and does not take his paper from the office. Wonder if the change will cause him to pay that *dollar and a half* that he owes us. One Warren Stearns, at Ledyard, N. Y., has left the place, without paying for what papers he has had; say about one dollar's worth of current volume. We understand he has gone to Lee, N. Y. Also, one Ezekiel Style, of Springville, N. Y., has left the place and gone to Wisconsin, without paying us \$6.50 which he owes. Can any one inform us of his whereabouts *exactly*. P. M. at Smithville, N. Y., says Horace Ames does not take his paper from the office. Reason, does not pay the postage, also owes us \$6.50.

BR. BULLARD—G. & W. have books only on commission. If you send a cash order for Hymn Books, or Registers, or both, please state in what manner they shall be sent you, at *your risk*. A. B. G.



## UNIVERSALIST BOOKS IN BUFFALO.

Mr. L. M. Smith, son of Rev. S. R. Smith, has opened a store in Buffalo, and will keep an assortment of Universalist books for sale. The arrangement is a good one, and we hope it will be well sustained by our western friends generally. A. B. G.

THE UNIVERSALIST COMPANION, WITH REGISTER AND ALMANAC FOR 1844.—Now is the time for our preachers to supply themselves, that the friends in every district may be able to get copies in time. Being a periodical they can be sent by mail at a moderate postage. Cash orders always promptly supplied at this office, at the publisher's prices. Send in ones, threes, fives, or tens, and a proper number of copies of the work will be returned as the order may direct.

Br. Tompkins—Credit S. L. Knight, Fayetteville, N. Y., on account of Repository, seven dollars, and send it to him hereafter at Plainfield, Willco., Illinois. Charge us \$6.93.

## A CHANCE TO SAVE ONE DOLLAR!!!

Those who are owing us for three volumes of the Magazine and Advocate, including the present volume, (\$7.00 according to terms,) shall be credited in full for them and the next year (making four volumes) if they will send seven dollars, free of postage, immediately.

Those owing for two years, including the present, shall be credited in full for them and next year, (three volumes,) by sending five dollars, free of postage.

Those owing for the present year only, shall be credited in full for this and next year, by sending three dollars postage free.

Friends and patrons, can you doubt that we need the money?

JAMES LEANDER CATHCART, Esq., for the last twenty years second Comptroller of the Treasury, died at Washington on Friday, aged 77 years. He entered the Continental Navy at the age of ten years and served as midshipman on board the Confederacy and Tyranicide during the Revolutionary struggle, and soon after the peace was captured by the Algerines off the coast of Spain. He remained eleven years in captivity.

A curious piece of gold, of twisted workmanship, said to be worth, as old gold, £20, was lately found by a farm servant in ploughing a field belonging to Mr. H. Lillywhite, of Ripley, Hants, England. It is supposed to be a collar worn by the Romans, of very neat workmanship, in a good state of preservation, and is now in the possession of the Rev. S. Maddock, vicar of Ripley.

The great Fair of the American Institute commenced in New York, on Tuesday, at Niblo's garden. The opening address was delivered in the evening by Gen. Tallmadge. The exhibition is to continue for several days and addresses will be delivered on every evening.

ROBBERY AT THE MUSEUM AT NIAGARA.—On Wednesday night last, the Niagara Museum, on the Canada side, was robbed of its collection of Roman and Grecian coins, for the recovery of which a reward of \$200 has been offered.

A Clergyman at Rochester, on leaving a barber shop, put on in mistake the coat of another person. When the gentleman to whom the coat belonged came to put it on, he was greatly surprised to find it gone. A pursuit was made, and the reverend gentleman was found comfortably taking his breakfast without having discovered the mistake, and of course was greatly surprised when told that the coat he had on contained a pocket book with five thousand dollars in it.

The Hon. Minthorne Tompkins, of Staten Island, has presented a handsome lot of land to the ladies of the Samaritan Society, upon which to build a commodious edifice or manufactory for the accommodation and employment of destitute females.—[Utica Dem.]

The Warsaw (Ill.) Messenger states that Mr. Bennett of that place, on Sunday went up to Nauvoo with the intention of attaching himself to the "Saints," but in-

stead of being well received, Jo. Smith gave him a caning. He went home and applied to Justice Rockwell for a warrant to arrest the Prophet, but it had not been issued on Wednesday.

TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION.—The boiler in the India Rubber Factory in Providence, blew up last Tuesday and damaged the building and a small one story dwelling, adjoining, very materially, injuring slightly some 2 or 3 of the hands.

The boiler burst through the thick wall of the basement of the factory, and passed by an adjoining house, carrying away both corners of the same in the rear, and lodged some fifty or sixty yards from the factory.

## RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. THOMAS L. HARRIS, late a member of the West Utica Baptist church in this city, will state his reasons for the enlargement of his Christian faith, in the Universalist church, next Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock.

Br. GROSS will preach in the Unitarian chapel in Trenton village, next Sunday—and lecture in Prospect village in the evening, as Br. Bacon may appoint.

Br. S. R. SMITH will preach in the Methodist church at Sheridan Centre, Chautauque county, on Tuesday the 24th inst., at 11 o'clock, A. M.

A meeting of the believers and friends of the doctrine of Universal Salvation, will be held at Little Falls, (at the Public Hall,) on Saturday, 28th inst., at 2 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of organizing a Universalist Society. All friends in the village and vicinity are requested to attend.

Br. DAVIS BACON will preach at Alder Creek on the fifth Sunday inst., and lecture on Temperance on the Saturday evening previous, at the same place.

Br. D. SKINNER will preach at Herkimer next (4th) Sunday inst., and at Little Falls on the fifth Sunday inst.

The Second Conference of the Otsego Association will be held in Louisville, (town of Butternuts,) on the last Wednesday and Thursday in October (25th and 26th.) A committee will be in attendance at the church to receive friends from abroad. Ministering brethren from sister Associations are particularly invited to attend—those in the Association will be present of course.

O. WHISTON,

Standing Clerk.

In behalf of the Universalists of Ithaca, we would inform our friends generally, that a Conference will be held at the Court House in Ithaca, Tompkins county, on the first and second days of November next. The friends have raised the "Macedonian cry," and we hope it will be listened to—let all that can attend, be there on those days.

Preachers in this Association, and as many others as can make it convenient, are earnestly invited to attend. "Come one, come all."

A. G. CLARK.

DEDICATION AND CONFERENCE.—The Universalist meeting house in Boston, Erie county, will be dedicated to the one living and true God, on Tuesday the 17th of October next. Br. S. R. Smith is expected to preach the dedication sermon. On the Wednesday and Thursday following the 17th—i. e., the 18th and 19th—a Conference of the Genesee Association will be held at the same place, and our friends generally are respectfully invited to attend, "especially our ministering brethren." A committee will be in waiting at the church, to direct our friends from a distance to places of entertainment.

D. ACKLEY, Standing Clerk.

The First Quarterly Conference of the Hudson River Association will be held at Braman's Corners, on the third Wednesday and following Thursday in October. Friends who come by the rail-road or the canal, will be met at Fort Jackson, (opposite Amsterdam,) at 12 o'clock, on Tuesday, (the day previous,) and conveyed to the Corners by our friends from that place.

J. A. ASPINWALL,

Standing Clerk.

## MARRIAGES.

In Marshall, on the 9th inst., by Rev. C. S. Brown, Mr. J. M. HANCHETT to Miss JULIETTA TITUS, all of Marshall.

In this city, on the 11th inst., by Rev. Mr. Porter, Mr. GEORGE T. ABBEY to Miss JULIA M. MATHER, all of this city.

In the Universalist church at Smithville Flats, Oct. 8th, by Rev. W. M. Delong, Mr. JOHN S. TARBELL, to Miss MARY E. KETCHUM, both of that town.

In Elmira village, September 7th, by Rev. W. Bullard,

GEORGE W. MASON, Sen., Editor of the Elmira Gazette, to Miss MARY ANN COLLINGWOOD, daughter of Francis Collingwood, all of Elmira.

## DEATHS.

In Henderson, Jefferson county, August 27th, after a short illness, which she bore with Christian patience and resignation, Mrs. ANN TYLER, consort of Mr. Harry Tyler, in the 35th year of her age. For many years sister Tyler had been a devotional and sincere believer in the Gospel of universal grace—her faithfulness in all the duties of her station was unwearied, and her confidence in the saving grace of God was unshaken.

As a companion, mother, and member of society, she richly merited and long received the confidence and respect of her acquaintances. She delighted in the law of the Lord, and drew divine consolation from the promises of his grace, and died in the triumphs of the Christian faith. A bereaved husband, four children and numerous friends are left to lament their loss and drink the bitter cup of affliction prepared by the paternal hand of God.

On the 28th, a very large concourse assembled at her funeral in Smithville, to whom the never-failing consolations of the Gospel were administered by the writer of this notice, assisted in the public service by Br. Wilcox. May the blessings of the Gospel of God our Saviour ever rest on all who mourn.

P. M.

In Veteran, Chemung county, N. Y., Oct. 4th, Mrs. ANN HULETTE, consort of Charles Hulet, Esq., aged 33 years. The subject of this notice was formerly a resident of Wallingford, Rutland county, Vt., and was a member of the Congregational church in that place when she left there for this country; and though she did not unite herself to any church here, she lived the life and died the death of a pious and exemplary Christian. In this dispensation of Providence her worthy husband has sustained an irreparable loss, her four little ones (the last an infant) are bereaved of an affectionate mother, while society is shorn of one of its brightest ornaments. Her funeral was attended by a respectable congregation of sympathising friends to whom and to the deeply afflicted mourners, the consolations of the Gospel were administered by the writer, from 1 Cor. xv: 49, "And as we have borne the image of the earthy we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." Selected by the husband.

W. BULLARD.

\* \* \* Trumpet, please copy.

In Clinton, on the 11th inst., of scrofula, Mr. JOSEPH P. WOOLNOUGH, aged 24 years. Br. W. had suffered long and severely with the painful disease that finally brought him to the grave; but he bore up under all with almost unexampled patience, no murmurs ever escaping his lips on account of his afflictions. He lived a short but good life; every one who knew him, esteemed him for his virtues, sympathised with him in the day of his trial, and lamented him in death. He left the world strong in the faith of the Restoration, and rejoicing in the hope of a world's salvation. He selected the writer to preach his funeral sermon, which he did on the 13th, by the request of the mourners, from Rom. xii: 12, "Patient in tribulation; rejoicing in hope"—these being the last words of the departed.

H. B. S.

## ALISON FOR ONE DOLLAR.

Now in press, and will be published early in October, at the New World office, 30 Ann street, New York, ONE LARGE AND SPLENDID VOLUME, octavo size, on new and beautiful long primer type.

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J. WINCHESTER, 30 Ann-street, N. Y.

## LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P M, Vermont, for B M—P M, Manchester, (Mich.) for E F and J W B—P M, Albion, for P B.



From the Universalist.

## FROM ISAIAH.

Awake thee, oh Zion! arise, for the hand  
Of Israel's God overshadows the land!  
Put off thy grey garments of sack cloth, and haste  
To rebuild the high place the foe hath laid waste!

Look up in thy beauty, oh Zion, look up!  
Thou'st drained the last drop of thy trembling cup;  
And tho' like a desert thy city may be,  
I will open a fount in the desert for thee.

And the foot of the spoiler that trampled to scorn  
Thy vine and thy myrtle shall wander forlorn;  
In thy desolate Sharon the rose tree shall bloom,  
And the green grass wave over thy places of gloom.

The bird of thy vineyard no longer shall sing  
Alone on the hill side, a desolate thing;  
For the mountain their notes of glad music shall raise,  
And creation re-echo the sound of my praise.

When Egypt oppressed thee, the strength of my arm  
Beclouded a host to redeem thee from harm;  
And at my rebuke, in the depths of the sea,  
A pathway was made for my ransomed to flee.

And now, oh my people, Jehovah is nigh,  
He hears the low moan of the prisoner's cry;  
And thy bondage is broken—my arm is revealed,  
And Judah's oppressions and sorrows are healed.

E. M. F.

## A SKETCH.

"For what knowest thou, oh wife, whether thou shalt  
save thy husband?" 1 Cor. vii: 16.

The room, though scantily and meanly furnished, still bore marks of neatness; the uncarpeted floor had been carefully swept, the few chairs, the old mahogany table and the mantle piece were free from dust, the books were arranged on the little shelf, and in the middle of the room on a small stand, was burning a flickering tallow candle. On the bed, whose poverty could not be concealed by any art, lay a young woman, wasted by disease. Her glossy hair was parted over her marble brow, and on her wan cheek was the bright hectic of that syren disease of our climate, consumption; consumed indeed was that patient sufferer; but there is a disease which preys more upon the heart than upon the lungs. She lay now completely exhausted, for it was her exertion that had made that cheerless chamber wear its present appearance of comfort. To be sure there was no fire, though it was deep winter, and the storm howled piteously without, and the chill wind came in at every crack—but how could she make fire with out coals? And indeed, she did not feel able to go out and get any—and even if she should venture, where was she to apply? Mr. B. had repulsed her rudely when she last went. She raised her clasped hands to heaven, her lips moved, then came over her pallid features a trusting smile, as she murmured—"Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief!"

The door opened, and the storm rushing in nearly extinguished the taper; a man in the prime of life, of good figure, but alas, alas! bearing too plainly the evidences of ruinous excess walked hurriedly into the room.

"Dear George," exclaimed the woman, starting from her pillow, "how glad I am you come so soon. I have been so lonesome."

The man approached her bed, and taking her hand in his, said—

"Yes, Mary, and I am glad, too; for it is an ugly night to be out in, and I am lucky enough to get off sooner than usual this evening. I have brought you some medicine." His voice choked, he hastily dropped his wife's hand, and approaching the fire place, began raking up the ashes, to make a fire with some bits of board he had brought in.

Mary covered her face with the quilt, and burst into tears, but with every sob was mingled a thanksgiving. She felt at that moment as if she would willingly have died, so great, so ecstatic was the bliss that filled her soul; her husband, her dear, dear George, was himself, his own generous self, once more. God had heard her prayers—the burning tears had gone up to the mercy

seat; but she is trembling again—perhaps—nay, nay,—"with God, all things are possible,"—and drying her eyes, she arose and stealing to the fire, threw her arms around her husband's neck and they both wept, locked in a fond embrace.

Mary's happiness gave her strength; a pan of water was soon boiled, and a cup of tea made; and though without sugar or milk, and accompanied only with dry biscuit, it was sweeter to both than the richest meal in the days of their prosperity; for the angels who rejoice over returning penitents, sat at the board, and made the meal a heavenly one.

The wife spoke tenderly on bright and happy topics; she recalled the sweet days of their first acquaintance, of their mutual love and pride—she spoke of her own errors, but never breathed a word of his—of the future, of better times, coloring the future with woman's trustings, faith and love. George sat in silence, but his kind looks and unbidden tears told Mary that his degradation had not steeled his heart to better influences.

The morning dawned, and Mary having slept tranquilly on her husband's bosom, awoke refreshed. The breakfast was as frugal and as happy as the supper, and as her husband kissed her she murmured, "Dear, dear George, trust in God's strength, it is perfect in our weakness." Long, long did that sweet sufferer kneel in prayer; fervently did petitions go up to Him, who pities us as a father pities his children, that strength might be vouchsafed to her husband, to persevere in the path of rectitude. She arose refreshed, comforted, filled "with the peace that passeth all understanding"—she felt assured that God would hear her prayers.

About 11 o'clock she was started by a loud knocking at the door; for a moment her heart died within her, her knees smote together, a deadly faintness came over her, but recovering, she murmured—"I knew in whom I have trusted," and hastening forward, she opened the door.

"For Mr. Edgar," said a rough voice; "some things for Mr. Edgar. I s'pose he lives here."

"Yes," replied Mary, "this is the place; Mr. Edgar does live here: but you must be mistaken—these things can't be for him."

"Yes, they are, though," returned the man; I know George Edgar, and he told me to bring 'em; here's the paper."

The trembling wife took the direction, and recognized the hand writing of her dear husband. The man, unheeding her, had pushed in, and was emptying the contents of a large basket on the table. Mary mechanically went forward, to hide in apparent business her feelings, and the man, rough though he was, felt for her, and hurried away. Bread, dried beef, sugar, tea, fish, candles, and many other little parcels. O, how rich, how happy she felt! Now there is a load of wood at the door. Mary can but fall on her knees and thank Him on whom she has cast all her cares.

A hot dinner was smoking when George returned, and she, in her sweet, angel spirit, spoke to him so cheerfully, and so delicately avoided all recurrence to the cause of the joy, except by looks of happiness, that he could but press her to his bosom, and sob his gratitude.

This was the beginning of their happiness—George did not fall back, though fierce was the contest, sore his temptation—he did persevere; they who had sought out the wandering sinner, and with gentle persuasion, induced him to sign the charter of his emancipation from the fell tyrant, on the temperance pledge, were faithful still to watch over and encourage him; it was they who had advanced money to furnish his sick wife with necessaries and medical aid, until such time as the good resolutions of her redeemed husband should enable him to procure them himself.

And she, whose uniting love had never once reproached, who had borne poverty, disgrace, sickness, insults—praying without ceasing—had now received her reward—her faith had saved her, and him whom she had never forsaken, even in thought, was now restored by her means to respectability and honor.

Pray for the poor inebriate; he may withstand coun-

sel, persuasion, tears, reproach; but he can not prevent us from pleading his cause at the bar of the All Merciful, who willet not the death of a sinner—pray without ceasing, and it shall be unto us according to our faith.—[Olive Plant.

## ELOQUENT.

At a recent gathering of the friends of Temperance at New Market, N. H., an aged mariner by the name of Fall, made a most touching speech. We cut from the columns of the White Mountain Torrent, the following extract:

"I have come, he continued, twelve miles to attend this meeting—yet I do not value my time—I feel rewarded by what I see around me. My friends, I have seen more of the world than most of you. I have trod the streets of proud old London; and the winds of distant India have fanned these furrowed cheeks of mine. My keel has been upon every sea, and my name upon many a tongue. Heaven blessed me with one of the best of wives—and my children; oh, why should I speak of them! My home was once a paradise. But I bowed, like a brute, to the 'killing cup'—my eldest son tore himself from his degraded father, and has never returned. My young heart's idol—my beloved and suffering wife, has gone broken hearted to the grave. And my lovely daughter, whose image I seem to see in the beautiful around me—once my pride and my hope—pined away in sorrow and mourning, because her father was a drunkard and now sleeps by her mother's side. But I still live to tell the history of my shame, and the ruin of my family. I still live—and stand here before you to offer up my heart's fervent gratitude to my heavenly Father that I have been snatched from the brink of the drunkard's grave. I live to be a sober man. And while I live, I shall struggle to restore my wandering brethren again to the bosom of society. This form of mine is wasting and bending under the weight of years. But, my young friends, you are just blooming into life; the places of your fathers and mothers will soon be vacant. See that you come up to fill them with pure hearts and anointed lips! Bind the blessed pledge firmly to your hearts; and may it be the Shibboleth of life's warfare!"

## SIGNS OF INTEMPERANCE.

1. If you have set times, days or places, for indulging yourself in ardent spirits.
2. If you find yourself continually inventing excuses for drinking, or availing yourself of every little catch or circumstance among your companions to bring out a "treat."
3. If you find the desire of strong drink returning daily, and at stated hours.
4. If you drink in secret, because you are unwilling your friends or the world should know how much you drink.
5. If you are accustomed to drink, when opportunities present, as much as you can bear without public tokens of inebriation.
6. Redness of eyes, with a full red countenance, and tremor of the hands, especially when connected with irritability, petulance, and violent anger.

A physician, passing by a stonemason's, bawled out to him, "Good morning, Mr. W——. Hard at work I see. You finish your gravestones as far as 'In memory of,' and then you wait, I suppose, to see who wants a monument?" "Why, yes," replied the old man, resting for a moment on his mallet, "unless somebody is sick, and you doctoring him, and then I keep right on!"

Those who design ill themselves, are commonly most apt to suspect that others design ill.

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# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."....."PROVE ALL THINGS HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.] UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1843.

NO 43.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Dexter, September 22d, 1843.

REV. MR. BOUGHTON,

Dear Sir—Having listened to your very able and interesting sermon, delivered in this place on Thursday the 21st inst., at the ordination of Br. G. S. Abbott, and believing that it is well calculated to further the cause of truth and righteousness, we respectfully solicit a copy of the same, to be published in the Magazine and Advocate, and such other papers as may be disposed to copy it.

Very respectfully,

JOHN B. KIMBALL, SOLON STONE,  
RALPH LASSCELL, F. W. WINN,  
JOHN BIELBY, AMI SMITH.

Rev. H. BOUGHTON.

## REPLY.

Watertown, September 25th, 1843.

DEAR BRETHREN:—Your note of the 22d inst., requesting a copy of the sermon, preached at your place on the 21st, for publication, is received. I will only say in reply, that notwithstanding it was hastily written, without any expectation of its being published, yet I cheerfully comply with your request. The sermon is at your disposal.

Yours in the Gospel,

H. BOUGHTON.

John B. Kimball, Solon Stone, R. Lasscell, F. W. Winn,  
John Bielby, Ami Smith.

## ORIGINAL SERMON.

Delivered at the Ordination of Rev. G. S. Abbott, in Dexter, N. Y., September 21st, 1843.

BY REV. H. BOUGHTON, OF WATERTOWN.

Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel: therefore hear the word at my mouth, and give them warning from me. Ezek. iii: 17.

The prophet Ezekiel, to whom this language was originally addressed, was a resident of the city of Jerusalem when it was besieged by Nebuchadnezzar, in the year of the world 3405. He was among the captives which this prince carried into Babylon—where, for 70 years, they were obliged to endure the most cruel and distressing bondage. Soon after the commencement of his captivity, the Lord appeared to him in a vision on the banks of the river Chebar, and gave him instruction to communicate with his fellow prisoners that he might cause them to understand the reason of their overthrow and subjection. At that time he heard addressed to him the words of our text. "Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel: therefore hear the words at my mouth, and give them warning from me." And every individual who has carefully perused the instructions and the prophecies of this servant of God, is convinced of the fidelity with which he performed the duties then and there assigned him.

Notwithstanding he was placed in circumstances of the most trying and discouraging nature, he nevertheless yielded strict obedience to the divine command—he did on all occasions as he was requested to do—he preached the truth, plainly and forcibly, without fear of hatred or censure—and although he was compelled, in doing so, to expose the great wickedness of his own countrymen, yet he manifested no hesitation or reluctance. He had heard the word from the mouth of his Maker, and he faithfully gave warning to those for whom it was intended. He proved himself a watchman, indeed—one who felt the responsibilities of his office—who was determined to do his duty, to walk in the commandments of God and to proclaim whatever he should receive from him to proclaim.

But we do not intend to dwell upon the life and labors of this individual—we have made the foregoing remarks in relation to him, simply, to show

the applicability of the text to the present occasion; and also that we might realize the obligations and the duties which devolve upon the minister of Christ.

It is no more certain that the prophet was made a watchman unto the house of Israel while they were in suffering and bondage, than it is, that every true hearted preacher of the everlasting Gospel, is a watchman. For every man who enters into the vineyard of his Master, to labor publicly for the spread of truth, and the consequent good of the world, is under as strong obligation to look after the interests of Zion, as was Ezekiel to instruct and watch over enslaved Israel. And it was no more the duty of the prophet to hear the word of God and give warning to his fellow captives, than it now is for every Herald of the Cross, to hearken to the same word, and giving warning to those who may attend upon his ministrations.

Therefore, to every proclaimer of "Good Tidings" and especially to every young man, who is setting out to labor in the ministry of reconciliation, the language of our text should come home with force—and in whatever circumstances he may be placed—whether in prosperity or adversity—whether in joy or sorrow—whether among friends or enemies—with those who will hear or those who will forbear, he should constantly reflect on these words—"Son of man I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel: therefore hear the word at my mouth, and give them warning from me."

That the good of the world requires a Gospel ministry, I presume no candid individual will dispute—and that this ministry should be such as might give influence and power to the truths promulgated, is what every lover of virtue would sincerely desire—therefore, we see that the office of minister is one of no light or trivial character—it is one which involves the most weighty responsibilities—which places the individual under obligations to exert all his powers of mind and body, for the furtherance of the cause in which he is engaged—to so live as to give influence to his teachings—and to so devote his time to the study of the great truths of Christianity, as to be able to present them to the world in their own native and attractive form.

A preacher should consider himself God's servant, and should be willing under all circumstances, to yield strict obedience to his requirements. He should look upon himself as an instrument in the hand of his Creator, for the promotion of truths in the earth—for the advancement of holiness—for the turning of men from vice to virtue, and the consequent increase of real and substantial enjoyment. And to effect this, he must walk in imitation of the examples of the Lord Jesus Christ—he must do justly, and love mercy, and walk humbly—he must exercise, in his intercourse with the world, the spirit of charity and forgiveness—must practice that religion which is pure and undefiled; or, in other words, be careful always to maintain good works.

Without such a course, on the part of a professed minister of the Gospel, his labors can not be crowned with success. For it is impossible for a bad man to effect any permanent good—as much so, as it is for an evil tree to produce good fruit. Therefore, if the individual who promulgates the doctrine of Christ to the world, would wish to see any beneficial influence result from his labors, he must so conduct, that his conscience will be void of offence in the sight of God and man.

Nothing exerts so powerful an influence as example. And this is peculiarly the fact in relation to one, who publicly advocates the importance of a religious practice. To him the people naturally look for an exhibition of what he teaches to be the

duty of man. And if he fails of carrying out in his life, the principles which he presents for the guidance of others, his influence is lost, and his sincerity questioned. But, on the other hand, if he lives as he exhorts others to live—if he pays strict regard for truth and uprightness—if he deals honestly, and evinces a spirit of benevolence and charity, then his teaching will exert a power which can not be resisted—"then he will have the confidence of the world—men will believe him to be honest, and the principles which he advocates will go on triumphing over error, and bringing multitudes to a knowledge of the truth.

That such is the fact, will not be questioned.—For we are all sensible of the influence a good man exerts—and we know that in all past time, those who have preached the Gospel of Christ, and have exhibited its spirit in their daily walk and conversation, have met with wonderful success in the advancement and promotion of their favorite principles. Such was the case with Luther—with Melancthon—with Wesley—with Whitfield—and with Murray. Such was the case with the apostles of our Lord and Saviour. And such was the case with the Redeemer himself. When he went about doing good, as well as preaching the message of a world's salvation, the influence of bigotry, was, in a great measure destroyed—his noble deeds applied to the better feelings of men—they found their way to the heart—and notwithstanding the violent prejudice of the world, and the desire which existed for his destruction, and the destruction of his message, yet multitudes were constrained to say, in the language of the centurion, "Truly this is a righteous man."

And by this course the Saviour gained for himself devoted and warm hearted friends—they loved him for his goodness—they revered him for his patience, and mildness, and gentleness—they respected him for his unflinching devotion to truth and righteousness—and when they saw him doing good to his enemies, binding up the broken hearted, curing the sick, and restoring the dead, they felt to say in sincerity of heart, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

The Saviour seemed to know of no other way to enforce the truths which he came to establish, but by example—and therefore he was constantly engaged in acts of benevolence, and forgiveness, and love. He blessed ever his most cruel and unjust opposers—he rendered good for evil—and in every period of his ministry—whether among friends or foes—he was seen actively exerting himself for the good of that world, which he came to save from sin.

His life was a most beautiful commentary upon the doctrine which he taught—it was a life without sin—a life devoted to the cause of truth—to the cause of humanity—to the cause of heaven, of righteousness, and of God. It was a life spent in the performance of those good works, which are good and profitable unto men—a life of philanthropy—a virtuous life—a life such as no man ever lived before or since—a constant practice of all the duties, which man is required to discharge—a doing good to all men as opportunity offers, and keeping unspotted from the world. And so should every man live—especially every man who wishes to be a successful minister of the everlasting Gospel.

It is true, a man may preach, and become somewhat noted as a preacher, if he is possessed of more than ordinary powers of mind and eloquence—notwithstanding he may not imitate the God-like examples of the Saviour—but still, without this imitation, he never can become truly great. His preaching will be like a sounding brass or a tinkling



cymbal—he will fail to exert a good and healthy influence: he will not live in the affections of his fellow men—neither will he gain for himself that confidence which community would like to place in the herald of the cross of Christ.

But let the individual who preaches the goodness of God, and the impartiality of the Saviour—who represents to the world the beauty of virtue, and the joys of godliness—who professes to believe in the truth, that of one blood were made all nations of men—that we are all brethren, and all destined to enjoy the blessings of immortality and bliss beyond the grave; let this individual show his gratitude to God, by keeping his commandments—let him live virtuously and uprightly—let him treat every man kindly and affectionately, and strive to overcome evil by practicing righteousness—and depend upon it, his influence will be felt and appreciated. He will be looked up to as one whose conduct should be imitated, whose example should be followed, and whose spirit should be cherished and practiced. He will be considered what he really is, a *good man*—and the sentiments which he preaches will command the respect of the world; at least, they will derive beauty from his character, and multitudes will be brought to examine them, to behold the evidence of their truth, and to cherish them as that message which is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

Hence we see the necessity of every one who becomes a watchman unto spiritual Israel, living as he ought to live. We see the necessity of his shunning all vicious habits—of his being honest in all his dealing, faithful in the discharge of his every duty, kind to the suffering and the distressed, ready to do good, and to forgive injuries—and of his having his heart so full of the love of God, that he can say of his enemies, in the language of the Lord Jesus Christ, “Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.”

But there is something more required of the preacher than this—and that is, that he faithfully proclaim the word of God. This we learn from the text, “Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel: therefore hear the word of my mouth, and give them warning from me!” The word of God, or the Revelation of his will, was given evidently for the good of the world—and the doctrine contained in that word is so pure, and so holy, and so god-like, in its character, that its tendency must be to reform, or make better. And consequently, as the object of every herald of good tidings should be to bring men to a knowledge of the truth—to turn them from evil to a practice of true holiness, and thereby enable them to dwell together as brethren of one family; therefore he should declare boldly the whole counsel of God—he should preach as Jesus Christ and the apostles preached—should give line upon line and precept upon precept—should exhort and rebuke with all long suffering and doctrine and thus strive to lead the erring to God, and the lost to happiness.

But it may be inquired, What does the word of God teach? In the first place, it teaches that *He is love*. And this is one of the most prominent doctrines of the Bible. The sacred writers have presented this truth as one of the fundamental principles of Christianity. They have dwelt with peculiar emphasis upon the benevolence of Deity as displayed in all creation—upon that love which governs the Universe—which controls all events—which brings the seasons in their order—which makes the earth produce her abundance of benefits for man—which

“Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,  
Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;  
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,  
Spreads undivided, operates unspent.”

To teach men this love, the Saviour directed their attention to the animal and vegetable creation. He said, “Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them!” And again he said, “Behold the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his

glory was not arrayed like one of these; wherefore if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much rather clothe you, oh, ye, of little faith?” And again, when speaking on this subject and wishing to show the *impartiality* of the love of God, he declared that, “He maketh his sun to rise on the evil, and the good, and sendeth rain upon the just and the unjust.” And it is a remarkable fact, that in all the preaching of the Son of God, and likewise in that of his disciples, this truth was presented to us as of the utmost importance. They preached it as the grand means of bringing men to repentance—as the converting power of the Gospel—as that heaven which is finally to succeed in changing the entire mass of mind, and bringing every intelligent creature to a knowledge of God, and his Son Jesus Christ. They represented this love as boundless—as encompassing all beings—as being God himself—as the grand moving, guiding, regulating, and sustaining principle of the universe—as that on which we must rely for a deliverance from this bondage of corruption into that glorious liberty beyond the grave—and as that unchangeable grace, which is the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever.

And so should every man preach, who would be a faithful advocate of the word of God. He should present the character of his Creator in its true light—he should contend for the goodness of God, and point to the evidences, as seen in the heavens above, on the earth beneath, and in every object by which we are surrounded. He should urge home this goodness, that it may lead to repentance, to holiness of life, to a virtuous course of conduct, to a shunning of all viciousness, and to the adorning of the doctrine of Christ, with well ordered lives, and a godly conversation.

And how pleasurable to do this! To tell of the impartial kindness of that Being who created us—who has preserved our existence—who has generously given us all things richly to enjoy—who has watched over us for good—who has blessed us temporally and spiritually, and whose bountiful hand is daily opened to satisfy the desires of every living thing. To preach this glorious truth to the world, affords a satisfaction which is unspeakable and full of glory—it gives to man a foretaste of heaven, and it enables him to become the messenger of good—to give peace to the sorrowing, joy to the disconsolate, hope to the desponding, and strength to the feeble. It is the bread of God which came down from heaven to give life to the world—and it will continue to operate until man is redeemed and brought home to that inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

But again—the word embraces the messiahship of Christ, and represents him as the image of his Father, as the brightness of his glory, as the friend of sinners, as the Lamb of God and the Saviour of the world; and this every watchman on the walls of our Zion, should publish. And not only this, but he should tell of his wondrous works, of his pure examples, and how he suffered, “the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.” He should tell how this Saviour labored for the good of his enemies—how he toiled amid persecution and abuse and insults, that he might plant in the purifying principles of the Gospel—how he exerted himself to overcome unkindness and enmity—how he wrought miracles in attestation of the truth of his teachings—and finally expired on the cross, praying for those who were cruelly robbing him of life.

And furthermore he should preach the resurrection of the dead—for this is one of the prominent doctrines of the Gospel. To make known this truth, was one object in sending the Saviour into the world—he came to bring life and immortality to light—and therefore he proclaimed the resurrection wherever he went—he demonstrated its truth by raising the dead—by giving life to the deceased son of the widow of Nain—by calling Lazarus from the sepulchre—and, finally, taking up his own life—by bursting the cerements of the grave, and showing himself to those who had known him previously—who had heard him preach, and who saw him die.

This truth was so firmly established by him, that the apostles were bold in proclaiming it—they declared the resurrection of the just and the unjust—that “in Christ,” or the spiritual nature, “should all be made alive”—that “the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed”—that “this corruptible must put on incorruption and this mortal must put on immortality”—that those who sleep in Jesus will God raise up with him, and change those who shall remain, when time shall be no longer, and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

And they likewise preached the reconciliation of man to God. That sin shall come to an end, and an everlasting righteousness be brought in. They declared that the resurrection shall be perfected in incorruption, immortality, glory and power—that “as we have borne the image of the earthly we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.” This truth was the great burthen of all their preaching—they declared it to be in accordance with the will of God—that he had purposed it in himself—that Christ was sent to effect it—and therefore he gave himself a ransom for all—a propitiation for the sins of the whole world.

And this was proclaimed by the Lord Jesus Christ—he assures us that in the resurrection, we shall be as the angels of God in heaven, and he further testified that the Father gave him all things, and that all the Father had given him shall come to him, and that him that cometh unto him he will in no wise cast out. And more than all this, the restitution was preached by the prophets. Peter declares, Acts iii: 21, that “the restitution of all things had been spoken by the mouth of all God’s holy prophets since the world began.” And any individual who will carefully and impartially peruse the writings of those spiritual watchmen, will be convinced that Peter stated nothing but the truth—for they affirm in plain and unequivocal language the entire destruction of all error—the finishing of iniquity, and the universal spread of the spiritual kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ. They declare that “all the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord, and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before him”—and much more to the same import—and consequently this doctrine is a part of that word which every Herald of the cross is bound to proclaim to his fellow men.

But in addition to all this, the servant of Christ should preach the consequences resulting from human conduct. He should declare the joys of godliness—and the peace produced by the constant practice of good works. He should teach, as did the Son of God, that “Blessed are the meek, the merciful, the pure in heart, the poor in spirit, and such as hunger and thirst after righteousness.” That “blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted”—that “blessed are the peace makers, for they shall be called the children of God”—that “blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and shall persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for Christ’s sake, for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.” And then he should declare the wretched consequences of sin—that the way of transgressors is hard—that there is no peace to the wicked—that whoso doeth a wrong, shall receive for the wrong which he hath done—that although hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished—that they are like the troubled sea when it can not rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt; and that God will visit tribulation and anguish upon every soul of man that doeth evil, of the Jew first and also of the Gentile.”

This truth he will find clearly taught in the glorious volume of divine revelation. And notwithstanding he may be obliged, like Ezekiel of old, to apply this to the case of some of his own brethren, yet he should discharge his duty fearlessly and boldly. He should hearken to the word of God, and give warning to all those who are out of the way—he should lift up his voice like a trumpet and show the house of Israel their sins—he should declare the whole counsel of God—and thus show



himself a true and faithful minister of the New Testament.

As it regards *where* men are punished for their iniquities, he should be guided by the voice of revelation. And he will be instructed by this, that the sinner shall be recompensed *in the earth*—that we shall receive *in body* according to that we have done, whether good or bad—that *in the day* we eat of the forbidden fruit, we shall *surely* die; and as illustration of this fact, he might cite the case of Cain, after having destroyed the life of his brother, who was compelled to declare in the bitterness of his anguish, "My punishment is greater than I can bear." He might also present the language of David, who in reference to his past misconduct, affirmed that the sorrows of death encompassed him, and the *pains of hell* gat hold upon him—and that consequently he found trouble and sorrow. And to this point would apply the case of the prodigal son, of Judas and Peter, all of which is verified by the experience and observation of every individual.

These things, then, the minister of God should preach. He should preach them faithfully, and forcibly, and feelingly. And his object should be, while performing this duty, to make the world better, and happier. He should desire to instruct the ignorant, to console the afflicted, to humble the proud, to reclaim the dissolute, to convert the unconverted, to bring men into that kingdom which is righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

And to do this effectually, he should go to the sinner in the spirit of brotherly affection—should proclaim to him the goodness of God which leadeth to repentance—should kindly warn him of the certain effects of disobedience—should strive by gentleness and persuasion, to draw him from the road of error into the peaceful pathway of wisdom and holiness. And this is a work which the servant of Christ should delight to perform. This is the work which our Redeemer came to accomplish, and to do which, he labored, and toiled, and preached, and suffered, and died. To aid in the accomplishment of this, is the object, I trust of all who have entered the ministry of reconciliation—and now if we only pay due attention to the directions contained in the word of the most High, our labors will be blessed, and the knowledge of the Lord will be increased.

May God grant that such may be the case. And may we all go forward, proclaiming the unsearchable riches of the Gospel of Christ, laboring for man's liberation from sin and misery; striving to lead the doubting to truth, the sinful to repentance, the wretched to enjoyment, and the lost to salvation. Such is our duty—and such is the duty of every watchman upon the walls of our spiritual Zion. Our light should constantly shine before men, that its influence may lead them to a knowledge of the truth, and in all the circumstances in which we may be placed, we should so conduct ourselves, that others may take knowledge of our ways, and realize that we have been taught in the school of the Redeemer.

Then may we individually discharge the obligations which devolve upon, as laborers in the vineyard of our Master. May we preach the truth with a realizing sense of its importance. May we study to be good, and to *do good*. May we proclaim peace to the mourning, joy to the sorrowing, comfort to the afflicted, and good tidings of great joy to all peoples. By doing this, we shall be effectual preachers of the word. God will bless our efforts for the up-building of the everlasting kingdom of his grace, and we shall constantly hear the whisperings of conscience saying, "Well done, ye good and faithful servants." Amen.

#### NOTE TO BR. WHITEMORE.

We give publicity to the following note from Br. S. R. Smith, not only because the virtual *donation* of the Steam Boat Company's Officers to aid our preachers and delegates on their way to the Convention merits this public notice; but also, because our good brethren of Buffalo who obtained it deserve, and undoubtedly will receive, the thanks of every individual of that large

number, who was thus saved the expenditure of *five dollars*. It was doing good all around the company.

A. B. G.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

Br. T. Whittemore—I have read with much satisfaction your editorial letters, giving an account of the particulars and pleasures of your journey to Akron in company with Br. H. Ballou. It was not expected that you would either name or recollect every particular which occurred, or in which you or others might feel interested. And most of such omissions, being local, your readers concerned in a given case, can easily supply. Those who live in Buffalo, can, so to speak, "blow our own trumpet," as far as our own peculiar affairs are concerned.

But there is one important fact, which you have wholly omitted, and which we feel extremely desirous of having supplied. You recollect that some forty or fifty persons—clergymen, delegates and friends spent the Sunday preceding Convention in Buffalo, and that nearly as many more arrived the next morning—all on the way to Akron. Part of these went up on Sunday evening, the residue on Monday morning. *But all went as far as Cleveland (200 miles) and returned for half price.* This arrangement was effected by the immediate exertions of B. Caryl, Esq., assisted by Mr. Hooker,—both members of the Universalist congregation in Buffalo; and J. Hollister, Esq., of Perrysburg, Ohio, and saved to each person *five dollars*—and in the aggregate to those who then went and returned, between \$125 and \$200. We feel that the officers of the *Steam Boat Combination*, should receive the grateful acknowledgments of those concerned, for this generous courtesy. And we can impute the omission of its mention by you, to no other cause, than the little interest which you take in matters that involve pecuniary considerations.

Yours very respectfully and fraternally,

S. R. SMITH.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### CHANGE AFTER DEATH. NO. III.

BY REV. W. N. BARBER.

"Behold I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep but we shall all be changed." PAUL.

The next question that we propose considering, is, viz. —

*What scriptural testimony have we, that there is no change after death?*

Now all denominations in Christendom profess to make the Bible the standard of faith; and before we believe the unreasonable theory in question, we want, at least, *some* Scripture to support it.—Can not those who believe in it, find one passage in its favor? Only *one* passage is demanded; for if that, taken with its connexion, supports it, that one passage is as good as ten thousand. But alas, for the once fashionable D. D.'s! It seems, that with all their sagacity, they have not been able to find a solitary phrase, that could possibly be twisted into its defence. Some ingenious bodies therefore have made a passage, and while they were about it they made one precisely to the point: "As a tree falleth so it lieth, and as death leaves us, so judgment shall find us." Now this would be as good Scripture as ever was penned, and would seem, in fact, to prove that there is no change after death, and that saints are going to heaven in their sins, (i. e., should they go at all,) were it not for one thing. It so happens that it is not Bible language—it can not be found in the Bible—like creeds and catechisms, it owes its existence to the wisdom of frail, finite, erring man.

So far from the Bible furnishing any thing in favor of the doctrine of no change after man shall have passed the cold Jordan of death, I am happy to state that it teaches a sentiment as opposite as the East is to the West. "We shall not all sleep but we shall all be changed." "For our conversation is in heaven; from whence we also look for the Saviour.... who shall change our vile body that it may be fashioned like unto his." "Ye do err, not knowing the Scripture nor the power of God; for in the resurrection, they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in

heaven, being the children of the resurrection."—"In Christ shall all be made alive." "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things are done away, behold all things have become new." "It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body."

It is sometimes said, that the change that the Bible speaks of, as taking place at the resurrection, is a mere *bodily* change. But if to be changed from "natural" to "spiritual," from "dishonor" to "glory,"—to be made a "new creature" "in Christ,"—to be raised up like unto "the angels of God in heaven,"—to "change our vile bodies" and fashion them like Jesus Christ's,—if all this does not indicate something more than a mere *corporeal* or *bodily* change, then I am at a loss to think of any language that would. And the man who contends that it does not, must be uncandid, or in possession of very obtuse intellectual faculties. At least, thus it appears to me, and if the reader contemplates the matter, I apprehend it will appear so to him.

Dummerston, Vt., 1843.

*Brethren of the Christian Warrior*:—We drew our conclusions with regard to Mr. Cary's indebtedness to us, from the following: and leave you and him to judge whether, under the circumstances, we could well conclude otherwise.

We received a letter from Mr. Cary, (which letter is now before us,) dated September 19th, 1841, in which he gave a statement of what he had done as agent. In that statement he claimed to have paid Mr. George W. Toler, (succeeding agent to Mr. C.) a balance of money, which he (Mr. C.) had collected of subscribers, claiming also to have paid his own subscription up to the close of that volume. We wrote to Mr. Toler shortly afterwards, mentioned Mr. Cary's statement, and in December following received a letter from Mr. Toler, in answer, saying that Mr. Cary had not paid him *one cent* of money as he stated. In a more subsequent letter from Mr. T., he informs us that Mr. Cary, had given him a lot of accounts to collect, by which, as we understood it, he was to obtain the money which Mr. C. had failed to pay him as stated. In the fall of the last year (1842), we sent our accounts to Mr. Toler for collection, and requested him to give us a full statement of what he had done, so that we might give credit to whom credit was due, &c. The required statement we have never received to this day; although, we received (in July last) a remittance by draft, from Mr. Toler, in conjunction with R. T. Wicker, Esq.; in the letter containing which, Mr. Wicker mentioned that Mr. T. had sent us a statement, &c., but which never came to hand. Consequently, we know nothing of Mr. Cary's having paid his account until your last paper reached us, nor of his desire to have the paper discontinued, until we received a notice to that effect through your post office, only two or three weeks since. Whether the fault was in Mr. Cary, Mr. Toler, or the mail department, we knew not, but *circumstantial evidence* was so strong that Mr. Cary had not done justly by us, that his name was published as you have seen. We had not the slightest intention of doing him wrong, or mentioning his name in a public manner, without cause. His honorable settlement with our agent being true, (which we doubt not) hereby induces us to acknowledge the injustice done him, and that we deeply regret the same.

G. & W.

P. S. Will our brethren of the Warrior have the goodness to say to Mr. G. W. Toler, that we should be glad to have him forward us a full and detailed statement of his agency, as soon as practicable.

#### UNIVERSALIST BOOKS IN BUFFALO.

Mr. L. M. Smith, son of Rev. S. R. Smith, has opened a store in Buffalo, and will keep an assortment of Universalist books for sale. The arrangement is a good one, and we hope it will be well sustained by our western friends generally.

A. B. G.



From the Gift for 1844.

### THE UNKNOWN BELLE.

I am no lover of mystery. Enigmas are my detestation. When a boy studying Ovid, I used to regard the conduct of Sphix with unmitigated disgust. I considered her the most intolerable of antique bores, and Oedipus a patient dunce. The proceedings of Alexander in cutting the Gordian knot, instead of puzzling himself by attempting to untie it, met with my hearty approval. I loved him from the moment I was made aware of that incident in his career. But when a mystery comes in the shape of a pretty woman, that is a different matter altogether. My antipathies give way like blocks of ice before a spring freshet. Listen to my story.

It was one of the gayest of the gay seasons at Washington. The first of a series of brilliant balls at the White House had commenced. The east room was crowded with all the beauty, resident and transitory, of the District. Foreign ministers and attaches, with their cars, garters, ribands, breeches, and silk stockings—members of Congress with their thumbs in the arm-holes of their waistcoat—Indian chiefs, deputed by their tribes, with their plumes and painted feathers—office-holders, office-seekers, idlers, and lobby-loungers were the principal constituents of the male portion of the assemblage. Add to these some hundreds of invited guests, who came because they felt they had a proprietary interest in the mansion, and an idea may be formed of the density and mixed character of the crowd.

Half a dozen quadrilles and waltzes had been completed. A number of the more provident and sagacious of the guests had begun to take up a line of march toward the supper-room; and the dancers, tired of jostling one another, were endeavoring to retreat, when one of the managers called upon the gentlemen to form a new cotillion, and at the same time, causing the standers-by to fall back, opened a circle, and led forth from the dense throng—from which she seemed to emerge like the evening star from behind a cloud—a young and beautiful female. A general murmur of surprise and admiration greeted her appearance.

'Who can she be?' 'Did any one ever see her before?' 'What a figure!' 'What a face!'—were the hasty whispers exchanged among the spectators. So great was the anxiety to see her, that the space cleared for the dancers was almost immediately filled up. No one seemed able to give the slightest information as to who she was—when or whence she came. It all seemed to me, for a moment, a fairy-like delusion. Was I not at the ball given by Prince Fortunatus, and was not this Cinderella herself? I glanced down at her feet; they were marvellously small, and the glossy white satin slippers shone like glass. The delusion grew stronger. Never before had I experienced so forcibly the potency of the imagination. I began to wonder whether or not she would disappear in coarse attire when the clock struck twelve.

I was roused from my reverie by being seized by the hand by the manager, (at the moment I took him for Prince Fortunatus,) who had hastily introduced me as a partner to the fair unknown, and, as I afterwards learned, bestirred himself to keep back the crowd, and create room for the quadrille. How dazlingly beautiful she was! Ordinary beauties may be described in detail—but Miss Smith (yes, that was the name by which she was introduced to me) startled you by the perfect unity of her charms. You could not pick out one feature or one quality as beautiful because it was a part of a perfectly beautiful whole, and was therefore faultless, as a matter of course. Her countenance was a lucid mirror of every passing thought and emotion of her soul; and if occasionally the expression was melancholy, it was always lovely, like a mountain lake, the aspect of which no change of sky can render less picturesque, but in which every change develops new beauties.

It took a minute or two to rally my thoughts and recollections, and to convince myself that I had neither walked into the wrong room nor the wrong century.—The lady spoke first. Her voice touched me like an Eolian harp, it was so musical and sad. Some young fops of my acquaintance twitched me by the elbow, and, by

significant winks, indicated their wish to be introduced. Miss Smith penetrated their designs, and said to me, in a delightful and confidential tone—"Don't introduce any one to me but members of Congress." The remark puzzled me excessively, but I bowed my acquiescence.

We squeezed through the quadrille with tolerable success; and as the gentleman manager, who had consigned the fair incognita to my charge, did not make his appearance, I was felicitating myself with the idea that she would accompany me to the supper-room, when, slightly pressing my arm with her hand, she directed my attention to a young gentleman, who had been gazing at her with undisguised symptoms of admiration, and asked if he were not Mr. K.—the member from New York.

I replied in the affirmative.

'He is quite a favorite with the old Roman—is he not?' asked the lady.

'Undoubtedly, and in the lower house he is fast acquiring influence.'

'Is he married?'

'Ye-es,' I replied, confounded at the quiet, business-like manner in which the question was put.

'Then introduce him,' said Miss Smith.

'Certainly. But why is it that you are less merciful than that gaunt Indian chief, who gave such a connoisseur-like glance at your flowing hair?'

'Interpret.'

'He contents himself with taking scalps; but you—you must have hearts.'

She answered only by a melancholy smile and shake of the head; and I forthwith introduced Mr. K.—to her.

Puzzled and chagrined, I made my way to the supper-room, where I was instantly assailed by a shower of questions from the ladies, and of compliments from the gentlemen, whose importunities I had disregarded.—Murmurs, low but deep, were uttered against me, when it was found that I had elicited nothing from my late partner that would allay the general curiosity in regard to her. All that I could communicate was, that she Miss Smith; and every one seemed to regard this piece of intelligence as involving the subject in profounder obscurity. The lady's remark in regard to the members of Congress, I kept to myself.

A series of brilliant entertainments, given by the hospitable and noble-spirited residents of Washington, succeeded the ball at the White House. At all of them, Miss S. was present, and at all of them she was indisputably the belle of the evening. Perhaps the appellation is a wrong one; for, apart from her dazzling beauty there was little of the self-assured and flattered belle in her appearance and demeanor. Her conversation was always cheerful and animated; but an interested observer (and I acknowledge that I soon became one) could detect beneath her apparent gaiety the pre-occupation of a heart filled with some secret sorrow. This conviction soon checked the tendency of my feelings towards her; and I had not met her three times before the lover was merged in the friend.

Still the mystery as to who she was and whence she came was kept up. All that the most inquisitive observer could discover was, that she resided in a respectable private family at Georgetown, the mistress of which, (Mrs. Bothwell,) though she did not go into society herself, yet she held that position which would secure an entree to any young female under her protection.—On being questioned on the subject of Miss Smith, Mrs. Bothwell would reply that she could vouch for her respectability; but beyond that, she knew nothing in regard to her parentage or history. Of course, this half way intelligence contributed still farther to pique public curiosity, and to render the unknown belle still more an object of interest. The fact that no one among the throngs who daily visited Washington, from all parts of the Union and of the world, had ever seen her or heard of her before, also added to the general perplexity. Several young men attempted to lay direct siege to her heart, and innumerable were the japonicas and the serenades with which they endeavored to facilitate their approaches; but they elicited from her no manner of encouragement. She received their attentions with 'sad civility,'

and, as soon as possible, got rid of them, and exerted her powers of fascination over some influential member of Congress.

One morning I called upon her at Mrs. Bothwell's. As I ascended the stairs, in advance of the servant, I accidentally glanced at a mirror through the open door of an apartment. A reflection of two figures attracted my attention. One was the lady I had come to visit; the other was that of a young man, with features wan but highly intellectual, and a somewhat attenuated frame. The lady's hand was run through the thick hair that clustered about his pale forehead, and she was gazing in his face with an expression of deep and tender solicitude. A sound very much like a kiss succeeded this momentary attitude. Reluctant to disturb such an interview, I turned to retreat, but accidentally came in contact with the servant, who tumbling half-way down stairs, effectually interrupted the affectionate scene in the parlor. Without more ado, after a preliminary shuffling of my feet to apprise the parties that some one was coming, I entered the room.

An opposite door closed as Miss Smith advanced to receive me, and I heard a dry, ominous cough proceed from the departing visitor. It seemed to fall heavily on the lady's heart, for she stopped short, pressed her hands to her eyes, and heaved a sigh. Quickly rallying, however, she summoned a sweet smile to her lips, and received me with kindness. We conversed a few minutes on different subjects, and I took an early leave.

As I drove home to Gadsby's, my mind was more lost than ever in conjectures as to this exceedingly beautiful but mysterious young lady. Who could the gentleman be on whom she had lavished such tokens of endearment? Was he a lover or a husband? If either, why did he not accompany her into society? Or, if his health did not permit such indulgence, how could she quit him to become the cynosure of a ball room? Perhaps he was a brother. No, a sister could never have bestowed such a look and such an embrace. What could it all mean?

A week after this interview, I called at the White House with a friend from England, who was desirous of an introduction to the remarkable man who then occupied the presidential chair. We were received by Jerry Grant, the Irish doorkeeper, who, with an absence of ceremony which astonished my transatlantic companion, took us up stairs, and pointing to the cabinet chamber, said: 'you will find the old man in that room.' Aware of Jemmy's despotic character, I entered without farther question. The first object I saw was Miss Smith, lifting the President's hand to her lips, while an expression of earnest gratitude irradiated her face.—She held a document with a seal, which looked like some official commission. Two or three members of Congress, who had apparently accompanied her, were present. On beholding the group, I drew back; but I was too late to escape unobserved. The President called upon me, by name, to enter; and Miss Smith turning at the same moment greeted me with inimitable grace.

'A call of the House!' exclaimed Jemmy Grant, in his gruff voice, thrusting his head abruptly into the room, and as quickly withdrawing it.

'The sergeant-at-arms will be after us,' exclaimed one of the representatives.

'We are not wanted at the Capitol,' said another.

'Will you not accompany us, Miss Smith, since we can not return to your home with you?'

'Here is one to whose care you may confide me.—May they not?' said Miss Smith, turning to me.

Of course I acquiesced, with many blessings upon Jemmy Grant for scattering the Congressmen.

Introducing my friend to the Chief Magistrate, I gave my arm to the lady, and we took our leave.

When we were seated in the carriage, she exclaimed pressing the parchment she held to her heart, 'At length I have succeeded! An explanation is due to you; for you were one of the few who have respected my secret, and evinced no idle curiosity. Do not look as if I were on the eve of revealing some great mystery,



for my story is a very simple one, and can be told in a very few words. I am from a very small and obscure village in the upper part of the State of New York, where I lived with my husband, a young lawyer; until he was visited by a pulmonary affection, which excited my constant anxiety. The physicians said there was safety in flight to tropical clime. Our means were too limited to allow of such a removal. At my suggestion, my husband visited Washington, and made strenuous exertions to procure a small post under Government in the West Indies. He failed; for he had never been a politician; and no political capital would accrue to the administration by his appointment. I had read in universal history, as well as in that of the present dynasty, of the influence of woman in affairs of state. I persuaded my husband to dispose of our little farm, and accompany me to Washington. We came. From the circumstance of his illness, I could not appear well in society otherwise than I did—as a single lady. I acquainted myself with the most prominent members of Congress—made them sharers of my confidence—interested them in my behalf, and this day succeeded in procuring my poor husband's appointment to an excellent post in South America. He is now in Georgetown and has no hopes of my success. Come and be a partner of our happiness.

Her eyes flashed with her elated feelings. An expression full of triumph and hope beamed from every feature. Never had she seemed half so beautiful.

The carriage stopped, and we alighted. A physician's chaise was at the door. My companion did not seem to notice it, but ran up the steps in front of the house, and eagerly rang the bell. Never shall I forget her face and figure, as she turned to me, while impatiently waiting for an answer to her summons, and exultingly shook in her extended hand the parchment commission. The door was opened. What an expression of grief and commiseration is in that face! It is Mrs. Bothwell. My companion paused suddenly, and gazed several moments, without speaking, in her eyes. Too well she reads their story. The parchment drops from her hands; and with the moan of a breaking heart, she sinks back insensible in my arms.

The commission had come too late! The subject of it had been appointed to a higher post than any which human power could have established.

But what became of the 'unknown belle'? Alas! never again was the bright *salon* made brighter by her presence! Never again were her sylph-like feet seen to twinkle in the wazy dance! Never again did that beautiful form (more beautiful than young sculptors picture in their dreams) attract the admiring eyes of a festive assembly! Such was her devoted affection, that she soon followed its departed object to that happier land, where pure souls find their lasting reward.—Fashion missed her, and asked, 'Where is she?'—but forgot the question ere it was answered.

#### MINUTES OF THE UNITED STATES CONVENTION OF UNIVERSALISTS, FOR 1843.

The Convention met according to adjournment, in Akron, Ohio, on Wednesday morning, Sep. 21st,—and after uniting in prayer with Br. W. S. Balch, New-York, the Convention was organized by choosing the

Hon. HENRY MORSE, of Ohio, *Moderator*.

Br. OTIS A. SKINNER, of Massachusetts, *Clerk*.

Br. E. M. PINGREE, of Kentucky, *Asst. Clerk*.

*Voted*, That the Michigan State Convention of Universalists be admitted into the fellowship of this Convention.

Adjourned to meet at 4 o'clock, P. M.

Met at the appointed hour. Heard and accepted the Report of the Committee on the Rules and Orders of the Convention, and that it be published with the Minutes. It is as follows:

#### REPORT.

To the General Convention of Universalists for the United States, convened at Akron, Ohio.

DEAR BRETHREN,—The Committee appointed at the last session of this body, to examine its code of By-laws, and, if necessary, revise and enlarge

the same, beg leave to present, for the consideration of the Convention, the following Report, together with the annexed form or draft of RULES AND ORDERS:

Having attended to the duties of their appointment as far as circumstances would permit, the Committee have seen occasion to make considerable additions to the By-laws now in force. The experience of past ages has fully shown the importance of definite regulations, extending even to minute particulars, for the government of all deliberative bodies. Our own denomination has long felt the want of such rules in conducting the business of its public councils. Until very recently our Conventions and Associations have paid but little attention to this subject, and their business has been conducted as chance or the experience of the presiding officer might direct. The meagre rules, or 'code of By-laws,' adopted some years ago, by this body, have proved insufficient to bring its business into a very orderly and systematic course. This state of things has not, indeed, disturbed the harmony of feeling and mutual good will among the brethren; but it has occasioned much confusion, delay and unnecessary waste of time.

These considerations have suggested to the Committee the propriety of extending their revised draft of Rules, so as to meet all cases that may ordinarily occur. And they venture to hope that those acquainted with the growing wants of the order and the common modes of parliamentary proceedings, will not consider their proposed Rules unnecessarily prolix and minute in detail, and especially as they are designed 'as a basis' for the 'convenience' of othersimilar bodies. In drawing them up the Committee have consulted various authorities—the rules of Legislative, Ecclesiastical, and other public bodies—to all which they acknowledge themselves indebted for many valuable suggestions. They have taken as their basis, what the wisdom of many ages of legislation has proved to be necessary.—Variations and additions have been made chiefly to adapt the established rules of other bodies to the circumstances of our denomination. They do not presume, however, that they have constructed a perfect code, or one that will meet with universal favor. To attain such a desirable end, the Committee respectfully submit whether it might not be advisable to defer action on this Report until the next session of this body; meantime let the draft of Rules herewith presented, be published with the Minutes for the general examination, and authorize the same Committee, or appoint another, to take advantage of any suggestions thus offered in order to improve the Rules. Such a course might develop and correct imperfections, and would, at least, give the members of the Council a better opportunity to examine the whole subject, than they can possibly have in the space of two days, the usual length of the sessions.

The Committee would also respectfully suggest the propriety of permitting each annual Council, as unquestionably it is competent, to adopt its own Rules. Such is the course pursued by Legislatures and the higher grades of Ecclesiastical bodies, so far as the Committee have been able to ascertain. The Rules adopted at our session might continue in force until the Council is organized at the next annual session.

The Committee have not deemed it proper to insert a rule authorizing the Standing Clerk, in certain cases, to change the place of adjournment—a subject which was committed to them at the last session. It did not seem to come within the compass of their duties, and is, therefore, respectfully referred again to the Convention.

It is not possible, without extending this report to an improper length, to give the reasons, which induced the Committee to insert many of the rules, that appear in this draft. Suffice it to say that in introducing each and all, they have been influenced by what appeared to them good and sufficient reasons. And with this assurance they must submit them to the wisdom and discretion of the Convention—designing them as a substitute for those now in force. The whole subject is, therefore, respectfully submitted. R. O. WILLIAMS, *Chairman*.

#### RULES AND ORDERS

For conducting the business in the Council of the General Convention of Universalists for the U. States.

##### ORGANIZATION.

1. On each Annual Meeting of the Convention, when a quorum of delegates shall have convened at the time and place appointed, the Moderator of the preceding meeting shall call to order and preside until another is chosen; in case of his absence, this duty shall be performed by the Standing Clerk, and if neither be present, any one of the delegates may call to order and preside until a Moderator is chosen.

2. After uniting in prayer, the first business of the Convention shall be to receive the certificates of delegates and make out a roll of members—fifteen of whom shall constitute a quorum for doing business, but a less number may adjourn from time to time.

3. The election of delegates shall be duly attested by certificates from some authorized officer of the respective Conventions; but in the absence of such certificates, they shall not be deprived of their seats at the organization of the Council, provided the Standing Clerk is satisfied from other evidence that they were duly elected to this body.

4. Proxies who present certificates from their principals, or otherwise satisfy the Standing Clerk of their previous appointment, shall be entitled to seats at the organization of the Council but not otherwise.

5. No layman shall be received as proxy for a clerical delegate, nor shall a clergyman be received as proxy for a lay delegate.

6. The Moderator, Clerk, and Standing Clerk shall be chosen by ballot, taking precedence in the order here named; other elections may be made in such manner as shall be determined at the time.

##### ORDER OF BUSINESS.

7. After the Council is organized, the following shall be the Order of Business, to wit: 1. The records of the preceding year, together with the Constitution and Rules, shall be read by the Clerk.—2. Necessary committees shall be appointed. 3. Memorials, resolutions, and other matters may be introduced and referred, if necessary. 4. Statistical reports received and read, or laid on the table for further action. 5. Reports from committees, if any, appointed at the last session to act during the year, and other unfinished business, received and attended to. 6. New business may be introduced and acted upon.

8. The Council shall be competent, at any time, by a vote of two-thirds, to change *pro tem.*, the order above named, or postpone to another time, any branch of business coming first in order.

##### THE CHAIR.

9. The Moderator, or, in his absence, the Moderator *pro tem.*, shall take the Chair precisely at the hour previously appointed and call the Council to order; and he shall cause the record of any preceding part of the session to be read and corrected.

10. He shall preserve order and decorum, speak to points of order in preference to other members, and decide questions of order without debate, unless, entertaining doubts, he invite it; which decision shall be subject to an appeal to the Council, but on such appeal no member shall speak more than once without leave.

11. He shall distinctly state every question, and before putting it, shall ask, "Is the Council ready for the question?" when, should no one indicate a wish to speak, he shall rise and take the vote—requiring the members to signify their assent or dissent by answering "Aye" or "No."

12. Should he entertain doubts respecting the result, or a division be called for, he shall divide the Council—those in the affirmative shall rise first, and afterwards those in the negative; and he may, if he choose, and shall if required, appoint two members, one from each side, to count, separately, the affirmative and negative votes, and report the number of each; whereupon he shall announce the decision.



13. The Moderator vacating the Chair may appoint a Chairman *pro tempore*; but such appointment shall not extend beyond an adjournment of the Council.

14. The appointment of all committees shall devolve on the Chair unless otherwise ordered at the time.

15. At the close of each sitting, the Moderator shall announce the hour and place of the next sitting; and at the close of the session, he shall announce the time and place for the next meeting of the Convention.

16. The Moderator shall have the right of voting, in all cases, as any other member.

#### DECORUM AND DEBATE.

17. During the sittings of the Council, each member shall observe silence and decorum, and shall not, by reading papers, entertaining conversation, walking about, or otherwise, interrupt its business, or any member while speaking in debate, except to call him to order.

18. No member shall absent himself from the services of the Council without leave of the Moderator, nor, if objection is made, shall leave be granted, unless by a vote of the Council.

19. When a member is about to speak in debate or deliver any matter to the Council, he shall rise from his seat, respectfully address himself to the Chair; and, avoiding personality, he shall confine himself to the question under debate, and when he has finished he shall sit down.

20. If any member, in speaking or otherwise, transgress the Rules of the Council, the Moderator shall, or any member may, call him to order; in which case he shall take his seat, unless permitted to explain or proceed; but he may appeal from the decision of the Moderator, which appeal shall be decided without debate. If the Chair be sustained he can not proceed, except by permission of the Council.

21. If a member is called to order by another member, the exceptionable words or conduct shall be distinctly stated, and, if demanded, shall be reduced to writing and handed to the Moderator for his decision.

22. When two or more members rise to speak at the same time, the Moderator shall designate the person entitled to the floor;—but in all cases, the member first rising and addressing the Chair shall be entitled to speak first.

23. No member shall speak more than twice to the same question, without leave of the Council.

24. No debate shall be allowed on any subject, when no motion, or other proposition, is before the Council.

25. No motion shall be entertained or debated, until the same is seconded; and, if requested by the Moderator, or any member, every motion shall be reduced to writing and delivered to the Chair before it can be debated.

26. When a question is under debate, no motion shall be received except to adjourn, to lay on the table, for the previous question, to postpone, to commit, or to amend; and these shall have precedence in the order in which they are here named; the first three of which shall be decided without debate; but in all other cases, the motion first made and seconded, shall be put first, except that in filling blanks, the largest sum and longest time shall be first proposed.

27. The previous question when called for by two members, shall be put thus: The Moderator shall rise and say, "Shall the main question be now put?" If carried in the affirmative, the pending debate is precluded and the main question shall be put immediately; but, if carried in the negative, the whole question shall remain as it was before, except that the previous question can not be moved again on that subject during that sitting of the Council.

28. If a question in debate contain several points, any member may have the same divided and put separately.

29. When a motion is made and seconded, being stated by the Chair, it shall be deemed in possession of the Council, but may be withdrawn at

any time before decision or amendment, but not afterwards.

30. A majority shall decide all questions, except such as are otherwise ordered by these Rules, or by the Constitution.

31. No member shall be permitted to vote on any question in the event of which he is immediately or personally interested; nor in any case where he was absent when the question was put, except by consent of the Council.

32. After a question has been once decided, it shall be in order for any member voting in the majority, to move for a reconsideration thereof at any time during that annual session; and such motion shall have precedence of all other questions except the motion to adjourn.

33. When the reading of a paper is called for and objected to, the question shall be decided by a vote of the Council without debate.

34. When the report of a committee is offered, if during the pendency of any other question, it shall be laid on the table until the previous business is disposed of, but otherwise the motions in order shall be to recommit or accept, which motions shall be fully debatable. After a report has been accepted, the following motions shall be next in order,—to lay on the table, to postpone, to amend, or to adopt.

35. Every member present when a question is taken, shall be required to vote for or against the same, unless specially excused, or personally interested; those who refuse must be considered as voting with the majority.

36. Before any memorial, letter, or other document, addressed to the Convention, shall be received and read, a brief statement of its contents shall be made by the introducer, if demanded by any two members.

#### MISCELLANEOUS MATTERS.

37. The members of any committee appointed for any purpose and required to act during the year and report at the next annual session of the Convention thereafter, shall be held as honorary members of the Council at the said next annual session, entitled to participate in its deliberations, but not to vote.

38. Committees shall be competent to appoint their own Chairman, whose duty it shall be to convene the Committee, preside at its meetings, and report its doings.

39. The Clerk shall keep a journal of all the proceedings in the order in which they occur, and transmit the same to the Standing Clerk to be recorded at length in the book of records.

40. The journal may be published entire if the Council desire it; but otherwise, Minutes of the actual decisions, resolutions, reports, &c. shall be published by the Standing Clerk, or some person duly authorized for that purpose.

41. The Occasional Sermon, and all other documents authorized by the Convention, shall be held as belonging to its proceedings, and disposed of as the Council may direct.

42. No standing rule or order of this Convention shall be rescinded, suspended, or altered, except by a vote of two-thirds of the members present.

*Voted*, That the thanks of the Convention be tendered to Br. J. A. Gurley, for his able Occasional Sermon, and that he be requested to publish it in the "Star in the West."

Adjourned, to meet at 9 o'clock Thursday morning, THURSDAY A. M.—Met at the hour appointed.

Br. Ashton, in obedience to the instructions of the Pennsylvania Convention, moved to rescind the vote passed last session, declaring that, in the opinion of this body, it is improper for persons who manufacture, vend, or use as a beverage, intoxicating liquors, to hold a seat as delegates in our ecclesiastical bodies. After some debate, the whole subject was referred to a committee, who subsequently reported the following resolutions, which were adopted with great unanimity.

*Resolved*, That we feel a deep sympathy in the cause of Total Abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, and we recommend all men to sustain that cause by their precepts and example.

*Resolved*, That this Convention does not recognize, but disapproves any test of fellowship in our denomination, or of fitness for a seat in our councils, other than those founded on Christian faith and character, and established by Christ and his apostles.

*Voted*, That Rev. John Boyden jr., of Rhode Island, be appointed to preach the next Occasional Sermon before this body, and that he have power to appoint a substitute.

*Voted*, That the Rev. A. G. Laurie, of Canada, be invited to take a seat in this Council.

Adjourned, to meet at 4 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

Met at the hour appointed. Heard a memorial from Br. A. Peck, of New York, in relation to the establishment of a denominational paper. Submitted to a committee, consisting of Brs. A. Peck, T. Whitemore, and O. A. Skinner, to report at the next session of this body.

On motion of Br. T. J. Sawyer, of New York, the following resolutions on the subject of Slavery, after an amicable discussion, were passed with but one dissenting voice.

*Resolved*, That we rejoice in the knowledge of the truth that the doctrines of Christ have for their end the holiness and happiness of all mankind; and that the faithful inculcation and acceptance of those doctrines must lead to the overthrow and extinction of all institutions, observances and relations, however ancient or firmly fortified, which are contrary to righteousness, to human well-being, and thus hindrances to the full establishment of the true and glorious kingdom of God on earth.

*Resolved*, That in the light of this truth we feel constrained to bear testimony against the slavery of the African race, now maintained in a portion of our country, as contrary to that gospel which is destined to break every yoke and lead captivity captive; as especially subversive of that golden rule which teaches us to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us; as contrary to the plainest dictates of natural justice and Christian love; and as every way pernicious alike to the enslaver and enslaved.

*Resolved*, That, regarding the whole human family as in the largest sense our brethren, joint heirs with us of our Father's love and the immortality of blessedness revealed through our Saviour, we are constrained both by duty and inclination to regard with peculiar sympathy and affection the oppressed, the benighted, the downtrodden, of our own and other lands, and to labor for their restoration to the rights and blessings of Freedom, Light and Truth.

*Resolved*, That, while we regard the holding in bondage of our brethren for whom Christ died, or the treatment of any human being with obloquy, harshness, or any indignity on account of his color or race, as contrary to righteousness, inconsistent with Christianity, and especially with that doctrine of Universal Grace and Love which we cherish as the most important of revealed truth, we are well aware that many worthy and upright Christians have sustained the relation of slave-holder in ignorance of its true character or from inability to relieve themselves therefrom; and while we earnestly entreat all Christian and especially Universalists slave-holders to consider prayerfully the nature and tendencies of the relation they sustain, we recommend or countenance no measures of indiscriminate denunciation or proscription, but, appealing to the Gospel, to humanity, and to their own conscience, we await in implicit confidence the perfect working of the principles of divine and Universal Love.

*Voted*, That Br. T. J. Sawyer be a committee to draft a plan of organization for the Universalist denomination, and to report at the next session of the Convention.

*Voted*, That the thanks of this Convention be tendered to the Universalist Society in Akron, and all others who have offered so abundant entertainment for visiting friends, on this occasion.

*Voted*, That the Clerk prepare the Minutes for publication in our periodicals.

Amendments to the Constitution proposed—to lie over one year, as follows:



Art. I. To be amended so as to read—This Convention shall be denominated the General Convention of Universalists in North America.

Art. II. So as to read—this Convention shall be constituted of four clerical and six lay delegates from each State or Provincial Convention now existing, or hereafter to be organized within the United States or British Provinces, which shall approve of this Constitution, and signify the same to this body.

Adjourned, to meet in the city of Baltimore, Md., on the third Wednesday of Sept., 1844.

HENRY MORSE, Moderator.

O. A. SKINNER, } Clerks.  
E. M. PINGREE, }

#### DELEGATES PRESENT.

Maine. Benjamin Thompson, layman.  
Vermont. C. E. Hewes, clergyman. Russell Fisk, Uriah Cole, laymen.

Massachusetts. T. P. Abell, T. Whittemore, A. W. Mason, O. A. Skinner, clergymen. Eliphalet Trask layman.

Rhode Island. J. N. Parker, clergyman. W. Carpenter, layman.

Connecticut. Z. Baker, clergyman.

New York. T. J. Whitcomb, P. Hathaway, T. J. Sawyer, A. Peck, clergymen. B. Caryl, A. N. Willis, Lewis Seymour, R. Case, Horace Greeley, laymen.

Pennsylvania. S. Ashton, B. F. Hitchcock, Levi Harris, Ami Bond, jr., clergymen. Robert Temple, John Dodge, W. M. Sparren, C. Rich, John Brooks, laymen.

Ohio. George Rogers, S. Hull, N. Doolittle, M. L. Edwards, clergymen. Henry Morse, W. Bambrough, M. Kellogg, E. Ford, M. Smith, laymen.

Kentucky. E. M. Pingree, A. W. Bruce, clergymen.

Illinois. G. W. Lawrence, A. Kinney, clergymen.—E. F. Pulsifer, M. C. Killaw, laymen.

Michigan. J. H. Sanford, J. Billings, clergymen. S. Hungerford, H. Barrett, C. Cary, laymen.

#### MINISTERS PRESENT, not delegates.

Massachusetts. Hosea Ballou, R. Tomlinson, H. Torrey, J. W. Talbot.

New York. W. S. Balch, B. B. Bunker, P. P. Fowler, O. Roberts, I. B. Sharp, J. W. Day, N. Brown, J. M. Cook, S. Park, C. L. Shipman, J. S. Kibbe, F. M. Alvord, L. Paine, S. Adams, N. Adams.

Pennsylvania. J. S. Palmer.

Ohio. J. A. Gurley, W. G. Emmet, George Messenger, T. C. Eaton, S. Hovey, N. M. Byington, H. Kellogg, G. H. Emerson, A. Dinsmore, D. R. Biddlecom, H. P. Sage, E. Hoag, D. Tillotson, R. Farly, G. R. Brown, E. Beals, L. C. Todd, E. Preston, A. Rogers, C. F. Darrow, T. Dolloff, H. Gifford.

Canada. A. G. Laurie.

#### CIRCULAR.

By a reference to the Minutes it will be seen that there were three subjects of great interest, brought before the Convention, viz: *Temperance, Slavery, and denominational organization.* On the first two, resolutions of a distinct character were passed, which it is believed will exert a highly beneficial influence. Both of these resolutions were discussed in a spirit of candor, and adopted with great unanimity. There was no difference of opinion in regard to the duty of doing what we can to aid the cause of temperance and humanity; and but little difference of opinion in regard to the way in which they can be most effectually advanced. We know of no body composed of persons from different parts of our widely extended country, where subjects of such vast moment, and so exciting in their character, have been acted upon with so much unanimity and kind feeling. Where the desire to do good, and where the rights and opinions of all are duly respected, there is but little difficulty in having harmony of action.

As there was no plan for a general system of government presented by the Committee appointed last year, no action was had on that subject. Br. T. J. Sawyer was appointed a Committee to present a plan at the next session of this body. No

person could have been selected better qualified for the discharge of this duty than Br. Sawyer; and we trust that he will find time to give the subject that thought which its importance demands. We need, and should have a better system of organization. We want uniformity throughout the Order. We wish for no arbitrary rules, and none which will interfere with individual rights: but we wish those which will tend to produce united action, and bind together our whole people.

The religious exercises held during the session of the Convention, were numerously attended. The preaching was bold, manly, and eminently calculated to do good.

The friends at Akron deserve the thanks of the denomination, for the kind manner in which they provided for the wants of the Convention. Their houses were open to receive us; and all their attentions seemed dictated by true generosity and Christian affection.

Per Order, O. A. SKINNER, Clerk.

FROM HOME AGAIN.—By the time this paper reaches our readers generally, the Editor will be absent from his post, to remain about three weeks. All business that can be done by deputy, and by an *Editor pro tem.*, will be promptly performed as usual. That requiring my personal attendance, will have to wait my return, or be sent by my family after me to Boston. A. B. G.

THE CHRISTIAN TEACHER, volume 3, number 1, comes to us enlarged to a medium quarto, and will appear hereafter, semi-monthly. It is a good Universalist paper, published and Edited by Brs. Rev. E. Manford, Rev. J. G. Burt (formerly of Mass.), and J. H. Jordan, in Terre Haute, Indiana. Brs. W. S. Clark and B. F. Foster (ministers) are Corresponding or Contributing Editors. The number before us is neatly printed, and well filled. Past numbers of the Teacher have always evinced much talent and industry. Terms, One dollar per annum, payable in advance. A. B. G.

#### NOTICE.

We are now about sending out our bills for collection.—The more than usual backwardness of our subscribers in paying their subscriptions during the past year, has made it very difficult, in many instances, for us to meet our engagements. We have been obliged, in fact, to put off our creditors and agree to pay interest, to induce them to wait until our remittances came in this fall. We hope our patrons, one and all, will see the justice of making immediate payment. We are offering to receive three dollars in full for this year and next; five dollars for 1842, '43 and '44, and seven dollars for 1841, '42, '43 and '44, if remitted free of postage; thus saving the subscriber from fifty cents to one dollar. We trust our agents will take some pains to make collections, and what is of vital importance, forward the money as soon as possible. We know of some agents who have collected money some months since, and yet retain it in their hands. This is doing injustice both to us and to the subscriber, and the fewer we have of such agents the better.

We shall soon issue our prospectus for the next volume, and we expect the assistance of some of the oldest as well as ablest of our ministering brethren in the Editorial department of our paper, among whom may be named, Brs. STEPHEN R. SMITH, DOLPHUS SKINNER, A. B. GROSH, as well as the correspondence of many others who are well and favorably known as writers, to the Universalist public. With these and other inducements which we hope to be able to give, we trust our friends and agents will use all laudable means and exertions, to obtain (paying) subscribers, and increase the circulation of the paper. In a word, we need such assistance. PUBL.

Br. LOCKE.—The money was received in due season, and the Registers, with the numbers of the Library, sent for, were put up immediately. A few days since Mr. Wood called, gave his receipt, and took the package.

RURAL REPOSITORY.—This truly neat semi monthly, devoted to Polite Literature, (the full prospectus for the twentieth volume of which, we copied a few weeks since,) is one of the most beautiful, entertaining and instructive sheets of the kind that we know of. It is published in the quarto form, each number embellished with one or more fine engravings, and is printed in handsome style, on superior medium paper. It will make a really tasteful volume when

bound at the end of the year, and is well adapted to grace the drawing room table, and particularly interest the ladies. Its having attained to the twentieth volume, is proof positive of its excellence and popularity. Terms—One dollar, invariably in advance. Four copies for \$3.00, seven copies for \$5.00, ten copies for \$7.00 or fifteen copies for \$10.00. Address (postage free) Wm. B. Stoddard, Hudson, Columbia county, N. Y.

#### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. D. SKINNER will preach at German Flats on the first Sunday in November, and at Sullivan, on the second Sunday in November.

In behalf of the Universalists of Ithaca, we would inform our friends generally, that a Conference will be held at the Court House in Ithaca, Tompkins county, on the first and second days of November next. The friends have raised the "Macedonian cry," and we hope it will be listened to—let all that can attend, be there on those days.

Preachers in this Association, and as many others as can make it convenient, are earnestly invited to attend. "Come one, come all." A. G. CLARK.

#### MARRIAGES.

In Trinity church, in this city, on the morning of the 23d inst., by Rev. Dr. Proal, FRANKLIN L. FAY, Esq., to Miss HANNAH, daughter of the late Wm. Blackwood, all of this city.

In Boylston, September 25th, by Rev. O. Wilcox, Mr. DAVID D. KROMER, of Shelby, Orleans county, to Miss MAHALA BALLOU, of the former place.

In New Berlin, on the 19th inst., by Rev. David Fickering, of Butternuts, Mr. JONATHAN M. LULL, of Butternuts, Otsego county, to Miss LUCRETIA BROWN, youngest daughter of Hon. Barnabas Brown of New Berlin.

#### DEATHS.

In Butternuts, on September 24th, MARION LULL, only daughter of of Oliver Lull, aged six years.

In Hamilton, the 7th inst., Miss MARY LODEMA CARRIER, aged 15 years.

In Antwerp, October 12th, Mrs. MARYETTE, wife of Calvin Wicks, in the 23d year of her age. In this dispensation Br. Wicks has been called a third time, in the morning of life; as it were, to mourn the death of the nearest earthly friend.

Funeral on the following day, when the consolations of the Gospel were administered to the mourning relatives and sympathising friends, by Br. J. French. S. C.

#### POEMS.

BY MRS. JULIA H. SCOTT, AND A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

The subscriber proposes to issue during the month of October, a collection of the Poems of Mrs. SCOTT, to be accompanied by a brief Memoir, and embellished with a fine mezzotint likeness.—These Poems are so highly appreciated by the Universalist denomination, that it is believed this volume will meet with a cordial welcome; and from the circumstances attending its publication, as well as from the real excellence of its contents, it is hoped there will be a warm and general interest felt in its circulation.

The Publisher would state, therefore, that upon every copy sold a certain per centage will be devoted to the surviving child of Mrs. Scott, to be expended in her education; and this in fulfillment of her dying wishes. The Publisher, therefore, confidently appeals to the liberality of the Public; and there is a stronger appeal from a voice now silent, which should strike home to their holiest sympathies.

This collection has been long and repeatedly called for—promises of patronage have been liberally given; let those promises now be nobly redeemed, both as a tribute of respect and affection to the lamented Author, and as an evidence of honorable consideration for the literature of our denomination.

The work will contain 216 pages, well printed and neatly bound, with a splendid mezzotint likeness of Mrs. Scott by Sartain, single copies 63 cents, 6 copies for \$3.

If more convenient the work can be obtained wholesale or retail, of Rev. A. R. Gardner, Iowa City, I. T.; Rev. W. E. Manley, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. J. A. Gurley, Cincinnati, O.; Rev. A. Case, Charleston, S. C.; R. T. Wicker, Richmond, Va.; C. L. Stickney, New York City; Grosh & Walker, Utica, N. Y.; Rev. S. R. Smith, Buffalo, N. Y.; H. Barrett, Rochester, N. Y.; Rev. Eli Ballou, Montpelier, Vt.; Rev. J. E. Palmer, Barre, Vt.; Powers & Bagley, Lowell, Mass.; T. Whittemore, Boston, or of the Publisher.

Boston, Sept. 25, 1843.

A. TOMPKINS, 38 Cornhill.



## OCTOBER.

BY THE LATE WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

Solemn, yet beautiful to view,  
 Month of my heart! Thou dawnest here,  
 With sad and faded leaves to strew  
 The summer's melancholy bier.  
 The moaning of thy winds I hear,  
 As the red sunset dies afar,  
 And bars of purple clouds appear,  
 Obscuring every western star.

Thou solemn month! I hear thy voice—  
 It tells my soul of other days.  
 When but to live was to rejoice—  
 When earth was lovely to my gaze;  
 Oh, visions bright—oh, blessed hours,  
 Where are thy living raptures now?—  
 I ask my spirit's wearied powers—  
 I ask my pale and fevered brow!

I look to nature, and behold  
 My life's dim emblems rustling round,  
 In hues of crimson and of gold—  
 The year's dead honors on the ground;  
 And sighing with the winds, I feel,  
 While their low pinions murmur by,  
 How much their sweeping tones reveal  
 Of life and human destiny.

When Spring's delightful moments shone,  
 They came in zephyrs from the west,  
 They bore the wood-lark's melting tone,  
 They stirred the blue lake's glassy breast;  
 Through Summer, fainting in the heat,  
 They lingered in the forest shade;  
 But changed and strengthened now, they beat  
 In storm, o'er mountain, glen and glade.

How like those transports of the breast,  
 When life is fresh and joy is new—  
 Soft as the halcyon's downy nest,  
 And transient all as they are true!  
 They stir the leaves in that bright month,  
 Which Hope about her forehead twines,  
 Till Grief's hot sighs around it breathe—  
 Then Pleasure's lip its smiles resigns.

Alas for Time, and Death, and Care—  
 What gloom about our way they fling!  
 Like clouds in Autumn's gusty air,  
 The burial pageant of the Spring,  
 The dreams that each successive year  
 Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,  
 At last like withered leaves appear,  
 And sleep in darkness, side by side.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## A REMINISCENCE.

It was in the afternoon of a pleasant summer day in 184—, that I in company with other youthful friends, sallied forth to inhale the pure and gentle zephyr, that gives such buoyancy to the mind, as well as the weary and fatigued body. The sun was fast receding in the western sky, and clothed in beautiful purple habiliments, reflected its light over the whole heavens. The western horizon, tinged with a bright red, contrasted beautifully with the glorious orb of day.

It is at such a time that the ardent lover of nature delights to walk forth, and contemplate the admirable character of the great Architect of nature. How conspicuous do his unbounded goodness, his almighty power, and infinite wisdom manifest themselves to the beholding eye! With what reverence do we then acknowledge the unchanging love of the Author of our existence, for providing such bountiful means for the felicity and enjoyment of his children, from the least unto the greatest.

Notwithstanding all the numerous demonstrations of the goodness of God written upon nature's ample page, how many there are that would have us believe, that inspiration has taught principles in direct contrariety to the teachings of the volume of nature—that God is aught but a God of wisdom, power, and unbounded goodness! Believe this who can, God be praised, I can not consent thus to traduce his amiable and glorious character.

We had not advanced far before we arrived at a

beautiful grave yard, towards which our steps were directed. We entered into this receptacle of the dead with feelings of awe and veneration; and strongly impressed with the short and transitory state of man's existence. To-day health may sit blooming upon our countenance; and at the morrow's dawn we may be entombed in the cold and silent grave; to-day we may be sprightly and gay, elated with the pleasures of youth and beauty; to-morrow at the gate of yonder grave yard. Thus transitory is man's existence! Change, change, is written upon the face of all creation.

Can this be the end of man, thought I—do these moss-covered graves, so thickly strown about me, contain all that is left of man? Is this the end of all that is near and dear to us? No! answered the small and silent voice within—No! is written in flaming characters on the record of nature, and No! No! re-echoes in the volume of inspiration, that blessed chart of man's pilgrimage here below. Man is not destined to set forever in endless night, but like yonder receding luminary, goes down only to arise again in greater splendor, in a world where we shall not be subject to disease, sickness, and death; but made free from these contaminations, we shall live on, in the beatified presence of the great I AM.

What a calm and holy privilege it is to spend a few hours among the graves of those departed from the shores of time. A marble slab is all that remains to tell the name of the passing traveller. How it calms the ruffled feelings, melts the stubborn heart, and eases the troubled breast, when away from the noise and bustle of the world, we retire and hold sweet converse, as it were, with the spirits of the departed. Here we behold none of those distinctions that mar the face of society to so great an extent, but all are equal; the high and the low, the rich and poor, are brought to the same level, for "the dust shall return to earth as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it."—Here we become impressed with the shortness of life, and our minds in a measure become reconciled to the approach of death, the king of terrors, to too many of our race. Mankind ought more frequently direct their steps to the grave-yard and become more familiar with its scenes—it will afford them many hours of rich consolation. Death will not then appear as an enemy; but in the garb of a friend that comes to rid us of our load of trials and sorrows, and ushers us into a world where sorrow and sickness can never come to mar our happiness and joy.

The sable curtains of darkness admonished us to return to our homes again, where we arrived refreshed in body and in mind, and much pleased with the happy train of reflections we were led into by our excursion.

PHILOM.

## CHRIST A PHANTOM.

Mr. Taylor, in his *Diagesis*, endeavoring to show that no such personage as Jesus Christ of Nazareth ever existed, lays much stress on the manner in which the early Christians were wont to speak of him. He would have us believe that the early Christians pretended to nothing more than an eclecticism in philosophy, and that Jesus Christ was but their impersonation of the perfect man. That, in fact, he never had an existence, and that the accounts we have of him are but fiction and romance. All this is alleged on the ground that early Christians contended that *Christ had no real existence in the flesh*.

Now here is both truth and error. And a person unacquainted with the metaphysical discussions of some of the earlier Christian sects, would be led very much to wonder at the idea that there should have been Christians who contended that Jesus Christ never really came in the flesh. And one may feel, on learning such a truth, that he would be quite justified in giving loose reins to his own skepticism, and reject both the existence of Christ and the truth of Christianity itself. On learning more of this matter, however, it will be seen that the spirit of Mr. Taylor's objection is wholly unwarranted.

The truth of the matter is this. The Gnostic Christians of the 2nd century, though divided among themselves on a variety of points, were tinged, in very many of their opinions, with the speculations of the oriental philosophy. This philosophy, in attempting to account for the origin of evil, supposed all matter to be necessarily and essentially malignant. That the primal Deity had nothing to do in creating matter, but that from him all spiritual beings emanated, and becoming entangled in malignant matter, they themselves became in some degree depraved.

To the minds of the Gnostics, who undertook to harmonize Christianity with this item of the oriental philosophy, the Gospel histories would present an almost insurmountable difficulty, in the fact of Christ's perfect innocence, notwithstanding his existence in the flesh. And the shifts to which they were driven show that they were not insensible to this difficulty. Some of them maintained that the real Christ did not dwell in the man Jesus, until his baptism by John, and that the connection ceased before the crucifixion of the Jesus. Others maintained that the Christ did not die, but by some miraculous illusion, he stood aside in the person, perhaps, of some disciple, while that disciple died in the apparent person of Jesus.

Although these most singular shifts obviated the supposed difficulty of Christ's death, they did not obviate the difficulty supposed to grow out of the dwelling of the real Christ in the material body of the man, Jesus. Others, therefore, pushed the matter to an extremity at once. They maintained that Christ never dwelt in a material body. That the apparent body of Christ was not really a material body, but was an illusion upon the senses of men. The apparent Christ, they contended, was a phantom.

Such is the foundation of Mr. Taylor's statement, that the early Christians contended that no such person as Christ ever really existed. In the first place, this opinion did not prevail extensively, until the 2nd century,† and then only among those who were about as essentially pagan as Christian, in their opinions. Moreover, they did not deny the fact of Christ's existence, but denied that he existed in unison with matter. Though he appeared thus to exist, such appearance was a mere phantom. If Mr. Taylor is really disposed to join issue with Christianity on the ground of the oriental philosophy, let him explain the cause of the illusion, if Christ's existence in the flesh be one, and also the nature of the works he apparently performed, and the death he apparently died.

Such facts as these teach two important lessons. First, they show what wild speculations men may receive as truth, and how they may succeed in convincing themselves that those speculations make part of Christianity. And secondly, they show what a stout objection to Christianity a determined opposer can manufacture out of very slight materials. Let us learn humility.—*Star of Bethlehem*.

\* See Milman's History of Christianity, chap. 5. See also Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, chap. 21.

† Some suppose they arose in the times of the Apostles, though they did not flourish till the 2nd century. See Gibbon's Dec. and Fall, ch. 21.

The best philosopher is to be resigned and reconciled to whatever our heavenly Father has wisely and prudently kept under his own control, while we cheerfully exert ourselves to remedy those ills which are within the reach of human agency, and which, therefore, our heavenly Father designed we should suffer, or by our physical and mental abilities, overcome and remove.—*Primitive Expounder*.

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# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."....."PROVE ALL THINGS HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.] UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1843.

NO 44.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## CONVERSION TO UNIVERSALISM.

In consequence of the fact that many reports of a conflicting, and in some instances untrue character, with regard to his religious views, and course of conduct in their maintenance, have crept into circulation; the writer deems it a duty which he owes to religion, to his friends, and to himself, to make public a brief statement of the circumstances that attended his conversion from Partialism to the doctrine of free, impartial, universal grace; and of the events which transpired between himself and his former religious associates on making known his change of views.

I was for several years a member of the Bethel Baptist Church in this city, during the latter portion of which time I had been engaged in the prosecution of studies with the view of entering the ministry. During the past year I had been providentially placed in circumstances which led me to become somewhat familiar with the effect of Universalist sentiments upon the heart and life; and saw with surprise that the people whom I had ever been taught to consider as semi-infidels in belief, and of lax morality, were not only virtuous in personal character, but carried out in action the holy, forgiving and benevolent precepts of the great Teacher.

In compliance alike with my own feelings and the counsel of esteemed religious friends, I intended to commence my public labors as a licentiate in the Baptist denomination during the present or ensuing year; yet anxious to become perfectly familiar with the doctrines I might be called upon to maintain, I decided upon a thorough and careful examination of all the premises upon which the system of nominal orthodoxy was founded, and for this end submitted every item of belief to a comparison with divine Revelation, "searching diligently if these things were so."

I had been engaged but a short time in this pursuit, when I began to suspect that many articles of belief to which I had given assent, were not in accordance with the word of God; and imploring Divine aid I pursued my investigations until the subtleties of the schools were all swept away, and I became a happy believer in the doctrine of the unity of God, and the ultimate, full and complete salvation of the entire redeemed and glorified family of man: becoming firmly established in this glorious and heart-cheering faith from the Bible, and from the Bible alone—never having perused any other defence or exposition of the doctrines of Universalism, or listened to a sermon from a minister of the reconciliation.

Having thus been led to embrace the Gospel in all its fulness and purity, a sense of moral obligation induced me to make known my change of sentiment to the church of which I was a member, and I accordingly did so by letter, of which the following is a copy:

"To the Bethel Baptist Church.

"After an earnest and prayerful examination of the Scriptures, I have been led to the conclusion that many of the doctrines held by the Bethel church are not in accordance with the truth as revealed in the word of God. I therefore respectfully beg leave to withdraw from its membership, since I no longer can consistently with my views of duty hold fellowship with what I conceive to be its errors.

"In thus withdrawing, I believe it to be an act of Christian courtesy to briefly state my views on a few important points, in order that my position may be fully understood.

"I believe in the existence of one God, the Father of all spirits, in whom we live, and move and

have our being; and whose tender mercies are over all his works. One Lord Jesus Christ, the Mediator between God and man, who tasted death for every man, and came hither to reconcile the world unto himself—that he shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied; that he shall reign till death, the last enemy, is destroyed; and that he shall then present the reconciled universe, free from sin, to his Father, that God may be all in all.

"I believe that sin is finite in its nature and consequences—that God is Love, that He changes not, and therefore we are not consumed—that the Lord is not always wrath, else would the spirits fail before him which he has made; that though no punishment seemeth for the present joyous, but rather grievous, yet afterward it worketh the peaceable fruits of righteousness on those who are exercised thereby.

"As my stay here may be short, you will confer a favor by acting upon this communication immediately. I wish a letter stating the reasons for which I have left, and also the character I have borne while among you.

"In leaving you, I rend asunder many ties of a strong and enduring nature; yet believing my feet to be in the path of duty, I do it with an unwavering mind. I do, and shall continue to, esteem in the highest manner your minister and officers. I tender to them as well as to the individual members, for each and every act of kindness, my sincere and hearty thanks: and praying God to hold you in his protecting care, imploring for you the richest blessings of life, and hoping that you may speedily become acquainted with the certainty and fulness of the grace of God, I bid you an affectionate farewell. THOMAS L. HARRIS."

I have been informed by members of the church, that this communication was read at the regular meeting, and on motion it was laid on the table; it being stated by several of the more prominent members, that they had no reason to doubt the writer's Christianity—that he was laboring under a delusion; and that he might, and in all probability would, renounce his errors and return to the bosom of the church.

Accordingly I was waited upon, and had repeated interviews, with the officers and elder individuals belonging to the body, and perhaps more than the usual routine of operation, entreaty, prayer, tears, expostulation, and, in the last instance, denunciation, was resorted to, to lead me to a renunciation of my sentiments. I was however enabled to stand fast in the faith, speaking whenever called upon, a strong and earnest word in defence of my views of truth.

It grieves me to be obliged to state, that in proportion as their hopes of my return began to fail, the feelings of some began to change; until hints, insinuations and reports came thick and fast, wounding my feelings in the most cruel and uncalled for manner—aspersing not only my religion, but my motives in embracing it; and more than this, endeavoring to injure my pecuniary circumstances, and my standing in community. I mention this more in sorrow than in anger, feeling to implore, with our great Exemplar, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

Three weeks after this letter, had been received by the church, the minister of that body, with whom I had been upon the most friendly and even intimate terms, called upon me, and finding me absent, expressed his sorrow at not seeing me, and his desire for an interview. I accordingly called upon the reverend gentleman, and while his guest, was dealt with in any thing but a pleasant manner.—Over this interview I would fain draw the veil of

oblivion; saying only, that no arguments were adduced which I was not able fully and effectually to overthrow.

On the evening ensuing, the church assembled, and my case being brought up, the deacons stated that they had conversed with me, and found that I was fully established in my sentiments. This statement was corroborated by their minister, who stated that he had endeavored to shake my belief, but without the slightest success. The church then excommunicated me for heresy; no notice being taken of my letter whatever; and I have since received no official communication from that body notifying me of my exclusion.

During the following day it was stated publicly, that the Rev. Mr. Corey had in an interview, two evenings previous, entirely vanquished me in discussion; and this assertion was given on the Reverend gentleman's (?) own authority. On being made acquainted with this unfounded report, I immediately transmitted to my opponent the communication which follows:

"Utica, Oct. 5th, 1843.

"Rev. Sir—With unmingled pain and surprise I have heard that you have circulated among your friends the report, that in a brief conversation which we held a few evenings since, upon the "Scriptural evidences of Universalism," you overthrew the argument's which I advanced in defence of that heaven-descended truth.

"It affords pain to use language of a severe character to one who has been, for a long time, not only a religious teacher, but also a friend esteemed and beloved; and yet as a believer of the glorious doctrine that "God will have all men to be saved," I must say, that this statement is totally unfounded in fact; and in so saying, I am confident that the unbiased view of your own conscience will sustain me.

"Since you have repeatedly made to me the unqualified assertion, that "the doctrine of universal salvation is not found in the Bible"—that it is "in its tendency demoralizing, and licentious in the extreme," and that "the consequence of its being believed is the irretrievable ruin of the soul," I call upon you, a professed minister of the Gospel, to make good these assertions. And as the question, "Is the final destruction of sin and misery, and the consequent holiness and happiness of all mankind, taught in the Scriptures?" will embrace the entire subject matter in dispute, I beg you to consider this communication a respectful yet most earnest invitation to a discussion upon its truth, in writing, with myself.

"As intellectual and moral beings, we can find no higher employment than the investigation of this all-important topic. Anxious to receive nothing which is without foundation in the Scriptures as a matter of religious belief, I am willing, nay, most desirous of subjecting my opinions upon this subject, to the searching and rigid scrutiny which a thorough and candid discussion can not fail to give. Permit me to put the interrogation, does the position which you hold in community, as a professed herald of truth, demand less at your hands?

"May I beg an answer at your earliest convenience, informing me with regard to your acceptance of my proposition. As the minds of many of our friends are exercised upon the doctrine which will be advocated on our respective parts, I would suggest the propriety of giving publicity to the discussion, in the event of its taking place.

"Trusting that you may receive and answer this letter in the kind and Christian spirit in which I have endeavored to write. With sentiments of respect and esteem, I remain yours in the truth.

"REV. D. G. COREY." "T. L. HARRIS."



The writer left this letter, personally, at the residence of Mr. C., and anxiously waited an answer. None has, however, been given, although nearly a month has elapsed since it was written. And so far from the bitter feelings of my opposers becoming modified by time, each day seems to give them new virulence.

In conclusion, the writer would express his heartfelt gratitude to, and undiminished affection for the dear friends, who, though differing in sentiment, have so nobly, and unsolicited, defended his motives and character from the false insinuations of his opposers. To them, and to those, especially of my Baptist brethren and sisters with whom I was once connected in church fellowship, who so attentively gave ear to my first public proclamation of the Gospel of "glad tidings which shall be unto all people," and who at its conclusion extended the warm, fraternal hand, I would give the assurance that their kindness has left an impression upon my heart, that time and change may strive in vain to efface. That God may bless them with his most precious gifts, and enable them to receive in belief that glorious Gospel of free, impartial, universal love, which they have manifested in action, is my sincere and trusting prayer. And though in the providence of God I may be placed in circumstances which will prevent the mingling of my thoughts and prayers with theirs during this transitory mortal state, I anticipate with a thrill of rapture, the happy period when, in common with the whole moral, intellectual creation, I shall meet them, changed, hallowed and glorified, in the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

T. L. H.

From the Nazarene.

#### MINUTES

Of the proceedings of the Susquehanna Association of Universalists, for 1843.

This body met pursuant to an adjournment in Brooklyn, Pa., on the 4th of Oct., and organized the council by choosing Br. A. Peck, Moderator, and Br. O. G. Hempsted, Clerk.

Adjourned 'till the close of the afternoon services.

Met according to adjournment, and appointed Br. A. Swart, clerk *pro tem*. Read and adopted the proceedings of the last meeting.

Received and read letters from the clerks of the different societies.

Voted to receive the societies of Honesdale and Washington into fellowship.

Adjourned to meet at 8 o'clock, on Thursday morning. Met according to adjournment, and after uniting in prayer with Br. Mack, called for the report of the committees.

Committee on discipline report against R. W. Cheney, saying that they are unable to ascertain where he may be found, and for want of proper testimony upon which to act, in consequence of the charges being preferred against him within the limits of the "North Branch" Association. Therefore,

*Resolved*, That we refer the whole transaction to the North Branch Association, giving them full power to act as they shall deem expedient.

Signed Edwin Tiffany, } Committee  
Charles Perigo, } on Discipline.  
Walter Olmsted, }

Committee on fellowship and ordination report that letters of fellowship have been granted to F. P. Hollister and O. G. Hempsted. Accepted.

Voted to amend the seventh article of the constitution by subjoining the following,

Whereas, there are in our denomination persons desirous of entering the ministry, and also many coming from other denominations wishing to engage in the clerical profession among us. Some of whom prove to be imposters, or destitute of the vital principles and knowledge of our faith and whose influence is sickly and deleterious to our prosperity, Therefore,

*Resolved*, that no preacher be admitted into fellowship with this Association, previous to a thorough examination into the soundness of his faith, and the requisite qualifications for so great a work, by the committee on fellowship and ordination.

Appointed Brs. Daniel Foster, Montrose, Phineas Arnold, Prompton, Milton Tingley, Gibson, committee on discipline, and G. S. Ames, J. R. Mack, and Wm. Wells, committee on fellowship and ordination.

Voted to organize a missionary society within the bounds of this Association in manner as follows:

*Resolved*, That we establish a Missionary Society in this Association, to be known as the "Susquehanna Mission;" and that each member of this society shall contribute the sum of one penny per week for the purpose of employing a preacher to dispense the word in every school district in this Association, who shall be allowed the sum of one dollar for every sermon thus delivered.

Appointed Brs. Ames and Mack, (clerical) and A. Swart, and C. M. Gere, (lay) delegates to the State Convention, with power to appoint substitutes.

Appointed Br. Mack, to preach the next occasional sermon with power to choose a substitute.

Voted that the Clerk prepare the minutes of this council for publication in the "Nazarene," to be accompanied with remarks.

Voted to adjourn to meet at Prompton, Wayne co., on the first Wednesday in Oct., 1844.

Delegates present.—Samuel Gregory, Daniel Searl, Montrose; M. Chamberlin, L. T. Farrer, Gibson; Geo. Young, A. B. Lathrop, Dimock; Chas. Perigo, Charles C. Daily, Brooklyn; A. Swart, A. J. Bowers, Honesdale; S. Whitcomb, Francis Brewer, Washington; Joel W. Finn, Jas. R. Johnson, Benton; Phineas Arnold and Thomas Reed, Prompton.

Ministers present.—G. S. Ames, T. L. Clark, W. M. DeLong, J. Finn, J. T. Goodrich, E. E. Guild, J. S. Haynes, O. G. Hempsted, L. P. Hollister, L. Hyatt, J. R. Mack, A. Peck, A. O. Warren, W. Wells, and H. E. Whitney—15.

**REMARKS.** It scarcely need be added, that we had a joyful and interesting meeting, upon this occasion. The weather, though cold, was not uncomfortable, or unpleasant, and our friends in Brooklyn, rendered our stay one of uncommon interest and delight; as well by their kindness and hospitality—which will ever hold us debtors to gratitude and love—as by their "feast of fat things" to which we were directed in the excellent services of the sanctuary. Our congregation was unusually large—larger, probably than was ever witnessed since the existence of this Association. The house—not of inferior size—was soon crowded with ardent listeners; many were unable to procure seats, and many more to obtain a shelter from the rays of the "majestic Orient." Sermons were preached by Brs. Mack, (occasional) Whitney, Warren, DeLong, Guild, Goodrich and Peck.—Addresses by Br. Peck.

May the seed that was there scattered have its due influence upon the hearts of all who listened to the ministrations of the word; and the ball of truth continue to roll onward with accelerated speed, till the gloomy deserts of error, darkness, and superstition, shall bud and blossom, as the tinselled rose; till God's deathless love shall melt the obduracy of each stubborn heart; till it shall brighten and elevate the hopes, purify and refine the affections of a mourning and dejected race, and cause their error-bound spirits to look upward with an eye of faith to that all-glorious and universal association above, where the pure electible joys of an immortal world shall swell the pæan of unceasing and transcending praise to God and the Lamb forever and ever. Amen.

O. G. HEMPSTED, Clerk.

#### THE TEMPERANCE-TEST RESOLUTION.

Many of our readers will doubtless remember that last year the U. S. Convention of Universalists by a small majority passed a resolution virtually declaring that our Societies, and Associations, and State Conventions should no longer select for delegates any person who used any intoxicating liquors, or made or sold the same. The resolution was felt by many to be un-washingtonian, uncalled for, injudicious, and an intermeddling with the societies, Associations and Conventions which are capa-

ble of selecting their own delegates. Some of our public bodies even went so far as to pass resolutions demanding its repeal—though it was virtually a dead letter as soon as passed; for several who voted for it, only did so, lest it might be supposed they were unfriendly to the temperance cause, or favored the appointment of intemperate men as delegates to our ecclesiastical councils. So, for fear of being misunderstood, they voted in favor of a resolution to which they were in fact opposed. Truly, "the fear of man bringeth a snare."

But the object we now have in view is, to state that at the late session of the U. S. Convention that subject was brought up again. One year's sober reflection had brought the brethren together once more, and prudence was consulted. But lest a repeat of the offensive resolution—the anti-temperance resolution, *in fact*; for its tendency was to injure rather than benefit the cause—should be misunderstood by the world, a counter resolution merely was passed, declaring that the only test of qualifications for a delegate should be that laid down by Jesus and his apostles—and that counter-resolution was further carefully guarded from misconstruction by one in favor of the temperance cause. This was as it should be.

The following statement by Br. G. W. Lawrence, of Illinois, who was present at the Convention, will probably give a clear idea of the feeling that prevailed in the Council—of which I believe he was a member. We copy from the Better Covenant, of Chicago, and only remark, further, that all our brethren who were present, and whom we have heard speak on the subject, seem to understand the vote as does Br. Lawrence. A. B. G.

"Considerable business was done by the Council; of this it is not necessary that I write, inasmuch as the proceedings in an official form will soon be published, and our numerous periodicals are requested to copy; of course you will let them appear in our hebdomadal. In relation however, to the business of the Council, or rather to an item or two of the same, I will here say a few words. You will recollect that at the last session of this body, a resolution in relation to the subject of Temperance was passed which has since been deemed somewhat denunciatory in its nature, and hence not in accordance with the pure principles of Washingtonianism or the spirit of Universalism. Some discussion was elicited on the motion to rescind this resolution; yet as it was thought our denomination might be placed in an improper light on the great subject of Temperance, should an expunging resolution merely, be passed, it was thought proper to pursue a different course. Resolutions were therefore adopted, which, while they express fully our attachment to this holy cause, are at the same time free from denunciatory language or any thing of an unchristian spirit. I was indeed much gratified to hear an expression from our brethren decidedly favorable to this glorious enterprise which has for its object the restoration of the poor inebriate from his miserable condition. Yet they are satisfied there is a right and wrong way to proceed in this business. Heaven grant our efforts may be properly directed."

#### FATHER BALLOU.

It has been interesting and refreshing to read the gratification expressed by our Western brethren generally, at the visit of Father Ballou to the Convention in Akron this fall—so much so, that I have thought our readers might be pleased to read them also, especially as they will not occupy much room in our columns.

Br. Lawrence, of Illinois, thus writes his impressions to the Better Covenant, published in Chicago.

On the forenoon of the second day the vast concourse of people was addressed by that worthy veteran in the cause of impartial grace, Father Hosea Ballou, of Boston. He preached from these words: "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God and there is none else." Isa. xlv: 22. The discourse was listened to with much attention and I have no doubt will long be remembered by those who heard it. It was with peculiar pleasure that I gazed upon the



toil-worn features of his face, and heard him raise his voice in defence of the great salvation. He gave the assembled multitude to understand that the subject of human salvation was a great and highly important subject—that it was a subject which concerned all mankind, even all the ends of the earth—that the family of man universally were in a condition in which they needed salvation—that there is no salvation but in God—and that there is in Him salvation for *all men*. He also proved conclusively that no tribute of God was opposed to the ultimate salvation of all men, but that on the contrary they were all favorable to the accomplishment of this glorious work. But I have not room to say more in reference to his sermon. Father Ballou has well nigh performed the work allotted to him on the earth. For about half a century he has labored in the Gospel field, and now his locks are whitened with the frosts of more than three score and ten years. May he go down to his grave in peace, cheered by the prospect of that glorious hope afforded by the doctrine which to a good old age he has ably advocated.

But the fullest and most animated description is given by Br. Gurley, Editor of the Star in the West, of Cincinnati. Br. Gurley is originally of Massachusetts, where, some 8 or 10 years ago, he probably frequently heard Mr. Ballou preach. He thus describes the anxiety of the people, and the overflowing of their long excited feelings as they become gratified at hearing the old veteran.

**"UNITED STATES CONVENTION.**—Our last letter brought us to Akron, the place appointed for the United States Convention of Universalists.—We arrived in town before sun-down, and found the people pouring in from all quarters—the East and the West, the North and the South. Luckily, we found comfortable and pleasant quarters with an excellent family near the village, with whom we are now staying. By dark the streets and vacant places near the public house where the committee of distribution was stationed, were thronged and by nine o'clock in the evening, the houses of our brethren and friends seemed to be crowded.—Many went several miles into the country to find lodgings. Everything was done that could be to provide places of entertainment; and great praise is due the Society for their great exertion to make all comfortable. Very late in the evening there came from Cleveland a large company from the East, and among them Father Ballou, and Brs. Whittemore and O. A. Skinner. A large number came in canal boats and made them their dwelling places while they stayed. In the morning, (Wednesday) the town was alive with people; and at the usual hour of service they repaired to the meeting house. Our brethren had taken the precaution to stretch a very large awning upon one side of the house, had taken out one of the windows and in the vacancy erected a stand so that the speakers could address those within and without at the same time. The house was filled to excess; and many more, probably three times the number, seated themselves under the broad-spread awning. Half-past ten o'clock came, and the services commenced. Br. O. A. Skinner read the Scriptures and a hymn, and after the singing Father Ballou offered up a most fervent and affecting prayer. All had been eager to see him—all eyes were strained to catch a glimpse of his person; and it may well be supposed that his prayer was heard with almost breathless attention. Many an eye was wet with tears when he took his seat. A hymn followed and then the occasional sermon by the writer.

In the afternoon Br. Balch from New York city preached an excellent sermon; in the evening Br. O. A. Skinner the same. At the close of the service notice was given that Father Ballou would preach the next day at 10 o'clock. The people seemed impatient for the morning. A deep anxiety pervaded all minds to hear this man of God—this Patriarch of Israel; and at the appointed time, all assembled to listen to him. He took for his text Isaiah xlv: 22. "Look unto me, and by ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else." We never heard him speak better,

or with more spirit. Every body was pleased and delighted—unless it might have been a very few bigoted and narrow-minded Partialists: and we doubt if they could find any fault. It was worth a journey from Cincinnati to Akron to hear that one sermon. He had the entire attention and control of his audience. His peculiar manner, his apt and clear illustrations, and his great strength of reasoning chained the attention of all who heard; and we verily believe that few if any would have gone away if had preached all day.

This venerable father in our Israel is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable men of this age.—We do not believe the world contains a superior mind. In strength and solidity of intellect, we should not know where to look for his equal; and that he is one of the most successful reformers that has appeared for centuries is certain. He was seventy-two years of age last April; and for more than sixty years\* he has been steadily engaged in the proclamation of the Gospel of universal salvation. He has encountered the fiercest and most obstinate opposition and persecution, but never for a moment has he been found faltering or unfaithful. Like a good soldier of the cross he has fought the good fight with a heavenly power and energy that have been found irresistible. He has stood up in the defence of God, and Christ and divine truth from his youth; and now, as he approaches the close of his ministry he looks about him and sees on every hand the fruits of his labor, and can rejoice with an exceeding great joy. When he commenced he was almost alone—now he is surrounded with hundreds of preachers and thousands and tens of thousands, of believers, who pronounce his name with deep affection and gratitude. All rise up and call him blessed for his work's sake; and the honor he now receives is preferable to that conferred upon Emperors, 'Kings or Princes.' And when he is gone, the memory of millions will cherish his deeds and virtues as long as the lamp of life continues to burn. His body may perish, but his name—never.

\* Br. Gurley is a little too fast—this would take Father Ballou into a pulpit to preach Universalism at the age of twelve years; whereas he was about *twenty one* years old when he commenced. Br. Gurley meant, undoubtedly, if he did not write "fifty years."—A. B. G.

**"UNITED STATES FISCAL NOTES.**—We have made arrangements to publish a wood-cut facsimile of the United States Fiscal notes as they are issued from the Treasury Department, at Washington. In this a true knowledge of the new Government currency will be conveyed to the people. We look upon this as a very important movement, and it is desirable that the people know its character, and canvass its merits, before Congress convenes in December. For the present, Fifty Dollar notes only will be issued, and these can be disbursed only as fast as the amount of old Treasury notes outstanding, shall be reduced below five millions."

The above we copy from J. Thompson's "Bank Note Reporter," which, by the way, we esteem the best, most correct and faithful Bank note list and Counterfeit Detector in the United States, and should be taken by every merchant and business man, who is in the habit of receiving and handling much money. We would have it understood, that this last remark does not apply to us; and what is worse, our patrons seem determined that we shall not take such "flattering unctious" to our souls. But the terms of the Reporter, of which we were speaking, are—monthly, \$1.00; semi-monthly, \$2.00; weekly, \$3.00; semi-weekly, \$5.00.

Address, J. Thompson, 52 Wall st., New York.

#### NOTICE.

We are now about sending out our bills for collection.—The more than usual backwardness of our subscribers in paying their subscriptions during the past year, has made it very difficult, in many instances, for us to meet our engagements. We have been obliged, in fact, to put off our creditors and agree to pay interest, to induce them to wait until our remittances came in this fall. We hope our patrons, one and all, will see the justice of making immediate payment. We are offering to receive three dollars in full for this year, and next; five dollars for 1842, '43 and '44, and seven

dollars for 1841, '42, '43 and '44, if remitted free of postage: thus saving the subscriber from fifty cents to one dollar. We trust our agents will take some pains to make collections, and what is of vital importance, forward the money as soon as possible. We know of some agents who have collected money some months since, and yet retain it in their hands. This is doing injustice both to us and to the subscriber, and the fewer we have of such agents the better.

The correspondent of the National Intelligencer thus describes Ex-President Boyer and family:

"Ex-President Boyer and family arrived here by the railroad from Rouen, on Monday. They travel in so plain a way, that the journals can not reconcile it with the accounts of his immense wealth. A Rouen editor, who visited the party, reports him a dark mulatto, a man of sensible conversation and good breeding, apparently about 65 or 68 years of age, under a double affliction, the loss of power and country, and the recent death of his wife. His mother, who is with him, is a negress, very tall, above 80 years of age, dressed in an odd fashion, wearing a great felt hat. The wife of the colonel, his nephew and aid, who is a bright mulatress, possesses rare beauty, and has four children. This morning, in passing the hotel near the church of the Madeleine, in which they are lodged on the first floor, I saw the aged dame and an equally black nurse with one of the children in her arms at the window."

**STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION.**—The steamboat Rushlight, while passing one of the wharves at Brooklyn yesterday afternoon, burst her boiler, by which the Captain and one of the hands were severely, though not dangerously injured. A boy that was on board previous to starting, is missing, and it is feared he was drowned. The Rushlight is a very old boat, and was used for towing. —[Tribune.]

**TROUBLE ON THE ERIE AND KALAMAZOO RAILROAD.**—We learn from the Toledo (O.) Register, that a portion of the Erie and Kalamazoo Railroad was torn up for the third time, on the 13th ult. The track was torn up on an embankment near Sylvania, where the cars would have been precipitated to the bottom, with all those on board, but for the sinking of the locomotive in the sand. Another depredation, but not of so heinous a character, was committed on the 15th. These outrages are supposed to have been committed by the laborers on the road in consequence of non-payment of their dues.

A farmer in the neighborhood of Little Fort, twelve miles from Southport, Wisconsin, harvested 102 bushels of winter wheat, of very superior quality, from two and a half acres of land, by actual measurement.

**REPORTED LOSS OF THE STEAMER SARAH BARNES.**—The schooner Caroline arrived at the New Basin yesterday, 30 days from Vera Cruz, via the mouth of the Sabine river, where she put in on account of the weather. While she was there, another schooner put in; and the latter informed that the packet steamer Sarah Barnes, on her passage from Galveston for New Orleans, had been wrecked—that her boiler burst, and that several of her passengers and crew had perished; and that the vessel and cargo were a total loss. This is the substance of the account given by the mate—Capt. Arent being absent. There may foundation for the statement, but we hope it is a mistaken rumor.—N. O. Com. Bulletin, 16th.

**FREE PERSONS OF COLOR IN LOUISIANA.**—A decision deeply affecting the interests of free people of color in New Orleans has just been made in New Orleans. By the laws of the State, all free persons of color who have made it their residence, commencing at any period between the years 1825 and 1835, are only permitted to remain there by special license from the authorities. Those of them who have received such license, and have gone to reside in any free State, are by the law regarded as residents of such State, and expelled from Louisiana.

#### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

H B, McLean, for H B and J B—P M, Dundee, for J E and J T.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

BR. GROSH—The following letter from Doctor J. L. C. Griffin, though a private one to me, (yet containing a fraternal greeting for you,) and not designed for publication, I have ventured to take the liberty of sending to you with the annexed answer, for publication in the *Magazine and Advocate*, (if you deem them worthy,) on the ground that some of your readers may feel an interest and gratification in the perusal of the same.

D. S.

## LETTER TO BR. D. SKINNER.

Williamsburg, Virginia, Oct. 1st, 1843.

Rev. and Dear Sir.—A favorable opportunity occurring, in the departure of a friend for Utica, I have availed myself of it, to address a fraternal greeting, both to yourself and to Br. Grosh. I almost *know* you will kindly receive my epistle, flowing, as it does, from an affectionate spirit of fraternal love to you, whose zeal and labors abundant in behalf of Universalism I do heartily appreciate. But I will make this poor scrawl, more particularly the vehicle of my warm acknowledgment to you, of the great satisfaction which I have derived from your unanswerable defence of Universalism, in the controversy with Elder A. Campbell of Bethany! I am delighted to express to you my full conviction of the glorious triumph of truth over error presented in that controversy. Would that every "Campbellite" Baptist, and "old side" Baptist, and every Partialist in the land would carefully peruse all the letters of that publication.—My faith, as a firm believer in the heavenly doctrine of universal salvation, has received, I am sure, no diminution by a perusal of said letters, both *pro* and *con*, although I have to regret the asperity which was introduced into the discussion—not of your seeking, as I do believe—in the same way that I am pained to behold the same personal severity, in most of the controversies which I read. However, Rev. Mr. Campbell's vituperation I am not wholly unacquainted with, and thus, I am delighted to reflect on the gentlemanly dignity, and, as I view the matter, the suitable severity, for the most part, with which, Mr. C.'s ungentelemanly and unchristian personalities were met! A stranger to you in the flesh, I am not so in the spirit, viewing as I do, your past devotion to the cause of truth, with the heartiest satisfaction. May every blessing rest upon you—I shall ever rejoice at your prosperity both spiritual and temporal!

If Br. S., you can conveniently do so, will you send an article occasionally, to the *Christian Warrior*, which journal I read, for I shall be truly glad to read some of your contributions! Richmond, in which place the *Warrior* is published, is a field of your former pastoral labors, and I doubt not, all the members of the Universalist Society there would be glad to hear from their former pastor. Favor me, my excellent brother in the Gospel, with an epistle acknowledging the receipt of this; then shall I know that I have not violated the high-minded influences, and independent bearings of gentlemanly and Christian courtesy, by intruding (?) my poor production upon your hands. If I have thus sinned, please permit me to add the extenuating suggestion that I have written from the honest, though ardent impulse of a cherished fraternal affection. If I may never see thy face in the flesh, I rejoice to believe that I shall meet thee, dear brother, in the immortal world of boliness and happiness, where, with ALL OUR RACE we shall be endlessly blessed. "Grace, mercy and peace" ever abide with thee and thine.

Affectionately thy brother,

JAMES L. C. GRIFFIN, M. D.

REV. D. SKINNER.

I shall be happy by an early post, to receive a letter from you. J. L. C. G.

## ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING.

To J. L. C. Griffin, M. D.—Dear Sir, and Br. Your very kind and fraternal epistle of the 1st inst., came duly to hand. It needs not the apology you offer on its behalf; for I assure you it is very far

from being regarded as a *sinful intrusion* upon my notice. Nay, it is cordially welcomed as a tribute of fraternal regard, grateful to every Christian bosom, and encouraging to every soldier of the cross. You will, I doubt not, pardon the liberty I have taken in giving it publicity, together with this my answer, for the reason that the topics touched upon are not altogether of a private character, but may interest some portion of the public, and especially my friends in Richmond, many of whom (God bless their warm hearts and dear souls!) I still regard as my spiritual children, and rejoice exceedingly in all their prosperity.

In regard to your warm acknowledgments for, and high encomiums on, my defence of Universalism in my Discussion with Rev. A. Campbell, I remark that such encomiums are to most men (especially those susceptible of vanity) both very acceptable and gratifying; and more particularly so when coming from those as well qualified to judge as yourself, who have long and thoroughly examined the subject, and whose professional pursuits and intercourse with mankind enable them to know the tendency and bearing of different systems, and to see the divine efficacy and all-sustaining power of truth in the day of sickness and the hour of death. But in this case, so far as I am personally concerned, I think your encomiums entirely undeserved; and for this reason: That although the victory is decidedly and triumphantly in favor of Universalism, and so conceded I believe by the public and by Mr. Campbell, (if not in word, at least by his conduct,) yet the victory I regard not as the result of any extraordinary talent, or learning, or controversial powers, on my part, but as the triumph of that *omnipotent truth* which it was my good fortune to defend. And so also Mr. C.'s signal defeat was owing, not to his want of talents, or learning, or controversial powers, (for they are acknowledgedly great,) but to the desperate and miserable system he had to defend. Indeed, how *could* he succeed, or what could he do, when reason, common sense, the Bible, and even his own Notes and comments on the New Testament were all arrayed against him? And how could I fail of victory when all these were so decidedly in my favor? It is true I deeply regretted that he so entirely lost his temper and self-control and indulged in the low and vulgar abuse and scandal which disfigure almost all his letters. But then what could the poor man do? How *could* he keep his temper, in such a desperate case, where he saw himself perfectly wrecked and his own authority laughing him in the face? That I kept my temper and possessed my soul in patience, is true. And why should I not? What was there to disturb me? He manifested quite anger enough for both of us, and the more I saw of his abuse and indignation the more certain I was of the victory. True, I occasionally "rebuked the madness of the prophet" and turned the tables on him that he might see himself in the mirror; but this only made him the more desperate; so I let him have his own way, gave him rope enough, and he quickly hung himself. I pitied him for his untoward fate; but my sympathy was as unwelcome to him as my rebuke.

In regard to your request that I should occasionally write for the *Christian Warrior*, I remark, it would give me, I doubt not, quite as much pleasure to do so as it would the readers of that spirited paper to peruse anything from my pen. But for some months past, owing to unforeseen events, and circumstances over which I had no control, I have had a great and embarrassing amount of secular matters and business to attend to, inasmuch that I have scarcely found time to write to my nearest and dearest friends. Add to this that I have been, for the last eighteen months engaged in preaching nearly every Sabbath from ten to forty miles distant from my home, and you may readily suppose I have found but little time, however strong my inclination to correspond for any of our excellent periodicals. If, however, I should, in future, be so fortunate as to have occasionally a leisure hour, I should most cheerfully so employ it as to comply with your request.

The "Christian Warrior" is a spiritedly and

ably conducted paper, and I rejoice that the Old Dominion can boast of such a champion. I often recognize with pleasure your own initials in its columns, and presume there is no want of correspondents or of editorial talent in its behalf. I rejoice exceedingly in the zeal and engagedness and prosperity with which our brethren in Richmond appear to be moving forward. May they still go on conquering and to conquer, till all their enemies and the enemies of the doctrine of a world's salvation shall bow to all-conquering Truth, and to the scepter of Jesus and own him Lord to the glory of God the Father. Affectionately thy brother,

D. SKINNER.

Utica, Oct. 25th, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## A NEW HEART.

There is a great deal said in these days of excitement, about the *new heart*; and we think it would be uncharitable to suppose that all who profess to have had a change of heart, intend to deceive others; but we think that they are themselves deceived by those who undertake to be their teachers in matters of religion. There certainly must be something, some change, which is mistaken for a change of heart. And now let us see if we can find what that is.

With deference to the opinions of others, I must be permitted to express my firm conviction, that it is the effect of error, arising from a false education. A child is taught to believe that if he has a change of heart, and joins some church, he will be saved; and if not, he will certainly be lost in a future state. When he gets old enough to reflect on these matters and finds he has not had this change of heart, it gives him a great deal of uneasiness; for he feels very unsafe—believing, as he has been taught, that if he should die before he had time to repent, endless misery would certainly be his doom. These things he drives from his mind as much as possible; still they will return and embitter every hour of his life—hanging like an insupportable load upon his mind. But there is a protracted meeting started—an excitement got up in the neighborhood. He goes to meeting, and the revival preacher tells him that he is "a poor, miserable sinner—that he is hanging over hell, suspended by a single thread, and perhaps the destroying angel is now about to cut the thread, and let him down among screaming devils who will torment him to all eternity." His old fears now rush into his mind like a torrent over which he can have no control; and at this crisis, reason has often been driven from its throne, and the miserable victim has dragged out a life of insanity, or ended it by committing suicide. But if reason holds its place, he feels sure that he can not live in the situation he now is, and cries out in the anguish and bitterness of his heart, "what shall I do?" "Here, sit down on this anxious seat, and we will pray for you," is the preacher's reply. He does so, and he is then asked if he feels any better, and he tells the truth when he says he does; for he feels that he has taken one step the right way. He is then told that he must pray himself; he prays, and feels still better. He is then told that he is hopelessly converted; he believes it and feels entirely relieved from those harassing and distressing doubts and fears which have hung so long upon his mind. Now this he calls the new birth—a change of heart—because he feels so much easier in his mind than he did before. He thinks a load of sin has been removed from him, when in fact a load of fear is all that has been removed from his mind.

But a protracted meeting can not last forever.—The meeting breaks up, he goes home and mingles with the world again, and he finds within him a propensity to return to the error of his ways again. This makes him doubt whether he has been born again—whether he has had a change of heart—in fact whether he is a Christian, or not. He does not quite feel as he thinks a Christian ought to feel. When next he comes forward among his brethren to renew his covenant, he says he doubts whether he is a Christian. He is told, that is a good sign and that all good Christians have those doubts; so,



before covenant meeting is over he gets pretty well assured that he is a Christian. Now in the whole of this man's life, he is subject to perplexing doubts and fears—and why? Because he depends on his own works for salvation in a future state, instead of the free grace of his heavenly Father; and he never can feel assured that he has done enough. He does not enter into rest. He has nothing that is like an anchor to the soul both sure and steadfast; because he is wandering on the barren and sterile mountains of sin and unbelief.

There is nothing in the universe but a firm reliance on the impartial grace of our heavenly Father, upon which man can rest; there is no other way of entering into rest.

G. Y.

Dinwiddie, Pa., 1843.

REMARK.—G. Y. is requested to excuse the delay of his article—it was unintentional entirely. And will he please manifest his forgiveness, by writing again!

A. B. G.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### CONFERENCE AT SOUTHVILLE.

The first Conference of the Otsego Association of Universalists was held in the Baptist meetinghouse, town of Stark, on Wednesday and Thursday the 11th and 12th ult., and a meeting better calculated for advancing the interests of our Zion, has not before been held in this part of our great Master's vineyard. Our brethren and sisters collected from this and the region round about, ere the Winter should set in, to hold sweet converse together, and to listen to some of the "gracious words," once spoken by Prince Immanuel, "which give life to the world." Nor were they disappointed; for the presence of God was there. Peace, joy, and happiness, was there, and love, kindness, and benevolence. The day-spring from on high visited us; and the light of the Sun of truth and righteousness shined in our hearts. We believe that many said on that occasion, "it is good for us to be here;" and with the Psalmist, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon the earth that I desire beside thee." It did our heart good as we listened to our brethren delineating the nature, character, and perfections of the Almighty; the life, love, actions, and forbearance of his Son; and the duties incumbent on all those who believe in God's impartial grace. It is but justice to say that the respective speakers afterwards, in the order in which they are set down acquitted themselves "as workmen that needed not to be ashamed;" and no doubt some of our Partialist friends had reason to acknowledge this truth, as the following amusing incident more fully explains.

Br. Woolley, on taking his seat in the pulpit to preach in the afternoon of the first day, observed written, on the right hand side of the desk, with a pencil, in a legible hand, (conjectured to have been done by a prominent Partialist in the village,) these words from Paul's First Epistle to Timothy, 4th chapter, last verse, "Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine." He then called upon the writer of this and whisperingly remarked, whether he might not take the sentiment before him as a text; which I advised. Some of our opposing brethren heard his application of it, and felt it, no doubt, and we trust that when they reflect on it, it will cause them emphatically "to take heed" to their doctrine. It was a masterly affair, take my word for it.

Sermons were preached by all the ministering brethren present—Brs. Barry, Whiston, Woolley, Tuttle, Cheney, Hathaway, and C. S. Brown; last discourse and concluding addresses by Br. Woolley. Our brethren at Southville are deserving of all praise for the way they got up, and carried through this glorious meeting. We leave it to those present if the singing was not excellent; and the arrangements complete. May it awaken a like spirit in other places—a spirit of new zeal, and new efforts in our common cause;—the cause of God—the cause of Christ, and the cause of man. May our united prayers ascend to heaven for a blessing, like smoke from the accepted sacrifice, on the whole universal church, in the words of Solomon's song,

"Awake, O north wind, and come thou south, blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out."

W. G. ANDERSON.

### MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry.

UTICA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1843.

#### PLAIN TALK FOR PLAIN PEOPLE.

I wish to say a few words to the subscribers of this paper, and indeed to its friends generally—and wish to address them in as plain and familiar a way as possible; for I feel as if, by this time we were well acquainted, and am sure we have many feelings and interests in common with each other. The subject on which I desire to address them, is the *paper itself*—a subject in which I have, for some years, had no pecuniary share or interest, but for which I, as well as many of them, certainly feel a great regard. To our plain talk, then.

In a few more months, I shall cease to be principal Editor, and will be only a Corresponding Editor of the Magazine and Advocate. The arduous cares and labors, the responsibilities and perplexities of my present station, will devolve on others—indeed, for a few years past—since I ceased to be a *proprietor*, they have been light compared with what they were before that—and mine will be the comparatively light and easy task of merely furnishing and preparing my own articles for its columns, and bearing responsibility for them alone. Those who have taken an interest in my writings, will still have the same interest to bind them to the support of the paper—for at least one year, wherever my lot may be cast, I will continue to write for these columns, if not as much in *quantity*, I would fain hope at least as good in *quality*. But my desire is principally to notice another contemplated change in the paper. As a *new* Editor is to take the helm instead of the *old*, worn out one now at it; and as some additions of acknowledged value are to be made to the Corresponding Editors, I can not flatter myself, or fear for the paper, that the change to be made by transferring me from one department to another, can in any wise materially affect your regard for and support of the Magazine and Advocate. I pass, then, to notice the other change.

In a few weeks more the proprietors intend to publish this paper only on the *advance pay* system—the CASH system. They do not despise the credit system in certain cases—but are well satisfied that it is not the best system for newspaper publishers, and *paying* subscribers, however *non-paying* subscribers may profit by it. A few remarks will set this matter in a clear light to every candid and common-sense mind. Since 1835 a sum of nearly \$20,000 of outstanding subscriptions has accumulated. Of the \$12,000 due to Grosh and Hutchinson, probably not \$1,200 (clear of expenses) will be collected—and of the balance, probably \$5000, including costs of collections, will be lost—making a loss somewhere of nearly \$2,000 per annum, by non-paying subscribers. Who suffers that loss? Not the publishers alone—for a part of it is made up by the enhanced price collected of subscribers. I say a *part*, for it is a fact that, high as the enhanced price is deemed by those who pay it, it does not pay all that is lost by crediting. The balance, then, falls on the Publishers, or those who work for them, or supply them with capital or materials. It is \$2,000 per annum *lost*, and *somebody* must lose it. If it falls on the publisher, the system is bad for him; if it falls on the paying subscribers, it is bad for *them*. We say it falls on *both*, and that the system of publishing a newspaper on credit is *bad for publishers and subscribers*.

Reader, are you a merchant? You have articles in your store worth just \$1.50 cents each, *cash*. Would you trust out say 3000 such articles, to unknown customers living all over this and the surrounding States, on the terms at which this paper is furnished? Not you!—you do not go the credit system quite as strong as that. Farmers—suppose wheat was worth just \$1.50 per bushel—would you trust out 2000 or 3000, or 4000

bushels each year, to persons living in every direction, and at various distances under 1500 or 2000 miles off, on the terms of our paper? You would deem any man crazy who should propose such a scheme of money making to you! Mechanics would prefer doing a less and safer business, to trusting out the products of their skill and labor after such a fashion! And, indeed, none but newspaper publishers and newspaper subscribers ever thought of such a wasteful and extravagant mode of selling and buying.

"Why not change it, then?"—That question is easily asked; but the *thing itself* is not so easily done. There are all the subscribers to be consulted; and unless we can gain the hearty consent and co-operation of all the *paying* portion, to make the change would be to ruin the paper. It don't depend on the *publishers* to carry the change into effect;—it *depends wholly on the paying subscribers*. Now, what do *they* say? Will they consent to a change which will give them a *better* paper at its *lowest* price, and forever free them from the annoyance of being *dunned*, the disgust of reading printer's duns of *others*, and the heavy tax of paying for the paper of some shiftless, slack, or dishonest subscriber beside their own? Will they uncomplainingly do their share in effecting this change so desirable to subscriber and publisher; and will they heartily second the effort to keep the ball a rolling on this better way? If *they will*, the thing can be done—yes, it *will* be done; for the publishers are determined to try it, sink or swim—live or die.

Now the difficulty in getting the subscribers to agree to, and enter into the plan of advance payments, rests, not in their want of perception to see that the plan is a good one, but in *each one's* seeing the necessity of *his* promptly paying *his own subscription* early enough.—There is the great trouble—and this great trouble occurs most frequently with the *wealthy*, rather than among the poor. Cases like the following will be very apt to occur at the close of the year.

CASE I.—A wealthy farmer sends to the Post Office, but gets no paper the first week in January next.—"What can be the reason?" Some one suggests that he has not paid in advance, and the publishers have ceased to give credit. In a moment the good man's dander is up. "What, refuse to trust me for paltry twelve shillings! I, who own a farm of 200 acres, and am free of debt, and have money at interest! I, who have never been refused credit before, in my life!!! I, who have always paid for my paper within the three months—now to be refused a credit of a few weeks, for only 12 shillings, by these *pretended* Universalists—it is too bad, so it is! Well—let them keep their paper, I can do without it, and save my money." Yet, probably, that man is in favor of the cash system—he is perfectly satisfied that it is the best system, both for publishers and subscribers. He does not realize that in the cash system there can be no credits—no exceptions;—that to have it succeed at all, it must treat all alike, and be *treated alike by all its friends*.

CASE II. December is rapidly drawing to a close. A forehanded mechanic, farmer or merchant, is seated in his evening circle, reading the Magazine and Advocate. "My dear," says his wife—for, after all, the women are better in real business matters than we men—"have you sent on the pay for the paper?" "Oh, no; it is time enough yet." The year goes round—January comes—the money is not sent—the publishers drop his name, count one less on their list, and send him no paper. If one half of the subscribers thus delay sending until after New Year, how can the paper go on its way rejoicing? It may have to stop altogether. But even if it does not, when the dilatory subscriber sends in his payment, several weeks will have elapsed, and he loses the back numbers, while the publishers lose the pay they should have had for those weeks, to support them.

But why multiply cases? Every one can see—I had almost said every one *must* see, that for the cash system to be successful, *all* the paying subscribers must unite in its support, and send in their payments in season to enable the publishers to count on them before he prints



his first number. And then, as their payments for the paper run out—before they run out—the subscribers must get the Agent or Post Master, to send another dollar, so as to keep the Publisher aware, in time, that that subscriber means not to lose any numbers of the paper. Let this be done by every one, and all will be well.

The time and labor (to say nothing of the care and vexation) expended in keeping the accounts of several thousands of subscribers—in making out their bills, and sending them dunning letters, year by year—the cost of materials and postage—all these will be saved by the cash system, when once fully established; and can be directed to the paper itself, to improve it, and render it more worthy of support. And the absence of dues, and complaints, and appeals to the generosity of those delinquents who appear to have lost their sense of honesty and justice—the absence of these from a paper established in the “better way” must surely render a paper better in every sense than it now can be to right minded subscribers. Other advantages might be pointed out—but we believe all must be satisfied that the cash system is the only, really good newspaper system; and, that the only way in which it can be attained, is, for each subscriber to keep his payments ALWAYS IN ADVANCE. And this is easily done. Those who can not conveniently pay an agent, or send to the publishers, one dollar and a half before the beginning of the year, (we say before, for the pay must be in advance—must be on hand before the paper is sent,) can, at least, get their Post Master to send a one dollar bill in a letter, free. Let them send one dollar in December. That will pay up to the 1st of September, 1844. Therefore, in August next, let them be sure and send another dollar in the same way. That will pay up to May 1st, 1845. Then in April, preceding that 1st of May, by sending another dollar, they will pay to the close of the volume. In this way the most distant subscriber can always keep his payments in advance, and be sure of the paper continuously. In this way, too, he does never lay out of any amount of money worth counting the interest, nor for more than eight months at a time.

One word more, and I close. I have spoken of the changes in the Editorial department. They are not yet definitely agreed upon and settled, so that it might not be proper for me to name them now. But two things may be relied upon. The responsibilities of the Editorial department will be vested in trusty and capable hands—in one, or more, whose prudence and love of the cause will always lead to exertions to keep unpleasant and distracting controversies and subjects out of the paper. And the other is—that sufficient talent will always be secured to fill the Editorial department with useful and interesting articles, from various pens. Some persons have entertained needless fears in regard to the withdrawal of the writer as principal Editor. The labor I cease to perform, can, nearly all, be as well performed by any man of ordinary education, common-sense talent, and a little practice in preparing articles for the press. The remainder—that of judging of the propriety of articles and subjects for the paper—seldom occurs, and can easily be settled by any experienced, well informed Universalist. And there need be no fears on that score—Br. Skinner, and others, are always at hand to consult and advise with in cases of difficulty or doubt. But, the truth is, there will always be an Editor capable of doing all I have done, with such aid as will be provided for him. If the public will only give the new arrangements a fair trial—continue to the publishers their support and confidence long enough to test fairly what they are about to do—I am persuaded they will be satisfied that such fears of changes, are vain—without any real foundation. Let, then, each subscriber prepare to pay in advance—and pay in time—and all will be well. The rest will follow in due time. A. B. G.

BR. T. L. HARRIS.—This young brother, well known to the readers of some of our periodicals for his poetic talents, gave the reasons for the recent enlargement of his Christian faith, and for leaving the Baptist church, (of which he has been a member in good standing up to the time of his withdrawal,) on Sunday evening, Octo-

ber 22d, in our church in this city. Notwithstanding the bad weather and walking, and a dark night, the audience was large. The discourse was a good one—plain narrative mingling with sound argument and pertinent, forcible application of Scripture, and suitable reflections and comments. Being well delivered, we trust it produced a good and permanent impression on those who heard it. Br. Harris has furnished us with a statement from his own pen, to which we refer our readers. It will be found in this paper.

To enter the ministry, was the aim of Br. Harris while a member of the Baptist church. That aim he has not abandoned, only changing his purpose from the ministry that breathed endless condemnation to the greater portion of our race, to the ministry of reconciliation for all. We believe he will be eminently successful in the performance of its high and arduous labors. May God grant it. A. B. G.

#### RELIGIOUS NEWS.

REMOVALS.—Br. J. French has removed from La Fargeville to Champion; and wishes to be addressed accordingly. Br. F. W. Baxter from Thomaston to Union, Me. Br. J. P. Fuller from Troy, Mo., to Galesburg, Ills. Br. H. Gifford from Oxford, Ohio, to Erie, Pa.

NEW SOCIETIES AND CHURCHES.—A Universalist society has recently been organized in Henderson county, Ills. Another in Pontiac, Va. A church was formed last month, at the close of a public discussion between Br. E. Mansford and Rev. James Scott, Methodist, in Martinsville, Ind. May the seed sown in the storm, grow in sunshine and shower, until it yield an abundant harvest! The church recently organized at Center Harbor, N. H., was formally recognized on September 20th. Br. E. W. Coffin is the pastor—a grave and a “reverend” name, according to Br. Witherell’s understanding of the title! The church in Rome, O., was lately received into fellowship.

DEDICATIONS.—The new Universalist meeting house in Foxboro, Mass., was dedicated on October 4th; and Br. C. W. Mellen installed as pastor of the society. The house is one of the neatest in that section, all carpeted and furnished, and paid for. The meeting house in Lewiston, erected by our friends several years ago, has lately been finished and dedicated. Sermon by Br. S. R. Smith, of Buffalo. Our new house in Harvard Mass., was dedicated on the 18th October.

ORDINATIONS.—Br. W. H. Ryder, late of this city, was ordained and installed pastor of the society in Concord, the capitol of N. H., on October 11th. Sermon by Br. L. C. Browne, of Nashua. Br. Varnum Lincoln was ordained in Billerica, Mass., September 6th. Br. E. C. Rogers, a converted Congregational clergyman, was ordained in Poquonock, Conn., on September 20th. Br. Jonathan Phelps was ordained as pastor of the society in Enfield, N. H. on the 15th inst.

WITHDRAWALS.—B. Joel Tuttle lately resigned his letters of fellowship and ordination to the Washington Association of Universalists, in Ohio. Br. Asher Moor, of Anson, Me., has also withdrawn from the ministry—to engage in secular pursuits, we believe—at least, he professes no change of sentiment.

A NEW BOOK.—Br. Thayer says a very pretty book is about being published by Bagley and Powers, of Lowell, called “The Flower Vase,” designed as an interpreter of the language and sentiment of flowers. It will be found well written, for it is by one who loves and has deeply studied flowers—Miss S. C. Edgarton. It is needless to wish it success—that is certain.

#### THANKS.

During a ministry of over twelve years in the state of New York, I became intimately acquainted with a large number of preachers and laymen, with whom I enjoyed a friendship whose recollections are dear to me. Those preachers and those laymen, as a body, are possessed of such kindly feelings and purity of character, as command my highest respect. And in leaving the State, I can not refrain from returning them my thanks pub-

licly, for all their kindness to me while I remained among them.

During a settlement of ten years in Auburn, I became warmly attached to the brethren there. Good and noble souls are they—full of friendship and kindness. For their constant endeavors to make us happy, I can never repay them. Right pleasant were the years of our communion, never to be forgotten by me. I return them my hearty thanks for their unwearied attention to my family and self.

May the God of grace and mercy smile upon the brethren in Auburn and throughout the State. May they increase in strength of faith and every needed blessing. G. W. MONTGOMERY.

Portsmouth, N. H., October, 1843.

#### THE ANGELS.

There is not, perhaps, a more beautiful and affecting thought than this—that ministering spirits continually hover over this earthly dwelling place of man, employed on errands of mercy, and who delight to pour out of their joyous spirit on this world of sin. That there are spiritual and holy beings who take an interest in the affairs of men—whose feelings and sympathies are enlisted in behalf of lost humanity, we learn from many passages in the divine record. “There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth,” is the touching language of the Saviour. And we are told that, when the birth of the Son of Mary was announced to the shepherds on the plains of Judea, there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, who sang their anthem of joy.

There is something in this truth—in the truth that the angels are looking down upon him in love and desiring his return to the better way—that is calculated to strike home with power to the soul of the sinner. The bare thought that, though cast off and despised by men—denied the fellowship of his kind, and the kindly offices of affection, he shares in the sympathies of the pure beings who minister before the throne of God, among whom there is joy when the prodigal child comes back in penitence—I say the bare thought that it is so, will make his heart yearn, if it be hard as adamant; and will make him feel a better man. A. C. B.

#### UNIVERSAL SALVATION.

A few days since we noticed and replied to a letter from G. W. B., drawn out, as he stated, by an article published in the Universalist Companion and Register for 1844. At the time of replying to G. W. B. we did not think particularly whether, or not, its intimated arguments were directed against what was published in the Companion, and therefore said nothing about their relevancy or irrelevancy. But since then it has entered our mind to compare the two, and find that G. W. B. has entirely evaded the position assumed in my article; and by intimation at least, has put the controversy on entirely different grounds, from those there laid down. Be it understood, I have no objection to meet G. W. B., or his spiritual teacher or teachers, on the grounds he presented in the letter, and the mode pointed out in my reply to the same. I do not therefore complain that the ground which I advanced has been changed in his reply. By no means—but I do wish to ask, why did he change it?

That the reader may have a fair and full view of the subject, I here present that article from the Universalist Companion and Register, which elicited G. W. B.’s letter, and follow it with the letter which purports to be an answer to, or rebuttal of, said article.

WHO OBJECTS to universal salvation—to rendering all men holy and happy, and the utter annihilation of sin and suffering? Can any one object to it? Does God, feel averse, to such an amount of holiness and bliss existing in his universe—is he opposed to the destruction of all evil and misery? Certainly not. Does Jesus object to all men’s becoming sinless and blessed—to the destruction of the devil and all his works? By no means! Well, can angels, or saints in heaven object to save all men from sin? Surely not; for



they desire it—all saints pray for it. None but the worst of men, (if any), and spirits damned, (if there are any,) can object to universal holiness and happiness. What, then, will prevent it from taking place? God, Jesus, angels and saints will not—devils and bad men *can not*, unless they have *more power* than God and his hosts. Have they? If not, why will Universalism not prove true?

Utica, Sept. 16th, 1843.

Mr. A. B. Grosh.—Sir, I saw a piece in your Almanac of 1844, headed Universal Salvation. You ask, does God feel averse to such an amount of holiness and bliss existing in his universe—is he opposed to the destruction of all evil and misery?—You say certainly not; so say I, but I would say to you, that Christ wept over Jerusalem, and said how oft would I have gathered you as a hen gathereth her chickens, but you would not. And for farther particulars I would refer you to Matthew x: 15, 28; vii: 13 and 14; viii: 12; xviii: 3 and 8; xxiii: 37; xxv: 41 and 46; John v: 28. 2 Thessalonians i: 7, 8 and 9; Hebrews ix: 27; and Revelation xx: 11 and 15.

Now, then, since these passages are so plain that a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err, how important it is, that we try to persuade mankind to repentance, and tell them that unless their righteousness exceed that of the Scribes and Pharisees, they shall all likewise perish ; or, in other words, they shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven. Yours respectfully, G. W. B.

Now, what is the point of argument implied by the article in the Companion? Clearly this:—God is not opposed to, but is really in favor of, universal salvation from sin and death—Jesus the same—the angels of God in heaven the same—saints and all good beings, the same. Consequently, if there are *any* beings in the universe who are opposed to such a glorious event, or desirous of the endless continuance of sin and suffering, it must be devils and wicked men—i. e., if there are any other personal devils than wicked men. What, then, can prevent the final accomplishment of universal salvation? God will not—Jesus, angels, saints and good men *will* not—and, unless they have *more* power than God, and Jesus, &c., devils and wicked men *can* not. What, then, can prevent the accomplishment of Universalism?

Well—now how does G. W. B. answer these questions? By referring me to several passages of Scripture which contain *no answer* to them—many of which do not even refer to the subject—and some of which go even toward proving my views of man's final destiny, when rightly interpreted—as, for instance, the word *kolasin*, rendered punishment, in Matt. xxv: 46; the word meaning correction, amendment? How did he *mean* that reference to be *understood*? Evidently that some bad men *would prevent* the will and desire of God, Jesus, angels, saints and all good men from being accomplished!—that in despite of the omnipotence, moral and physical, of Jehovah; and of all the power in heaven and in earth, given to Jesus; and of the efficacy of the prayers and desires of all good beings, some bad men would have power to defeat all the exertions of Heaven and its hosts to overcome evil with good!—Does G. W. B.—does any man in his senses, and a believer in God and Revelation—really believe that the evil of a few bad men can successfully and endlessly resist all the goodness of God, and Jesus, and their hosts in heaven and earth—that the evil of men can not be overcome of good—of infinite good? I can hardly believe it—and yet that is the only answer that *can* be given, so far as I can imagine, in reply to the question—If God, Jesus, angels, saints, and all good beings are in favor of universal salvation from sin, (as G. W. B. admits,) and nothing but a few bad men and devils are opposed to it—what can prevent universal and endless holiness and happiness from ultimately and endlessly filling the universe of God? A. B. G.

**THAT PLAIN TALK.**—I have very special reasons for desiring, and therefore requesting, the reader to read that "plain talk for plain people" in to-day's paper. I

do not pride myself on it as a specimen of fine, or even good writing; but there are some subjects discussed in it, which I do most earnestly wish every subscriber to read. I want the article read clean through, from beginning to end; for I believe there are many who do not, perhaps, look at those subjects in the right light—or, at least, what I think is the right light. I meant the article to be very frank, friendly and respectful to the reader. But if I have spoken too frankly and freely, and not put in enough of the friendly and respectful, I hope every one will believe I meant to hurt no one's feelings—to treat no one uncourteously, or even unkindly in my plain talk.

A. B. G.

THE MYSTERIES OF PARIS.—A novel in course of publication at the New World office, 30 Ann street, N. Y. It is a correct and full translation from the French of that beautiful writer EUGENE SUE. It is to be completed in about ten numbers, at 12 1-2 cents each. We have received and read the first three numbers, and can truly say that we never met with any thing of the novel kind of that description, more interesting, such graphic descriptions of refined wickedness; carried on among the members of court life, and the higher circles, where the scenes are laid, (Paris and its environs) and carried out in full by those of a lower grade, employed for the purpose we never before read. In beauty of language and fullness of delineation, we think it beats even Charles Dickens.

Br. Tompkins—Credit L. Y. Avery, Salina, N. Y., \$2.00 for Repository. Send Repository to Miss Celestia Knapp, Madison, Lake county, Ohio, and credit her \$2.00. Charge us.

## RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. D. SKINNER will preach at German Flats on the first Sunday in November, and at Sullivan, on the second Sunday in November.

A Conference of the Allegany Association will be held at Yorkshire, Cattaraugus county, on the first Saturday and following Sunday in December next. Ministering brethren and others are cordially invited to attend.

L. GRAVES, Standing Clerk.

☞ Luminary, please copy.

## MARRIAGES.

In Auburn, Sept. 21st, by Rev. H. L. Hayward, Mr. GEO. TINKHAM to Miss MARY MULLIGAN, both of Marcellus Falls.

In Fleming, Sept. 27th, by the same, Mr. JAMES HENRY WARN, of Sennett, to Miss RACHEL EUGENIA PAUL, of the former place.

In Aurelius, Oct. 4th, by the same, Mr. CHESTER A. HOSKINS, of Springport, to Miss HARRIET L. RAMSAY, of the former place.

## DEATHS.

In August, October 13th, Mr. BRYAN WILCOX, aged 42 years. Punctual in his engagements, and honest in his dealings, so far as our knowledge of him extends, he thus honored the faith he professed; and died lamented by his friends. G.

In Scipio, Sept. 19th, after an illness of about four weeks, Mrs. AMANDA S., wife of Mr. Elisha Marsh, aged 27 years and 4 months. Sister Marsh was one of those amiable and good beings, whose kind, affectionate, and Christian deportment, endeared her to all her numerous acquaintances.— Few there are, whose lives have furnished a brighter illustration of the Christian graces, or whose deaths have exhibited a more perfect resignation to the divine will, and unflinching trust in God as the Saviour of all men. In all her conversation with opposers of Universalism during her illness, if doctrinal topics were introduced, she "contended earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints;" and gave her reasons for believing in the salvation of the world, with a clearness and candor which admitted not of being gained.

When it became evident that she could not recover, she gave directions about her funeral with as much calmness and composure, as if she were only making preparations for

a short journey. After requesting that the writer should be called to attend her funeral, she called her father into her room, (an opposer of Universalism,) informed him what arrangements she had made for her funeral sermon, and inquired if such arrangement would be congenial to his feelings and meet his approbation. He expressed himself perfectly satisfied with any plan which she thought proper to suggest, although he professed to have no fellowship for the doctrine in the belief of which she died. She died as she had lived, calm and peaceful as a bright summer's morn'; leaving a kind and devoted husband, and a large circle of relatives and friends, to mourn her early departure from the shores of time. We commend them all to God, praying that this truly afflictive dispensation may be sanctified to the spiritual good of all concerned, so that they may be able to say with a pious man of ancient times, "before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy word." Her funeral was attended on the 21st, and words of gospel comfort were spoken to the mourning group, by H. L. H.

In Auburn, Oct. 25th, of scarlet fever, after an illness of only three days, CORNELIA A., eldest child of Thomas and Sarah Egan, aged 3 years and 4 months. Cornelia was a beautiful and lovely child, the pride and joy of her parents—and her sudden and unexpected departure has cast a gloom over their little family circle, and caused them to mourn. But their faith teaches them, that this sweet and delicate flower has been transplanted to a more genial clime, where it will bloom and flourish to all eternity, under the immediate watch care of him who said, "suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Funeral services were performed by the writer on the 26th. H. L. HAYWARD.

## LIST OF BOOKS

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE

No. 32, Genesee street, (up stairs.)

Universalist Register and Almanac for 1844,	8
" " " " 1843,	8
Rose of Sharon for 1844,	2.00
Washingtonian Pocket Companion;	19, 25 and 38
Winchester's Dialogues,	19
Thoughts on the Divine Goodness,	13
Ballou on the 24th & 25th chapters of Matthew	06
Layman's Legacy, vol. I,	1.00
Balfour's Second Inquiry,	1.00
Sawyer's Review of Hatfield,	50
Duties of Young Men, by Rev. E. H. Chapin,	50
Discourses, by do.	50
Lectures, by do.	38
Christian Comforter, by Rev. H. Bacon,	50
Law of Kindness, by Rev. G. W. Montgomery,	50
Universalist Manual, by Rev. M. Rayner,	50
Universalist Belief, by Rev. A. Moore,	50
Sermons, by Rev. O. A. Skinner,	50
Voice to Youth, by Rev. J. M. Austin,	75
Illustrations of the Parables, by Rev. T. Whittemore,	75
Christian Visitant, 3 vols. in one; by Rev. A. B. Grosh;	75
Streeter's Hymns, (large and pocket),	50
Ancient History of Universalism,	1.00
Lectures to Youth, by Rev. S. R. Smith,	50
Convention Sermons for 1841,	50
Catechisms for Sunday Schools,	
Hymns of Zion, by Rev. A. C. Thomas,	50
Gospel Harmonist, by Rev. T. Whittemore,	1.00
Paige's Selections,	1.00
The Universalist's Guide,	1.00
Ely and Thomas Discussion,	63
Bacon on Religion,	50
Endless Hell Torments Overthrown,	38
Family Prayer Book, by Otis A. Skinner,	50
Names and Titles of Jesus, by Rev. C. Spear,	1.00
Combe's Moral Philosophy,	62
" on the Constitution of Man,	62
" " Digestion,	62
Influence of Religion on health,	69
Merchant's Widow, by Mrs. C. M. Sawyer,	50
Campbell and Skinner's Discussion,	1.00
Skinner's Letters to Aikin and Lansing,	56
Memoir of Rev. J. Freeman, by S. R. Smith,	50
Life of Rev. John Murray,	50
Biography of Winchester,	69
Pro and Con of Universalism, by Rev. George Rogers,	1.00
Causes of Infidelity Removed, by Rev. S. R. Smith,	69
Practical Hints to Universalists, by Rev. J. G. Adams,	75
Ballou on Atonement,	50
Ballou's Select Sermons,	75
Do. Notes on the Parables	63
Do. Nine Sermons,	50



### A FRAGMENT FOUND IN A SKELETON CASE.

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull  
Once of ethereal spirit full!  
This narrow cell was life's retreat;  
This space was thought's mysterious seat!  
What beauteous pictures fill'd this spot!  
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!  
Nor love, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear,  
Has left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy  
Once shown the bright and busy eye—  
But start not at the dismal void!—  
If pious love that eye employ'd,  
If with no lawless fire it gleam'd,  
But through the dew of kindness beam'd,  
That soul shall be forever bright,  
When stars and suns have lost their light!

Here, in the silent cavern, hung  
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue!  
If falsehood's honey it disdain'd,  
And where it could not praise, was chained;  
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,  
Yet gentle concord never broke;  
That tuneful tongue shall sing with thee,  
When death unveils eternity!

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,  
Or with its envied rubies shine?—  
To hew the rock or wear the gem  
Can nothing now await to them;  
But if the page of truth they sought,  
Or comfort to the mourner brought,  
That soul a richer meed shall claim,  
Than all that waits on wealth or fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod  
These feet the path of duty trod?  
If from the bowers of joy they fled,  
To sooth affliction's humble bed—  
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurn'd,  
And home to virtue's lap return'd;  
That soul with angels thou shalt vie,  
And tread the palace of the sky. ANONYMOUS.

### ADVICE TO A YOUNG LADY AFTER HER MARRIAGE.

BY JUDGE BERTTELL, OF NEW YORK.

The following letter "to a young lady," originally appeared several years ago, in the Evening Journal. It is written in a style unusually agreeable, and breathes, throughout, a spirit of gentleness and excellent sense, which no young person can read without pleasure and instruction. Numerous solicitations have been made for its republication in the Mirror, and we are happy to gratify our correspondents, and also pay a merited compliment to the esteemed author.—[Eds. N. Y. Mirror.

"You are now married, and as is usual on such occasions, your friends and acquaintances will profess to wish you joy. Many will do so as an act of common civility, feeling little or nothing of the sentiments which the words import. When, however, I express a solicitude for your welfare, I think I am entitled to the credit of meaning something more than the performance of an empty ceremony. But when congratulating you, I know no better way of proving the sincerity of my professions, than by tendering you my advice as to some of the means I deem necessary to be pursued in order to render your new situation a matter of real felicitation.

"Young people are very apt to think, if they think at all on the subject, that when they get married their cares are all scattered to the winds, and that their happiness is secured for life. So far from the truth is such a thought, that when reality awakens them from the dream of uninterrupted bliss, they find their sorrows certainly doubled, and whether their joys are to be increased or not, depends mostly on themselves, and they will still find causes enough to interrupt their happiness though each should do their best to prevent or counteract them. One thing is certain, that the married state may be made more happy than the single life, or it may become a state of perfect wretchedness; and whether your present situation is to be better than that you ex-

changed for it depends much or mostly on yourself.—It is therefore a matter first in order, as well as the first in importance to you, that you should endeavor to ascertain the means best calculated to secure a continuance of that happiness which doubtless you expect to experience in the wedded life. On this subject I will endeavor to assist you.

"That you were happy during the period spent in courtship, you will not deny. That you were so, arose from the consciousness that you loved and were loved in return; and from the pleasing hope or moral certainty that you would attain the object of your affections.—This hope is realized, and that you are now happy, you need no one to tell you. If it be the reciprocated affections of your husband which makes you happy, it is yours which makes him so; hence, *mutual affections constitute the source of conjugal bliss*; and it is equally true that *the infelicity of the married state, follows the loss of those affections*. On the continuance of the affections, then, no less than on the choice of a husband, depends your happiness in the wedded life. The means to ensure a continuance of those affections, is the subject next in course for your consideration.

"So numerous are the instances in which married people have lost their affections for each other, that the unreflecting have hastily concluded that it is easier to acquire than retain them. If this be true, it goes to prove that you should be more assiduous to retain the affections of your husband, than you were to gain them. But it is not true to the extent which many believe. It is very unphilosophical to argue, that like causes will not produce like effects—or that the effect will cease, though the cause be continued. The truth most probably is, that when the affections of married people become extinct, it is owing to *their neglect to continue the causes by which those affections were first elicited*. What man in his sense, if he knew the disposition of the lady he addressed, would fall in love with a sour, sulky, brawling, ill-natured woman? It is the opposite qualities which he sees, or thinks he sees, in the lady of his choice, of which he becomes enamored. It is a countenance illuminated with smiles, eyes beaming with intelligence, a mouth flowing with sweetness and good-nature—in short, a deportment indicative of modesty, mildness and benignity, to which he pays the homage of his heart. If such were the causes by which were quickened the tenderness of the lover, rely on it, that nothing short of those will ensure the affections of the husband; for when the causes subside, the effects must necessarily cease, and then, misery and wretchedness will become the inmates of your household.

"More of the happiness of married people is involved in their conduct during the first year than in any succeeding period, of their conjugal association. There are probably but few instances where persons newly married do not discover, and that, too, in an early period of their matrimonial relation, each in the other, some trait of character which had before escaped their observation—and much, very much, of the felicity of their lives, depends on the course they may pursue on those occasions. Should the newly discovered faults or follies of the husband appear to be such as to preclude the hope of their being corrected, however unpleasant the task, the wife's easiest course will be to endeavor to accommodate herself to them. If she can not bring her circumstances to her mind, the alternative is to try to bring her mind to her circumstances. Custom and habit tend to lessen the effects of evil which can not be destroyed; and common prudence will induce her to conceal from her husband her knowledge of those faults of his which she can not expect to obviate, because it will not increase his affections for her, should he think that hers for him are in the wane. If a woman would correct the faults or follies of her husband, she should reflect that she can only do it by means of her influence over him—that she has, in general, no other influence than what arises from his affections to her—that the continuance of these depends on the continuance of the causes by which they first were kindled:—and you may rest assured, that whatever female patience, mildness, good-humor and

tender affection can not accomplish with a husband, frowns, sulks, sharp reproofs; and ill-natured reproaches never can achieve. By the former he may be soothed and softened into complaisance, and willingly led to abandon a foible or a fault; but the latter will inevitably tend to sour his mind, to curdle all the milk of human kindness in his bosom, warm his resentment, excite his opposition, and confirm him in error.

"My acquaintance with your husband, has induced me to believe, that his whole heart and soul accompany his affections and aversions; and that it depends much, or mostly, on the exercise of your prudence and discretion whether he will be to you a kind and tender husband, or an unpleasant and uninteresting associate. Perhaps you are about to ask, if the wife must make *all* and the husband *no sacrifice* to promote conjugal concord and domestic peace? I mean no such thing—on the contrary, so much depends on your mutual endeavors, that without the husband's the wife's can not succeed. But the path I have pointed out for you to take, is the surest, nay, the *only* one to be pursued to produce or continue in him the disposition to a corresponding course of measures. Can that be called a sacrifice which promotes domestic bliss? As well may he be said to sacrifice his money who gives it for a larger sum.

"You will be disappointed if you expect your husband's face always to be the sporting place of smiles and graces, or his mind at all times attuned to the soft melody of harmonious strains—

"As well expect eternal sunshine, cloudless skies,  
As men forever temperate, calm and wise."

Sickness, disappointment, and perplexity in business and a thousand nameless causes, can not but sometimes operate to disturb his mind, depress his spirits, and becloud his visage; producing perhaps unusual taciturnity, or a strain of language not remarkable for its mellifluous cadence. This is not the occasion on which he is to be met with a corresponding deportment on the part of his wife. It is rather the time when the exercise of all her philosophy is indispensable—a time when her temper is to be tried, her heart probed, and her affections put to the test; the time when by her kind, soft, sympathizing language and a countenance and conduct bearing testimony to its sincerity, that he is to be comforted at least with the reflection, that he has a friend in adversity as well as in prosperity, a partner in his sorrows as in his joys. I may possibly be singular in the opinion, but I could never entertain the fullest confidence even in the *virtue* of that female, whose sympathies could not be excited by the sorrows of others; and surely a wife can never appear so interesting and amiable in the eyes of her husband, as when he sees her melting with kindness, to him, and sorrowing for his sorrows. In short, it would be the object of your unremitting attention, to make him feel that his home is a place of refuge from his cares, a sanctuary from the frowns of adverse fortune, and he will seek it as naturally as he would desire his own felicity. But when a husband ceases to regard home as the happiest place on earth, he will shun it as he would fly his troubles; and, as it often happens, will take the road to ruin, and will seek at the ale-house, the gaming-table, or more indecent places, a refuge from domestic broils, the consequences of which, though often seen, are too disgusting for detail.

"To conclude—I have voluntarily, and, perhaps, officiously offered you my counsel, and the best my judgment can afford. My motive is your good; but it depends on yourself whether or not it will be useful to you. But keep this letter by you, and if at the end of three or four years, you shall think yourself not benefited by its contents, you have my assent to burn it.

"That the blessings of health, peace and prosperity may attend you through life, is the sincere wish and earnest hope of your friend."

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# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE

## AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."....."PROVE ALL THINGS HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1843.

NO 45.

From the Christian Freeman.

### THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

BY REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

Whatever may be the speculative views of different Christians respecting the death of our Saviour, to all there is a mighty interest and a pervading sanctity, in the scene of his crucifixion and the hour of his last agony. Around that once accursed wood, all radiant with a glorious transformation, cling associations, original, affecting and sublime; that give to its representation at the altar, by the way-side, towering from the church top, gleaming from the banner fold, and worn on the bosom, an influence of deep emotion and holiness, and make it the comprehensive symbol of the Christian religion. Let us then, at this time, consider some of the causes of its peculiar prominence and attractiveness.

And we deem that it may assume prominence and attractiveness, even to those who do not see there the manifestation of God's wrath, or the exhibition of vicarious sacrifice. We deem that there still lingers around that death-scene enough to melt and win the heart. There is a consistency in that prayer of forgiveness, a serenity in that dying—"It is finished," a pathos in that struggling humanity, a sublimity in that triumphant divinity, an eloquence in that great self-sacrifice, a power in that all-pervading love, that make the cross of the Redeemer radiant and holy—that impart to it a peculiarity and an importance, that every mind must acknowledge, and every heart feel. "Truly," said even the Roman centurion, in all the darkness of his paganism, and all the prejudice of his unbelief—"Truly, this is the Son of a God." What must the Christian, with a deeper insight into the purposes of his Saviour's mission and with a closer study of his character, what must the Christian say?

As another has remarked, the cross of Christ is not to be viewed merely as an exhibition of physical suffering. This may cause a strong sympathy, and powerfully excite the feelings, but there are other facts of a deeper and more spiritual import, calculated to sink into the heart and affect it more permanently. To some of the great truths, exhibited on the cross of Christ, let us now direct our attention.

*The Cross of Christ!* We see there a manifestation of an *unflinching adherence to duty*. We say, an *unflinching adherence*. If Jesus shrank from the bitterness of the last hour, if he prayed in intense agony that the dread cup might pass from him, he did not shrink from *duty*—it was not from *duty* he petitioned to be free. If the duty might be performed without that poignant suffering—if the great mission might be accomplished without the thorns, the scourging, and the cross—he would have it so; but if not, "the Father's will be done!" And, calmly strengthened, he rose from that hour of anguish and went forward through it all, to the end. The rough palms could not daunt him, nor the fierce mockery. All that Pilate and all that man could do, could not force him to renounce his claims, or to desist from the completion of his work. Once, perhaps, the thought rushed over him that he was forsaken of God, and then, indeed, there was a thrill of agony. Man might forsake, man might persecute and torture, but let not God desert. The sense of divine presence and favor, is the sustaining strength of the virtuous. Nature itself would reel, and all things be shaken, were that denied. But the thought remained only a moment, and in victorious confidence he commended his spirit to his Father. His duty was done, performed even through sweat and blood, and that pale, bleeding face, bore the impress of his lofty triumph.

Here then was an unshrinking adherence to duty—here was an allotted work performed, despite all toil and pain—despite of death itself. This is one lesson that we learn from the cross of Christ. Let it have its influence upon us. Let us remember that duty is always to be performed. To this we must cling, let all else fail, or threaten. And we shall triumph at last. The dutiful spirit is ever the victorious spirit. The disobedient, the time-server, the moral coward, is always, in the end, the loser. But the dutiful man, we repeat, always smiles triumphant at the last. The light of God's approval converts the crown of thorns to a diadem of glory, and the scenes were he suffered become teachers of wisdom, and consolation, and strength to others.

*The Cross of Christ!* We see there an exhibition of *self-sacrifice*. Not for himself droops yonder sufferer. Not for himself he wears that bleeding brow. Not for himself he meets that wounding spear, and drinks the bitter gall, and groans and dies. We do not hold that Christ died "for the guilty," in the sense of bearing the punishment of their guilt. He died for the guilty, not *as*, not *in the place of* the guilty. He died for their everlasting good. He died that man might live—died temporarily, died in shame and physical agony, that man might have eternal life, might be won to know and to love God. And for these great ends he also lived. It so laid in the course of his mission, that if he would teach men—would open the way, and the truth, and the life, he must die, he must come in collision with pride, and hate, and ignorance, and fear, and be crucified. Yet, he went forward with that mission. He turned not from it, he hesitated not. His life was necessary to man—his death was necessary. We do not stop now to examine in what respects that death was necessary, but it was for man's welfare, and therefore in meeting it Christ died for man. He sacrificed *self* for the good of the *world*. And as we look upon those outstretched hands, the flesh all gashed and quivering now—as we gaze upon these cold, pale lips, upon which lingers even yet the sanctity of prayer—that face where trust and holy triumph have softened the lineaments of anguish; let us realize that that blood was shed for us, was poured freely for the race—that flesh was marred and wounded, that man might be better and happier. And let us learn therefrom the duty of *self-sacrifice*. How little of Christ's spirit is there in the world! We can endure but very moderate suffering, even for ourselves, much less for others. We too often mourn if all our schemes do not gratify self—not expanding self until it becomes identified with our race. We do not all labor, and spare, and give, and strive, that others may be blest. Believe it, whenever we do sacrifice self, we shall exhibit a portion of that beauty, holy and sublime, that sheds celestial radiance around the cross of Christ.

*The Cross of Christ!* We behold there a holy submission, and a triumphant confidence. There may be a physical shrinking from the keen sensation of pain—there may be a momentary cry of anguish at a thought of horror. But these are only transient interruptions. The great whole of that scene is full of trust and submission. Yet *submission*, manifest through tests of shame and pain—*confidence* wrung from dying agony. "Mother, behold thy son." What a flood-gate of human affections is opened here!—here, upon the cross—here, amid all the roar and insult of the multitude—here, amid the clanging spears, tramp of iron feet, the hoarse mockery of wounding, torturing blows! "Mother! behold thy son." How plaintive, how anxious, how tender these words, as they drop

from the sufferer's lips! Was there not a gentle, loving spirit there, in one who could speak thus, even amid the pangs of his crucifixion? Was it not keen thirst that wrung an exclamation from his parched lips! Was it not a sense of sharp endurance, that drew forth that beautiful, sublime prayer? Oh! do not elevate the cross above the sympathies of human nature. There was suffering there, heavy endurance of sorrow, affliction of body and soul. And yet, behold what submission!—"Thy will be done not mine." He did not once shrink from that pious sentiment. He did not rebel—and then, like living sunlight, gleaned over his dying moments that *confidence*—"Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." The victory was won. The pain of the body—the sorrow of the mind—could not overcome the faith and trust of the soul. So let us learn to be *submissive* and *trustful*. Let not sorrow overwhelm us with despair—let no burden urge us from submission to the will of God. Remember Jesus, and his dying moments. Let his faith and trust be *ours*. There is nothing so beautiful this side the grave. Methinks even amid the darkness of that sixth hour, they lingered with holy light around the cross of Christ.

*The Cross of Christ!* There we survey *universal and omnipotent love*. This is the great attraction of that cross. That crucifixion-scene is an exhibition of love, not of wrath. No thunders break above that drooping head. No voice of terror speaks to guilty man. All seek to melt, to win him, to draw out the sympathies of his nature for goodness and for truth. Amid the sacred sorrow of the scene, breathes the same benediction, that a little while ago worded from angel-tongues, "Peace on earth, good-will to men." "Peace and good-will!"—God speaks it in the marred image of his beloved Son—it is reiterated even from the lips of bleeding sacrifice. Wisdom may limit its expedients, and power may disdain to condescend, but love knows no bounds to its efforts. Mightiest when it humiliates itself the most, and dying but to triumph, it can not be quenched, it can not be repelled. With outstretched arms it rushes from the throne of God to the darkest degradation of man; and Deity speaks not in awful serenity, but pleads with bleeding side, and crown of thorns.—*Love*—this is the power that breathes from the cross—this is the power that attends us there.—Love, victorious over sorrow, and shame, and pain. Love, seeking not its own welfare, but the welfare of a world. Love, breaking out in prayers of forgiveness, and appealing in sublime silence to the testimony of its deeds. The cross of Christ is the exhibition of God's love to man. From the cross that love shall triumph!

*The cross of Christ!* It stands there. The body of the Redeemer has been removed, and the crowd have departed to their homes. The setting sun gilds it, and the stars shed over it their holy lustre, and through the quiet night it stands there, an instrument of shame and death—and when the morning dawns upon it, the people point to the spot where the impostor and the malefactor hung. But it is an instrument of ignominy no longer. From the hour when he gave his expiring breath, it became a glorious emblem, a weapon of victory.—Through the ages it stands, the guide of the sin-driven wanderer, the hope of the doubting and the weary. Through ages it stands, and many suns shine upon it, and the night-like generations roll their starry lustre over it, and changes go on around it—but there it stands—the great proclaimer of truth, and love, and goodness—the point of At-one-ment, where men may draw nigh to God.—



*The cross of Christ!* The forces of human power, the hosts of steel, the strength of warriors, shall roll back and be broken forever; but here is a power that can not be shaken—an influence that reaches the heart, that exalts even while it binds the soul. Reader, cling to the once-despised, the now-glorious cross. Let it be to you more than a symbol.—Let its spirit reign in you. Let him who hung upon it dwell within your soul. Cling to the cross of Christ! the banner of the world's salvation—the instrument that reconciles man to God.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## RELYING UPON THE OPINIONS OF OTHERS.

BY REV. W. N. BARBER.

Many people when searching for truth, rely too much upon the opinions of others. They never trouble themselves to examine those opinions, to see whether they are sound or defective. Some great, erudite man, has led the way in adopting them, and they close their eyes and follow after. Now, I do not wish to say that men should not consult each other's views relative to difficult matters; but to suffer ourselves to be led by learned men, without ever thinking one whit for ourselves, is very unsafe.

First,—great scholars are not immaculate. The history of the past fully proves that it is one of the easiest things in the world, for great men to be mistaken. They sometimes get bewildered and "lost in the darkness of their own wisdom," and whosoever follows them is liable to get led into the ditch.

Secondly,—great, learned men are not always honest. They have been known to lead their followers wrong intentionally. Such is the wickedness of man, that many have been known to make great pretensions to piety, to profess minds spiritually illuminated, and afterwards proved themselves crafty, designing men, destitute of common morality.

Think of these things, reader, before "pinning your faith to the sleeves of others." Great men may lead you wrong innocently, or deceive you intentionally.

Dummerston, Vt., 1843.

From the Star in the West.

## LAKE ERIE ASSOCIATION.

This body met in semi-annual session according to previous notice, with the brethren in Conneaut, Crawford co., Pa., on Wednesday, Sept. 13th and organized in council by choosing Br. Edson Beals Moderator, and Br. Wm. Seeley, Clerk, pro tem. On motion it was voted, that Brs. Wm. Seeley, John Parch, and Elisha Dayton, serve as a committee of arrangements.

Adjourned to meet at 6 o'clock P. M.

Met, pursuant to adjournment.

After uniting in prayer with Br. E. Beals, proceeded to receive and examine certificates of delegation.

Delegates were present from Conneaut, West Salem, Randolph, Cussewaga, Conneautville, Green, and Millcreek, and it was voted, That Br. Seth S. Raymond be received as a delegate from the 1st Universalist church of Columbus.

Adjourned, until Thursday morning 8 o'clock.

Thursday Sept. 14th, council met according to adjournment.

United in prayer with Br. F. Alvord.

On motion, it was voted to receive the 1st Universalist Society of West Salem, Mercer co., to the fellowship of this Association, in accordance with their request.

Voted, That the proceedings of this meeting be forwarded by the Standing Clerk, for publication in the "Star in the West," with a request that the Magazine and Advocate, Western Luminary, and Nazarene copy the same.

REMARKS.—The weather, especially on Thursday was very unpleasant, raining with scarce an intermission from morning till evening, yet our meeting house was well filled with attentive listeners eager to feast upon the joy inspiring truths

of Redeeming love. Eleven preachers were present, (viz.) Edson Beals, Linus Payne, Levi Harris, J. M. Day, Nelson Adams, Francis Alvord, C. L. Shipman, Elisha Dayton, O. D. Wade, Simeon Park, and B. F. Hitchcock. Seven sermons were preached, and we trust under their influence many resolutions to do good were formed, and many virtuous desires strengthened.

On Thursday morning, the beautiful house which our friends, with a truly commendable zeal have erected; was dedicated to the service of the one living and true God. Sermon by Br. Payne. In the afternoon funeral service was performed on the occasion of the death of a child of Br. O. D. Wade, a sermon was preached and the consolations of the Gospel tendered to the bereaved parents, and mourning friends by Br. Adams assisted in the services by Br. Beals. Our meeting on the whole was one of much interest and we trust will result in the up-building of the cause of truth and righteousness.

By order of the council,

B. F. HITCHCOCK, Standing Clerk.

## DEATH IN MAN AND ANIMALS.

Pain seems in all cases to precede the mutilation or destruction of those organs which are essential to vitality, and for the end of preserving them; but the mere process of dying seems to be falling into a deep slumber; and in animals, who have no fear of death dependent upon imagination, it can hardly be accompanied with very intense suffering. In the human being, moral and intellectual motives are constantly operative in enhancing the fear of death, which without these motives, in a reasoning being, would probably become dull, and the love of life be lost upon every slight occasion of pain or disgust; but imagination is creative with respect to both these passions, which if they exist in animals, exist independent of reason, or as instincts. Pain seems intended to prevent the dissolution of organs, and can not follow their destruction. I know several instances in which the process of death has been observed, even to its termination, by good philosophers; and the instances are worth repeating. Dr. Cullen, when dying, is said to have faintly articulated to one of his intimates, "I wish I had the power of writing or speaking, for then I would describe to you how pleasant a thing it is to die." Dr. Black, worn out by age and a disposition to pulmonary hæmorrhage, which obliged him to live very low, whilst eating his customary meal of bread and milk, fell asleep and died in so tranquil a manner, that he did not spill the contents of the spoon which he held in his hand. And the late Sir Charles Magden, whilst at a social meal with his friends, Mon. and Mad. Bertholler and Gay Lussac, died in his chair so quietly, that not a drop of the coffee in the cup which he held in his hand was spilled.—*Sir Humphrey Davy.*

## A NEW BOOK.

"HE PASA ECCLESIA, or the whole Church in the United States, containing entirely original, doctrinal and statistical sketches of all the Religious Denominations which exist at the present day in the United States, being authentic accounts of their Rise, Doctrine, and Progress. The sketches are expressly written for He Pasa Ecclesia, by eminent theological professors, ministers and lay members of the respective denominations.—Harrisburg, Pa., Published by Clyde, Williams & Co. 1843."

Such is the title in full, given in a prospectus which we sometime since received from the Editor of the above work. Of the work itself, the plan, and the writers engaged to carry out that plan, he says:—

"To discuss the advantages, which must at once strike every one on a moments reflection, that this publication possesses over every thing of the kind that has appeared, is deemed quite unnecessary. The truth of the matter is, that no similar work, prepared as this has been, exists, to meet the wants of the enquirer after truth. No religious denomination, so far as the publishers have the means to decide, has been misrepresented. The writers of the several articles could have no motive to mis-

represent the doctrines they maintain; and the method adopted by the publishers, in getting up the work, by having every article written by some prominent member of the denomination whose views it professes to represent, must certainly meet the approbation of every unbiassed lover of truth; and it is believed, it is the only course that could be pursued, to present an authentic book to the public.

In this work every denomination has, through one or more of its leading members, its own claims, history, creed and progress presented for the investigation of the unbiassed, and from which the impartial investigator is enabled to form his own conclusions from authentic data. With the aid of the *Book of books*, truth will thus have nothing to fear.

This course has met the decided approbation of several of the most distinguished members of various denominations, many of whom have contributed articles. Among these are the following

### CONTRIBUTORS:

- Rev M'CLARIN, Associate Presbyterian.
- " CLELLAND, Associate Reformed Presbyterian.
- " M'LEOD, Anteburger division of the Church.
- " A. D. GILLET, Baptist.
- " J. WINEBRENNER, V. D. M., Church of God.
- Prof. GEORGE BUSH, D. D., Congregationalist.
- W. C. BROWNLEE, D. D., Dutch Reformed.
- Rev. PORTER S. BURBANK, Free-Will Baptist.
- " W. W. ORWIG, Evangelical Association.
- DOCTOR WILLIAM GIBBONS, Friends.
- " THOS AND WM. EVANS, Friends or Quaker.
- " LEWIS MAYER, D. D., German Reformed.
- " RABBI ISAAC LEESER, Jewish.
- " S. S. SCHMUCKER, D. D., Lutheran.
- " JOHN HERR, Reformed Mennonites.
- " CHRISTIAN HERR, Mennonites or descendants of Waldenses.
- " L. D. VON SCHWEINITZ, late Senior Civilis of the Ch. U. F. or Moravian.
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- " JOHN M. KRESS, D. D., O. School Presbyterian.
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- " N. F. CABELL, New Jerusalem.
- Prof. J. W. WAITER, Roman Catholic.
- Rev. W. B. GILLET, Seventh Day Baptist.
- " FAHNSTOCK, Sieben Tueger.
- THOMAS BROWN, Shakers.
- " ISAAC SHULTZ, Schwaenfelder.
- " PHILIP BOYLES, Tunker, or German Baptist.
- " WILLIAM HANBY, United Brethren.
- " LAMSON, D. D., Unitarian.
- " A. B. GROSH, Universalist.
- " DAVID MILLARD, Christians, or Christian Connection.
- " BRYAN, Cumberland Presbyterian.
- " SHEM ZOOK, Amish Mennonites.
- " MATTHEW GARDENER, W. C. Association; and others.

Depending entirely on the intrinsic merits of the work, and its great utility, in diffusing a correct knowledge of the religious views of all classes, among the enquiring community, the publishers have incurred great expense, and spared no efforts; they now rely on the enlightened and liberal for encouragement to enable them to publish a work that has hitherto been a desideratum in this country."

The work, when completed will make about 700 royal octavo pages, printed on pica type. It will be durably bound in leather, at \$3.00 per copy—in muslin \$2.75 per copy, payable on delivery if the work equals the description of its prospectus—not otherwise.

There can be no doubt, if the plan is thoroughly carried out and well executed, that the work will be very interesting, useful, and withal a very curious one in many of its parts. He has selected the ablest men, so far as my knowledge serves me to judge, to give the views of the many almost unknown sects among the Germans in Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Ohio, &c. The sketches, if executed as their writers can do it, and probably will, will be very interesting and curious to readers in other States where those sects are scarcely known, even by name. Even to many living near those sects, those sketches will give much new information. For one, I await the coming out of the work with considerable desire. I have furnished an article containing (very briefly, of course, for I had but about the space of two sermons to put it in,) I. The history of the doctrine of Universalism, from its first revelation by God, in the garden of Eden, to the present day. II. The history of the denomination, from its rise under Kelly, in England and in this country under Murray, down to this year together with the present statistics of the denomination.



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From the Star of Bethlehem.

### THE BARREN FIG TREE.

"A certain man had a fig tree planted in his vineyard; and he came and sought fruit thereon, and found none. Then said he unto the dresser of the vineyard, Behold these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig tree, and find none: cut it down: why cumbereth it the ground? And he, answering, said unto him, Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig around it, and dung it. And if it bear fruit, well; and if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down." Luke xiii: 7-9.

This parable has long been used as an engine to frighten the weak, and timid, and ignorant. The sinner has been told that he is a barren fig tree cumbering the ground, and that God stands ready to cut him down, and consign him to the regions of interminable woe. He is assured that God would have cut him down and dealt with him thus long ago, had not the Saviour earnestly interceded for him, and plead for his reprieve that he might be spared a little longer, that the day of probation might be extended a little farther. And he is warned on this authority to rouse from his lethargy, and fly for safety ere the Lord of the vineyard, refusing to wait longer, shall hew him down, and in judgment and vengeance give him over to endless agonies!

Such is the use that has been made of this parable for ages past, by high and low, learned and unlearned. Now we hesitate not to say that this use of it is unjustifiable, that Christ intended no such thing by it, and that such an interpretation is stretching it far beyond its legitimate bounds. We are not alone in this opinion. Hear what Dr. Clarke says: "Many meanings are given to this parable, and divines may abound in them; the sense which our Lord designed to convey by it, appears to be the following: 1st. *A person*—God Almighty. 2. *Had a fig tree*, the Jewish church. 3. *Planted in his vineyard*, established in the land of Judea. 4. *He came seeking fruit*, he required that the Jewish people should walk in righteousness according to the spiritual culture he had bestowed upon them. 5. *The vine dresser*, the Lord Jesus. 6. *Cut it down*, let the Roman sword be unsheathed against it."

Here we have the exposition of the great Methodist Commentator; and no one, we presume, will think him biased in favor of our views. That this is the correct interpretation of the particulars of the parable, that this was the design of the Saviour will appear evident from the consideration of the preceding context.

He had been speaking to the multitude of the Galileans whom Pilate had slain, and of the destruction of the eighteen upon whom the tower of Siloam fell. The people it seems regarded these events, more especially the last, as signal judgment sent upon these individuals in consequence of some great wickedness. Jesus warns them against this proneness to think others worse than themselves, and assures them that these individuals were not sinners above all men at Jerusalem, but that unless they should repent and turn from their evil ways, they would also perish in like manner by the judgments of God. "This prediction of Jesus," as Dr. Clarke says, "was literally fulfilled;" for when the city was taken, by the Romans, he continues, "multitudes of the priests, &c., who were going on with their sacrifices, were slain," as were the Galileans, "and their blood mingled with the blood of their victims; and multitudes," as they of the tower of Siloam, "were buried in the ruins of walls, houses, and temples."

To signify to them that this would be the case, and convince them that they were no better than these Galileans and the eighteen of Siloam, and were therefore as likely to perish as they, he speaks to them the parable in question. By it he would show them that they were as a barren fig tree, of which the owner came seeking fruit, but finding none, resolved to cut it down, but at the intercession of the vine dresser, he caused it to be dug about and dunged, sparing it another year, at the end of which if it bore no fruit it was to be cut down. So then they were a fig tree planted in the Lord's vineyard, they had been barren and unfruitful for many years, they would be spared a season longer,

and they would be favored in that time with the teachings of Christ and his followers; care would be bestowed them as upon the barren tree. If in that time they did not repent and bring forth fruits meet for repentance, if they did not forsake their iniquities and turn unto God, they would be cut down as cumberers of the ground. Even so it was; they repented not, they brought forth no fruit, and at the appointed time they were hewn down by the Roman axe, and the prediction of the Saviour, already alluded to, and the prophecy of the parable, were fulfilled together.

Such is the plain and evident meaning of the parable, and every one who will examine for himself, aside from all prejudice and tradition will, we think, come to the same conclusion. When therefore, reader, you hear this parable carried in its application into another world, you may be assured that it is overstrained and perverted, and that he who so interprets it has no authority from the parable itself, or from the connexion, and is therefore to be credited only on the score of fancy and imagination. In conclusion, we desire every one to search for himself, and see if these things be so.

T. B. T.

### HISTORY OF UNIVERSALISM OF OHIO.

At the late session of the Washington Convention in Ohio, the following report was made.

The committee appointed to report upon the rise, progress, and present state of Universalism in this section of the state submitted the following which was accepted.

#### REPORT.

In obedience to a resolution of this body to the above effect I have endeavored to fulfil the task imposed upon me. For a long time—say ten or fifteen years: before there was any society organized in Belpre, we often convened together, to make enquiries and express our thoughts and feelings, on the subject of man's final destiny. About half a dozen of us became satisfied that the doctrine of endless misery is not revealed in the word of eternal truth. We think we have received more light since that early period. I believe we were all of us, at that time, on what I have often heard a friend call "Winchester's bar." Since then the waters have risen and become "waters to swim in."

We had a strong desire to convince our neighbors of so blessed a truth; but our efforts to do so, were, for a long time, attended with very little success. We were soon denounced as enemies to all religion and morality, and emissaries of satan.

Nothing terrified by our adversaries, in May 1823, a number of believers held a meeting, and resolved to form a society. A committee was appointed to draft articles of association, and the meetings adjourned to meet on a subsequent day, but owing to the sickness and death of the chairman of said committee, Mr. Daniel Loring, nothing further was done until January 19th, 1824, when a society was organized, consisting of nine male members; and the usual officers were appointed. At a subsequent meeting, it was resolved to hold reading meetings on the Sabbath, which meetings have been kept up to the present time when preaching has not been enjoyed. From this small root, we believe, has sprung up a vine that is spreading its branches in all the region about us.

On the 11th of March, A. D. 1827, under the guidance of Br. Eliphalet Case, Jr., then of New Hampshire, a church was organized, consisting of twenty members, ten of whom were members of the society, and ten were new members. Three of the members were females.

From the organization of the church in 1825, ninety members have been added. Two of these have renounced. They went out from us because they were not of us. According to the acknowledgment of one of them he denied a faith which he never attained. He returned unto his own, and his own received him gladly, as proof of the falsehood of a doctrine he never believed.

There have been several removals and deaths. Some of the members have gone to the Western States, and others to sister churches around us.

The church, at this time, numbers sixty-one members. We are united and harmonious at this time, and always have been. So far as I know, no complaint has ever been made against any of our members for improper conduct. We hope by the blessing of our heavenly Father to continue in well doing, until we are all gathered home, with a ransomed world, to sing praises unending in a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Belpre, Washington Co. C. R. LORING,  
Aug., A. D., 1843. Committee.

To this Br. M. L. Edwards appends the following additional items of information. We copy from the Star in the West.

With the concurrence of Br. Loring, whose report is not so full as could be wished, I desire in the first place, to state some further particulars respecting the rise, progress, and present state of our cause, within the bounds of Washington Association.

Major A. Waldo Putnam, Wm. Pitt Putnam his son, (lineal descendants of Gen. Israel Putnam, of Pomfret, Conn. of Revolutionary and wolf-adventure memory) Col. N. Cushing, Tho's. Cushing his son, Daniel Loring, Oliver R. Loring, and Jesse Loring his sons, Bial Steadman, Andrew Fisher, Jno. Berkinsha, Dr. Wm. Bebee, and Sylvester Haynes, were among the earliest believers in God's impartial grace in Belpre. They were also among the earliest settlers in Ohio. Some of them brought their faith with them from New England. Col. Cushing stood by the venerable Murray, in Boston, that city of the "cradle of Liberty"—where his enemies met him with those "hard arguments" sometimes vulgarly called stones.

A. Stearns, Abel Sergeant, Jno. Cates, — Croy, and Daniel Parker, were the earliest preachers of the restitution in this region. Probably but one or two of them (if either) were ever formally connected with our denomination. After them followed Br. E. Case, Jr., A. Sweet, A. Hull, R. Smith, F. H. Johnson, — Hoag, A. Wadsworth, L. L. Sadler, Wm. H. Jolly, T. J. Crow, H. P. Sage, and M. L. Edwards—together with Brs. Geo. N. Cox, Joel Tuttle, and J. Clark, who have labored, for the most part, on the East side of the Muskingum.

*Dates.* The Society in Belpre was formed A. D. 1824. It has therefore been in existence nearly twenty years, and is probably the oldest Universalist society in Ohio. This society erected for themselves a house of worship in 1835, which house is probably the oldest Universalist Meetinghouse erected expressly as such—within the State. The earliest records of "Washington Association" are lost. Br. Putnam informs me that it was organized in the year 1833, at a meeting called for the purpose, and held in an old mill belonging to himself then standing a few rods from the place where the Belpre meetinghouse now stands. This meeting was held on the first Saturday and Sunday in June. Whether this is the oldest Association in the State, I know not. I am informed that there was probably one then in existence, somewhere in Northern Ohio.

Since writing the above, I have had an opportunity of looking over the records of the Society in Marietta. From these I learn that a society was formed in this place, on the 24th of December 1816, called "the first Universalist Religious Society in Marietta." This society was organized for the purpose of promoting the cause of morality and religion, by setting on foot a Library to be procured and sustained by the funds arising from section No. 29 of said township, devoted to ministerial purposes. March 1st 1824, the society passed a vote to sustain preaching one-fourth of the time. In September 1828, a vote was passed to employ Br. Alpheus Sweet, to preach one half of the time on the Sabbath. In 1822 an act of incorporation was obtained, and a library society was organized in connection with the other, so that the officers of one acted as the officers of the other. About a year since Sept. 1842 the religious society was somewhat remodeled, and a church was partially organized, a constitution therefore being adopted, and a



number of names handed in for membership. I will simply add here that, in a religious point of view, the society is probably in a more prosperous condition than at any former period. A neat and commodious meetinghouse, 60 by 40 feet—has been erected the past year, and is now nearly completed.

There are now within the bounds of this Association some twelve or fifteen societies and churches, comprising in all probably, six hundred members. Most these have been formed since the organization of the Association. Some of them have not, as yet, been received into fellowship. Besides the above, there are numbers of believers, scattered throughout the bounds of the Association, where no societies exist.

To those who believe that Universalism is of immoral tendency, we would say, reflect on the fact stated in the report of Br. Loring above, that no complaint has ever been made against any of the members of the Universalist church in Belpre for improper conduct. Let it be remembered that the Society in Belpre has been in existence nearly twenty years—the church in connection therewith nearly as long, and composed, at different times, of some ninety members; and let those who declaim on the pernicious tendency of our sentiments, ask themselves whether as favorable a report can be made of the character of the churches to which they respectively belong.

That was in 1816—1824. Ohio now has 1 Convention, 11 Associations (3 of which are new), 2 periodicals, about 98 societies, some of which have churches organized in or with them; 44 meeting-houses, and 64 preachers. No small gain certainly. But thus it is that "Universalism is running down." A. B. G.

AN INQUIRY IN RELATION TO SUICIDES.—The ecclesiastical historian, Eusebius, in his history of the Church, relates the following, in Book VIII. chap. xii., and speaks of other similar cases in the same connection: During the tenth persecution, so called, a "holy and admirable female, with her daughters, knowing what dreadful outrages they would suffer from the men, represented their situation to them, [her daughters,] and, above all, threatened violation of their chastity, an evil more to be dreaded than any other, to which neither she nor they should even listen for a moment. At the same time declaring that to surrender their souls to the slavery of demons was worse than death and destruction. From all these, she suggested there was only one way to be delivered, to betake themselves to the aid of Christ. After this, all agreed to the same thing; and having requested the guards a little time to retire on the way, they decently adjusted their garments, and cast themselves into the flowing river. These, then, destroyed themselves."

Now the question I wish to ask the Partialist, is here: What became of these holy suicides? Here were three individuals, Christians—and there were more who did the same—who, in order to save themselves from death at the hands of their persecutors, and outrages worse than death, destroyed their own lives by drowning. Whither went they is the question for the Partialist to answer; especially as they committed this act for the sake of the name of Christ and his Religion. Was this step thus taken by them, only a step into the pit of eternal perdition; for it is a principle in Orthodoxy that no one can ever be saved, who takes his own life. Who will solve this difficult problem?—*Star in the West.*

EUSEBIUS PAMPHILIUS.—The Author of the Ancient History of Universalism very properly expresses himself in doubt whether Eusebius, a celebrated ecclesiastical writer of the fourth century, believed in endless misery or not. There is nothing known probably, by which this question can be decided with any certainty. He has not expressed his views on that subject, in his own works now extant; so that it can not be asserted, positively, whether he was a Universalist or a Partialist.

It has been conjectured, however, that he was a Universalist, and not a Partialist, first, because he

was a great admirer of Origen, a celebrated Universalist, of the third century, and secondly—and this is the reason I wish to mention particularly now—because in his ecclesiastical history, while describing the early persecutions which the Christian church endured, and the character and fate of the persecutors, he never once speaks of them as destined to suffer hereafter, or at least endlessly for their wickedness; and this would have been a good opportunity for referring to such future perdition, with which to taunt them and comfort the Christians. If Eusebius had possessed the faith and spirit of Tertullian, he would often have spoken of this, and gloated over perspective endless torturing of those who now tortured the Christians.

But he did it not, and hence it produces a strong presumption in my mind that he did not believe in such future torments; and more especially, as he almost uniformly, represents these wicked tyrants and persecuting enemies of the Christians as receiving, in this life, before death or in death, a just and merited punishment for their wickedness, and that too at the hands of an overruling and avenging God—without the least intimation that they were to suffer hereafter, or endlessly. No Partialist would have neglected to avail himself of such an opportunity of dwelling, frequently, fully, and exultingly, on the vengeance to overthrow them in the eternal world.—*Star in the West.*

RELIGIOUS OPINIONS OF PRISONERS.—"It has been very often said that the convicts of state prisons are either Atheists, Deists, or Universalists, than which, however, nothing can be farther from the truth. I have known as many as five hundred while they were in confinement, and I have always made it a practice to learn the religious opinions of all with whom I have conversed, and what I am going to write may be depended on as the actual result of my personal inquiries.

Those whom I have known, have been educated in the doctrines of the endless punishment school, and but few have departed from these doctrines. I have found only two Atheists, not one Deist, and but one Universalist. The doctrine of endless punishment is, strongly and broadly speaking, the orthodoxy of state prisoners. I am confident of the truth of this statement, and I make it not by way of slur, or insinuation, against any sect of Christians, but as a fact which all denominations may use as they may have occasion. Very many of the convicts have been members of churches, and a few of them have been preachers. This is a subject of painful reflection; it shows how extremely liable the best of men are to be overcome by temptation, and says to those who glory in their own strength, 'let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.' It is no argument against religion that some of its votaries disgrace it. There are faithful soldiers in an army which many desert; and Christianity is from heaven, though many of her avowed friends appear to have come from beneath."—*History of Windsor Prison, Vt.*

## MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry.

UTICA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1843.

### WHY DO YOU DOUBT?

The question is not unfrequently asked, "why do you doubt the doctrine of endless misery?" That question can be readily answered. And if the whole ground of the doubt were to be presented, it would fill the soul with horror. But my allotted space will not permit such an extensive work. It will be sufficiently glanced at, however, to show the reader why doubt is cherished concerning a doctrine for whose fulfilment no true Christian ever entertained a hope or uttered a prayer.

God is omniscient. Long before a single human being was created, God formed the plan of human life, and decreed the existence of the myriads of the human race. When the doctrine which we doubt, presents us its Calvinistic face, it tells us that the fate of these my-

riads was irrevocably fixed before the foundation of the world—that "without foresight of faith or good works," one portion was ordained to endless happiness; while the other portion was consigned to endless wo—and that the number of each portion is so certain and definite, that it can neither be added to nor diminished. Hence, the non-elect, however holy, can not become the elect; nor can the elect, however vicious, become the non-elect. But when this doctrine presents us its Arminian face, while it tells us that God did not decree the fate of each person, it virtually affirms that he deliberately established a law with an endless penalty attached to it, and then created human beings with the positive knowledge that myriads of them would endure this endless penalty.—Hence, while with the eye of his omniscience, he saw the conduct of his children, and the motives which would influence them in the pilgrimage of life, yet he formed them, and suffers them to drop into the dreadful doom of ceaseless wo, and by the chains of irreversible fate, shuts them out from every hope of mercy. Now the Bible declares that "the Lord will not cast off forever;" that "his tender mercies are over all his works;" and that he "commendeth his love toward us" in the sacrifice of Christ for "every man." Which doctrine shall we believe?—That God absolutely loves all, and will cause every person to ultimately enjoy unmixed happiness?—or, that he created millions on purpose for endless ruin, and yet sent his Son to command them to repent, when he knew that fate prevented them from repenting; or, if this view be not admitted, yet that he created the place of endless wo, and then gave such constitutions to his children as he knew would infallibly ruin them? Which shall we believe? I, for one, must be permitted to reject ereeds, and to cling to that sublime revelation which is the source of all Christian truth.

I have strong doubts of it, because, if it is true, either all persons must be miserable, or else the saints must be divested of every particle of affection. One illustration will be offered to show the intent of this statement.—Can any thing be more admirable than the love of the mother for her child? If it is sick, she mourns over it—if in pain, she strives to alleviate it—if it dies, she mourns like Rachel of old. She did not create her affection—it was given her by him whose name is Love, as a guardian angel to watch over her child, who, were it not for that affection, would perish like a premature flower in the frosts of early spring.

Now, according to common notions, that mother and child may be forever separated. The mother may enter the abodes of the blessed—her child may be endlessly miserable. Will that mother be happy in view of the misery of her child? She will, according to common ereeds. In the following extract, speaking of the conduct of the righteous in heaven, in reference to the sufferings of the lost, it is said:—"Then 'he shall rejoice when he seeth the vengeance, when he shall wash his feet in the blood of the wicked.' No pity shall then be shown to them from their nearest relations. The godly wife shall applaud the justice of the Judge, in the condemnation of her ungodly husband. The godly husband shall say Amen to the damnation of her who lay in his bosom. The godly parents shall say Hallelujah, at the passing of the sentence against their ungodly child, and the godly child shall from his heart approve the damnation of his wicked parents, the father who begat him and the mother who bore him." Boston's Fourfold State, state 4, head 4, section 9. There is no mistake, then, when we affirm, that, according to Partialist views, parents are to rejoice over the sufferings of their children. Take the case of the mother already alluded to, and one of two positions must be admitted.—1. Her affection must be enhanced to infinite purity; in which condition, the misery of her child in hell must make her miserable in heaven;—or, 2, if it does not make her miserable; if she can rejoice over its endless destruction; then her affection must be entirely eradicated; and if her affection be eradicated, then she is as much worse in heaven than she was on earth, as revenge is worse than hate. On earth, she was a kind and tender mother—in heaven, she is—what shall I call her? Let each reader answer for himself. The conclusion is obvious, either that the



miseries of the lost make the saints miserable; or else they have no kindly feelings, and are infinitely selfish. I need not say that the Bible condemns both positions.

In addition to these considerations, I have searched the Bible for proof of the doctrine of endless wo, and I have searched it in vain. When, therefore, it is said to me, "why do you doubt it?" let the query be altered; for I not only have doubts on the subject, but I am firmly convinced that the doctrine has not real proof—neither in Scripture, nature, reason, nor philosophy.

G. W. M.

### THE CHRISTIAN TEST.

The Son of God when on earth, mingled with the poor and despised of this world—he ate and drank with publicans and sinners, and the warmest love of his great heart was drawn out toward them. And when he came to leave the scene of his labors and sufferings, he laid down a test of discipleship so simple and plain, that none can mistake it. "By this," said he, "shall all men know that ye are my disciples." And what was it? One would judge from the actions of his professed followers, that it was to *hate* all who do not believe as *we* believe, and who are not good as *we* are. But this was not the test. What, then, was it? Was it, if you join *this* church or *that* church, and are punctual in the observance of certain forms and ceremonies? No, *this* was not it. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye *have love one toward another*." Here we have the test. It is not, If you be a Universalist, a Methodist, or a Presbyterian, and hate all who are not of your communion; but "if ye *have love one toward another*." The apostle Paul has introduced this test in the following language: "Now, if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." And what was this spirit of universal love? The lowest and most degraded creature that crawled in the gutters of vice, was not beneath his notice and kind regard, and sinners of the deepest dye found in him a friend.

A. C. B.

UNION CONFERENCE MEETINGS.—A few lines of incidental remark on these, published by me in this paper, has drawn forth a whole column (and more) of the Evangelist, in reply (?), from Br. Austin. First he sneers, and jeers, and ridicules the idea that there ever were any excesses perpetrated in those meetings, and says my notice will be *news* to all their friends, &c.—and intimates pretty plainly that my informants were liars, and I an easy, good natured, gullible fool to be duped by them.—Then he changes the tune to praise my "well known good sense," and pretends to suppose that I wrote only *ironically*, for the purpose of shaming our friends who misrepresent those meetings—so that it seem my remarks will not be *news* to all our friends.

Now I might reply to Br. Austin; that when he settles it in his own mind, whether I am most knave or fool—liar or dupe;—and the friends of our cause, and my friends, who gave me information, are honest men, or misrepresenters of facts—men of judgment and common sense, or silly persons incapable of describing what they see and hear—when he settles on one or the other of these points, I *may* answer his questions—but at present I have no inclination to answer a brother who can both abuse and soap a man at the same time. Thus I might reply and drop the subject. And thus I really wish to reply; but Br. A. might deem my neglect to reply further, uncourteous to him, and therefore I reply further, in all sincerity and good will.

My first distrust of those Union Conferences—of their effects on the minds and feelings of those who engaged in them—was created by Br. Austin's pertinaciously combative, uncourteous, unfriendly articles in reply to Br. Bacon and others who were afraid of the results of their excitement, and therefore published a few cautions to their friends on the subject. Those articles of Br. Austin, and the spirit they breathed toward good brethren and true, (but who could not bow down to Br. Austin's hobby-horse without first seeing whether it would go rough-shod over them,) led me painfully to doubt for the first time, whether they promoted as much charity,

and brotherly kindness, and Christian unity, as was claimed for them by their friends. The present article of Br. A., so sneering in its tone—so contemptuous in its spirit toward my informants, who are men as good, as talented, as zealous, as devout and pious as himself—leads me renewedly to say, "If such are the fruits, the *charity*, the *BROTHERLY LOVE* generated by Union Conferences, Good Lord deliver us from them!" Br. Austin asks me, what particular injury they have inflicted? It is not pretended they have caused insanity or suicide—these are *great* evils, and I spoke only of "VERY LITTLE injury;"—but if *they* have caused the change which is manifested in his articles in their defence, and so greatly changed a good, amiable, courteous, fraternal, *Christian* brother, as his articles seem to denote, they have done us a *very great* injury, indeed—one that would detract much from the great good they have probably done—and we doubt not that the good would have been greater still, had they not driven some of their zealous friends into a state where they seem to me greatly to need *converting over again*, to their former spirit of congeniality with Universalism. A. B. G.

### MRS. SCOTT'S POEMS.

We have just received a copy of this beautiful work—new from the binder's hands, and one of the first lot—and before our readers see this, it will be for sale by Grosh and Walker, at this office. It is most beautifully executed—in paper, type, execution, binding it is worthy of its contents, and will be a beautiful ornament for the library, or the centre table—the study or the parlor.—The portrait is undoubtedly a very correct representation of our lamented sister at the time it was taken, and recalls the original most vividly to our mind. Miss Edgerton has prefaced the poems with a brief and interesting biography, which will be read with much pleasure, and the Poems will be found to embrace many not ever published in our religious periodicals.

We hope this beautiful little work, so full of interest and beauty, will meet with a ready sale and an extensive circulation. It will do good. The portrait, too, is worth the five shillings asked for the book, to every admirer of Mrs. Scott's character and writings. Call at this office and examine it. If you can not do this, just send in 63 cents and buy it.

A. B. G.

### GRAMMAR AGAIN.

We believe our readers love a little good-natured joking—at least, I do—especially if it incidentally involves a little instruction on some useful or interesting subject, or is calculated to promote a little improvement. Believing thus, induces me to occupy some considerable room with the following articles from the Gospel Banner and the Star of Bethlehem, and my reply to them. They are in notice of some corrective remarks I published a few weeks ago.

Br. Drew who, by virtue of his office as Corrector General, feels himself authorized to dip his fingers into any and every body's dish as it comes along—"just as other people sometimes do, though not Corrector Generals!" Br. Drew would say—) the other day groped into our Magazine and fished out the following ill-shaped bone to gnaw at and growl over. Does not Br. Drew remember that that sentence was written by a Dutchman—and does he not know that though "an Irishman has a right to speak *twice*" only, yet a Dutchman has a right to speak until he is understood? I claim my prescriptive right in all such cases made and provided—the more especially as I am neither Professor of Grammar, nor Corrector General—nor critic nor reviewer, even—but only and simply an editor by virtue of scissors and paste, and therefore authorized to "try my hand" at almost every thing that comes along, without being obliged to understand anything. Now, just consider all this, and then read what Br. Brew has published!

"Br. Grosh says that he shall have to cashier Prof. Thayer for saying 'system upon system go sweeping,' &c. At the same time he says the 'excesses perpetrated in the Union Conferences of our brethren in Boston, will learn us that even Univer-

salists are not infallible.' We wish we could teach Br. G. to learn the use of better language."

There—that'll do. Thank you, Br. Drew; and if the note given below will not pass current with you, I must owe you one. But, hold! Didn't I weed your garden the other day of several huge, abominable weeds? Ah—I see you remember it. Well, I will give you credit for one; so pay away, you will find enough to pay with.

But what shall I say of Professor Thayer? To dignify his resistance to our humble claims, he dubs me "Dr.," (take care! I'll set the "Ambassador for Christ" on you, for using such vain, anti-Christian, anti-republican and awful prefixes to men's names!) and attempts to evade acknowledgment of the debt by special pleading based on a word of his own using. We give his whole article, prefaced as it is by ours which drew it forth, that the reader may have a fair, full view of the enormity of the whole transaction. Just remember that the one party is a "cute Yankee," and Professor of Grammar, as well as Possessor of the old Gospel Par- ringer; and that the other party is only an editor, and he a Dutchman!

### GRAMMAR.

"We shall have to cashier Professor Thayer, or at least turn him over to Corrector General Drew, for rebuke and correction—unless he mends his business a wee bit better. The world will not, most certainly, tolerate such violations of the plainest rules of grammar as the following, which we find in the Rose of Sharon for 1844, beginning on page 67, and ending on page 68.

"System upon system go sweeping in solemn glory and beauty before him; while cluster after cluster, farther and farther on into the unknown, reveal themselves, till it would seem at last," etc.!

Why, sister Sarah! where were your spectacles, that blunder after blunder were thus passed by uncorrected, until they seem like blotch after blotch on the leaves of the Rose of Sharon?

Br. T. B. T., don't you owe me one?"

Pretty neatly done, Dr. Grosh, though I don't like to give it up, if I can possibly help it. So I'll try, and then if I *must*, I'll own that I "owe you one."

Grammarians give this rule: "The infinitive mood, or part of a sentence, is sometimes put as the nominative case to a verb."

Again, under the head of collective nouns or nouns of multitude, with plural verbs, it is said: "We ought to consider whether the term will immediately suggest the number it represents, or whether it exhibits to the mind the idea of the whole, as one thing. In the former case the verb ought to be plural, in the latter it ought to be singular."

Now, Dr. Grosh, put these two together, and I "reckon" my case is not so desperate "after all." The inquiry now is, whether the "system upon system," and "cluster after cluster," are not nominative sentences, and of a plural character? I think so. The sentences are manifestly collective, cumulative, and "immediately suggest" the plural number. The idea is, not that one system, but that "system upon system," i. e. several systems "go sweeping," etc.; not that one cluster, but "cluster after cluster," i. e. many clusters "reveal themselves," etc. Plainly, then, the sentence or "term," which is the nominative, "immediately suggests" the plural number; and therefore, according to the grammar-men, "the verb ought to be plural."

This cuts off the analysis and transposition—

\* You can, good Brother, when you will care yourself of some Yankeeisms that sound as droll to me, as my Pennsylvaniaisms can sound to you. For instance, in your descriptions of Cushing's *espaliers*, in your paper of the 21st of October, you say—"to which various sorts of fruit trees are trimmed, and on the wall of which they lay flat, exposed to the sun." What do they lay flat?—or do you mean that the trees lie flat? Your Yankee mode of making men set and lay seems to me very much like using *fool* language! Amend that, and I will endeavor to learn to use *teach* when it should be used.

A. B. G.



"system go sweeping upon system," etc., which you probably had in view.

If the case is not made out by the above, I have more in reserve. As to the "blunder" and "blotch" part of it, and the attempts to plague the editor, I'll pay up that some day; if I don't—

T. B. T.

The rules are very good—to throw dust into people's eyes with; for they are not applicable to the cases in hand. The collective, cumulative idea is obtained only by considering the whole sentence, and resides not in the alleged, and still less in the real nominative; for had the alleged nominative been designed to convey a plural idea, a plural form of its respective nouns could and would have been used, as they are both alike and readily admit of being used in the plural form. But of this more ere we close.

In the matter of "system upon system," there is a plausibility of sound against me; but reduce that sound to the simple idea it was undoubtedly intended to convey, and the case is clearly in my favor. Br. T. has treated the systems very rudely—just as if each one was all a solid chunk that could be piled up, one on another, like cheeses, or bars of iron. But the fact is, that upon is used instead of after merely for the sake of varying the sound, and not the idea—the systems are to be regarded simply as the stars are set forth—each one is an individual thing, and there is an order of succession, by which one (and only one) is presented to the mind after another, (and only one other, or another.) In this manner each system goes sweeping (not strictly upon, but really) after system, just as a single cluster after cluster reveals itself—not "reveal themselves," as Br. T. has written it. The idea is, not that many clusters at one time reveal themselves, after many other clusters at another time, or Br. T. would have used the plural form, "clusters after clusters." The very words he has used following the phrase, shows this—"farther and farther on, into the unknown," carries the mind, step by step, from one (and only one) cluster to another cluster, in single succession—a new cluster appearing (or revealing itself) just as fast as the mind advances from the past one to the next in succession. (By-the-by, the sentence above—"farther and farther on, into the unknown"—as there used, is an instance of the manner in which a sentence becomes nominative case to a verb.) The case we gave in our first article, therefore, was a just and fair one. The idea of more than one is gradually and successively (not cumulatively) unfolded to the mind, just as if I were to say, "thus blunder after blunder, as you passed from line to line, page after page, was left uncorrected!"

As to plaguing the Editor, I most indignantly, and decidedly, and unqualifiedly deny the charge—it is your grammar-perversions and violations of all rules that have perplexed and plagued her. She relied too much on your reputation as Professor of Grammar, and so laid aside her spectacles when she came to look over your article, or she never would have allowed such gross blunders to have escaped the correction of her gentle goose quill!

There—you Grammar-man, down there among the spindles and spinsters—just mend that hole in your defence, will you; and mend it with "more in reserve" of a better quality than your first, or—confess like a man, that you owe me one.

A. B. G.

Will our agents and friends, to whom bills are sent for collection, have the kindness to use some immediate exertions to collect and forward the money due? They may rest assured that we stand greatly in need of it. May we not ask of them too, to do all they consistently can to obtain cash paying subscribers to our next volume? Can not every subscriber spend a little leisure time, in endeavoring to persuade his neighbors to subscribe? Lethim get one, at least, so as, with his own subscription, to make a convenient sum to send (\$3.), and get his post master to forward it for him. We are not able to offer splendid premiums, or great inducements, but are willing to do all we can, as far as our circumstances will permit.

G. & W.

### FLUMMERY.

The following piece of—what shall we call it?—is going the rounds in our papers; and as it is undoubtedly incorrect, it may serve to delude some, and puzzle others; but generally, its erroneousness can be so easily demonstrated, that "Millerism" will grow fat on it.

MILLERISM.—I saw an article going the rounds in which Mr. Miller stated that he had never set any day or month when the Lord would come, but that he had uniformly contended that he would make his advent some time between the 21st of March 1843 and the 21st of March 1844. Now it so happens that March 1844 is already past, and hence the predicted coming of Christ as recognized by Millerites has proved incorrect.

In proof of March 1844 being past, I would state the fact, that no year is registered till it is finished. 1842 was completed on the 31st of December, and we then registered in our Almanacs 1843. We then proceeded to number January, February, March, April, &c., or first month, second month, third month, fourth month, &c., as so advanced on the year 1843. And on the 31st of December last, the year 1843 was finished and registered. We are now 9 months into the year 1844 and which will also be finished at the end of December next. So the last day of grace that can be allowed to the Millerites, as to the appointed fulfilment of the coming of Christ, is past. According to the admission of their leader it was past last March.

J. B. Dods.

For the sake of simplifying the whole question at issue—for I do most seriously deny the statement in the above article, and am astonished that a man of Br. Dods' clearness and strength of mind should have fallen into the blunder—but still more, that he should have remained in it long enough to write the above article, and send it off for publication—to simplify the question, then, let us suppose a man to be born on New Year's day, at the very commencement of the day. A record of his life is kept, and his own birth is made the era from which all things are dated. All that occurs in the first 24 hours is marked as occurring in or during the first day of his life—all that happens in January, is noted as occurring in the first month of his life—and all that happens during the first twelve months of his existence, is marked as occurring in the first year of his life. It follows, then, that those first twelve months constitute the year one; and not the second twelve months, as Br. Dods asserts. Is not this as plain as, that the first twelve months make the first year? And should not the first year be called the year one?

Br. Dods says a whole year must elapse before the year can be registered at all, so that we only begin to count off the year one, during the second year—so that the second year in reality, is counted as the first year in dating! Thus the year one having elapsed, (we suppose that in dating, on Br. Dods' plan it was called the year 0!) we then begin to date "A. D. 1, January 1st." But who does not see that common custom as well as fact reverses his process. We date, after one year has elapsed, "January 1st, A. D. 2"—that is, the 1st month, and 1st day, of the year 2.

We suppose the birth of any individual—suppose now, to make it clearer, that Jesus had been born on the 1st day of January. The civil year would then agree with the Christian era. An almanac is commenced as soon as Jesus is born, designed to keep up this era.—Would the first number of that Almanac be "for the year of our Lord 0"? Surely not—but for "the year 1"—just as we now call this the nineteenth century, though the century is not yet completed, only eighteen hundred and forty three years having (nearly) elapsed. So it will continue to be the 19th century with present time, until the century is completed, and then only will men begin to register the 20th century. As with centuries, so with years. It is the year 1 until twelve months have gone round, and then the year 2 commences, and January is the first month of the year 2. Hence until December closes, the year 1843 is only being completed—when December 31st has passed, then 1843 years since the birth of Christ will have (nominally) been completed.

ed; and then the first day and first month of 1844 will begin, and month succeed month, until after 12 months have gone round, when, and not sooner, 1844 will also be completed.

We have no special partiality for Millerism, of course; and we have a liking for the man Dods, withal—but when we see our Editors copying his errors, (like gudgeons gulping a bare hook,) and making us ridiculous, and the Millerites laugh, we can hold no longer. Hallo, there—just nail that counterfeit to the counter, will you!—or, send it back to its author, to be changed for some thing genuine! That'll do.

A. B. G.

Br. Moore—Credit Rev. A. G. Clark, McLean, N. Y., \$1.50 for current volume Universalist, and charge us.

### PROSPECTUS

For the Fifteenth Volume of the Evangelical Magazine and Gospel Advocate.

Rev. H. B. Soule, Editor;

Revs. A. B. Grosh, A. C. Barray, S. R. Smith, D. Skinner, Corresponding Editors.

THIS old and useful periodical will be continued as heretofore, with the above changes in its Editorial Department; and a change to the CASH, or ADVANCE-PAY system. The principal Editor by becoming Corresponding Editor, secures to our columns the regular and continued productions of his pen. The Editor engaged in his stead is as prudent and talented, if not experienced; and will serve while he remains in this city. Should he remove, another, as well qualified, and entitled to public confidence, will be secured. The other Editors are too well known to need our commendations; and the engagement of Mrs. Smith and Skinner will, we hope, be taken as an earnest that we mean to endeavor deserving what we ask—the support of a liberal public.

We intend to test the substantiality of our patronage, by placing the Magazine and Advocate on the CASH system. Every paper sent out after the present volume, must be paid for in advance—and will be sent only as long as it is thus paid for. This plan is best for both subscribers and publishers, if both will unite in it. To subscribers, who will save the enhanced price, which now goes toward making up the loss on bad subscribers—and to publishers, who can then purchase for cash, and of course at a cheaper rate; and who will no longer lose what even the enhanced price does not make up. To both it will save the necessity—the disgusting and painful necessity—of writing and reading duns, complaints, and coaxing entreaties to delinquents, &c., &c.; which, on the credit system must always lumber our columns to the injury of the paper's credit and usefulness. Will our subscribers, one and all—for there can be no exceptions—support us in this mutually advantageous system? If so, let every one pay for next year before January next—in time for us to receive the money and enter them on our list before the first number of the new volume is issued. Those who send by mail, can remit a one or two dollar bill, (the Post Master will frank it, of course, if properly requested,) and we will send papers till the money is exhausted.

Our principles are the same as ever—Universalism in word and in deed—in theory and in practice—in heart, and soul, and daily conversation—in life and in death—now and forever! And every rational and proper means to bring its believers to the full adoption of this sentiment—to build them up, and make them "a peculiar people, zealous of good works"—and to bring our opposers to a knowledge and practice of the truth; will be mildly, but earnestly and constantly advocated by this paper, so as to render it increasingly worthy of a liberal support from liberal Christians generally, and from true-hearted, devoted Universalists especially.

### TERMS.

The Magazine and Advocate is published every Friday, on a royal sheet, quarto form, for binding, at \$1.50 per annum, invariably in advance.

Agents or companies paying for EIGHT copies, will be allowed the NINTH copy gratis; and so in proportion to any number over three.

All communications to the Publishers or Editors, must be POST PAID or FREE. Postmasters will usually frank remittances.

Names of new subscribers should be returned by the first of January, 1844, or as soon thereafter as possible, to the Publishers.

Utica, N. Y., November, 1843.



While in the country, a few days since, I came across the following, which, for its quaintness and correct theology, I thought well intitled to be copied into our columns. I therefore begged permission to pocket it—and now give it to our readers.

ED.

### MY PARTIALIST FRIEND.

'Twas Goodness proposed, it was Wisdom that planned—  
The work was performed by an Almighty hand—  
Three questions, then, drawn from the premises penned,  
Are waiting thy answer; "my Partialist Friend."

If Goodness proposed the grand system we see,  
And determined what was, and was not to be;  
Then were not provisions, both ample and kind,  
For each creature made, by an Eternal Mind?

If Wisdom sought means, and perfected that plan,  
Which Goodness proposed when creation began,  
Is it not, then, quite safe, philosophical friend,  
To conclude that the means will suffice for the end?

And lastly, if Power, by Wisdom directed,  
Carries out and effects, what Goodness projected;  
Do you need the ken of a prophet, to tell,  
When the end is accomplished, that "all will be well?"

### THE OLD CHURCH.

A train passed through the old church door,  
And stood within its nave;  
The morning sun upon the floor,  
Its light through shadows gave.  
A mother brought her babe, new born,  
For the holy man to bless;  
To give it, in its young, fresh morn,  
God's hallowed, high impress.  
The babe looked up in the good priest's face,  
And smiled as it took the sign of grace.  
The train passed through the arch of stone,  
And the old grey church was left alone.

The mid day sun beams on a crowd  
That throngs this holy spot,  
With merry shouts and laughter loud—  
Their cares are all forgot!  
A trusting maid and loving youth  
Kneel at that good man's feet;  
And after him their vows of truth,  
Of faith, of love, repeat,  
The lovers look in each other's eyes,  
Will they live a life of smiles or sighs?  
The crowd passed out of the arch of stone,  
And the old grey church was left alone.

At eve, within that old church door,  
A silent group appears;  
The sun is set, their mirth is o'er—  
Laughter is quenched in tears!  
The coffin and the gloomy pall,  
And breaking hearts are there;  
The holy man, at sorrow's call,  
Breathes out the mourner's prayer.  
How full his heart! yet every day  
He sees life bloom, sees it decay!  
The group passed out of the arch of stone,  
And the old grey church was left alone.

### PROFESSOR OF SIGNS.

King James VI, on removing to London, was waited upon by the Spanish ambassador, a man of erudition, but who had a crotchet in his head that every country should have a professor of signs, to teach him and the like of him to understand one another. The ambassador was lamenting one day before the king this great desideratum throughout all Europe, when the king, who was a queerish sort of a man, said to him, "Why, I have a professor of signs in the northern-most college of my dominions, viz., at Aberdeen; but it is a great way off, perhaps six hundred miles." "Were it ten thousand leagues off, I shall see him," said the ambassador, "and am determined to set out in two or three days." The king saw that he had committed himself, and wrote, or caused to be written, to the university of Aberdeen, stating the case, and desiring the professors to put him off some way, or make the best of him. The ambassador arrives, is received with great solemnity; but soon begins to inquire which of them had the honor to be the professor of signs? and being told that the pro-

fessor was absent in the Highlands, and would return, nobody could say when, the ambassador said, "I will wait his return, though it were twelve months." Seeing that this would not do, and that they had to entertain him at great expence all the while, they contrived a stratagem. There was one Geordy, a butcher, blind of an eye, a droll fellow, with much wit and roguery about him. He was told the story, and instructed to be a professor of signs; but not to speak on pain of death. Geordy undertakes it. The ambassador was now told that the professor of signs would be at home next day, at which he rejoiced greatly. Geordy is gowned, wigged, and placed in a chair of state in a room of the college, all the professors and the ambassador being in an adjoining room.

The ambassador is now shown into Geordy's room, and left to converse with him as well as he could, the other professors waiting the issue with fear and trembling. The ambassador holds up one of his fingers to Geordy; Geordy holds up two of his. The ambassador holds up three; Geordy clenches his fist and looks stern. The ambassador then takes an orange from his pocket, and holds it up; Geordy takes a piece of barley cake from his pocket, and holds that up. After which, the ambassador bows to him, and retires to the other professors, who anxiously inquired his opinion of their brother. "He is a perfect miracle," says the ambassador; "I would not give him for the wealth of the Indies!" "Well," say the professors, "to descend to particulars." "Why," said the ambassador "I first held up one finger, denoting that there is one God; he held up two, signifying that these are the Father and Son; I held up three, meaning the Father, Son and Holy Ghost; he clenched his fist, to say that these three are one. I then took out an orange, signifying the goodness of God, who gives his creatures not only the necessities but the luxuries of life; upon which this wonderful man presented a piece of bread, showing that that was the staff of life, and preferable to every luxury." The professors were glad that matters had turned out so well; so having got quit of the ambassador, they next got Geordy, to hear his version of the signs. "Well, Geordy, how have you come on, and what do you think of yon man?" "The rascal," said Geordy; "what did he first do, think ye? He held up one finger, as much as to say, you have only one eye! Then I held up two, meaning that my one eye was perhaps as good as both his. Then the fellow held up three of his fingers, to say that there were but three eyes between us—then I was so mad at the scoundrel that I *steeked my neire*, wishing to come a whack on the side of his head, and would have done it too, but for your sakes. Then the rascal did not stop with his provocation here; but, forsooth, takes out an orange, as much as to say, your poor, beggarly, cold country can not produce that! I showed him a thwang of a bear bannock, meaning that I dinna care a farthing for him nor his trash neither, as lang's I ha'e this! But, by a' that's guid," continued Geordy, "I'm angry yet that I dinna thrash the hide o' the scoundrel!"

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.—Ah! what so refreshing, so soothing, so satisfying as the placid joys of home!

See the traveller—does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved circle! The image of his earthly happiness continues vivid in his remembrance, it quickens him to diligence, it makes him hail the hour which sees his purpose accomplished, and his face turned toward home; it communes with him as he journeys, and he hears the promise which causes him to hope, "Thou shalt know also, that the tabernacle shall be in peace, and thou shalt visit thy tabernacle, and not sin." O! the joyful reunion of a divided family—the pleasures of renewed interview and conversation after days of absence.

Behold the man of science—he drops the laborious and painful research—closes his volume—smoothes his wrinkled brow—leaves his study, and unbending himself, stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes, and mingles with the diversions of his children.

"He will not blush that has a father's heart,  
To take, in childish play, a childish part;  
But bends his sturdy neck to play the toy,  
That youth takes pleasure in, to please his boy."

Take the man of trade—what reconciles him to toil of business? What enables him to endure the fastidiousness and impertinence of customers? What rewards him for so many hours of tedious confinement? By and by the season of intercourse will behold the desire of his eyes and the children of his love, by whom he resigned his ease; and in their welfare and smiles he will find his recompense.

Yonder comes the laborer—he has borne the burden and heat of the day; the descending sun has released him of his toil; and he is hastening home to enjoy repose. Half way down the lane, by the side of which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him. One he carries and one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast. See his toil worn countenance assumes an air of cheerfulness!—his hardships are forgotten; fatigue vanishes; he eats and is satisfied. The evening fair, he walks with uncovered head, around his garden—enters again, and retires to rest! and, "the rest of a laboring man is sweet, whether he eats little or much." Inhabitant of this lowly dwelling! who can be indifferent to thy comfort? Peace be to this house!—[Rev. W. Jay.

ORIGIN OF SEVERAL FASHIONS.—Fashions have frequently originated in endeavors of the inventors to hide some deformity. Hoops, for instance, to conceal an ill shaped hip; ruffles, a scar on the neck, perhaps; large sleeves, history does not mention, and conjecture might not be acceptable. Patches were invented in the reign of Edward VI, by a lady, who in this manner covered a wen on her neck. Charles VII of France introduced long coats to hide a pair of crooked legs. Peaked shoes full two feet long, were invented by the duke of Anjou, to conceal a deformed foot. Francis I, was obliged, from a wound in his head, to wear short hair, and hence the fashion.

Isabella of Bavaria, was proud of her beauty, and introduced the custom of leaving the neck and shoulders uncovered. Charles V., by severe edicts, banished tight breeches; and during the reign of Elizabeth, enormous large breeches came into fashion. The beaux of that day stuffed their breeches with rags, feathers, wool and other light stuff, till they resembled high bales of cotton. To come up with them, the ladies invented large petticoats. It was said that two lovers could not come within seven feet of each other! At one time, square toes ran to such a width, that a proclamation was issued that no person should wear shoes more than six inches at the toes.

One of the most important female qualities is sweetness of temper. Heaven did not give to woman insinuations and persuasions in order to be imperious; it did not give them a sweet voice to be employed in scolding.

MANAGEMENT.—You will always observe one thing among inferior women. They will make more noise in endeavoring to keep their children quiet, than their children make themselves, and yet the little ones will be forever in an uproar; while a woman of intelligence not only keeps her family quiet, but herself also.

Euclid, the disciple of Socrates, having offended a brother, the brother cried out in a rage, "Let me die, if I am not avenged on you some time or other!" Euclid replied with a sweetness next to a Christian—"And let me die, if I do not soften you by my kindness, and make you love me as well as ever."

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# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."....."PROVE ALL THINGS HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1843.

NO. 46.

## OCCASIONAL SERMON.

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BY REV. JOHN A. GURLEY.

"Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage."—Gal. v: 1.

These words were spoken with a particular reference to the bondage engendered by Judaism, with its numerous rites and ceremonies. Many Christians were inclined to conform to some of the requirements of the law; and others, but partially instructed, were liable to renounce Christianity, and return to it altogether; and with it receive those traditions of the Pharisees and others, which were destitute of all divine authority, greatly increased the weight of moral slavery, and which also had received the pointed condemnation of the Saviour.

The apostle would have the believers stand firm and fixed in the principles of that Gospel, which alone secures good freedom. And this accounts for his frequent exhortation to earnestly contend for the faith, and gird on the whole armor of God.

But the words of the text lose none of their force when applied to Christians of all ages and countries. The disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ are never, in this world, entirely beyond the liability to become unfaithful and unbelieving. The history of the Christian church, from the age of the apostles to the present, fully authorizes this declaration.—And, if Paul were here to-day, and now stood in our midst, I believe that he would approve us in adopting his own word and saying to all professors, "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage."

One of the leading objects embraced in the Messiah's mission was the freedom of the world. Hence, the prophet of ancient days represented him as saying, "The spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." Isa. xli: 1. And when the Master was on earth, he declared to the Jews, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."—Thus it appears, that the Gospel proclaims liberty to the children of men. It gives freedom from superstition, error, and all that bondage which results from a belief in theories, tyrannical and cruel in their character.

No freedom can compare with this importance. It far exceeds in value any civil liberty which any people ever enjoyed. And although the body may be enslaved, and the limbs placed in shackles of iron; still, the man, the mind may enjoy the sweetest freedom. Paul, when he stood before rulers, bound with a chain, enjoyed inconceivably more freedom than any among his persecutors; and almost infinitely happier was he than they.

Brethren, we who have assembled from different parts of the country, on this important and happy occasion, profess to enjoy the Gospel of Christ in its original simplicity,—to believe it, pure and holy as it came from the life of the sinless Saviour. The liberty of the Gospel which makes free indeed is ours. Not the liberty of sin and licentiousness—but of truth, and light, and life, and love—a liberty of heavenly origin—desirable too, as life, and sweeter to the moral taste than the honey-comb.

This freedom, and the religion which secures it we prize above things else. The Gospel of Universal Salvation we know and feel to be the pearl of great price; the treasure of all treasures, the durable and unsearchable riches. And feelingly can

we say, as we think, that it is the bread of life—the bread of God—the water of everlasting life, clear as crystal—the feast of fat things, full of marrow, and wine on the lees well refined.

Before proceeding to consider the principal topic of this discourse, we will briefly glance at some of the blessings and privileges secured to us by the truth. The simple word "liberty," does not at once bring up before the mind all these. We often pronounce it with reference to our civil freedom, without realizing its full meaning. We should remember, that the independence which we enjoy as a nation, secures to us the peaceful possession of numerous blessings which a state of servitude would place out of our reach. So with the liberty of the Gospel: It secures to us those invaluable spiritual privileges and means unknown to a state of bondage. It at once establishes our right to the full and indisputed possession of the New Jerusalem—to the kingdom of God with its numberless enjoyments—to the tree of life—and the fruits of the spirit, love, joy, peace, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and temperance. And here arises the great and exceeding value of our freedom as citizens of the heavenly kingdom.

"Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free."

This solemn and decisive charge was given, in view of the fact, that the Gospel is infinitely worthy of the united support of all men; and that a firm adherence to, and zealous propagation of its principles, will best promote our own, and the greatest good of the whole family of man. And we might well ask, How can it be otherwise?—Since it must be acknowledged, by every man of a sane mind, that it is the only perfect system of religion in our world. Permit me to direct your attention to some of those prominent blessings connected with our religion; and which should be the strongest inducement to guard well our liberty.

Place before you if you please, the map of the globe; and then examine all nations and trifles of men; and view with care, and critical eye their various creeds and systems of religion. Now, from the whole of them, you can select only one that is perfect—lacking in nothing; only one which could not be improved by human skill and ingenuity, and made more desirable to an intelligent mind and feeling heart. That one is found under the name of UNIVERSAL SALVATION. It is a most remarkable truth, one worthy of serious consideration, that of all in the world, of this alone can each man say, placing his hand upon his heart, "There! my soul is fully satisfied; I ask nothing better."

All other systems too, are changing in some essential principles. The work of remodelling is constantly going on. The different sects are enlarging their faiths. (For this we return them our thanks.) The creeds of this day are found too small—too narrow for the growing spirit of Christian benevolence. They are the last patterning after the once despised, but now triumphing system, first proclaimed on the shores of America by the sainted Murray. And never, no, never will the world be fully satisfied, till they embrace in its fulness, the doctrine that secures the final happiness of every being, made in the image of Almighty God. And that the whole mass of mind in the religious world is fast tending towards this, is proved by the great and important changes that have taken place, and are constantly going on in the doctrines and creeds around us.

I will at this time, only point to one single fact often spoken of among us and published—that, whereas, formerly, it was preached as sound theology, that the great majority of the world will be lost—now it is proclaimed by the same class that

nearly all will be saved. As now understood, the number finally placed in the dark prison house of despair, compared to the number in heaven, will well correspond with the number in our State prisons to the whole population around.

Who with his eyes open, can doubt for a moment, that this great change has been chiefly wrought by the Universalist pulpit and press? And is it not astonishing, that those engaged in theories thus imperfect, do not pause, and examine more fully the claims of a religion, alike desirable to good men, angels, Christ, and even God himself? That which leaves out one soul from the ark of eternal safety, is undeniably lacking in Christian perfection.

Being engaged then, in the promulgation of the only religion that is truly worthy of the handy work of the God from whom it came, we have the strongest encouragement to stand fast in the liberty of Christ. And how it nerves the faithful disciple on to renewed exertion, as he contemplates the divisions in the professed Christian world, the contentions and sharp controversies about doctrines that must perish with their using, and then turns to his own faith, and beholds in it all that is desirable, fair and lovely.

But its perfection is seen also in its superior moral tendency. By teaching us that sin is sure, to bring misery, that there is no escape, that moral laws are as inflexible as physical, it at once destroys all motive to break the laws of moral right. And he who is not influenced by higher considerations, finds here a check upon his career of vice. It makes war upon the system which promises pleasure in sin, and proclaims in a voice of warning, "God will by no means clear the guilty," but "reward every man according to his works." And when it is once fairly impressed upon the minds of the people, it will produce an entire, and most astonishing revolution in favor of purity and uprightness of life.

And the motives too, drawn from the love of God, as understood by us, when brought to bear upon the mind, are irresistible. To the same extent that God appears to mankind lovely, they love him; and they can only love him as he appears to them in this light; and the more they love the less they sin. We can no more sin against God if we love him as we may, and ought, than we can sin against an earthly friend whom we affectionately regard, to whom we are bound by tender ties of kindred. We can not know God without loving him; and hence it is declared, that to know him is "eternal life." Our faith therefore, must have a better moral influence than any other, inasmuch as it presents the Supreme Being to the world in the most lovely light conceivable.

The power of love to reform and subdue the sinner is omnipotent. When the fire, the faggot, the dungeon, the guillotine, and the clanking chain fail to accomplish the object, this is never tried in vain. It transforms him, in the spirit and temper of his mind, wakes up the dormant fire of love in his soul, and assimilates him to the character of him who was the express image of the Father. And if ever the prison-house is transformed into a dwelling of prayer and praise—the business of criminal courts taken away—fraud, lying, deceit, and every evil work banished from the world, and this earth made a spiritual paradise, it must all be the work of LOVE.

The wrong principle has been brought into requisition to reform mankind. They have been threatened with the imaginary terrors of fury, and had applied to them the engines of death and ruin to make them believe and become religious. As well might you attempt to restore the drowning



man life, by taking him from the water, and hanging a mill-stone about his neck, and casting him into the sea. With better success might you pour upon your burning building the liquid and red lava of the furnace to extinguish its fires. You might sooner make a *Universe* than produce love to God by shaking a man over the pit of endless despair.

Such principles as are here involved can only produce feelings and emotions corresponding with their own nature. And the great wonder is, that wise divines should have so long overlooked the real power of the Gospel, and employed means best calculated to transform men into devils. Love is the *main spring*—the moving, living, *all in all* principle of Universalism. And we are willing to throw our banner forth to the gaze of heaven and earth, inscribed with the motto, "GOD CONQUERS AND REDEEMS THE WORLD BY LOVE." We wish no concealment here; and we say, that if the love of Him whose name is LOVE is not able to convert the vilest sinner, there is no hope for the human race. We claim for Universalism then, a superior moral tendency based on the fact, that it makes God appear so lovely that men can not see him without loving him with all the heart.

Finally, our holy religion furnishes us with a faith and hope, and presents bright and glowing prospects of a happy immortality which are valuable beyond the power of human intellect to describe; and it is doubtful if the eloquence of angels could do this subject justice.

The adherents of other systems *may* doubt and fear. To them the future may be veiled in dark obscurity. Indeed, they can not enjoy a settled and unvarying conviction that all will be well in the land of spirits. They feel that their own happiness is insecure. That although they be disciples of the Lord and Saviour, the chances and changes of one short hour may fix their fate for an infinity of agony. And they have no surety at any moment that the recording angel has not registered their names among those destined to become monuments of Almighty wrath.

Blessed be God! to us there is no such uncertainty. Our hopes are stayed upon the rock of eternal ages. And the eye of faith already sees captivity led captive, the tomb throwing open its doors, the slumbers of its millions broken—death destroyed—the world raised to newness of life, and Jesus, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, now the conqueror, standing upon hades, exclaiming, "*I am the resurrection and the life!*"

I have briefly, and very imperfectly alluded to some of the blessings and privileges secured to us by that freedom of which Christ is the author. The Gospel proclaims liberty to a captive world; and while it is every day breaking the shackles that hold men in slavery, it points with unerring certainty to a period, when the whole moral creation shall be "delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God." A final victory is achieved in prospect, over sin, the devil, and all his works, death and the grave.

And is there a man who has ever tasted of this freedom who is not ready to defend it to the day of his death? Is there one soul who can be moved from the liberty of Christ? Is there one who could turn traitor and sell himself to the enemy for the paltry considerations of this world? Is there a solitary Judas in the camp of the living God? Is there one who would again fasten the chains of slavery upon the tens of thousands who rejoice in the freedom of UNIVERSAL GRACE?

We trust not—we believe not; but let us hear the apostle once more.

"Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage."

The exhortation, "*be not entangled again—stand fast!*"—implies at least, a liability to return to the beggarly elements of error and sin. And my friends, does not the history of the church prove, that he knew well what was in man, and that he saw with prophetic eye? I need not, I will not stop to point out the corruptions of the early church, as they were introduced, one after another. It is sufficient for our present purpose to say, that three centuries had not passed away before alarming errors had

found their way into it, and that the benevolent doctrine that distinguishes us as a denomination was called in question, and ultimately, in a darker age condemned. Time passes on and other grievous errors were voted to be truths of Heaven; and finally, gloomy darkness rested upon priests, bishops and people.

And then, indeed, the church fell into the wilderness, and only commenced to come out of it when the reformation broke forth through the appointed instruments of Providence, Luther and his associate brothers. Then the people began to read, think and decide for themselves; and since, divine light has been increasing, and old and false traditions have been removed from the temple of truth. And present indications seem to say, that Christianity in its purity, is again destined to enlighten and bless the world.

But, is there no danger that the truth may never again become obscured—and hidden in a mass of heathenish rubbish? that its pure light may never again feebly glimmer in the Christian temple? that its followers will never become unfaithful and corrupt? traitors to the cause of God and Jesus Christ? I confess that I do fondly cherish the hope, and almost the faith that the future will only be characterized by progress—new, higher, and more luminous developments of the same eternal truths; and clear exhibition of its influence in the moral conduct of men. But when I look back upon the past, and contemplate the degradation and misery of those even, who controlled the affairs of that church once elevated to heaven—changed, and cast down to hell; and when I think of the weakness and frailty of us poor mortals, the exclamation, "*unclean! unclean!*" receives new force.

And then again the earnest desire rises in my soul, to raise my voice so loud that all the earth might hear, and in tones of thunder cry, "Beware! beware of the rock which has wrecked the hopes and heavenly prospects of millions. Guard well, and with a vigilant eye, the glorious citadel of Gospel truth—*Stand fast in the liberty of Christ.*"

With the experience and observation of past ages before us all, permit us to point out some of those influences and dangers which may tend again to entangle us in the "yoke of bondage."

The first which I would guard well against, is the introduction among us of any doctrines or practices not authorized by the letter or spirit of Christianity.

Although a precaution of this kind at the present period hardly seems called for, at first thought, considering the general harmony of feeling among us, still, that which has proved the ruin of others should not be disregarded by us. One of the chief causes of the corruption of the first church, was the introduction of theories and forms, designed to conciliate the heathen world, and secure their respect, and thus lead them to openly embrace Christianity.—So strong was the desire to proselyte the unbelieving multitudes, that many were willing to give up their strict adherence to truth, and that alone, and meet them half way, that their influence might be secured in their favor.

Coming into the church under these circumstances, with living prejudices in favor of heathenism on the one hand, and Judaism on the other, it is not strange that after a while, the pure light and glory of the Gospel were driven out from it by pagan superstitions, and extravagant pompous forms and ceremonies, calculated to captivate the feelings of the ignorant and superstitious. And in still later ages, the Roman Church, did, as is well known multiply its ceremonies to an astonishing extent, and adapt them to the passions of the people—their love of show and display, to bring them into its support.

We would that all men might embrace the joyful tidings of a world redeemed, but God forbid! that we should depart in the smallest degree from the simplicity of Christ to bring about the desired object. That will be a dark and dismal day indeed to Zion, when the Universalists descend from the high eminence of principle on which they now stand to pander to the prejudices and false opinions of their opposers, to swell their numbers and increase their influence. If the time shall ever ar-

rive, when, influenced by such motives, they shall make a compromise with error in any form, then will God visit them in judgment; cause their prosperity to cease, and their strength to depart; and their glory will be extinguished in a night of darkness such as the world has seldom realized. If we would enjoy the smiles of Heaven—and of Christ and angels, and carry forward our cause to a glorious issue, we must proclaim the pure word of God with apostolic simplicity, unmixed with error.—We must never let any motive of any character, move us to preach what Heaven has never committed to our charge. We must plant ourselves upon the broad platform of eternal truth, and contend for the Gospel to the last, regardless of any thing on earth that would lead us from the discharge of that duty God requires of us. Every contaminating influence connected with the Gospel, is an additional obstacle to its permanent progress. Who so unwise as to think the truth needs the aid of falsehood to accelerate its onward march—or to make it appear more lovely or desirable. It is omnipotent of itself—fair as the sun, clear as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners. It alone can bring the world back to purity and happiness, and all human and artificial aids brought forth to improve and give it strength are but insults to Heaven.

This reminds me to say, 2d. *That a neglect to preach faithfully the doctrine of the Gospel will tend rapidly and fearfully to a return to bondage.*

We have only to read the New Testament to become satisfied, that every moral precept is founded in some principle of doctrine. The Saviour has left us an excellent lesson on this subject in these words: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute; that ye may be the children of your father which is in heaven: for he maketh the sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain upon the just and the unjust." Matt. v: 44, 45.

All the requirements here set forth are founded on those principles of doctrine that explain to us the character and disposition of God; and without a knowledge of them, the moral teaching falls upon the ear, with comparatively, no force. The character, plan and government of God, are the foundation of moral action in man. "Be ye followers of God as dear children," is an exhortation embracing the highest considerations relating to the conduct of men. It is the ground work and pillar of Christian character and action. But suppose his character is mistaken; suppose he is conceived to be vindictive, disposed to render evil for evil and cursing for cursing, what a fiendish practice must it lead to! If that doctrine were followed out, and a God thus clothed with the passions of human beings were imitated by all men, this world would be filled with violence and blood, and present a scene that the fabled spirits of hell's prison house might long to participate in.

The conclusion of my own mind therefore is, that the doctrine of the gospel should be clearly, faithfully, and fearlessly preached. The mere exhortation, "*it is good to be good,*" will never reform this world. If such moral maxims had been sufficient to accomplish this object, it would have been accomplished long before the establishment of the Gospel ministry. It requires higher and stronger motives—motives drawn from God and heaven to bring the world into the obedience of the law of love, "We love God because he first loved us," is the great secret after all. But how are we to love him sincerely except we know him? And how are we to know him (which knowledge constitutes eternal life) except we study the great truths which develop his character and purposes.

Can we have a better guide in this respect than the apostles themselves? Paul commands Timothy, in one place, to charge the people that they teach no other doctrine. And in one particular charge he says, "*take heed to thy doctrine.*" In alluding to different classes of sinners he sums up what he has to say as follows: "And if there be any other thing contrary to sound doctrine, according to the glorious Gospel of the blessed God which is committed to my trust." This language implies that the sins of men conflict with the doctrine as well as precepts of Christianity. To Titus he writes, "Speak thou the things which become sound doctrine."



Can it be expected that the unbelieving will be brought to a knowledge of the truth without a faithful and constant illustration and defence of our doctrine? Will it be said, that more opposed to us would attend upon our ministry if we were to keep our peculiar sentiments out of view? Suppose we admit this, (which we do not believe), and what follows? They would come and go away nearly as ignorant of our faith as when they came, and with as heavy a yoke of bondage upon their necks. Christ and his apostles could have easily kept out of view those peculiarities of his religion that offended the people and no fault would have been found with them. But if they had taken this course, where would Christianity have been now? On what people would the light of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God be now shining? Would it have gone forth to the ends of the earth, and in a few years taken hold of the throne of the Cæsars?

For one, I firmly believe, that we are engaged in the most important reformation that has been known since the days of Jesus Christ—one that is to gladden and bless the world in its onward march. And under present circumstances, with other lands in darkness, and our own in twilight—with unbelief on every hand, unless we do declare our real views faithfully, we are utterly ruined as a denomination. As the opposition which meets upon every hand has its foundation in ignorance, there seems to be an absolute necessity to acquaint the whole world with our faith.

"Does any one reply, 'Would it not tend very much to promote our popularity and ease as a denomination, and increase the number of its professors, to speak *smooth* things upon the current topics of the day, particularly upon literature, and such subjects as engage the attention of the *fashionable* world?' This question leads me to consider the most dangerous influence tending to bondage in the whole catalogue. Paul seems to have had something of this kind in view when he wrote, 'For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears.' 2 Tim. iv: 2. 'Beware, lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ.' Col. ii: 8.

Men are not transformed in this world, into gods and made *perfect* beings by Christianity; and we find that some of the professed disciples of Christ are sometimes very fond of this ease—dislike toil and labor, and above all, persecution. There is something in human nature that invites us to that course of action that will enable us to glide smoothly along upon the current of popularity. But a man who is governed by such principles as we are now considering, is in my judgment, a traitor to the cause of Christ. God never sent his ministers forth to deliver *smooth* orations on subjects of common literature, or any thing else, that will hurt nobody's ears, to the exclusion of that Gospel which is above all price. Look at the example set by Paul, Peter, and other servants of God? Did they ever, in the course of their duty as disciples of Christ, step aside to court the applause of the multitude? Did they attempt to satisfy all who heard them by studiously avoiding subjects that did not feed the depraved appetite of the many?

God forbid! that we should dishonor their names and traduce their characters by an affirmative answer! No brethren, we all know, that they never attempted to act the part of *men-pleasers*, but they preached the truth with a boldness that did them everlasting honor. Regardless of frowns or threats they stood up in the synagogues and most public places and proclaimed the truth in tones that shook the very foundation of false opinions and errors; and because they did thus, it spread and mightily prevailed. We hear the apostle Paul on this occasion say, "I came not with excellency of speech, or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified." 1 Cor. ii: 1, 2.

There is no respect or popularity in this world worth possessing, that is not connected with a faithful discharge of duty. Seekers of popular favor who *vacillate* in their course to suit all parties, are every where, both in church in state, the most unpopular persons in the world. *Policy* Christians

may succeed for a time, but they ultimately sink into insignificance and contempt. And I have yet to find the first society governed by motives of this kind, and a desire to be very popular, that is permanently prosperous, united and happy. There never was a more fallacious mistake than the one that a *trimming* policy will best advance the cause of truth, and secure ultimately the respect of the world. It is not in human nature, taken as a whole, bad as it is, to respect any thing inconsistent with manly, Christian independence. That Reformer never lived and finally succeeded who acted with the fear of man before his eyes. All whose names stand out conspicuously in church history for their uncommon success, were noted for their boldness in exposing error and proclaiming the truth. The triumph of such men engaged in a good cause is certain.

True, it is easy to preach general moral principles (in a very modest way) and expatiate upon subjects that gratify the fancy, and please almost every body. It is no very hard task I judge, to string together *pretty words* in a *pretty way*, about flowers and poetry; but the important question, does the man who thus acts *purposely* to avoid odium, and secure the good will of all, best promote the cause of Christ?

Let no one suppose from these remarks, that we underrate the value of human learning, or literature in general. Far be this from us. We regard the learning of the schools as a *means* not as an *end*. All acquirements of the minister are valuable to the world, only as they enable him speak the truth of the gospel with more clearness and effect—more intelligibly. But a society built up by the preaching of literature only, and general moral maxims, without regard to sound doctrine, would be a very easy prey to the first flaming revivalist who might come among them.

Finally an over anxious desire to know what others think of us; and any course pursued for the attraction of worldly applause, may be noticed as one sign of a return to bondage. What is more ruinous, or more disgusting to a pure minded man, than a fawning sycophancy towards other and larger sects to gain their favor, so that it may be said—"See! we are complacently smiled upon by the powerful and the popular!" It is better to have the frowns of every opposer of Universalism in this broad world, than their favor, except we can have it on those high, honorable christian principles such as that Master would approve who once said "*Follow me.*"

When a plan is presented, having for its object the promotion of truth, the question should not be, will it be popular with our opposers? What think ye, will they say of it? will it excite their ill will towards us? But rather, is it scriptural? Will God approve? Will Christ? Is it consistent with the example of the apostles? If so, I would say, adopt it, ADOPT IT, although our enemies threaten to call down upon our heads fire from heaven for so doing; and leave the result with that Being whose arm is ever out-stretched to prosper and defend those who follow his instruction. And what matters it with us whether we are called Christians or infidels, if we are in the path of duty? Under some circumstances it is pleasant to be acknowledged as Christians; but who would seek to be called by that name by the concealment of one *solitary* principle of faith? If men call us hard names, we should remember that much better men than ourselves once counted it an honor to suffer reproach for the cause of Christ; and he must be a poor Christian indeed, and *will have to be saved "so as by fire,"* who can be induced to conceal his faith because the world cry out against it. Are we better than Jesus Christ who was called a devil, a wine bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners? If as pure men as the first disciples could bear the reproach of being counted the off-scouring of the earth without a murmur, shall we who are less worthy, claim exemption from a similar accusation?

We have no need to seek the applause or popularity of the world, to enable us to carry forward our cause to a glorious triumph. If the "battle is of the Lord, (and who doubts it?) all the powers of darkness and hell combined can not prevail

against us. Universalism is of heaven, it is eternal truth, and it can not be overthrown. He would be wise who should lay hold of the foundations of the mountains with his weak hands to remove them, compared to him who should attempt to overthrow the foundation of our religion. The various obstacles raised to impede its progress by human skill and ingenuity, are less than the reeds and rushes against the mighty, rushing torrent. It has no need to seek the aid of error, for it contains *within itself*, the elements of its own eternal existence. "It is a rock against which the waves of popular fury will beat in vain—a stone cut out of the mountain without hands, and which shall finally fill the whole earth." To suppose that it will sooner enlighten the world by being connected with what might be called harmless error, is to call in question the wisdom of God. And he who preaches in such a way as to purposely conceal its leading characteristics, and thus escape odium, is "*unworthy of the kingdom.*" He brings upon it an injury that its enemies could never inflict. He opens the way for a return to that bondage which we are required to guard against with all our energies.

Thus far, our denomination has succeeded to an extent that astonishes its most sanguine friends. By what means has it been made thus to prosper? A worldly policy? a trimming to the popular breeze? a sycophantic conformity to the prejudices of the age? a tame style of writing and sermonizing, without any strong attempt to enlighten the mind, through fear of offending?

The very opposite of this is true; and although we have sometimes been guilty of unnecessary severity—as a whole, who can doubt that our course has been approved by the Master?—Let us not despise them, means that have given us the place we now occupy; nor disregard the danger connected with a departure from them. Our fathers in the ministry planted themselves upon the strong tower of truth, unfurled their colors, and nailed them to the standard of Christ; and they have fought the battles of the Lord with a success that has carried dismay and confusion into the enemy's camp. They have proved noble instruments in the hands of God, of giving us the liberty of Christ. His truth, preached by them, has set us free indeed. And now, it is for us to stand fast in the liberty, and guard well against the yoke of bondage.

Let us keep a watchful eye upon all those dangers that beset our pathway—sin, and unbelief, and love of popularity, of ease, and error in every form—and all those inviting charms of the deceiver, so liable to captivate the feelings.

It is now settled that the liberty of heaven itself hath visited earth. The chains of the oppressor have been broken by Christ. He hath become the Captain of our salvation, and he is now leading our spirits on to new and loftier heights of freedom. Thousands and tens of thousands have hailed the declaration of his independence with songs of joy and praise; and as the news of liberty is echoed, and re-echoed by the heralds of the cross through the land, the notes of praise rise still higher, and sound louder and louder, and earth is now becoming an altar of praise to Heaven. The angel that was seen flying in the midst of heaven having the everlasting Gospel to proclaim to the inhabitants of this earth, is winging his way here, and there, and everywhere; and from his bright and golden wings, are dropping blessings upon us without number.

O who, at such a time, would for one moment falter in his course of duty? Who would not plant his feet upon the rock of freedom, and swear eternal allegiance to heaven's king? Who is not ready to say, *until death, I will maintain the freedom of Christ.*

The great battle ground of his soldiers is this earth. Here he fought for the mastery over sin and unbelief, and death, and the grave, and triumphed most gloriously! Fellow soldiers of the cross! let us follow him on till the victory of immortality shall be ours. All heaven is looking on with interest to see the result. Angels and glorified spirits are looking down upon us with favor and joy; and when our present contest with error and all evil shall be crowned with full success, one burst of universal joy will rise from all intelligences to the high throne of the great Eternal. And we are looking with the steadfast eye of an unshaken faith to the period, when the whole creation, now groaning in bondage, will burst forth into the triumphant exclamation, *we are free!* WE ARE FREE!! FOREVER FREE!!

I have thus performed the task allotted to me by a former council of this Convention. I have spoken with no feeling or spirit of dictation; but have uttered my thoughts with that freedom which we all enjoy as ministers of the reconciliation; and if any thing has been said of any value, may we all profit thereby, and continue to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.



## UNITARIANS ON THE RIGHT GROUND.

The Unitarians have become almost proverbial for the vagueness—the indefiniteness of their preaching. In this section we have but few preachers of that sect, yet it is a common complaint among their hearers that they can not find out what the preacher believes. Several times have I heard remarks like the following—"I went to hear him regularly for about a year, and could not tell for the life of me what he believed. Sometimes he preached like the orthodox—sometimes like Universalists—sometimes it was all mixture—sometimes all mist and fog, and so on, until I can not tell what he is, or what he believes, save that he don't believe in the trinity." And who has not read and been vexed with the celebrated Unitarian tract, written by Dr. Dewey, and published by their Tract Society, purposely (professedly, at least) to let the world know what Unitarians believe? On one page you are told that Unitarians do not believe in endless misery—that it is horrible—blasphemous to ascribe such views to God. And on the next page you are informed that Unitarians believe in a worse, a deeper, a severer, an infinitely greater and more terrible punishment than any ever yet preached by the Orthodox! And all this shuffling, and twisting, and hiding, and peeping out, by the sect generally in this country, is, to prevent the world from supposing they are Universalists, or have any leaning to or sympathy for Universalism! To avoid this horrible suspicion, they will attend trinitarian meetings three times a Sunday, and pray three deep to a triune God! At least, such is the case in this city of Utica, with our *free-born* American Unitarians! But it appears that at the East a change is coming over the spirit of this denomination. Though a small sect compared with others, yet it has great wealth, learning, talent, and fashion in its ranks—as much in some States as any denomination, even as those three times its superior in numbers. Yet with all these—with the greatest and wealthiest men in the land among its societies—the most eminent and learned men among its preachers—great wealth—it has advanced very slowly, if any, for the last twenty years. It has had no sympathy with and for the common mind. It has not answered to the great religious feelings and questionings of the human soul. It has not administered the waters and the bread of life to the fever-thirst and the craving appetite of mankind longing after a knowledge, not only of the destiny of here and there an individual, but of the destiny of our whole race. Consequently it has progressed but very slowly; and that mostly among the would-be refined and intellectual—the fashionable and wealthy. And when its professed believers leave Boston, or the cities where it is popular, and go elsewhere, they speedily change the name, retaining the cloak, and are Presbyterians, or Congregationalists, or Episcopalians, or any thing else that is considered very refined, genteel, and exclusive!

Unitarians feel this—and are beginning to look around to see how the defect can be remedied. The following, which we copy from some late numbers of the Trumpet, will show that their leaders are beginning to enter on the right path. They have resolved no longer to preach vague, indefinite moral essays, and literary disquisitions for sermons, but to preach *sound doctrine*, and to exhibit *proofs*, and to urge home its *arguments*, and apply it to the relations and business of life. That is the right ground. Sound doctrine the basis, precept the superstructure, and practical application the filling up and finishing and furnishing of the sermon. If they have the courage to follow out their resolution in every department, the world will learn what they believe—we shall know whether Unitarians are Partialists or Universalists—whether they believe in the final endless sinning and suffering of a part of mankind, or their annihilation, or the final salvation of all. Elective affinity will do its work, and those who would go backward, will be re-absorbed into the Orthodox, and those who would go forward, will be found pressing hard on the rear columns of the Universalists; whose doctrine embraces the unity as well as the universal benevolence of the Deity—right views of his mode of existence, as well as of his cha-

acter and whose preaching generally, is precisely of the character—doctrine and precept combined and applied—which these Unitarians have recommended.

A. B. G.

## UNITARIAN CONVENTION IN PROVIDENCE.

The Unitarian brethren have recently held a Convention, for the subject of mutual religious consultation, at Providence, R. I. The Convention met on Tuesday, Oct. 3, and a large number of the clergy and laity of that denomination were present. On that evening a sermon was preached by Dr. Dewey, of New York, on the life and services of Dr. Channing. Dr. Parkman, of this city, was chosen Moderator of the Convention, and Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Salem, Secretary. Rev. Messrs. Young, Hill, Briggs, Osgood, and L. G. Pray, Esq., were appointed a business committee. This committee subsequently reported a series of resolutions, of which the following received the principal share of the Convention's attention. "Resolved, *That there is an imperious call upon our denomination for a clear and earnest statement of their distinctive doctrines, and an urgent application of them to practical life.*" The discussion took a wide range, and was continued with great and increasing interest through the day, and at last passed *unanimously*. We infer from this that there is a growing conviction among the Unitarians, that a more distinct, doctrinal and matter-of-fact kind of preaching is to be desired. It is on this point that hitherto there has been the principal difference between them and Universalists. Our habits of preaching have been doctrinal, and exegetical as well as practical. We have said, "*know the truth*" and then, "*the truth shall make you free.*" First then preach Christian truth, and afterward enforce it by every proper means upon the life. We apprehend the Convention at Providence will produce no small effect upon the character of Unitarian preaching.

## UNITARIAN CONVENTION AT PROVIDENCE, R. I.

We stated last week, that a Convention of Unitarian clergymen and laymen (principally the former,) had recently been held at Providence, R. I. It seems to have been a meeting of much interest. Dr. Dewey delivered a sermon upon the first evening; and Rev. Mr. Putnam, of Roxbury, upon the second. The principal subject of debate was a resolution drawn up by Rev. Mr. Osgood, of Providence, in the following words,

*Resolved, That there is an imperious call upon our denomination for an explicit statement of our peculiar doctrines, and an earnest application of them to practical life.*

Mr. Bellows defended the resolution. We would that we had room for his whole address.

"I understand it," said he, "to advocate the necessity of greater attention to our distinctive doctrines as a denomination. I think that this is very necessary. Many have grown up in our congregations, through the lack of care in this particular, ignorant of our distinctive doctrines. They often go from our midst into new places, and among strong opponents, and are unable to defend their own belief. It is true that some points of doctrine have gone by. But there are great points left that need elaboration and enforcement. The fact is, the distinction between us and the Orthodox is really greater than at the time of the secession there was any idea of. The whole power of our denomination lies in our distinctive doctrines."

Again, he said,

"Now I'm going home to speak of doctrines. I'm going to argue for the distinctive differences of our faith. We need to go over the matter again. We need to argue as if just breaking from our shell. We must begin anew. Let me call a moment's attention to the effect of our preaching in New York. People go in crowds to the 'Church of the Messiah,' for instance. They are deeply interested. They go away saying, 'We feel this: it takes hold of us. But it is not Scriptural. There are no doctrines. They avoid that. They are afraid to commit themselves on their peculiar doctrines.' The fact

is, the controversy, to us has gone by. But it is not so with the Orthodox. We have been accustomed to say that differences are nothing. We have been accustomed to ask, why harp continually on doctrines? True toleration is based on the priceless worth of opinions. What are opinions? They are approximations to absolute truth. Mercantile opinions are considered valuable. They are treasured up and discussed and acted upon. And are religious opinions not valuable?"

Mr. Briggs, of Plymouth, said.

"We have not been sufficiently positive in presenting our own belief. Now in reference to the doctrines of conversion, for instance; we have dwelt most particularly on unbelief in sudden conversions; and thus have had no conception of the greatness and solemnity of the doctrine in the abstract. It is better to preach the doctrine as we do believe it—the doctrine of self consecration. We must preach positively—the positive faith as we do hold it. And of necessity, if there be truth in it, it will do its work and we shall draw together on the one great and true point held in common by all Christians."

Dr. Dewey said,

"There is time, enough for every thing in our pulpits. One half of the time might be given to subjects not usually treated of. As to the morning service, I would have that given to the elucidation of subjects especially connected with our spiritual vocation. I would have it a holy convocation. I would exclude every thing not consistent with the sacredness of devotion and worship. I would not have the question asked, in reference to it—'Who is to preach?' But in the evening, I think that much greater latitude may properly be exercised. There may be a series of discourses on some great moral or religious topic, such as Ecclesiastical History, Biography, or Doctrine. We have no need of any differences of opinion. Nor in our doctrinal discourses is there any necessity of being controversial."

Mr. Folsom, of Haverhill, defended the resolution. Mr. Waterston thought each should follow the promptings of his own conscience. Mr. Lathrop, of Boston, was in favor of the resolution. "I am decidedly in favor of it," said he, "I am in favor of a clear statement of our views." Mr. Putnam of Roxbury, said,

"I believe in the resolution, in the most positive terms. I believe, in plain doctrinal preaching. It need not take the whole time, but it ought to take a part of every minister's time. But every minister has got to do the whole work for his congregation. He must be able to make a show at least, of ability, to inform them in all respects. Whenever people begin to be awakened, they must have some system of theology. They want something to lean upon, whether it be creed or what not—some definite system of doctrines. And inasmuch as the religious phraseology current is connected with doctrines which we do not believe, there is need of some controversy. If we do not give ideas, our people, when we have awakened them, will go elsewhere. They need something to lean upon. And whenever a minister fails to give ideas, his people will desert him and get them from the neighboring ministers. They will then say, 'We have got something to lean upon. We have got what we want.' They won't have what they want, but they think they have because they have got something."

Mr. Pierpont, of Boston, maintained,

"That there is an imperious call to do something—a call from above—that we have no right to refuse. I feel it sounding in the deep places of my soul. I hear its echoes coming back to me from the surface of society. What is it? First, to make a clear statement of the distinctive truths of Unitarianism—questions touching God and his character."

Again, he said,

"God is our Father. The labor of the life of Channing was devoted to the exemplification of God in his paternal relation. Next to that is the filial relation of man to God. We are not children of God, because God is our Creator, but because he is a Father to us. And our mission is to reveal him as a Father. Consequent on that doctrine is



this—the fraternity of man. All men are brethren.”

Mr. Osgood (the mover of the resolution) among many excellent remarks, submitted the following: “He would insist upon the importance of a more thorough study of Christian theology on the part of our clergy, a higher standard of sacred scholarship. There is reason to fear a decline of interest in this pursuit. Originally, Unitarians embodied within themselves most of the literature of New England both in secular and sacred studies. And now a large proportion of authors, lecturers and orators, throughout the land, belong to us. But are we not in danger of giving our studies too secular a turn—of abandoning Theology for Ethics, Divinity for the Humanities?”

Again.

“Mr. O. went on and urged the importance of defining our position alike for maintaining our own dignity and giving power to our views. A vacillating, apologetic position is always weak. The able general seldom allows himself to wait attacks passively. He presents an active front to the adversary. We have been too apologetic.”

Mr. G. G. Channing, of Boston, agreed to what had been said in regard to explicitness in teaching doctrine, but he would be above all things earnest and emphatic in teaching the doctrine of God’s LOVE.

Mr. Thompson, of Salem, said,

“He wished to say a word on one point, that seems to be contemplated by the resolution; the question, ‘Is it not the duty of Unitarians to attack errors of faith?’ I have more love for Unitarianism than my brother of Trenton seems to entertain. It seems to me to be the truth—the only truth. I believe other views to be not only erroneous, but bad. Our father, to whom allusion is so often made, deemed it his duty to oppose current errors. Is it not our duty, our solemn duty, also to labor against popular errors? They are current now as ever. I have longed for union as much as any one of my brethren. But I despair. The nearer I have come to the Orthodox, the farther I have been repelled. I believe the spirit of Orthodoxy to be anti-Christian. It does not bring men together. It sunders them. The Scripture shows us that error was attacked wherever it existed. It seems to me that we should do likewise. I would attack Orthodoxy, not in a controversial spirit. I would attack it as my duty. I would attack it as directed by the spirit of God. I would attack it as a disciple of my Master.”

Mr. Pierpont, of Boston, spoke again, as follows.

“I am glad to see that we are approaching an issue, at least in seeming. Some appear to feel that doctrinal preaching is called for; others that the cause of Christ will be better served by keeping all distinctions out of sight. Will you allow me, sir, to express my views once more? I agree with all those who would bring all into harmony of spirit—the bond of love. I believe that spirit is to be found in all denominations. I wish I knew that there is more of it among us than among other denominations. Therefore I am inclined to take the ground of Br. Thompson. We want to preach the distinctive doctrines that we hold to be the truth; and this can only be done by holding up others and our own, and contrasting them. The deformity of error is best shown by contrast with truth. In this there is no need of showing an unchristian spirit.”

Again, he said,

“Now, sir, I look back. I look at the apostles and I find that they went out aggressively. It was said of them, ‘Lo, here! are those men who turned the world upside down; they have come hither also. They did not go into the temple of Minerva or Diana, and say, Here we differ in doctrines, but in spirit it is all the same thing.’ No. They raised a commotion at Ephesus, because they said openly and boldly, ‘These are not gods that are made with hands.’ I find aggression in the Gospel doctrine, ‘Love your enemies.’ This was aggressive against the old doctrine of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. So, when a woman was in conversation with our Lord himself, he said plainly to her, ‘Ye worship ye know not what.—We know what we worship. I say likewise to the Trinitarians, ‘Ye worship ye know not what!’”

We have before remarked, that the resolution

passed UNANIMOUSLY. This is a new movement among the Unitarians, and we have no doubt the effect of it will be felt.

From the Western Luminary.

#### DEDICATION AT BOSTON, N. Y.

Br. HAMMOND—At our dedication and conference on the 17th, 18th, and 19th of Oct., we had a happy and felicitous time, under the circumstances. The weather for some two or three weeks previous having been very rainy, the roads, in all directions, had become intolerably bad; and added to this, the morning of our dedication opened extremely unpropitious from a heavy snow storm; but notwithstanding, a goodly number of our friends, with warm hearts and their best affections enlisted in the good cause, were seen; as the time appointed arrived, wending their way to the house of prayer, intended to be consecrated to the God of heaven.

Br. Todd, of Ellicottville, who had been sojourning with us a few days, was the only minister on hand. The storm continued increasing, till about half-past eleven o’clock, A. M., the friends present determined to postpone the dedication till the next day, and requested Br. Todd to preach a short discourse. Our good brother, therefore, announced the determination of the friends, and addressed us from 1 Cor. iii: 21–23. Before he had concluded, Mrs. Flagler, Hunt and Gowdy, arrived, the former of whom also gave us a very interesting sermon, in the afternoon. Thus ended our services the first day.

On Tuesday evening, Br. Goss, of Lewiston, with our good lay brother Caryl, of Buffalo, arrived, announcing to us that Br. Smith, on account of the extreme inclemency of the weather, would not be with us.

On Wednesday morning, at the appointed hour, our house was well filled, and Br. Hunt preached the dedicatory sermon with great freedom, and with a blessed effect, on the latter clause of 1 John v: 4, “And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.” After paraphrasing the context, he showed the nature and effects of faith, and the victory every true believer obtained by faith. Then with a beautiful simile of the rising sun—“it rises, and continues to rise, whether we believe it or not,” and showed in masterly style the glorious purposes of God, our heavenly Father, as revealed to us in his word of the final subjugation of all intelligences. That all were encompassed in the covenant of grace, and enshrouded in the universal redemption, despite the unbelief of some—“shall the unbelief of some make the promise of God of no effect?—God forbid: yea, let God be true, but every man a liar.” And then with a power and pathos unsurpassed, exhorted us to aspire by faith to all the lengths, and breadths, and depths, and heights of the love of God, and the enjoyments of the present great salvation. It was a masterly production, purely extemporaneous, and with scarcely any preparation. Our friends, I believe, are unanimous in their wishes that our good brother will write it out for publication. On the afternoon of that day, Br. Goss gave us an excellent discourse from Revelations xxi: 4. Succeeded by Br. Gowdy from Acts ix: 6. In his exordium he related to us that a Rev. gentleman from Boston had been into his neighborhood, and reported the conversion of every Universalist, but two, in Boston, that it was then his purpose to exhort the two irrefragable to repentance; he gave us an excellent discourse. Br. Gowdy did not give us the name of the Rev. gentleman who exerts such mighty powers of conversion, but we at once concluded it to be the same Rev. gentleman that figured so conspicuously in Niagara county last Spring. Thus ended our second day’s services.

On Thursday morning, our old pastor, Br. Remington, gave us an excellent sermon from Rev. viii: 20, and on the afternoon of that day we had a powerful discourse from Br. Goss, from 1 John ii: 25. The very unfavorable state of the weather, and the badness of the roads, and dark nights, prevented us from having conference meetings in the evenings, and undoubtedly deprived some of their anticipated enjoyment—but, on the whole, we found

it good to be there. We feel “to thank God and take courage.”

We have now a beautiful little Church, which will comfortably seat about 500 persons. And here I would beg to say, we are greatly indebted to our good Br. Cobb, who, with untiring zeal, has consecrated his best energies, his time, and a large amount of money to the promotion of our cause; and especially in the erection of our house. The earnest attention given by every worshipper present, to the truths so ably stated and enforced, must have a salutary and lasting effect, in leading the wandering sons of men, who are still sitting in the valley of the shadow of death, “to see the glorious rising of the sun of righteousness with healing in his wings.” Br. Havens, of the Methodist Episcopal church, with true Christian charity, sat in the desk with Br. Hunt, and made the opening prayer, breathing forth the true spirit of a Gospel minister.

I noticed, some time since, that you requested me to act as your agent for the Luminary. I hope to be able to increase the circulation of our papers another year, and shall use my best endeavors for that purpose—praying for the blessing of Almighty God on your endeavors to spread abroad his truth. I am, respectfully yours, WM. ANDRE.

#### MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barrag

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#### OUR ELDER BRETHREN IN THE MINISTRY.

A few years ago, Partialism reigned supreme over all the Christian world, and along with it, a spirit of unfeeling and unrelenting persecution against all, who, by the study of the Bible or by any other means, became convinced that the prevailing doctrines were not true, and with a most commendable honesty of heart, came out with an open avowal of his convictions, and also of the doctrines he had embraced. The man who loved the truth well enough to lead him to take that public step, endangered his property, his character, and even his life itself; and they who carried on such persecutions, in most cases no doubt, thought as did Paul in his persecutions against the true believers, that they were doing God service. A day of horror was that, and fatal to the religious hopes of thousands of yearning spirits. The man who could not think just as the church generally thought, and see just such things as it saw,

Even though it wore, unconscious all,  
Dark spectacles of leather made,

was very complacently “damned to all the miseries of this life and the pains of hell forever;” no matter how many friends, near and dear, might have their feelings and happiness through life involved; this was no concern of the church, let those who were interested take care of that—it was the business of the church to damn the man and make him just as miserable as the civil law would allow it to do; and damned and persecuted therefore he must be, and was.

In the midst of such times it was,—times thus perilous to the dissenter from the prevailing religion, that our elder brethren in the ministry of the reconciliation, for the most part arose. Even in that fearful period there were a few minds so full of such stern integrity of heart and devotion to the will of God, as to enable them to follow their convictions of truth and duty, and to come out with an open and fearless declaration and defence of Universalism. It was a bold and manly step, and, in most cases, brought upon their heads the most unpleasant consequences, and was made the direct agent in the creation of a state of affairs the most antagonistic to their feelings and happiness; for everything dear in life was tortured on a species of modern inquisition; their religion misrepresented and denounced; their characters slandered by pious tongues; their persons scorned and avoided as though their very touch would leave the plague-spot of damning pollution, or else abused and maltreated in a most shameful manner; and sometimes



even their lives threatened, as a deed "necessary to get the devil out of the place"—all this, and still those brethren were not discouraged from their field of Gospel labor.

But then this was not all; persecutions at the hands of religious opposers were not all the difficulties our elder brethren had to contend with; there were other and sometimes equally serious difficulties to encounter from other sources. The believers in the doctrine they taught, were few in number and scattered over a large extent of country; and were therefore not able to give a very comfortable support to those few heralds who were spending their lives in proclaiming the Gospel good-news. They were obliged to travel from place to place, and to be the far greater part of their time from home. Often would it happen that they were compelled to make a long journey, meeting every day with some disheartening circumstances, and perform along the road an almost incredible amount of mental labor, "without scrip or purse," and receive not enough to meet the actual expenses of the journey; and some of them, sometimes, with but little hope of finding enough to satisfy their wants when they reached home. Poorly clad frequently; poorly fed with everything save "the bread of God;" trusting Providence alone for the means necessary to meet their wants on the road when travelling; they went about from place to place, in the very face of every species of persecution except "bonds and death," to disseminate the spiritual blessings of the Gospel of love and peace. But they faltered not, nor turned back; they persevered, they conquered. The dark day was long and fearful, but the clouds that hid the sun, were swept away, and they found themselves walking in the splendor of his beams; friends multiplied; public opinion changed somewhat in its tone towards them; their ministry imposed on them less physical toil; there was a charm in the doctrine which fell from their lips which began to be seen and felt; and they had the joy of seeing thousands who ventured to listen to them, go away with hearts converted and rejoicing in the Lord as the Saviour of all men. What a change can be wrought in the religious opinions, feelings, tastes, habits and actions of a whole nation in the life-time of man, and as it were by "twelve all but unlettered fishermen" whose power lies in a persevering study of the Bible and a God-given independence of thought and energy of soul! One bold and independent thinker and fearless and consistent actor, will accomplish more towards revolutionizing the world than a whole generation of servile imitators, who think nothing but what their fathers did, and do nothing but what their fathers have done before them. And such, for the most part, were the men who established Universalism in the United States.

But those elder brethren in the great ministry of the Reconciliation of all men through Christ to God, who enlisted in the holy cause in its infancy in this country, have, many of them, passed away. Their life of labor, of privation, of trial, of spiritual warfare, of literal bodily sacrifice, has closed; and they have gone to join their Master and Exemplar whom they loved so devotedly, in that beautiful home,

"Where bright angels' plumes are folded o'er the peaceful brow and breast;

Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

But some, a few of them, of those patient, laborious elder brethren, are still among us. Here and there we see an aged head whose locks have grown grey in their good Master's vineyard, bending with the weight of years and of toil, yet laboring on with almost youthful zeal, with voice and pen, in the cause of God and for the spiritual good of man. I revere them for their golden unbending integrity of soul, for their love of truth, for their willingness to endure privation and make sacrifices for the Gospel's sake and the religious interests of their fellow men. When I look back over the field of their labors and see what they have done, what achievements, under God, they have accomplished; and bring before my mind the severe ordeal they have passed, the sufferings they have endured, and yet witness their unwavering confidence in God, their unflinching

perseverance in their mission of love to the world; I am ashamed of the scantiness and feebleness of the gratitude my heart has cherished towards them. Had they not lived and labored as they have done, I should now, in all human probability, be yet feeling my fearful way through the world amid the gloom and dread-inspiring woes of the old and rigid Partialism. The sun that I now see illuminating the whole moral universe, would have never risen on my mental vision; but all would have been dark and awful, and the dread future peopled with images of horror and vocal with the wailings of the damned; making life anything but a glorious boon for which we could lift up our hearts and thank God.

It is to the Gospel, I know, that I am to attribute my deliverance from error and sin; but the blessing the Gospel designed for me, was received through the instrumentality of these my elder brethren. Their hand tore away the veil that shut out from my mind the unutterable glories of the Gospel of unbounded love and universal salvation. Ought I not then highly to respect them? *Would it become me to treat their labors lightly? to abuse their names because they had not the advantages of an education of just the same kind as myself?—or represent them as ungodly men because they can not, and therefore do not, adopt my individual notions respecting every passage that is found in the Bible?*

And yet there is something not altogether unlike this, which I often meet with in some of our periodicals, or hear from the lips of some of our (comparatively speaking) young preachers, respecting the labors and religion of our elder brethren. And it pains me to know that it is thus; for I can not feel that they deserve such treatment at our hands. The interpretations of the Scriptures which we adopt and use, we have received mainly from them, the fruits of their labors. They have in this respect alone, laid us under a large debt of gratitude to them. They have—some of them—taught and published some things, which, perhaps, we can not now receive—but the great leading truths which as a denomination we all hold, and as preachers we all preach, were established by them, long before many of us had dreamed even that Universalism is taught in the Bible. Why then should we, because we deem that ourselves have been, in a few respects, more favored than they, indulge indiscriminate condemnation at their expense? Is it to reward them for the great amount of religious doctrinal matter they, by hard thinking and untiring industry, have got together for us to use, and which we do use? And are we sure, when we are doing all this that we have really less errors in our religious belief, and in our practice, too, than they had, or now have? Let him who thinks it, blush and hold his peace. I am speaking, let it not be forgotten, of our elder brethren who are yet among us; and I feel that I am speaking carefully and prudently when I say, I would heaven that all of us young preachers, who have become the proud and self-constituted judges of those long tried fathers in our Israel, were as heartily, as sincerely, as unreservedly devoted to the cause of our Master, as they have been and still are.

I am not disposed to have the old custom of apotheosis, or the later one of canonization, introduced for our elder brethren; no—I do not wish to laud them, even; but I would have them justly thought of, appreciated, and treated, by those who are so largely indebted to them for the glorious faith that they hold so dear and holy. While the spirit, on the other hand, which I have several times witnessed in expressions thrown out against the learning or religion of our elder brethren, by young men, has seemed to me to be a very bad spirit, and has caused me pain. I could not but feel that there is truth in the language of Addison: "It is a mean and beggarly spirit that does not reverence an old and good man, or that can be ungrateful towards a benefactor." And in the light of benefactors do I regard those elder brethren of whom I am speaking; and with pity and sorrow must I look upon those who can speak disrespectfully of them.

Besides, of all the young men who have shot up into critics and now sit in judgment on the faith and deeds of those men of a former generation, who yet remain among us; there can not be found one who is willing to

sacrifice as much; to bear as much fatigue, as many privations, as much persecution; to perform as much mental labor amidst so much unceasing physical toil and discouragement, as have been done by our elder brethren. Nor do I believe, with all the aid which the labors of those brethren afford, that it will ever fall to the lot of any of those critical young preachers, to be the instrument of the conversion of one half as many souls from error to the truth, as it has been the pleasure of God to effect through any one of our elder brethren. Let, then, the young preacher who is sitting in judgment on his elder brethren, blush at the impudent folly of his presumption; and abandoning his unchristian conduct, go and learn from the wisdom of age, experience and thought, those lessons which will make him wise as a biblical student, devotional as a Christian, humble as a follower of Christ, and useful as a preacher of the Gospel.

I did design to give some examples of the conduct of which I have been speaking; but I could not well do so without being thought too personal perhaps; I have concluded therefore to let them pass, hoping that I may never again be pained by a repetition of them. We who are young, have nothing of which to boast, but have received much for which to be grateful. If we have been blessed with advantages which were denied to our elder brethren, let us be duly thankful for them and not make them the occasion of vain and foolish boasting, to our own shame and the unrighteous derogation of those brethren who entered the field of Gospel labor before us. We should remember, that it is not enough to be wise in our own eyes; and may Heaven give us grace to attain unto salvation, not only from sin, but also from the folly of presumption and the intoxicating vanity which a little learning gives.

H. B. S.

It will be seen by reference to our prospectus in today's paper, that we are offering some inducements to friends, agents or clubs. May we not hope that some exertions will be made to keep up our already much-impaired list? Will our editorial brethren, who do us the favor of copying our prospectus, have the kindness to notice the alteration in the conditions of the terms? We shall be happy to reciprocate the favor.

Br. Price—Send Nos. 37 and 46 of the *Union*, to Br J. M. Day, of Morganville, which he has not received and thereby oblige him.

Br. Tompkins—Br. L. Smith, of Buffalo, has not received "Memoir and Poems of Mrs. Scott." Will you please see to it and send them early?

THE SERMON.—The "Star in the West," (usually so regular,) containing the Occasional Sermon, failed to reach us; so were compelled to wait one week longer, and copy from our Eastern papers. This is our apology for the delay.

## RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. D. SKINNER will preach at Frankfort on the third Sunday inst., and at Mohawk on the fourth Sunday inst.

There will be preaching on the fourth Sunday inst., by Br. GROSH at Little Falls.

There will be preaching on the first Sunday in December, by Br. GROSH in Syracuse.

A Conference of the Allegany Association will be held at Yorkshire, Cattaraugus county, on the first Saturday and following Sunday in December next. Ministering brethren and others are cordially invited to attend.

L. GRAVES, Standing Clerk.

☞ Luminary, please copy.

## MARRIAGES.

On the evening of the 8th inst., by Rev. Dr. Proal, Mr. JOHN P. BUSH to Miss SARAH ELIZABETH, daughter of Martin Hart, Esq., all of this city.

## DEATHS.

In East Mendon, on Sept. 28th, Mr. SAMUEL A. STEVENS, aged 34 years. He had been gradually wasting away for



nearly two years with that most flattering yet surely destructive disease, the consumption. During the whole time he manifested the true resignation of a confiding Christian. He had lived respected by all—lived and enjoyed the Christian faith, and died under the resigning power of a hope of a reunion of a renovated universe in heaven. The writer enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with the deceased for more than three years, and he can say that his many excellent virtues, and deeds of kindness and generosity will long be remembered in tears of sympathy and gratitude. I could drop a tear of sympathy for that bereaved, kind, and tender hearted widow, and all the relatives of the deceased, and pray that God of his infinite mercy would suitably bless them with the consolation of the Gospel, in this season of deep affliction. It was the particular request of the subject of this notice, that the writer should preach his funeral discourse, but being on a journey to the West at that time, he was prevented from complying. His funeral was attended in Mendon on the 30th, and a discourse delivered by a Methodist clergyman to a large and sympathizing audience.

O. R.

## PROSPECTUS

For the Fifteenth Volume of the Evangelical Magazine and Gospel Advocate.

Rev. H. B. Soule, Editor;

Revs. A. B. Grosh, A. C. Barry, S. R. Smith, D. Skinner, Corresponding Editors.

THIS old and useful periodical will be continued as here tofore, with the above changes in its Editorial Department; and a change to the CASH, or ADVANCE-PAY system. The principal Editor by becoming Corresponding Editor, secures to our columns the regular and continued productions of his pen. The Editor engaged in his stead is as prudent and talented, if not experienced; and will serve while he remains in this city. Should he remove, another, as well qualified, and entitled to public confidence, will be secured. The other Editors are too well known to need our commendations; and the engagement of Mrs. Smith and Skinner will, we hope, be taken as an earnest that we mean to endeavor deserving what we ask—the support of a liberal public.

We intend to test the *substantiality* of our patronage, by placing the Magazine and Advocate on the CASH system. Every paper sent out after the present volume, must be *paid for in advance*—and will be sent *only as long as it is thus paid for*. This plan is best for both subscribers and publishers, if both will unite in it. To subscribers, who will save the enhanced price, which now goes toward making up the loss on bad subscribers—and to publishers, who can then purchase for cash, and of course at a cheaper rate; and who will no longer lose what even the enhanced price does not make up. To both it will save the necessity—the disgusting and painful necessity—of writing and reading duns, complaints, and coaxing entreaties to delinquents, &c., &c.; which, on the credit system must always lumber our columns to the injury of the paper's credit and usefulness. Will our subscribers, *one and all*—for there can be *no exceptions*—support us in this mutually advantageous system? If so, let every one pay for next year before January next—in time for us to receive the money and enter them on our list before the first number of the new volume is issued. Those who send by mail, can remit a one or two dollar bill, (the Post Master will frank it, of course, if properly requested,) and we will send papers till the money is exhausted.

Our principles are the same as ever—Universalism in word and in deed—in theory and in practice—in heart, and soul, and daily conversation—in life and in death—now and forever! And every rational and proper means to bring its believers to the full adoption of this sentiment—to build them up, and make them “a peculiar people, zealous of good works”—and to bring our opposers to a knowledge and practice of the truth; will be mildly, but earnestly and constantly advocated by this paper, so as to render it increasingly worthy of a liberal support from liberal Christians generally, and from true-hearted, devoted Universalists especially.

## TERMS.

The Magazine and Advocate is published every Friday, on a royal sheet, quarto form, for binding, at \$1.50 per annum, *invariably in advance*.

Any person sending us the names of *six* subscribers, and paying for the same (\$9.00), *free of postage*, shall receive a copy gratis. Eleven copies will be sent for fourteen dollars, and fifteen copies for twenty dollars.

All communications to the Publishers or Editors, must be

POST PAID OR FREE. Postmasters will usually frank remittances.

Names of new subscribers should be returned by the first of January, 1844, or as soon thereafter as possible, to the Publishers. The names, with their post office, county, and State, should be written plainly and in full. Utica, N. Y., November, 1843.

## NEW WORLD.

Every present subscriber to the New World, who will renew his subscription for the coming year, by the payment of \$3 (free of postage) before the first of January ensuing, and every non-subscriber who will do the same, shall receive, gratis, the elegant and complete New World edition of the “Mysteries of Paris,” now in course of publication. This is beyond question the most remarkable romance of the age, and has caused an immense sensation. We hope our friends will avail themselves speedily of this offer.

The ensuing volume of the New World will be printed on entirely new type, and will contain many attractive novelties, which will be made known in a future paper.

Address, J. Winchester, 30 Ann street, N. Y.

## THE JEWEL;

A HOLIDAY GIFT FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

ILLUSTRATED WITH TEN HANDSOME ENGRAVINGS.

EDITED BY EMMA F. ALLSTON.

A beautiful work, got up expressly for the amusement and instruction of the young folks in the coming holidays, and handsomely embellished with wood-cuts, and filled with the choicest Tales and Verses from the best authors. Every Boy and Girl must be on the look-out for a copy.

Price Twenty-five cents for single copies—\$16 a hundred. “The Jewel” contains 160 octavo pages, and will be neatly put up in handsome paper covers.

Address J. Winchester, 30 Ann street, N. Y.

## POEMS.

BY MRS. JULIA H. SCOTT, AND A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

THE subscriber proposes to issue during the month of October, a collection of the Poems of Mrs. Scott, to be accompanied by a brief Memoir, and embellished with a fine mezzotint likeness—These Poems are so highly appreciated by the Universalist denomination, that it is believed this volume will meet with a cordial welcome; and from the circumstances attending its publication, as well as from the real excellence of its contents, it is hoped there will be a warm and general interest felt in its circulation.

The Publisher would state, therefore, that upon every copy sold a certain per centage will be devoted to the surviving child of Mrs. Scott, to be expended in her education; and this in fulfilment of her dying wishes. The Publisher, therefore, confidently appeals to the liberality of the Public; and there is a stronger appeal from a voice now silent, which should strike home to their holiest sympathies.

This collection has been long and repeatedly called for—promises of patronage have been liberally given; let those promises now be nobly redeemed, both as a tribute of respect and affection to the lamented Author, and as an evidence of honorable consideration for the literature of our denomination.

The work will contain 216 pages, well printed and neatly bound, with a splendid mezzotint likeness of Mrs. Scott by Sartain, single copies 63 cents, 6 copies for \$3.

If more convenient the work can be obtained wholesale or retail, of Rev. A. R. Gardner, Iowa City, I. T.; Rev. W. E. Manley, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. J. A. Gurley, Cincinnati, O.; Rev. A. Case, Charleston, S. C.; R. T. Wicker, Richmond, Va.; C. L. Stickney, New-York City; Grosh & Walker, Utica, N. Y.; Rev. S. R. Smith, Buffalo, N. Y.; H. Barrett, Rochester, N. Y.; Rev. Eli Ballou, Montpelier, Vt.; Rev. J. E. Palmer, Barre, Vt.; Powers & Bagley, Lowell, Mass.; T. Whittemore, Boston, or of the Publisher, Boston, Sept. 25, 1843. A. TOMPKINS, 35 Cornhill.

## LIST OF BOOKS

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE

No. 32, Genesee street, (up stairs.)

Universalist Register and Almanac for 1844,	13
“ “ “ “ 1843,	8
Rose of Sharon for 1844,	2.00
Washingtonian Pocket Companion,	19, 25 and 38
Winchester's Dialogues,	19
Thoughts on the Divine Goodness,	13
Ballou on the 24th & 25th chapters of Matthew	06
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## LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P M, No Bloomfield, for H B C L and W R—G H R, Rochester, for J C, C G C and S D, (the money for A B is received)—P M, Irving, for H S—P M, Lockport, for E C—P M, DeRuyter, for J P—P M, Elba, for S H, J P, J S, I H and E B.

From the London Court Journal.

## THE WEDDING RING.

BY JOHN MILLS—author of “The Old English Gentleman.”

“For where thou art, there is the world itself,  
With every several pleasure in the world;  
And where thou art not, desolation.”

Harry Wington, an independent gentleman with the neat income of two thousand a year, had, a few months since, entered the holy bonds of connubial bliss.

In opposition to the general custom of grumbling humanity, he was on unobjectionable terms with his wife, himself, and the world. Notwithstanding the philosophy of others, he could not perceive any consolation to be derived from contemplating existence as a scene in which little else than acts of annoyance and misery were to cease, merely to make room for new ones; but, contrary to the illustrated examples of unsocial life, he regarded the present as the time to be enjoyed, the past with no regret, the future without fear.

An elegant cottage, as it was called, in the centre of Devonshire, with beautiful grounds attached, and no inquisitive neighbor nearer than the vicarage, quite half a mile distant, was the enviable spot selected for the earthly paradise of Mr. and Mrs. Wington.

It was the first of September, a day enthusiastically anticipated by sportsmen, when a loud, gruff voice, from under the window of Harry's dormitory thus saluted him—

“Now, sir, it's time to be stirring. Down, Ponto, you're a troublesome brute! Now then, sir, come to heel lass! come to heel, I say!”

Waking from his slumbers, Harry threw open the casement. Upon the green lawn, in a picturesque group, stood his gamekeeper, John Flap, and a brace of—as he would maintain—the best pointers in the whole country round. They'd find, back and drop, against any that ever were or ever would be.

“It's just four, sir,” said John, respectfully touching his hat to his master's emerged head. “To bag ten brace before breakfast you musn't be long in turning out.”

In a very limited period the shooting gear was arranged, and the impatient biped and quadrupeds were joined by their no less eager master—all equally desirous for the sport.



Not five minutes elapsed after Harry's departure, when Mrs. Wington's pleasant dream was rudely broken by the sharp crack of one of Manton's best. Quickly surmising the cause, she proceeded to the window, and saw her husband covered to his knees with the luxuriant green tops of turnips, caressing one of his favorite dogs.

With a fine, hearty laugh, which indicates no thoughts of duns, promissary notes, actions, or chancery suits, Harry kissed his hand to his smiling wife, and after holding up a partridge in triumph of his skill, he vanished behind a haystack followed by the gamekeeper and pointers.

Nature was waking from repose—the sun's rays were bursting upon the dewy verdure, like Hope's bright hue upon the clouded heart. The flowers unclasped their leaves to the cheerful light with cups charged to the brim with crystal drops. The air rang with the song of birds, and as Ida Wington continued to look upon the beautiful scene with smiles—

"Which went and came, and disappeared, Like glancing sunbeams on the dimpled water shaded by trees,"

she thought how delightful it was to have so handsome, good-tempered, and excellent a husband as she was possessed of. Hours passed with unconscious swiftness to Ida, so engaged was she with her no uncommon reverie, when a rap-a-tap at her chamber door occasioned her to start, and hastily ask who was there?

"Who is there, indeed!" repeated a voice from the outside. "It is past eight. Breakfast, breakfast, I say!"

"I'm coming, forsooth—I'm waiting for you!" rejoined the voice.

Before knowing the value of a parent's smile, Ida was an orphan, and left to the sole care of an only aunt. With a mother's tenderness she had reared her, petted, but not spoiled her niece, and deemed herself fully rewarded by seeing her favorite a beautiful, accomplished woman, and the wife of one whose study it was to render her happy. Upon Ida's marriage, Harry requested that the kind-hearted old lady would reside with them and form a member of his family circle. This was the acme of her wishes; and thus matters stood a short time after that eventful epoch in the lives of parties concerned, the wedding day.

The morning toilet completed, Ida hastened to the breakfast parlor, where she found her aunt impatiently waiting for the *dejeune*.

"My love, you look—a little too sweet, some more of the milk, thank you, child—pale this morning, I think," said the antiquated dame in her usual broken sentences.

"I am quite well, aunt," replied Mrs. Wington.

"I am glad to hear that you are, my child, but you certainly are—a piece of dry toast—somewhat languid. Where is the scapegrace Harry?"

"How forgetful you are, aunt! Why, this is the first of September," said Ida.

"Ah! shooting then, of course. Married men should not indulge often in such amusements. Frequently do we hear of guns bursting; and—a little of that tongue—exploding accidentally," rejoined the aunt.

A follower of the illustrious Arab, Mahomet, exclaims, when the shades of sorrow are cast upon his path, "Tis my destiny!" Whether this creed be founded on a semblance of truth, or the gravity of a bubble lighter than air, it shall form no argument for this page. All to be here stated is the simple fact, whether fate winged the shaft or not is immaterial, that, while Ida was dropping a piece of sugar into a cup of coffee, her wedding ring slipped from her taper finger into the saucer.

"Heaven preserve us—Heaven preserve us!" ejaculated the aunt. "It's a fearful circumstance. Direful—"

"What is the matter?" said Ida, springing from her chair.

"The ring, the ring!" murmured the aunt, burying her face in her handkerchief.

"Here it is," replied her niece, replacing the magic hoop upon her finger.

"Child, child! it's an awful sign!"

"Of what, aunt?"

"Accident or misfortune of some kind, for 'tis said—"

Ere the sun be set, sorrow will rise, when from a bride the ring doth fall," replied the aunt, with a melancholy anticipation of evil.

A merry laugh burst from Ida's lips, and she turned the object of discussion derisively round upon the end of her finger, when her aunt's anger was somewhat excited at this expressed contempt for the prophecy, and she sharply continued, "You may ridicule anything, child; but recollect many loud laughs have changed into bitter tears."

"Why do you wish to frighten me?" asked Ida, in a tone of remonstrance.

"I've no wish to alarm you but I much disapprove of levity upon occasions requiring seriousness," replied the aunt.

"I can not believe in such obsolete things—they are so very silly," said Ida, with an ill-suppressed smile.

"So it appears, my dear; but I do believe in them," added the aunt.

"Then tell me the reason for so doing," said her niece.

"My reasons are countless. Circumstances admitting of no doubt have been related to me by dozens," rejoined the old lady.

Not convinced that hearsay evidence was to be deemed conclusive, Ida inquired if her aunt had ever witnessed an illustration of this to be dreaded fatality.

"Bless me! you talk like a lawyer! I once heard at the ling that a neighbor had told him of something which had assizes, who would not permit an honest man to say what he heard!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Ida, with pretended gravity.

"It's quite true, my love. The man was about positively been related to a very particular acquaintance of his, when the inconsistent lawyer jumped up and said, 'That's no evidence; tell us what you saw, sir, not what you heard.' Goodness me! as if one couldn't be told the truth," said the aunt, quite indignant at the reminiscence.

"We certainly should not give too much credence to what we're told," replied Ida; "circumstances are so exaggerated, altered, and purposely misconstrued."

"Yes, yes, that is perfectly true; but people nowadays disbelieve every thing; it was not so when I was a girl—warnings, signs, omens and dreams were regarded with proper observance. Now it is thought fashionable to laugh at them; although, for my part, I think persons who laugh at superstition are as full of it as those who admit its influence."

"We are all, more or less, prone to be superstitious, I believe," said Ida. "But tell me about the ring. I wish to hear of some mishap following the luckless fall from the wearer of this public sign of matrimony."

"Listen, child; and I'll narrate to you one which I know to be true, although I did not see the occurrence," rejoined the aunt, with another shake of the wig.

"It was a rough day in March, and two years after the union of a very dear friend of mine, that her husband was dressed for hunting. Oh! that dangerous, reckless amusement! Being late, he was hastening to depart, and; in his hurry to bid her adieu, he snatched her hand quickly, and drew off her wedding ring, which rolled upon the floor. This circumstance was unnoticed at the time, and he proceeded to the door, where his patient horse stood pawing the ground; held by a groom. Just as he was going to mount, the cries of the hounds in full chase were heard. No sooner were the well-known sounds caught by the high-spirited animal, than he reared upon his haunches straight in the air, bounded from one side of the road to the other, and became completely ungovernable from excitement and eagerness to join in the sport. After many useless attempts to gain the saddle, his master, angry at not being able to start, threw himself passionately across the horse, and gained one foot in a stirrup; when accidentally a spur struck deep in the side of the restless animal. Furious with pain, he snapped his bridle, jumped from the earth with a sudden bound, and hurled the groom far from him. Away he rushed down the avenue with his rider half on, clinging to his mane. A high gate was closed at the end of the avenue, towards which the horse gal-

lopped with fearful speed. The creature neared the barrier, and leaped at it without hesitation, but dashing against the top rail, he fell with desperate force, carrying his ill-fated master with him.

"My poor friend saw the accident with feelings that may be conceived, but not described. For many hours she was unconscious of the extent of her lamentable misfortune. Upon recovering from her swoon, she found her husband stretched upon a bed a ghastly figure. A surgeon was watching him with fingers pressed upon the fluttering pulse; bandages stained with blood were wrapped round his head; his cheeks were ashy pale; his lips livid and clenched together. A slight moan escaped them occasionally, which were the only remaining signs of life. In one short hour more, from being as happy a wife as ever the sun shone upon, my poor friend was a heart-broken widow."

Tears rolled from the old lady's eyes as she concluded her brief, but melancholy narrative.

"No wonder that you believe in the omen of the ring," sobbed Ida. "My poor, dear Harry! oh! what will happen him?"

"Nothing, I hope and pray, my love. Do not weep," entreated her aunt. "It was very foolish of me to tell you this story—very wrong, indeed; but it was want of reflection; I'm a silly old woman. There, there, don't cry, child."

A loud crash of thunder at this moment occasioned both to start. Flash after flash of lightning succeeded, and a few large drops of rain splashed at intervals against the windows. Suddenly, one deafening roar pealed over head, reverberating over the hills miles distant, and a deluge of water fell, making the earth appear involved in smoke. Roll after roll of the warning elements followed, and the heavy clouds floated slowly on spouting forth their overcharged contents.—The heavens grew momentarily blacker, and the storm increased in its violence.

Peering through the wet streaked panes, Ida watched, with fear depicted in her trembling limbs, the raging storm. Generally without the common nervousness of her sex, Ida now paced the room with hurried step, clasping her hands and lost to all control of feeling. Her aunt endeavored to calm her excitement, but without success. The narration of the event of the ring, and the violence of the storm, had produced an effect not easily erased.

As she was walking with haste up and down the apartment, anticipating evil of every kind that her heated imagination could form, she stood before the window speechless with emotion, at seeing the gamekeeper running towards the house. On he came, but his master neither preceded nor followed him. Ida beckoned to her aunt, and pointing to the hurrying man, rushed out of the house to meet him, regardless of the pouring torrents.

"Tell me," she gasped, clutching John by the arm, and stopping him in his course.

"My lady, my master is—" John could say no more.

"Quick, quick," she rejoined, in a voice hollow with dread.

"My master is in bed quite—" again John's breath was quite expended.

Looking as one about to hear the judgment of death, Ida murmured "What?"

"Wet through!" replied the gamekeeper, in amazement at the expressed agony of his mistress and her extraordinary determination to become, in a like situation. "He's in bed, wet through," continued John, "in my cottage, and he wants a change of clothes."

Years have swept away since Ida's wedding ring fell. Sorrow has not traced a single furrow upon her brow, if time has left the print of days gone by upon it. May my fair reader's be a similar destiny—a happy and contented wife.

THE MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE is published every Friday, at 32 Genesee street, Utica, by

C. C. P. GROSH & A. WALKER.

TERMS.—To Mail and Office subscribers, \$1.50 per annum, in advance.



# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE

## AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

'I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL.'....."PROVE ALL THINGS HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1843.

NO 47.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### A SERMON.

"Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." St. Matthew iv: 4.

The great and fundamental doctrine of revelation, that there is a supreme being who rules and governs in all worlds and among all intelligences, can not be well disputed by a truly enlightened mind. This, above every thing else, appears to be a necessary article in the belief of mankind, and it must be exceeding difficult to throw off every conception of a wise and beneficent Creator. Every effect must have a cause; and as all the operations of the material universe are the effects of some moving cause, it follows as a legitimate, yea an incontrovertible conclusion, that this cause must be distinct and separate from the effect produced.—The Bible affirms that this cause is God; and a more forcible and philosophical solution of this great subject can not be imagined.

As man is the effect of the operations of God's power, wisdom and goodness, it is reasonable to suppose that the Creator exercises a supreme control over this noblest work of his hands. Hence, it is by God's permission that man exists—it is by his word that he lives, and moves, and has his being. Whether the Deity in the creation of man, made such wise arrangements at that time as should insure him a constant support, or whether he continually exercises a providential care over his offspring, makes no manner of difference. One thing is certain. Man is the effect of some living, moving power—for it must take life to produce life—and whatever and whoever that power is, the creature, the effect must depend upon that power for existence and support. The language of our text was spoken by the Saviour to Satan in the wilderness. The tempter had requested him to prove the divine authenticity of his mission, by commanding the numerous stones about him to be transformed into bread. Jesus replied, "It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

Some may be ready to inquire, who, or what was this object with which the Redeemer conversed. It appears to be the opinion of many, that the personage with whom the Son of God held converse at this time was a *personal being*, who was once an angel of light, but who revolted from the government of the supreme majesty of heaven, involved the celestial abodes in war, collision and strife, but was overcome by the power of the Almighty, driven out of heaven, (where no unclean thing can ever enter) and with his rebellious companions cast down from the high battlements above to the fiery depths beneath, there to suffer the fierce indignation and wrath of the Deity "world without end." But notwithstanding Satan had been secured in the regions of immortal darkness, it is not long before we find him engaged in the work of tempting our first parents. In some way or other, he had contrived to escape from his uncomfortable abode, and to revenge himself for exclusion from the courts of bliss, he attempted to ruin the fairest workmanship of God: and as through his exertions Adam was tempted, and as Christ was the second Adam, it was thought proper that he should be tempted, and thus save us from the penalty of the law which our first parents incurred. This tempter is called the devil, and the chapter which contains the text is often quoted as triumphant proof that he is actually a personal being, and that he prowls about the earth seeking the ruin of God's offspring.

But it is our candid opinion, that an individual will find more proof in Milton's Pandemonium for

the personal existence of a being called Satan, than he will in the Bible; and we furthermore think, that a far-fetched and forced construction is given to the chapter which embraces the text, when it is urged as proof of the existence of a personal devil. We say, a *forced construction*, because we think it an unnecessary one, opposed to the Scriptures and the rules of the divine government. The original word, rendered Satan in our common version, signifies an accuser, an adversary, &c. Hence Peter is called Satan, and Judas is declared to have a devil—because they opposed Christ. In accordance with this usage of the word, which was sanctioned by public custom when Jesus appeared, sin is represented as an opposing power; and to convey to the mind a more forcible and tangible conception of its malignity, a *personification* is given to it; the same as wisdom is personified in Proverbs, and is represented as uttering her voice in the streets to the children of men. I think the language of the apostle will set this matter in its true light. He informs us, that Jesus "was tempted in *all points as we are*, yet without sin." Now if we know how we are tempted, we can easily imagine how the Saviour was tempted. Hear the language of James on this point. "Let no man say, when he is tempted, I am tempted of God; for God can not be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man. But *every man is tempted* when he is drawn away by his *own lust*, and enticed." Jesus Christ was a man, endowed with superior powers above his fellows, and sustained by his Father; yet like all our race, he was liable to be tempted! And a wise purpose was to be accomplished by it; it was a purpose which should create in him a disposition to sympathize with man, and by an all-powerful example show him the great value of virtue.

I suppose that the temptation in the wilderness, consisted in the earthly honor and glory which awaited the Saviour if he would forsake the work which God sent him to accomplish. He doubtless knew that the crown of Judea could be his if he would exert his delegated power to free the Jewish nation from the bondage of the Roman yoke. All the honors and glories of the Holy Land could be his, if he would only fall down from the height of pure and uncorrupted integrity, and worship at the shrine of a nation's darling wish. But this was not the purpose of Almighty God—this was not the work which Jesus was sent to finish. The days of the Jewish peculiarity were numbered, the glory of Jerusalem was about to depart forever, and the mountain of the Lord's house was soon to become as the high places of the forest; and in the place of these a more universal religion was to arise, a better and more enduring kingdom was to take its place, and a more extensive and lasting temple was to be erected. Hence, we say, it was necessary that Christ should be tempted, as his brethren were tempted, and that the subjects of his reign might see the power, and beauty, and majesty of true holiness.

We have dwelt longer on this point, perhaps, than was necessary for one that ought to appear so plain to the most common understanding. But some good people imagine, that Universalists are very much troubled on account of his satanic majesty—that they have no place for him in their system, and labor to disprove the personality of his existence. Be it known then to all concerned, that we have no fears that an all-wise, an all-powerful, and an all-good Deity has ever granted a power to an enemy to overturn his own purposes and designs. We have the rich consolation of believing, by and with the authority of the word of the most High, that the old serpent, with all his attendant

train, will be ultimately destroyed, and no longer tempt the children of God. "For this purpose was the Son of God manifested, that through death, he might destroy death, and him that hath the power of death, that is the devil, and deliver those who through fear of death, were all their life time subject to bondage." Hence, whoever, and whatever this devil is, one thing is very certain, a time is coming in the wise purpose of God, when he will meet with sure and remediless destruction, and no more disturb the peace and happiness of the children of men.

"Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." This passage suggests to us several doctrinal reflections, and many practical inferences may be drawn from it. We learn first, that the word of God produces and sustains life. Hence the spiritual life of man is supported, and kept in some degree of exercise, by not only the rewards of virtue, but also by the judgments which are inflicted by God for his wickedness. They both aim to produce the same end, differing only in their manifestations. The reward of virtue is conferred by goodness, and the divine judgments are inflicted from the same principle; and they both seek the life of the receiver. This is evident from the language of the text. "Man shall not live by bread alone but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." The reward of the upright man cometh from our heavenly Father, and the retribution of the transgressor springs from the same source—they are both administered by the same parental and benevolent hand, and both seek to accomplish the same end, viz. life.

I wish to present an idea here, which has struck my own mind very forcibly, and which if correct proves fatal to a long cherished dogma in theology. I refer to the doctrine of the eternity of misery, which is generally denominated eternal or endless death. Now if it be true, that man "*lives by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God*," can it be possible for *eternal death to produce life*? and do not those persons who contend that this doctrine is the word of God, show conclusively that every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of Deity does not produce life, and thus virtually falsify the testimony of the Son of God? Hence we may rest assured, that the dogma of endless death was never uttered by the wise King of heaven; for his word, in every case tends to produce and sustain life, while death, considered as an end in the divine government, can never produce the life which the word of Jehovah is said to produce. Consequently the language of the text forever strikes a fatal blow at the very root of the doctrine of eternal death. Man receives life from God's word, and as eternal death can never produce or secure eternal life to the believer, we may be satisfied that it is not of divine authority, is not the word of God, and consequently has no life in it.

"Man shall not live by bread alone; that is there is something besides mere animal life to be sustained—something else that requires nutriment, and which will not be satisfied with that food which is administered to support the life and strength of the body. Before man was ushered through the portals of creation, the word went forth, "Let us make man in our own image." Now what is this image? It can not be this earthly body, for this bears no likeness to the divine nature—it is like the rest of the animal creation, earthly, and exposed to dissolution. Man, considered with reference merely to his physical system, differs not from the brute creation; and all that prevents him from running like them to excess, is owing to an intellect with which he has been endowed, and which governs in



a greater or less degree his animal propensities, and this constitutes him superior to the brute creation.

In order then for man to be the image of the divine nature, it is necessary that he possess some of those traits of character which distinguish the Deity, and which make him infinitely superior to all other beings. And this we find to be the case. Man has a spiritual nature—a like nature to the divine—though in an infinitely less degree. Man is gifted with goodness, wisdom, power, compassion, and justice; and the strength and manifestation of these principles depend upon the degree of exercise which is given them; and these several principles, and others which are connected with them, constitute man the image of God. It may be asked, if all men, without exception, bear this image? I answer unhesitatingly, yes. Even among the most abandoned of our race—among those whose whole life has been given to crime, and who have been stained with the most degrading moral pollution, you will find some exhibitions of that original nature which God conferred upon them. All men, in some circumstances, will exhibit benevolence, wisdom, power and compassion; and the frequency of these exhibitions, and their power over the animal nature of man, will depend upon the degree of exercise given to these divine principles, and the light which man as a spiritual being, enjoys. But let it be faithfully remembered, that man, even in his most degraded state, possesses principles at the very foundation of his nature which make him the image of the infinite God. If these principles did not exist—if man had no nature like the divine, then Deity could not be consistently styled the Father of all intelligent beings; any more than he could be styled the father of the brute creation.—The connexion *must* be a spiritual one—one which gives the relation between the parent and the child, and which shows at once the origin and destiny of the moral creation.

Hence, as man possesses a like nature to God, and as he is sustained and controlled by him, so this spiritual nature, which makes him the image of the Supreme Being, must be supported, and kept in existence by the word of the Almighty. This word is either revealed to him in nature, or a revelation is given and adapted to his wants. Those who have the light of revelation combined with that of nature, are more apt to exhibit clearer manifestations of their spiritual connexion with the Supreme Divinity, and show forth more plainly that they were made in the image of God. Those who have only the light of nature to guide them, are more liable to wander from the fountain head, and to hew out to themselves broken cisterns that can hold no water. But still the image, the spiritual nature is there; and when the light of divine truth shall dawn upon, and reveal to it all the supernal loveliness, and beauty, and majesty of God's character, then indeed will man know and feel, that he "shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."—He will then realize, and recognize the high and holy connexion which exists between all above and all below, and which binds all to the throne of the everlasting God. And when he sees and feels this sublime and glorious truth in all its fulness, and properly appreciates its high and holy bearings, then will he know that his beneficent Parent will never doom his *own image* to the fires of almighty wrath and unending perdition.

And, my beloved brethren, do we properly realize and appreciate the holy and tender connexion which exists between God the Father and us his children? Do we feel the great truth acting upon our souls, that it is not by bread alone we live, "but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God?" Did you ever sit yourselves down in holy and quiet meditation, and reflect upon the great, and all-absorbing, and all-important truth that God is our Father; and not ours only but also the Father of the spirits of all flesh? That you as children of the Most High are partakers of the divine nature, and as such are necessarily connected with the highest order of intelligences that surround the everlasting throne? If these things

have ever occupied your attention, I beseech you to cherish them, to reflect upon them, and to behold the duties which devolve upon you as the offspring of an all-wise and immutable Parent. We can not too often meditate upon this subject. We can not too frequently take up our Bibles, the word of God, and read the melting descriptions which are therein given of the tender care, solicitude, and love of our common Father. No! this can not be done too often; and with this great truth pervading the mind, we may safely defy the power of all man-made systems, and even in the dark hour of sorrow and adversity, when the tempests of affliction beat upon the soul, and threaten to overwhelm this frail tabernacle, even then we can know that our Almighty Father watches over us, and sustains the spiritual man by his all-consoling word. O! let me have the great and fundamental doctrine that God is my Father, and I will fear not. Earthly friends may forsake me, the ties of this world's affection may be sundered, riches may take to themselves wings and fly away, cruel poverty in all its hideous forms may assail me, yet I will remember that I have a Friend and a Father on high who doeth all things well, and from seeming evil continually educes good. With this glorious and all-happyfying truth, man may safely defy all the rude assaults of time, and look with confidence to God. There all his hopes can centre, and there he can behold goodness that is boundless and changeless, wisdom that never errs, power that knows no resistance, mercy that never faileth, and justice that knows no partiality nor revenge.

And let us, my beloved brethren, remember that we are the children of this great and good Being—that we are bound to him, and he is bound to us by a holy and indissoluble tie—that we have been created in his image—that we have received a portion of the divine nature, and are in very deed the offspring of God by creation, by a kindred nature, by preservation, and by redemption. Let us remember, that in whatever condition in life we may be placed, we live by the word of God—that the spiritual man is a bright emanation from him, is sustained by him, and preserved by him. "With Christianity, the child of God and the friend of man before us," let us go on to perfection, leaving behind us the old antiquated rubbish of earthly wisdom, and press forward through life and forever in pursuit of heavenly treasures. With the effulgent rays of a glorious and god-like faith beaming brightly upon us, let us ever conduct as children of an infinitely wise and holy Father, and as beings born to a glorious destiny. And above all, let us remember, that we bear the image of the Lord God Omnipotent—that the seal of Jehovah's divinity is stamped upon us, and that we wear the "royal signet" which marks us and all intelligences as children of him "who sitteth upon the circle of the heavens," and who holds the reins of universal empire, and who guides, directs, and conducts all to one glorious, happy and everlasting home. O! my brethren, let us remember these things; and let this soul-cheering theme inspire our hearts with gladness, and tune our voices with anthems of praise, and swell our songs, until all shall land on the peaceful shores of immortality, and with angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim, and with all God's ransomed creation, drink from the pure and boundless ocean of Jehovah's changeless and wasteless love, and forever live by that immutable word which is the life of every soul. Amen.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### LOVE AND IMMORTALITY.

Welcome change, that waits to begin our happiness, and put a period to our complaints and pains. When this languor and lukewarmness shall be turned into immortality and love, we shall be all life and vigor, and this vigor shall be all love and praise. Now corruption is a counterbalance to our love, and mortality a clog to our devotion; but then every power shall be life, every faculty active, every thought winged, and every motion heavenly. We shall praise with transport, and sing with rapture; we shall adore with ecstasy, and love with

delight, and all this, day and night, without ever ceasing, or being exhausted, being then perfect in every grace, and immortal in every power. Receiving our fulness from the divine plenitude, as a pipe supplied by the vast ocean, we shall pour out perpetual streams of praise, and torrents of love, and be more and more capacitated, enlarged, and replenished, by this eternal employment. Such is the happy state, which the Universalist's belief and hopes claim, and to which, some time or other, we all shall attain. Such was St. Paul's belief, when he said, "For as in Adam all die, even so (in like manner) in Christ shall all be made alive." "It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power. It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly," etc. Such language I find on almost every page of my Bible, (which is purely a Universal one.) When this takes place, then shall our love be wholly a vigorous immortality, and our immortality exercised in nothing but love.—On the Sun of Righteousness, divinely bright, transcendently glorious, we shall fix our eyes, which shall be strengthened as they gaze, and never cease to behold and admire the divine object. We shall emulate the seraphim, and strive, not out of self-conceit, but from the glowings of sacred gratitude, the prevalence of divine love in our breasts, to sing as loud, and love as intensely as they, the exalted ones, whom we can call our Redeemer, our Resurrection, and our God. We shall go out, in all the faculties of our spirits to Him, without one moment's interruption; and yet our eyes shall never be so satisfied with seeing, as to shut them on the glories above, nor our ears fatigued with hearing the hallelujahs on high. Sleep shall be as foreign to our immortal perfections then, as it is impossible for our mortal frames to subsist without nourishment. There is no comma in the hosanna above; no night in the years of the better land of the most High. No distractions shall disturb the vast family of redeemed man, when in the presence of God, where perfect love casts out fear, where bliss is as boundless as our desires, and measures with eternity itself.

Volney, Oct. 28, 1843.

WM. D. BRADFORD.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### BR. R. W. CHENEY—REPARATION.

The readers of this paper will recollect that a few weeks since I made a call for "information" concerning the whereabouts, circumstances, and occupation of the above individual, on account of a demand I held against him, having written a number of times to him in different places, where I heard he was, without receiving any answer. Br. C., has lately written informing me that he had never received (previous to that notice) either of the letters I had addressed him, having left Tompkins county for a visit to Vermont previous to my last letter being sent, acknowledging his indebtedness and promising payment. He says he could pay at once if the people where he has preached would pay him what they agreed to; "for yet," he adds, "I never received that in my life." Now the question occurs, are not individuals and societies who engage a minister to preach for them, agreeing to pay a stipulated sum or salary, and then refuse or neglect to pay him, guilty, both before God and man, of dishonesty? Are they not as criminal as if they employed a man to till their farms and refused to pay him his wages? And if their minister fails to meet his pecuniary engagements in consequence, are not they the cause of his failure and morally, if not legally accountable therefor? It is true, ministers ought not to contract debts unless morally certain of being able to pay; but this fact does not lessen the guilt of those who agree, and then refuse, to pay their public servants. I exonerate Br. C. from all blame for not answering letters which he never received, and trust that hereafter societies will fulfil their engagements with him; that so he may discharge his engagements



to me, and all others to whom he may be indebted, and thus "owe no man any thing to love one another." D. SKINNER.

November, 13, 1843.

### EXPOSITION.

"For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell: and having made peace through the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile all things unto himself, by him I say, whether they be things in earth or things in heaven." Col. i: 19, 20.

We have here in this portion of the Scriptures, an unanswerable argument in favor of the doctrine of universal salvation, so clear that every one can see it, whose mind is freed from prejudice. We will divide the texts under different heads, to comment upon them.

1. Who is it, in whom it pleased the Father that all fulness should dwell? We answer, in Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God, and the Saviour of mankind, to redeem and regenerate a fallen race. He is the Messiah, therefore, spoken of by the ancient prophets. The mediator between God and man, the propitiation for the sins of the whole world.

2. What is meant by "in him should all fulness dwell?" We answer, as the representative of God, entrusted to perform a mighty work, Christ was clothed with many of the attributes of Deity, in a high degree—therefore he was called "the power of God, and the wisdom of God." 1 Cor. i: 24. And he says, "all power is given me in heaven and earth." Matt. xxviii: 18. With wisdom to devise, and power to execute, omnipotent in themselves, the Son of God was fully prepared to perform the great work of saving the world from sin, corruption and death. No one should doubt the Saviour's ability to perform his Father's will, which is, that all men shall be saved. See 1 Tim. ii: 4.

3. What is meant by "all things in earth or things in heaven?" By this we understand, all intelligent creatures. Mankind, are here represented by this mode of speech—and in favor of this, we have the opinion of the learned Archbishop Newcome, and Professor Stuart.—Nothing else, though, from the phraseology of the text, could be meant. Persons—intelligent creatures, must be those who are to be reconciled—and these are all mankind, as a whole.

4. What is this work, which Christ has to do, called in the text, "to reconcile all things?" We answer—"to reconcile all things," means to save, regenerate, and redeem all God's offspring—all and every one of the descendants of Adam. Man is represented in the Scriptures, as being at enmity with his Creator, his God, not that God is at enmity with him. Christ was sent to render all mankind reconciled to God—to save them from sin and from error—to make them holy, and, consequently, happy. But this can not be effected this side of eternity. Vast multitudes of the human family go down to their graves, irreconciled, and even without a knowledge of Christ, or of the word of God; but the work of Christ must be accomplished. His power must extend beyond the confines of the grave—and as he is to conquer death, his victory must and will be so universal as to save and redeem the whole of the intelligent creatures whom God has made and placed upon this earth.

We therefore draw from this part of the word of God, the cheering intelligence, that our heavenly Father invested his Son with all power and wisdom sufficient to redeem and save every creature of the human family—and with this evidence before us, who can doubt that this purpose of God will be accomplished? Infinite power and infinite wisdom, can not be thwarted. There is nothing that can prevent the performance of this work, on the part of the Great Captain of our Salvation!—Warrior.

### PROCLAMATION,

BY WM. C. BOUCK, GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK.

In obedience to that high sense of gratitude, due the Almighty Ruler of the Universe, I do hereby designate THURSDAY, the 14th day of December next, to be observed by the people of this State

as a day of PRAYER, PRAISE and THANKSGIVING to ALMIGHTY GOD, for the numerous and unmerited blessings of the year.

I feel assured that this act of public duty is in accordance with the wishes of the People, and will meet with universal acquiescence.

As a People, we have great reason to be thankful, and to praise the Almighty Dispenser of all good, for the continued smiles of His providence on our State and Nation.

During the past year, we have been permitted to enjoy our religious and political privileges unmo- lested. We have been exempt from those ravages of malignant disease which sometimes afflict a people. The season has been highly propitious, and seldom has the harvest been more abundant. As a crowning blessing, the Spirit of the Lord has revived the hearts of Christians, and brought to a saving knowledge many who knew not God.

For the distinguished blessings we have enjoyed, we should raise our hearts in humble adoration to our Father in Heaven: thereby presenting to the world the imposing spectacle of the entire population of a great State, abstaining from all secular engagements on the day designated, and devoting themselves to the service of the Almighty. We should always remember that "righteousness exalteth a nation."

Given under my hand, and the privy seal of the State, at the city of Albany, this tenth day [L. s.] of Nov., in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-three.

WILLIAM C. BOUCK.

### A HEBREW WEDDING.

A Hebrew Wedding took place at the Synagogue, in New York, on Wednesday. The ceremonies, as usual on such occasions, were very impressive. A long recitative in Hebrew was chanted by the priest from the altar, after which a canopy, 120 years old, resting on four uprights, was brought out, and held over the heads of the reader and the groom, all wearing their hats. The bride was then brought in by her bridesmaids and family, and closely veiled, took her place also under the canopy. The priest then chanted a prayer, and after that a glass of wine was brought him, which he tasted, and then the bridegroom and bride. The wedding ring was then placed by the groom on the finger of the bride, accompanied by the admission that it was the evidence of their betrothing. The priest then chanted the seven blessings from the prayers, which were appropriate to such an occasion. The wine was again tasted, and after that, the glass in which it was contained was dashed to the ground and broken in pieces. It is done as an emblem of the mortality of our race, and a memento of the destruction of the temple. This ended the ceremony, and the married couple immediately left the synagogue.

The True Sun gives the following account of these ceremonies among the English Jews:

"We understand it is rather an innovation upon the ancient practice, to have these weddings solemnized in their synagogues. Among the English Jews they usually take place at houses of public resort. The London taverns are quite celebrated in this respect. It is usual in England for an engagement to exist for six months or a year before the marriage, and the ceremony of betrothing is one at which there is much rejoicing among friends. A month before the wedding day, there is a circular sent round to the acquaintances of the betrothed, inviting friends to the ceremony. It is also customary there to read the marriage contract under the canopy, (after placing the ring upon the finger,) in which there are very curious stipulations for the benefit of the female, either as a wife or widow. Bands of music are not unfrequently employed at these weddings, and the pieces performed are solemn Jewish melodies. All the guests bring presents proportioned to their means, and such sometimes is the profusion of their liberality, that the amount received is very large.

It must not be forgotten that the Jews always considered marriage as a matter of obligation, and

the earlier their young people marry, the more honorable is it in their estimation. There were also some curious customs and laws established by Moses, most of which have fallen into disuse since the final dispersion of their race."

MANKIND are not satisfied with the bitter schools of affliction through which they pass, but rather seem to court the shadowy cloud, to drink still deeper grief.

### THE NEW-YORK CHRISTIAN MESSENGER

Enters upon its 13th volume on the 18th of November. Extensive improvements are in contemplation, on the new volume, both as to its matter and appearance, by securing increased talent to its columns, and putting it on new type throughout.

For its general character and standing, reference may be had to its persevering efforts in the cause of Universalism, and the moral elevation of the race, for the last twelve years. As in the past, so in the future, no efforts will be spared to render it one of the best publications in the order—a valuable journal of Religion, Literature—in short, an acceptable Family Paper, either for the established Universalist, or for the inquirer after the truth of the doctrine—and even for the candid opposer, who is disposed to examine both sides of the question. In all its course it aims to be guided by the law of kindness and love, and to say to those who can not unite with it in sentiment—"Come now, and let us reason together."

Its Religious Department will embrace Sermons; Essays, doctrinal and practical; brief Expositions of (supposed) difficult passages of Scripture; the consideration of Objections to Universalism; Denominational Information, &c.

Its Literary Department will embrace interesting Tales, Sketches, Poetry, &c., original and selected, and great pains will be taken that it shall be of a moral and elevating character.

A very interesting Youth's Department is also sustained to which Mrs. C. M. Sawyer, very favorably known in the literary world, has contributed regularly and extensively, for a few years past. A brief record of passing events, Foreign and Domestic, is also given.

Arrangements are in progress for a series of articles of a Commentary, Expository and Literary character, which shall give a greater solidity and permanence to the volume, and render it still more worthy of preservation.

It is proposed, also, to give in the course of the volume, (to commence in the early part,) a highly interesting Historical Tale, entitled, "THE SCOUT; OR THE FAST OF ST. NICHOLAS." To those who had the pleasure of perusing the very interesting Tale—"Eagle of the Mohawks"—inserted in the volume for 1840-1, it need only be stated that the "Scout" is a continuation, or more properly speaking, a Sequel to that work, taking up the narrative and bringing the history down to the succeeding generation, and possessing, if possible, a more thrilling interest than even that admirable work. The story, of itself, is worth half the subscription of the volume. Other interesting Tales, Sketches, Essays, &c., will be given, all combining to render this volume, it is hoped, much superior to any which has ever preceded it.

The general Editorial management will remain under the charge of Mr. Price, who has labored so devotedly at that post for the last twelve years.

To meet the heavy outlays of all these improvements, the Proprietor respectfully, but earnestly asks of the friends of this paper, one and all, early and active efforts for an extension of its circulation. The "hard times" of the past few years has curtailed its list, but there are now more encouraging prospects, in regard to business, and a moderate but general effort will place the paper at once in a favorable condition, and warrant the proposed improvements.—Will each subscriber consider this as addressed to him, personally, and act accordingly? It is hoped, present subscribers will continue, and each try to get an additional one.

The paper is issued in two forms—one, the "Universalist Union," in octavo, making a yearly volume of 832 large closely printed pages, embracing the religious and literary matter of the Messenger, at \$2.50—the other, [the Messenger,] in folio or newspaper form, at \$2.00 per annum, both in advance.

Specimen numbers may be had on application, by letter, (post paid or free,) or in person, at the Publishing Office, Universalist Book and Paper Establishment, No. 140 Fulton street, (second floor,) New York. Address [post paid or free] "Editor Union and Messenger," or the undersigned, at the above number. C. L. STICKNEY, Proprietor.



From the New-York Christian Messenger.  
**TO THE POLAR STAR.**

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

Star of the North! I hail the dawn of thine effulgent light,  
 Whose steady ray is beaming now in beauty on my sight;  
 Thou comest like a friend to me upon this distant shore,  
 To tell me of the home I love, but may behold no more!

Bright polar star! thou art the same that, o'er my child-  
 hood's home,  
 Looked in my young and dreamy eye, ere I had learned to  
 roam.

And here thou gazest on me now, tho' thousand miles away,  
 Where, on the Iowa's green shore, a wanderer I stray!

Oh, thou a sacred mission hast, perchance, bright star! for  
 me,  
 To waken in my truant heart some dimmed home memory!  
 It needeth not!—each voice I love sounds ever in my ear,  
 And home, with all its thousand ties, seemed never half so  
 dear!

Shine on! for other eyes than mine are gazing up to thee—  
 Fond eyes that now, I well believe, are dim with tears for  
 me—

Eyes that full often upon mine with deepest love have  
 turned,

'Till their soft, sweet and thrilling gaze far down my deep  
 heart burned!

Shine on! for ancient seers have taught, there are whose  
 gifted eye,  
 Can read the deep, mysterious love that's written on the  
 sky;

Whose spirit's gaze, from earthly mist all purified, can  
 trace

Language by others all unseen, oh! star upon thy face!

I do believe the tale, bright star! and on thy page to-night,  
 My spirit shall for those I love a tender message write,  
 My pen shall be this burning ray, which from thy beams I  
 cull,

Dipp'd in the fountain of my heart, whose tide is ever full!

Oh, thou, whoe'er thou art, to whom she priceless boon is  
 given,

To send thy searching gaze on high and seize the love of  
 heaven,

Read what my spirit now inscribes upon the Northern Star,  
 And tell it to the friends that dwell in my loved home afar!

Tell them that though on distant shores with weary foot I  
 stray,

My fond heart, as the magnet true, still turns the homeward  
 way;

That, as the dove which left the ark no resting place  
 obtained,

So will my spirit flutter still till its own home is gained!

Oh, bid them pray for me—those friends—if that I still am  
 dear,

Pray, I 'mid strangers may not die and leave my ashes  
 here—

Here, where no sacred kindred dust beside mine own may  
 sleep,

And not a heart I ever loved will o'er me come to weep!

Tell them I hope—may hope avail—my journeyings soon  
 o'er,

With health and gladness on my brow to meet them all once  
 more—

To stand again within my home, beside the sounding main,  
 And clasp my treasures to my heart—all, all my own again!

Star of the North! my task is done, and from thy radiant  
 face,

May no dark, envious storm arise my message to efface.

And nightly shall I watch thine orb, if I perchance may see  
 Some answer from the friends I love, there written out for  
 me!

Iowa, October 10, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

**"AFFLICTION COMETH NOT FROM  
 THE DUST."—JOB.**

BY REV. H. BELDING.

The question is often asked, "Why should man  
 be afflicted?" "Why is it that the tear of sorrow  
 must course down his cheek?" In some cases, this  
 question may seem unanswerable. Attendant cir-  
 cumstances may entirely prevent us from arriving

to any thing like a satisfactory why or wherefore.  
 There are things occurring, in the providence of  
 God which, to us, are mysterious; and we may  
 truly say of him, as David said, "clouds and dark-  
 ness are round about him." But, are we from this  
 to conclude that, on the part of God, any thing is  
 not as it should be; that he that ordereth all things  
 is un mindful of us, not having consulted our highest  
 good? When brooding over our afflictions, we are  
 apt to forget that we are but shortsighted beings;  
 while he sees the end from the beginning. This be-  
 ing the case, we can not expect to comprehend and  
 understand all his designs. "As the heavens are  
 higher than the earth; so are his ways above our  
 ways." Then would I say to all, when the pro-  
 vidences of God appear dark and mysterious, let  
 this thought be uppermost in the mind, man is finite  
 and limited in all his faculties; but God is infinite  
 and unlimited in his. With this thought well im-  
 pressed upon the mind, you will not expect to un-  
 derstand all the allotments of Divine Providence.  
 You will see that, were it otherwise—were man  
 able to understand the ways of the Deity perfectly,  
 there would be little need of a controlling agency  
 to direct in any of his affairs.

From the foregoing remarks, I would not be un-  
 derstood as favoring the absurd practice of dispos-  
 ing of every thing by affixing to it the term myster-  
 ious. No: but I wish it to be well understood, that  
 things may occur in the providence of God, right,  
 probably in themselves, though not understood by  
 us. Take for instance, the case of any only child,  
 snatched, early in life, away from the fond embrace  
 of doating parents. The question arises, "Why  
 this? Why could it not have been continued on  
 earth, the joy of its father, and the delight of its  
 mother?" Such a case is disposed of only by re-  
 solving it into an appointment of the Deity; nor is  
 this all; we have yet to say, that all his appoint-  
 ments are in accordance with infinite goodness.

But, it may be asked, if God be a being infinite  
 in goodness; where is the evidence? We read in  
 the good book, it is true, that "the Lord is good to  
 all; and his tender mercies over all his works;"  
 but is it with us a matter of experience; and do we  
 see the application, so far as we ourselves are con-  
 cerned? I think we do: each of us having evi-  
 dence sufficient to assure us of the benevolence of  
 the Deity. Who is there that can say, his whole  
 life has been one continued scene of affliction? Or  
 who, all things considered, can say, better had I  
 never been, than to exist under precept circumstan-  
 ces? There are moments doubtless, in the lives of  
 most people, when they can almost persuade them-  
 selves, that it would have been better, had they  
 been left out of existence! But mark you, this  
 state of mind does not long continue. As the dark  
 cloud that, for a moment shuts from our view the  
 rays of the sun, passes away; so it is, generally,  
 with the gloom that shrouds the human mind.

But, after all our endeavors to account for the  
 wondrous ways of God to man, there is yet some-  
 thing rather forbidding in the reflection, that man  
 must suffer, and that too, by the appointment of  
 the Deity; and no doubt this feeling would become  
 immovably fixed in the mind; were we not re-  
 lieved by the reflection, that the world was not de-  
 signed for us an abiding home. It was among the  
 benevolent appointments of the Deity, that we  
 should continue but a short time, this side the grave.

And, although many things appear dark and  
 mysterious here, let it once be admitted, that our  
 present existence is but a prelude to a state of eternal  
 happiness hereafter; and the magnitude of present  
 evils will be lessened; yea they will sink into in-  
 significance—they will remain but to wean us from  
 the world, and prepare us for that change that  
 awaits us. Seeing we must all, in due time, leave  
 the world; it is well there are things in our expe-  
 rience, to counteract too strong an attachment to it.  
 The ills of life are these counteracting influences;  
 and many a one, on his death bed, has felt that  
 their effect was not lost upon him. At that trying  
 hour, a person can look back upon scenes passed  
 through, and see a mixture of joy and sorrow. At  
 one time, all was life and joy. At another, afflic-  
 tion bowed him down beneath its heavy load; and

often, yes full often, he could say, this world, at  
 least, is but a world of trial.

Such is the experience, and such the testimony  
 of all, concerning this fleeting world. All here are  
 at agreement: and I would that they were equally  
 well agreed respecting the world to which we hasten;  
 that is if they could unite in views that would  
 give consolation to all. Could all, when about to  
 leave, contrast the two conditions; and, after cast-  
 ing an eye upon the present, and seeing it as it is,  
 a scene of trial, look beyond the grave, and by a  
 lively faith, see there a world where nothing shall  
 disturb; where peace and happiness shall hold  
 their eternal reign—then would they rejoice; and,  
 in their plenitude of joy bid farewell to earth with-  
 out a sigh.

Such views, and such only, will reconcile us to  
 a world like ours; and with a faith, such as these  
 inspire (and these only) can we be reconciled to all  
 the dealings of mysterious providence. Ah blessed  
 faith! and with it, can we not die in peace?—  
 When we shall come to that point, where we shall  
 know that our days are numbered; O then if this  
 shall fail us; I know not what may not fail! If a  
 firm belief in the unending, the eternal, the univer-  
 sal love of God to all his dependent children, and  
 a belief that this love shall effect the reformation—  
 the glorification—the eternal salvation of the vast  
 family of man—if this will not stand the test; I  
 know not what will! Where are they who could  
 wish for other faith, as friends stand around to close  
 their eyes in death? Such are numbered not  
 among our fallen race.

Let me say then, had the time come when you  
 were about to say to earth—to friends farewell—a  
 long farewell; would you not wish for a belief in  
 which was an assurance, that the separation would  
 not be eternal? Or, suppose it were not your lot  
 to pass from earth so soon; that you were to con-  
 tinue years yet upon the earth; and, during that  
 time, were to follow to the grave the cold remains  
 of many a friend—many a near and dear relative—  
 and when standing by their side, and looking into  
 the "narrow house"—and while dropping the tear  
 to the memory of the dead; would you not wish  
 for the assurance, that their future home would be  
 your home, and that home heaven? And, in such  
 a trying moment, were you to lift your voice in  
 prayer to the great Disposer of all events; and,  
 had you one wish above all others, would not that  
 wish be, that, in future time, you might find all  
 your friends, yea the world in the kingdom of im-  
 mortal blessedness! The feeling, the benevolent,  
 the sympathetic say yes. Give me but this faith  
 in its purity, in its firmness, and I ask no more,  
 when death shall lay me low, or take from me near  
 and dear kindred. If we have all one Father—a  
 Father in heaven; and if that Father operates for the  
 best—the highest happiness of all his children—  
 and let me know that the declaration of the apos-  
 tle is true; "that, in the dispensation of the full-  
 ness of time, he will gather together in one, all  
 things in Christ"—this is enough; let what will  
 come, I can look heavenward, and in imitation of  
 the Saviour say, "not my will, but thine be done."

Cherry Valley, Nov. 5th.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

**ANXIOUS CONCERN ABOUT THE FU-  
 TURE CONDEMNED.**

BY J. M. DAY.

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Matt. vi: 34.

Anxious care about the future is with mankind, a  
 fruitful source of evil and unhappiness: It is true  
 indeed that man's hopes and desires are not bounded  
 by the present; but by overlooking the present,  
 and having his mind anxiously concerned for the  
 future, he sacrifices present comfort and enjoyment.  
 By this anxiety—this great solicitude—this appre-  
 hension lest things will not turn out in future to his  
 advantage, he adds tenfold to the evils that daily  
 and hourly throng around him from causes which  
 he can not control.

Our Saviour, conscious of this fact, exhorted his  
 disciples, not to be anxiously concerned about the  
 future, in consideration of the fact, that "sufficient



unto the day is the evil thereof," that is, every day brings with it enough of evil, enough of calamity, enough of misfortune, without adding to them by an anxious concern respecting what is hidden from human view, by the impenetrable veil of futurity. Said he, "Take therefore no thought for the morrow"—that is, "Be not anxiously careful for the morrow." Have confidence in God. Trust in his providence, for his care extends over all, even the inferior creation. He feeds with his bountiful hand the birds of the air, and clothes in beauty the lilies of the field. You then have abundant reason to trust in his providence, and should not be anxiously concerned about the future, which is a fruitful source of unhappiness. Bear with patience and manly fortitude the evils that are incident to every day life and do not add to them by imaginary ones, resulting from concern for the future.

This is evidently the substance of the meaning of our Saviour's words. He did not by any means intend to teach his disciples that their temporal wants would be supplied without any exertion on their part—that whether active, or inactive, they would suffer no inconveniences from lack of food and clothing. The lesson which he taught them, was, that they should trust in the goodness and providence of God their heavenly Father, whose care extended to the minutest objects of his creation, that they need not be anxiously concerned about temporal matters, as to what they should have for food and raiment, while engaged in the discharge of the duties that devolved upon them. Sufficient evils would every day throng around them, which would require a good degree of patience and fortitude to withstand. These would be enough without distressing and perplexing the mind with imaginary ones. The disciples were taught that God who did not neglect to feed the birds of the air, to clothe in beauty and grandeur the lilies of the field, would not neglect to place within their reach the means of subsistence, while they were engaged in the important duties, belonging to the mission on which they were to be sent. It was needful that they should be instructed in this matter, because they were to teach and preach the goodness and providential care of the Deity, and in view thereof to exhort man to repentance.

That we should not be at all concerned about, or that we should make no provision whatever for, the future, is by no means the sentiment we would inculcate, nor is this the sentiment taught by our Saviour. It is that anxious solicitude for the future, which causes us to overlook the duties and concerns of the present, and which deprives us of many joys and sources of enjoyment by adding to the evils that are incident to every-day life, which Christ directed his disciples to avoid, and which, for many reasons, it is highly desirable, should be guarded against; but especially in view of the fact that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Every day brings with it sufficient evils. We have more or less to contend with daily—many of them evils from which humanity can not be exempt.

The arrows of sickness and disease often pierce us—death makes inroads upon the circle of our friends and relatives, and draws from our eyes the tears of sorrow. Men are oftentimes sadly distressed in consequence of the loss of property, from causes which they could not control—disappointments fall to their lot and beset their paths with thorns. Often is one's brow clouded with sadness, as the melancholy tidings of the disasters and misfortunes, that befall his fellow creatures, reach his ear and touch a sympathetic chord in his heart. Often is the parent's soul filled with anguish in consequence of the folly and waywardness of his child, and many a bitter tear does he shed over his depravity and wickedness, and many a prayer, coming from the depth of his agonized heart, wings its flight to heaven on his behalf.

This is a glance merely at the evils to which we are daily exposed; but is it not emphatically true that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof?" that each day brings with it enough of misfortune and disappointment, without adding to them by apprehending future ill. The minds of multitudes

are in constant perplexity and agitation lest their plans will not succeed to their satisfaction and advantage, lest some untoward event will arise and defeat the objects, to attain which they bend their energies. Thus by being anxiously concerned with the future, which they can not penetrate, and by apprehending misfortunes will befall them of which perhaps there is no real danger, they add greatly to the evils that are incident to every day life and deprive themselves of many comforts and enjoyments. And in their anxiety to discover what the future has in store for them, they neglect many of the important duties and concerns of the present.—The future is alone open to the eye of the Omniscient. It is folly therefore to attempt to lift the curtain. It is folly to be so anxiously concerned about the future, and only adds to the evils and misfortunes of life. Let us then have a realizing sense of the truth of the Saviour's language, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Let us have confidence in the goodness of God our heavenly Father. Let us attend with fidelity to the duties of the present and endure with patience and fortitude the evils to which we are unavoidably exposed.

Morganville, Nov., 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### THE BOUNDARY OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

The writer of this article is fully aware, that to circumscribe the objects of human knowledge, and confine thought within such boundary, is no easy task; but the cause of truth against error, in the present state of the public mind, seems to demand its accomplishment. Truth is an object worthy the belief of all; and scepticism gains but an ignominious victory when it lessens its value. An ardent desire, that the limit of human attainment may be clearly seen by all, prompts the following exposition of that limit.

First. Mind and matter are separate entities, in the constitution of man united, each known to the mind by properties and qualities peculiar to itself. The properties of matter are entity, or thing, form, size, weight, color, number, in things or properties; order, in arrangement, and locality, in position.—These, we believe, include all the properties of matter; by them it is known, and by them alone.

Second. The qualities of mind are consciousness, desire, feeling, emotion or will: and thought, including perception and reflection. These include all the qualities of mind; they are wholly distinct from any thing we do or can know of matter; by them is mind recognized, and by them alone.

Third. Mind and matter are, each, governed by its own laws; and, in man, these laws are intimately blended, producing mental, and material or physical action.

Fourth. Every acting cause must produce an effect; every effect must have had an adequate cause, and like causes, acting in the same circumstances, must produce like effects. These principles in philosophy will not be controverted.

Fifth. The cause of an effect may be the effect of a previously acting cause; as man is the cause of a steam engine, so is he the effect of a previously acting cause.

Sixth. The universe seems susceptible of three great divisions; viz. inanimate matter, as a stone; inanimate matter, as in man; and the animating principle or spirit, as the mind. These divisions appear to be so graduated, that neither rises above its own nature; animated matter rules the inanimate, as man in the material world; and spirit seems to rule the animate world, as pure mind is believed to rule man. Hence, each grade must act, if it act at all, upon the one immediately beneath itself.

Seventh. As every effect, within the bounds of human knowledge, must have an adequate cause; as an inanimate, or animate, thing could not have been adequate to its own creation; and as things animate and inanimate, exist, therefore, their adequate cause must, necessarily, have been superior to themselves.

Eight. As an inanimate engine could not have

caused itself, it must have had an animate cause; and as animate man could not have caused himself, he must have had a super-animate or spiritual cause. To gain a conception of the nature of a spiritual cause, mind must be considered apart from matter—thus being turned to an examination of itself.

Ninth. The intellectual faculties, acting through matter, acquire a knowledge of external things—their properties, and the origin, relations and tendencies of those properties. The other qualities of the mind constitute the selfish, moral and religious character of the man. The intellectual faculties are perception, relative and reflective, in their offices or functions. The perceptive faculties perceive the physical or material properties of an object; the relative have reference to the relations of those properties; and the reflective reflect upon the origin, relations and tendencies of objects, properties and actions. Now, as it is the office of perception to perceive objects, properties and relations; and as reflection acts upon such perception, when there is no perception there can be no reflection; and as the immaterial mind has no physical or material properties for perception, reflection has no data, from which to draw conclusions relative to the nature of the mind. This conclusion to the mind of the writer, is a satisfactory answer to the question, Can the mind understand its own nature? and, with due deference, he submits it to the mind of the reader.

Tenth. The mind can understand the properties of matter, but it can not understand the prime essence itself; it can also perceive and reflect upon the action of laws which govern it, in its various forms and relations; but it can not fathom the intrinsic nature of those laws themselves. Is not this sufficiently evident?

Eleventh. When the mind contemplates outward things, perception perceives the earth, and vegetation, and animal life, as great facts for reflection; reflection discovers relations between the earth and vegetation, and between vegetation and animal life; reflection sees adaptation and design in those relations, and concludes, that they are not the properties of matter but of mind, because they are not the objects of perception but of reflection. Hence, arise all our ideas of the nature of mind, and, when applied to the origin of the universe, of Deity.—This process does not unfold the nature of either; but it shows, that the mind can not rise superior to itself, and comprehend its own nature and origin. It also exhibits the defect of the Atheist's reasoning, who says, "There is no God," merely because he can not comprehend his nature and origin. The writer would be deemed inexcusable for saying that the sun is not, merely because he can not see how or whence it is; and, if he were an Atheist, he would be quite as consistent and reasonable to deny his own being, as to deny a cause for that being, simply because he is man and not Deity.

Oxford, N. Y.

J. J. AUSTIN.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

At a meeting of the Universalist Society of Canandaigua, held Nov. 5th, 1843, in view of closing an engagement with Br. U. Clark, as an expression of sentiment from this society which is justly due him, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That in parting with Br. U. Clark, who has officiated as our pastor for the last year, it is with feelings of sincere regret. That his highly exemplary character, and his untiring devotion to the cause of universal and impartial grace entitle him to our most sincere and heartfelt esteem, and we shall ever cherish the memory of his sojourn with us among our pleasantest recollections.

Resolved, That in whatever quarter of our Master's vineyard our young brother may be called to labor, our best and most heartfelt wishes for his welfare and prosperity will follow him. That in his future career of life he may be guided and sustained by Divine providence, and be enabled faithfully to promulgate the doctrine of God's impartial grace and goodness, to the family of man.



Resolved, That these proceedings be signed by our Chairman and Clerk, and the Clerk furnish a copy of them to the Rev. Uriah Clark, and to the Editors of the Magazine and Advocate and Western Luminary, for publication.

JOHN GAGE, Chairman.

HORACE MANLEY, Clerk.

Canandaigua, N. Y., Nov. 1843.

## MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry

UTICA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1843.

### ARE SUCH FEELINGS CHRISTIAN?

I have seen some people look very sad, and even get angry, on hearing a Universalist advance proof after proof and argument after argument, each one clearer and stronger than the one that preceded it. They looked, and spoke, and acted, as if they were really grieved and vexed at the bare idea that all men would finally be saved from sin, and become holy and happy! Could it be so? Were they really angry at hearing such glad tidings proved to be the truth of God?

After a time some one of their number would make out to reply after a fashion—and as text after text rolled out, containing the words “hell,” “hell fire,” “everlasting punishment,” “damnation,” etc.; and as he urged and repeated the doctrine of endless sin and suffering, these people would begin to look pleased again—their cheeks would glow, their eyes sparkle, smiles would wreath their lips, and every look and every motion would express satisfaction and delight. Was it really so? Did they really rejoice at the increasing prospect opened to their minds, that finally a great portion of our race—perhaps themselves included—might be endlessly sinful and miserable? If so, were those feelings *Christian*? If not, what is the doctrine?

A. B. G.

### FLUCTUATIONS IN RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

The mutations of this world extend to every thing.—In this city, since I have resided here—that is to say, within thirteen years—two or three Presbyterian societies have died, besides other so-termed orthodox societies. The Old School church of which the Rev. Dr. Weeks was pastor, died first. Afterward (for I do not remember the precise succession) a Bethel Presbyterian or Congregational Society in West Utica, Rev. J. B. Shaw, Pastor, died. The Presbyterian Society in Bleeker street changed its name, and the character of its seats, while under Dr. Lansing's care, and then died as the Bleeker street, or Free Church Presbyterian Society, as it had died before when it changed its name from the “Second” to the “Bleeker street” society, to relieve itself from debt. The Congregationalist society took its place, until I believe it is now dead, or dying; being swallowed up by a new society of Old School Presbyterians, or (as they have called themselves) “the Presbyterian Church of the United States,” or, as they are now facetiously termed in reference to their half national claim, “the United States’ Church.” In the mean time, one or two other societies have also given up the ghost—and, in some cases, have revived again, or assumed a new form as well as a new existence. Thus change has followed change in the religious societies around us—and many that have lived on, have suffered every thing save death in their fluctuations between prosperity and adversity.

The foregoing is given to show the instability of human affairs; and that the popular and wealthy sects, as well as the more humble, are not exempt from decay and death.

A. B. G.

### ANOTHER NEW PREACHER.

By the following letter from Br. J. Potter, it will be seen that we have another accession to the ministry of the Reconciliation. Thus they come, and thus let them continue to come, only let them be well prepared for the

great duties of the high office they assume; if they are so, and then continue faithfully to fulfil the preacher's mission, the abundant blessings of God will attend them and their labors; and the cause be built up and multitudes of hearts be made to rejoice “in the living God as the Savior of all men.”

H. B. S.

“Ogdensburgh, Nov. 8, 1843.

“BR. GROSH—I am happy to be able to inform you, that there appear evidences in this part of our Zion of an increased interest in the cause of universal grace. We have ever prayed for the spread of the truth and the conversion of the world to God, but to effect this, laborers are needed to gather the whitened fields—and lo, they are coming. Br. E. A. HOLBROOK who has been with me most of the time since I have been in this county has commenced preaching the word to good acceptance and with flattering prospects. He is a young man of good academic education which he acquired at Potsdam and Clinton “Institute;” he possesses a well balanced mind, and a reputation without reproach, and withal a zeal worthy the cause he has espoused.

The ladies of this place have given evidence of their zeal in the good cause by forming a sewing society with flattering prospects and whose aid is of much importance in carrying forward the cause.

Yours in the Gospel,  
Rev. A. B. Grosh.”

JOB POTTER.

### A NEW COMMENTARY ON THE NEW TESTAMENT.

We see it announced in the Trumpet, that a Universalist Commentary on the New Testament is in the course of preparation, by our venerable Br. Lucius R. Paige, and is shortly to be published. We need a work of this kind—we have long needed it—and we are happy to learn that we are soon to have it. Br. Paige has long devoted himself to those studies which will fit him well to produce a good work—one which will be indispensable to the library of every Universalist. And if it shall be what we have every reason to believe it will be, it must meet with a good fortune in an extensive circulation in our denomination, and prove to thousands an invaluable aid in explaining and defending our distinctive doctrines, by a true and learned interpretation of the New Testament Scriptures. Let it be forthcoming—it will find hosts of eager readers.

H. B. S.

UNIVERSALIST QUARTERLY AND GENERAL REVIEW.—No. 1, January, 1844. Boston: Published by A. Tompkins, No. 38 Cornhill.

Such is the title of a new work which comes before our denomination for its patronage and support. It is edited by Br. Hosea Ballou 2d—all our best writers to be contributors. It is just such a work as we need, as we can not live without. In mechanical execution, it is equal to any similar work published in our country. It is not designed for our preachers only—and I hope that erroneous and hurtful idea will not obtain currency among our lay brethren, as it did too extensively with regard to the Expositor—but it is designed for any and every man who would himself be, and who would have his family, thoroughly read on the great subjects of the day, especially those that have any bearing upon the interests of Universalism, or the religious interests of man. It is hoped—it is expected that not only every preacher in the denomination, but every lay brother also, who can possibly spare two dollars for the support of a reputable, denominational standard work, will immediately subscribe for the Quarterly. Now is the time to do it so as to secure a full copy of all the volumes that shall be published.

We have only room this week to give the contents of the first number, and the publisher's conditions. The articles contained in the present number are as follows:—1st. Whately's Kingdom of Christ, by S. R. Smith;—2d. Past, Present, Future, by T. B. Thayer;—3d. Doctrinal Preaching, by O. A. Skinner;—4th. Puseyism—Neology, by Horace Greely;—5th. Apparent inequalities of Providence, awards of particular and distinct laws, by W. M. Fernald;—6th. Sin and its desert, by

H. Ballou 2d;—7th. State of opinion in the churches of the Apostolic Age, by H. Ballou 2d;—8th. Luther, by Sarah C. Edgerton;—9th. Literary Notices.

Conditions;—1. The Review will be published in numbers, containing 108 octavo pages each, on superior paper and new type, corresponding with the present number.

2. It will be issued quarterly, on the first of January, April, July, and October, making four numbers, or 432 pages in the course of the year, at two dollars per annum, payable, in all cases, on the delivery of the first number.

3. Any person paying for six subscribers, in advance, shall receive the seventh copy gratis.

4. All letters and subscriptions to be directed (post paid) to A. Tompkins, 38 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

N. B. Subscriptions received at the office of the Magazine and Advocate, 32 Genesee street, Utica.

H. B. S.

REMOVALS.—Br. I. George has removed from Whitesville to Litchfield, Herkimer Co., N. Y., and wishes to be addressed at that place.

Br. I. D. Williamson has accepted an invitation from the Universalists in Mobile, Ala., and has accordingly removed there.

Br. D. Forbes has accepted the unanimous invitation of the Parish in Chelmsford, Mass.

Br. I. Washburn, of Petersham, Mass., has accepted an invitation to settle in Sidney, Me.

H. B. S.

We have received a catalogue of the officers and students of Lebanon Liberal Institute, at Lebanon, N. H., for the year ending Nov. 15, 1843—from which we infer that the school is in a prosperous condition. Number of teachers, six; number of students during the year, two hundred. May they go on prospering.

H. B. S.

INSTALLATIONS.—Br. G. W. Montgomery was installed pastor of the Universalist society in Portsmouth, N. H., on the 15th inst. Sermon by Br. L. S. Everett.

Br. J. Phelps was ordained pastor of the Universalist society in Enfield, N. H., on the 18th ult.

H. B. S.

The Nazarene, published at Philadelphia, is to be united to the Trumpet at the close of the present volume, the first of January next. A publishing office of the papers thus married, will, however, be continued in Philadelphia, conducted as heretofore, by Gihon, Fairchild & Co.

H. B. S.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE, ABRIDGED, BY EDWARD S. GOULD, ESQ.—We have had the pleasure of examining this valuable work, and find it to contain the cream, as well as interest, of Alison's elaborate work, without his errors and useless repetitions. Its style is clear, comprehensive and beautiful, and must be sought after with avidity, by the reading public, when its merits become known. It is comprised in one large volume, octavo, of about 500 pages. It is printed on good paper, with new long primer type, and comes at the very low price of one dollar, about one fifth the price of the large work. Address J. Winchester, No. 30 Ann street, N. Y.

We have received No. 6 of the “Mysteries of Paris,” and find it as we expected, to be filled with increased interest.

ATTEMPTED MUTINY.—We learn from the New-Orleans Courier of the 6th inst., that a mutiny broke out on board the ship Nicholas Biddle, of New-York, for New-Orleans, on the 25th of October. One of the steerage passengers, who imagined that he had been grossly insulted by the cook, made a violent attack on that person, and inflicted several wounds upon him with a hatchet. The excitement soon became general, the cabin passengers taking sides with the officers of the ship, and those in the steerage being of course disposed to aid their comrades. The offender, through the prompt conduct of the mate, was soon secured and



placed in irons; but the passengers were obliged to remain under arms for 48 hours. He will be tried in New-Orleans.

There is a dispute in New-Orleans between the Roman Catholic Bishop of that diocese and a part of the Catholic population. Meetings have been held, one party passing resolutions that if carried out, would restrict the powers the Pope has conferred on the Bishop; the other upholding the Bishop and every thing he demands. The ground of difference seems to be in the appointment of coadjutors and assistants, the people claiming some power here and the Bishop granting none.

**RESURRECTIONISTS.**—We learn from a Buffalo paper that the village of Chambly, Canada, was thrown into great excitement on Wednesday last, by the discovery that the body of Sergeant Campbell, a much esteemed soldier, had been disinterred by some students of medicine. Says the paper, so little pain had these midnight robbers of human flesh taken to conceal their atrocious act, that on the family of the deceased going early on the morning after the day of the interment to visit the grave, they discovered it untenanted; the coffin and winding sheet thrown aside; and marks of hair and blood on the high wall that the body had been dragged over.

**BURNED TO DEATH.**—A gentleman has informed us of a sad catastrophe that happened in Newark, Thursday evening. A Mr. Chadwick and family moved up from Rahway yesterday, to near the depot. A person passing by their house early in the evening saw it on fire, and threw a stone into the window to wake them up.—The man immediately sprang from the bed, and seeing the flames rushed out of doors, without thinking at the moment of his family left behind. It was then too late to return, and the wife and two children were burned to death. A shriek only was heard, and the flames closed over them for ever. The children were between 11 and 16 years of age. The family are supposed to have been much fatigued and to have retired to bed early.

A remarkably brilliant meteor passed over the town of Newbern, (N. C.) on the night of the 4th inst., about half past 10 o'clock. The Newbernian of the 11th inst., says:—

"The meteor itself was seen in a direction south west of Newbern, presenting as it shot towards the horizon in a southeastern line, a splendid trail of light. Some who did not see the shooting of the meteor noticed at the time, three distinct flashes of light followed each other in quick succession. The explosion, which was not heard for some minutes after the flashes of light were noticed, was tremendous. The concussion was such as to shake many of the houses in town, and caused the leaves of tables, &c., to rattle distinctly. The explosion was followed by a rumbling noise that caused fears with some, that it was the shock of an earthquake."

**A PENITENTIARY BURNED.**—On Wednesday evening last, about eight o'clock, the whole interior building of the Penitentiary at Milledgeville, Georgia, was discovered to be enveloped in flames, and before they could be subdued all the shops, tools, and materials within the walls, were consumed. The origin of the fire is not known. The building containing the cells was saved by the heroic conduct of a few men, and all the prisoners were secured by the citizens and removed beyond the walls until the fire was subdued, when they were returned to their places. The loss is variously estimated at from \$20,000 to 50,000.—*U. S. Gazette.*

## RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching on the fourth Sunday inst., by Br. GROSH at Little Falls.

There will be preaching on the first Sunday in December, by Br. GROSH in Syracuse.

A Conference of the Allegany Association will be held at Yorkshire, Cattaraugus county, on the first Saturday and following Sunday in December next. Ministering brethren and others are cordially invited to attend.

L. GRAVES, Standing Clerk.

## DEATHS.

In Marathon, October 9th, Mrs. HARRIET SMITH, wife of Mr. Wm. B. Smith, aged 22 years. Mrs. Smith endured a lingering illness (consumption) with becoming fortitude and Christian resignation; and made her departure for the "spirit land," in humble hope of a reunion with all for whom "Jesus died" and "rose again." The consolations of the Gospel were tendered to the relatives and a numerous audience of sympathising friends, in the Methodist chapel, at Marathon, on the 11th inst., by the writer. T. J. W.

In Cincinnati, Oct. 10th, after a short, but painful illness, Mr. MARK LITCHFIELD, aged 75 years, formerly of Connecticut. Br. Litchfield possessed a vigorous mind, and was esteemed as a good neighbor—made his own arrangements for his funeral services; and died in peace with the world of mankind. His obsequies were performed according to his last directions, by T. J. W.

In Cincinnati, Oct. 7th, 1842, Mr. DAVID WADDLES, aged 87 years. A revolutionary pensioner, and a believer in the restitution as taught by all God's holy prophets, ever since the world began. T. J. W.

In Norfolk, Oct. 14th, Mrs. ALMIRA, wife of Mr. Samuel Johnson, aged 29 years. Sister Johnson has been the subject of severe and intense pains, both of body and mind.—Some two or three years since, for a while she found herself on the brink of eternal ruin; and oh the excruciating pains she experienced. But by the grace of God, this thought was banished from her mind for that more comforting faith which was once delivered to the saints. And with this faith came her usual cheerfulness and joy. She again moved in the circle of her friends and relatives, and to bless her husband with the smiles of love. But uninterrupted joys are not for mortals to enjoy. Sister Johnson had tasted of the sweetest of reason, of health and love. But again the heavy hand of wasting disease is placed upon her. Physical skill is defied. No power seemed able to relieve her pains as it were for a moment. Still she fondly clung to that existence which three years ago seemed to be a dreg to her. But in the midst of all these pains her hope was in God, and it continued to grow brighter and brighter until the lamp of life died away in its socket. A few days previous to her death, I was called to see her die. As I entered the room, she gave me her hand and said her work was most done—that she had but one thing more to do, and then she was willing to go. She said that she had never been baptized, but wished to be before she should go hence to be here no more. Baptism was administered, after which I conversed with her upon death. She said that she had been unresigned, but now she was willing to go—she believed that all would be well—that Universalism was the truth of God—and urged her friends to be more faithful in its promulgation. She desired me to preach her funeral sermon. I then left her for night, but visited her several times before her death, and always found her suffering extremely in body but happy in mind. For her husband and child she would like to live—but that hope was gone, and she desired to depart and be with Jesus. Often did she say to die would be gain; and when last I saw her, she said, I hope we meet not again on earth but in heaven—and when the hour of her release came, she said, Mother, I am going home, farewell. And she sweetly fell asleep.

S. W. SQUIRE.

## PROSPECTUS

For the Fifteenth Volume of the Evangelical Magazine and Gospel Advocate.

Rev. H. B. Soule, Editor;

Revs. A. B. Grosh, A. C. Barray, S. R. Smith, D. Skinner, Corresponding Editors.

THIS old and useful periodical will be continued as here tofore, with the above changes in its Editorial Department; and a change to the CASH, or ADVANCE-PAY system. The principal Editor by becoming Corresponding Editor, secures to our columns the regular and continued productions of his pen. The Editor engaged in his stead is as prudent and talented, if not experienced; and will serve while he remains in this city. Should he remove, another, as well qualified, and entitled to public confidence, will be secured. The other Editors are too well known to need our commendations; and the engagement of Mrs. Smith and Skinner will, we hope, be taken as an earnest that we mean to endeavor deserving what we ask—the support of a liberal public.

We intend to test the substantiality of our patronage, by

placing the Magazine and Advocate on the CASH system. Every paper sent out after the present volume, must be paid for in advance—and will be sent only as long as it is thus paid for. This plan is best for both subscribers and publishers, if both will unite in it. To subscribers, who will save the enhanced price, which now goes toward making up the loss on bad subscribers—and to publishers, who can then purchase for cash, and of course at a cheaper rate; and who will no longer lose what ever the enhanced price does not make up. To both it will save the necessity—the disgusting and painful necessity—of writing and reading duns, complaints, and coaxing entreaties to delinquents, &c., &c.; which, on the credit system must always lumber our columns to the injury of the paper's credit and usefulness. Will our subscribers, one and all—for there can be no exceptions—support us in this mutually advantageous system? If so, let every one pay for next year before January next—in time for us to receive the money and enter them on our list before the first number of the new volume is issued. Those who send by mail, can remit a one or two dollar bill, (the Post Master will frank it, of course, if properly requested,) and we will send papers till the money is exhausted.

Our principles are the same as ever—Universalism in word and in deed—in theory and in practice—in heart, and soul, and daily conversation—in life and in death—now and forever! And every rational and proper means to bring its believers to the full adoption of this sentiment—to build them up, and make them "a peculiar people, zealous of good works"—and to bring our opposers to a knowledge and practice of the truth; will be mildly, but earnestly and constantly advocated by this paper, so as to render it increasingly worthy of a liberal support from liberal Christians generally, and from true-hearted, devoted Universalists especially.

## TERMS.

The Magazine and Advocate is published every Friday, on a royal sheet, quarto form, for binding, at \$1.50 per annum, invariably in advance.

Any person sending us the names of six subscribers, and paying for the same (\$9.00), free of postage, shall receive a copy gratis. Eleven copies will be sent for fourteen dollars, and fifteen copies for twenty dollars.

All communications to the Publishers or Editors, must be POST PAID or FREE. Postmasters will usually frank remittances.

Names of new subscribers should be returned by the first of January, 1844, or as soon thereafter as possible, to the Publishers. The names, with their post office, county, and State, should be written plainly and in full.

In case New York or New England money can not be obtained, the following will be received at par:—New Jersey, good Pennsylvania, do. Delaware, do. Maryland, do. District of Columbia, do. Virginia, do. North and South Carolina, do. Georgia, do. Louisiana (of New Orleans banks), do. Ohio, do. Kentucky, do. Indiana (State bank), do. Tennessee, do. Canada.

Address, "GROSH & WALKER, UTICA, N. Y."

## LIST OF BOOKS

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Universalist Register and Almanac for 1844,	13
" " " " 1843,	8
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## LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P M, Sippican, (Mass.) for J B B—P M, Plainfield, (Vt.) for L H T—I B, Canandaigua, for self G N and I P—P M, N. London, (Ct.) for N D S and C L D—P M, Mishwakie, (Ind.) for B M—P M, Farmer, for C C, S S, B S, O W E, A G, M D and J K.



From the Salem Observer.

### THE DAIRYMAN'S BILL.

A dark and stormy evening in February is not a time when any one, who has freedom of choice will leave a warm fireside for a walk in the shelterless streets. But, with the worthy man to whom we are about to introduce our readers, there was no alternative. Sandy Patterson was a dairyman in the suburbs of Edinburg, who maintained his little family by the sale of the produce of two cows. His wife and their only child, a comely girl of nineteen, were all Sandy's household; and every member of it took a share of the labor which supplied their few and humble wants. Their small cottage was neat and clean, as were also the inmates themselves, though their countenances, on the rainy February night in question, betokened depressed and sorrowful hearts. "Heaven speed thee, gudeman!" said the wife, as Sandy Patterson threw his plaid about his shoulders, and prepared to encounter the blasts without. "Heaven speed ye! or else we shall be harried and rui'd creatures the morn. What a night too, to gang o'doors in! Hap' yourself up, Sandy, and pu' the bonnet firm on your head, for that wind is enough to tear the coat off your back. But the trial moun be made." Her husband drew his bonnet tightly over his grey and scanty hairs, as he was desired, and after speaking a word of hope and comfort, left his spouse and daughter alone in their lowly tenement.

The dairyman was too much inured to exposure, at all seasons, to feel any great distress from the sleety rain, which fell in fitful showers around him, as he proceeded along the causeway side, towards the centre of the city. Few passengers were in the streets that night; the many closed shutters showed that all who could remain within doors were enjoying themselves in their parlors. Poor Sandy walked on, scarcely conscious of the storm, having that on his mind which rendered him heedless of any personal inconvenience. He reached at last, one of the most fashionable streets in the new quarter of the city, and stopped in front of a handsome mansion, which, unlike the generality of those around it, was not closed and shuttered up. On the contrary, a brilliant flood of light came from the windows, and the sound of music and mirth were audible even in the street. Sandy Patterson was the least envious of mortals; still he could not forbear sighing as he listened and gazed. With a slow step he mounted the stair of that abode of enjoyment, as it seemed to be, and applied his hand timidly to the bell. No answer followed his gentle pull; the sound was perhaps drowned in the revelry within.—Sandy pulled again, and with a very little additional energy. A man servant, in plain clothes, now opened the door. To the question, "What do you want?" Patterson replied, "I am sorry to give you trouble, sir, but I am the milkman. I have been once or twice of late, about the bit account for the milk, that the family had forgotten; and though it's an untimely hour, I would be greatly obliged if it could be settled the night. I wad ha been laith to trouble ye, but I am in sair want on't." The servant, who had been listening to this speech with the door open to the least possible extent, that the blast might not visit the interior, now asked the petitioner to come into the lobby, while he should mention the matter to his master. Sandy with many scrubbings of his feet, did as he was required, and took a chair pointed out to him. Here his patience, and he had a great deal of it, was not long tried. The man having gone up stairs, returned in a minute or two, with the answer, "It was not convenient to settle the account at present; this was an extraordinary time to come in quest of money; he must call again in a day or two—or Saturday, perhaps on Monday."

The answer was a dreadful blow to the humble dun. The sum which was owing by this family to him amounted to about five pounds; but that sum was of the greatest importance to him. He had called for payment nearly a dozen times, although he had modestly mentioned but "once or twice," and sad necessity alone had pressed him to renew his claim on the present occasion. Unless he procured the sum he was in quest of, his cat-

tle and his furniture—his all, in short—would be seized on the morrow, by legal execution, and brought to public sale. The disconsolate petitioner attempted, in language broken by the heaviness of his heart, to make the footman aware of the state of things; but seeing that his words made not the slightest impression, he drew his plaid about him, and turned away from the scene of his disappointment.

On returning to his home, Sandy Patterson well nigh gave way to an agony of despair. Without hearing a word from his lips, his wife and daughter read in his look the frustration of their hopes. "So they hae just served you as usual Sandy," said his wife at last.

"Just the old story—call again—not convenient," was the husband's sorrowful reply. "What is to be done now Nanny?" continued the poor man, rising and striding in agitation up and down the floor—"What is to be done now? I doot we are clean ruined. Not even the means left to us o' winning our morsel o' meat. And you too, Peggy, puir thing," stopping and laying his hand on his daughter's head, "this disgrace may gar some folks to slight you, and that wud be sair for you to bide."

"Nae fear o' that, father," said the daughter, "if William—if any body," continued she, correcting herself, "were to slight us for misfortunes which we couldna help, their scorn wouldna vex me, sair. Who can blame you for hauding out a helping hand to your ain brother? He may not be to blame neither, puir man; but, if a fault can be laid at any body's door, it's to his, and no to yours, father, and the creditors that may take a' you have the morn, are his, and no yours."

"Troth, and that's true, Peggy," said Sandy, sitting down with something like composure; "there's no disgrace in't, at least, and that's a great consolation."

The poor family, though divested of all hope of acquiring the sum of money which Sandy had gone in search of, now sat down calmly to speak of their affairs. Twenty pounds was to be seized. Of this they had mustered only ten pounds, and their anxiety about the account which had been sought that night, arose from a promise of the principal creditor to stop proceedings, and allow more time if fifteen pounds were paid. In this their hopes had been disappointed, as we have seen.

Before retiring to seek that repose which none of them, it is to be feared enjoyed that night, Sandy Patterson and his family knelt down as usual, and thanked their Maker for all his mercies, beseeching at the same time strength to submit to his will. The performance of this act of devotion was not without its effect in composing the spirits of the suffering family, as it brought to their minds the refreshing recollection, that whatever might happen to them on this earth, there was one whose protection man could not deprive them of.

We would now ask the reader's company, while we return to that mansion of comparative luxury, from the door of which Sandy Patterson had turned away in sorrow and sickness of heart. Several hours after his visit, the door of that house once more opened, not to admit duns, but to permit the gay and fashionable to pass out after their entertainment was over. It is not with them we have to do, however; therefore let us walk up stairs, and enter a room now emptied of its visitors, and tenanted only by the ordinary inhabitants of the mansion. Davidson—for such was the name of the host—then remained alone in the drawingroom, with his wife and eldest daughter.

Davidson, let us premise, was a man of easy and somewhat indolent nature, but remarkably liable to be affected by general impulses. The income which he derived from his profession was ample, and it was rather from a want of system in the management of his household, than any other cause, that poor Sandy had remained so long unpaid. Stretching himself listlessly on a sofa, he began with his lady to chat over the incidents of the party, and among other circumstances to which he alluded, was the ludicrous application of a dairyman for the payment of his bill, by which he had been interrupted in the midst of a very profound discussion on the merits of Hertz's quadrilles. At this illusion, his daughter, a fine child of eleven years, approached, and with a tear in her

eye, said, "Ah! but papa, the poor man was obliged to come to-night, for his cows are to be sold to-morrow for his own debts. I heard him tell John so, as I was crossing the lobby. Poor man, he cried as he went away."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the conscience-stricken debtor, "can it be possible? Was this the cause of his late application, which I only laughed at? Can any one tell me where he lives?"

Inquiry was made below stairs, but no one knew more than that Sandy lived somewhere in the south side of the town. They did not know even his second name.

"I will instantly go," cried Davidson; and in spite of his wife's remonstrances, he dressed himself for the weather, and accompanied by a servant, set out through the rainy streets. Long and anxiously did he search, but in so populous a district, with so imperfect knowledge of the individual he was in quest of, is it wonderful that he did not discover Sandy's residence. At length, from an old woman that kept a small shop in which milk was one of the articles sold, he learned enough to give him the strongest hopes of having discovered the man he sought. The residence of this man however, was at so great a distance from the spot in which he was, that Mr. Davidson saw the necessity of returning home for the time to relieve his wife's anxiety. At an early hour he was resolved to resume his inquiries in the quarter to which he had been directed. Mrs. Davidson and her husband slept but little in the few hours that now intervened between night and morning, so deep was the impression which the little incident we have related made on their minds.

Davidson had been directed fortunately to the right quarter. The officials of the law had reached Sandy Patterson's humble abode; they refused his request for a little time in consequence of his inability to produce fifteen pounds. Nanny and her daughter were sitting in a corner hopeless, and soon to be to all appearances houseless; one of the cows were already brought out from her stall, and stood lowing at the door amid a crowd of intended purchasers. Already was the poor cow put up when Mr. Davidson arrived, made himself known, and put a stop to the proceedings. Conceiving himself in some measure to be the cause of all their distress, he was not contented with paying the sum he owed to the poor dairyman, but advanced enough to settle the whole amount of the claim. The worthy Sandy could only speak his gratitude by tears.

This affair was no less an era in his honest family's history, than it was in that of Mr. Davidson. This night's experience taught him a lesson, that the whole hopes of the family may be dependent on a sum altogether unimportant to the individual who owes it, and in the discharge of such obligations, benevolence is as much to be gratified, in many instances, as conscientiousness. It may serve to show the interest which he and his family ever after that period, took in the Pattersons, when we mention, that the little girl, to whose accidental presence in her father's lobby, the happy issue of this affair was owing, was permitted by her parents no long time afterwards, to dance at the wedding of Sandy's pretty daughter Peggy, who married a certain William hinted at, as the attentive reader may have observed at an early part of this true story.

In the obscurity of the cottage, far from seduction of rank and affluence, is nursed the virtue which counteracts the decay of human institutions—the courage which defends the national independence—the industry which maintains all classes of the State.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.

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# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE

## AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."....."PROVE ALL THINGS HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1843.

NO 48.

From the Universalist Trumpet.

### A SERMON,

Delivered before the Sabbath School Quarterly Conference in Boston, Sept. 14th, 1843.

BY REV. W. M. FERNALD.

"All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children."—Isa. liv: 13.

I know not how I can serve the present occasion better, than by presenting the nature of that instruction which we seek to communicate; some of the means to be used, and errors to be guarded against, in imparting it; and the effects which may encourage us, as the fruit of our labor.

I would observe, however, here, that we all know the *object* of our efforts. It is the inculcation of moral and religious truth;—all that relates to God and man, in their connexion one with another, and in man's connexion in society. This theme is instantly recognized to be so vast, and withal so shorn of its importance by the familiarity which has become to be connected with religious subjects, that perhaps we could not do a better service for the young Teacher of religion, than to present, in the first place, the *nature* of that instruction which we make an object of so systematic effort for children and youth.

What, then, I ask, is the *nature* of religion?—And here I do not mean, what are its duties, its teachings, its promptings? But, what is *religion*, in the abstract? From whence does it proceed? And I have only to answer, it is a part of our natures. Like the intellect, or the moral feelings, it is something which lies as truly imbedded in the human constitution, however poorly it may sometimes be manifested, as any power or tendency in the mind. This you may call a familiar truth; it is enough for me that it is an important one. Men have not generally so considered it. They have rather sought for religion through supernatural agency, than looked upon it as any evolution of the powers of nature. They have considered it a duty to be performed for some extraneous reward, rather than as a healthy exercise, for its own good, of the powers God has given us. Hence, all religious training, saving the more human and moral parts, has been seriously questioned as to its utility, by many guardians of the young. At least, its more vital and saving characteristics have presented a discouraging obstacle to the whole power of instruction. It has looked, in the eye of those Christians, too much like a man-made piety, which is thus brough about. That power which is beyond humanity and above it—that influence straight from heaven, is wanting, to give the whole an unction, and a genuineness, and an effect. But we repeat it for its power, that religion is entirely natural.—There is not an influence, not a motion of the mind, religiously, but what is the product of a natural power. Let me not be misunderstood. I do not mean to say that there are no supernatural agencies employed to wake up this power—to give life and truthfulness to the religion of the world. The revelation of the truth, the dispensation of the Christian system, and I know not but many providences through communities and to individuals, have exerted the direct power of God, to give an impulse to the religious principle. But whatever may have been employed in this respect has only appealed to the native and universal powers of humanity.—The influence of God's *truth* may in this respect be said to be the operation of his spirit. It is his spirit which hath *given* the truth. The contemplation of his love may beget in us the likeness of the Divinity. And this we believe to be all that the Scriptures mean by the spirit of God in the human soul. Unless indeed all spirits are to be identified

with His—that the apostle's language is literally true, that God doth indeed dwell in us; which, if so, is only to be resolved into the truth, in a still nearer sense, that religion is a natural and universal thing.

I do not feel called upon to prove this truth, by a resort to history, or to metaphysics. It were an easy task to do it. If we analyze the human mind, and ask ourselves what is religion, and what is morality? I apprehend the only true and comprehensive answer will be—Religion is our tendency or our duty toward God; morality is our duty toward man. Now, all mysticism away, and things which are perfectly gratuitous, I am sure there is not a tendency towards God, nor an emotion or influence in a religious way, but what the known nature and history of man are sufficient to account for. The "universal cloud of incense rising from ten thousand altars from all the habitable globe," is a sufficient testimonial, that civilized or savage, pagan or christian, the nature of man is touched and kindled by a sense of God, nor can the most depressing and long-continued ignorance obliterate this impression from the mind. Now, what is the religion of Christian conversion? What is the element in this new-created piety, which the popular religionists would represent as the supernatural, the genuine, the saving? Analyze it, my friends, and let us know what it is. Sometimes we are told that a simple sense of God is not the chief element in a Christian's religion. Granted: What else, then, can it be? We are assured, then, that the element of gratitude, the love of the divine excellence, and habitual thought of God, recognizing him in all our enterprizes, allotments, and hopes, enter also into the composition of a Christian's religion, without which it is but an unavailing sentiment of nature. Then I am sure that the pagan devotee who bows down to wood and stone, is in possession of a profounder and more vital piety, than many of a Christian faith, who profess the largest infusions of the pure spirit of God. It is worthy of remark here, how infinitely superior is the piety of the heathen nations, to that of thousands of Christians in the most favored land of light and liberty. These people have almost continual reference to the divinity. "An honor and an homage is paid to him, and an open profession of entire dependence, in all their undertakings, successes and disappointments. On all their private occasions, such as journeyings, voyages, marriages, diseases, the divinity is invariably invoked, and with him their every repast begins and ends. No war is declared, no battle fought, without his aid being first implored, to whom the glory of the success is constantly ascribed, and a portion of the chiefest of the spoils invariably set apart, as the indispensable right of the divinity." Such is the piety of the heathen. And if gratitude, adoration, and continual thought of God, are the elements of true religion, the pagan world outstrips the Christian, a thousand cases to one. Religion is thus far seen to be a natural element of humanity.

But we are told again, that a more genuine element of the religion of a Christian convert consists in a principle of loyalty to God in respect of virtue, as well as the other observances named,—that it does not at all consist in the mere performance of many or all the duties which God requires; for this so frequently comes from a man's own selfishness, and not from any respect to the Lawgiver and Judge—from the fact that he sees his *interest* connected with his duty, that all the virtues and lustre of humanity are no evidence against, but rather a proof of, the total and natural depravity of the heart, and the utter absence of religion. This system, then,—and we suppose this comes the nearest

to it—would make the true element of religion consist in loyalty to God in respect to duty, as well as the religious emotions of the heart; so that whatever of virtue may adorn the man, it may spring from a true attachment and love of the Supreme, and not from a principle of utter selfishness. We grant, that if this is what is meant by the true religion, a strong argument may be made for but little of it, both before and after conversion. But is even such depravity, *total*? Is it *universal*, in a state of nature? Is man, as proceeded from the hands of his Creator, and with the aid of all the natural helps to be acquired, to be contemplated in such a light in respect to obedience to God? That were a hardy and arrogant task, to prove our nature so deformed as this. The very heathen, in their practice, hurl the denial against it. Thousands are the acts performed among them in reference to the divinity. And however much the question of disinterested virtue may be combatted, sure we are that *much* reference to the Deity is had, even in his love, in countless acts of men who never dream of supernatural aid. It would be superfluous to attempt a labored proof of the position. There is *no total* corruption, much less, universal, even if this last theory be received as the true exposition of a Christian's religion.

What, then, we are still obliged to ask, is this element in the new-created piety of Christian conversion, which can not be found in any degree, in the nature of humanity? And echo answers—what? We may resort to mysticism, and say, that words are inadequate to define it—that they only know who have experienced it. But I answer—we find words to explain every other phenomena of mind; metaphysical distinctions, nice subtleties of the emotions, thoughts, and passions; and every working of this invisible, intangible, immaterial essence, if it be; words, however indefinite and untransparent they may be, yet which are inadequate to all the purposes of a refined and subtle philosophy; and yet, there are no terms that can approach the idea of a Christian's religion! Happy is that people that is in such a case, yea,—Alas! my friends, what phantoms we pursue.

We return, now, to the position that religion is natural. I am anxious to produce this conviction, for much, I am persuaded, depends upon it, for the instruction of the young. Religious powers, like the intellectual, are a part of our nature, and we can not eradicate them if we would. Suppose there are some individuals to be found on earth, as history sometimes asserts, who have discovered no traces or impressions of a Deity above them. Does this prove that man is not naturally made a religious being? As much so as the fact that there are some idiots, proves that man is not naturally a reasonable being. But we can not escape the conclusion. And to this end would I use the fact:—I wish the youth who are before me to consider what they have to do in their labors in the Christian vineyard. It is to bring out—to expand our natures. This, surely, is a rational task. And if we see its rationality, we may be encouraged to progress. The religious powers of our youth have been sadly neglected. Why they have been, may be in part ascribed to the very error we have labored to expose—that religion is an unnatural thing. And if our own denomination have not imbibed this error, I know not but that they have caught the infection, even as the disciples of truth in all ages have struggled with the spirit of the age, or of the philosophy with which they have lived. We do not wait for streams of divine grace to descend from the skies: but we seem to be waiting for a thorough comprehension and appreciation of the



matter. I do not utter mere words when I say that religion is natural. We know what we mean when we speak of the intellectual nature. Now, what if the intellect had been as much neglected as the cultivation of the religious powers? Where would have been our progress? But we say, we have certain faculties of the mind—we have an intellectual nature that must not be neglected. And we mean something by this. And so the whole process of early training and discipline—of school education—and the whole host of instructors have stood forth, to lead up the youthful mind to the manhood of its understandings. We have acted the part of nature and humanity in this matter. But compare it with our religious training. Those who make religion a supernatural matter, may plead somewhat of consistency in the neglect that is manifested towards religious discipline. But even these, as it frequently happens, have outstripped us whose views should have prompted us to outdo them! There is certainly no excuse for us. If religion is this natural thing—if our native capacities as we proceed from the hands of the Creator, are more than intellectual—higher than worldly; then we do grievously sin against the laws of our being when we exalt the intellect and lavish all attention upon it, at the expense of dwarfing the religious affections, and rearing up a race of intelligent worldlings. Hence it is no uncommon thing, nor need we marvel, as says Horace Mann, to "See lads and young men thickly springing up in the midst of us, who startle at the mispronunciation of a word, as though they were personally injured, but can bear volleys of profanity unmoved; who put on arrogant airs of superior breeding, and sneer with contempt, at a case of false spelling or grammar, but can witness spectacles of drunkenness in the streets with entire composure. Such elevation of the subordinate, such casting down of the supreme, is incompatible with all that is worthy to be called the prosperity of their manhood. The moral universe is constructed upon principles not admittive of welfare under such an administration of its laws. In such early habits there is a gravitation and proclivity to ultimate downfall and ruin. If persevered in, the consummation of a people's destiny may still be a question of time, but it ceases to be one of certainty."

We look upon Sabbath Schools, then, as we look upon our common schools; as nurseries and helps to nature—as institutions for expanding the natural capabilities of man, by a system of rational and natural instruction. We make a diligent and systematic business with the intellect. We look upon it as a dishonor and disgrace to neglect it. And the secret of our whole endeavor is, that it is the nature of man, and without the cultivation of which he can not secure the amount of good which is allotted him in nature and society. But much more is this true with the religious affections. Here is indeed a dearth when neglect is suffered to exist. The soul has wants which are not to be met by the sciences taught in the school and the academy.—And the force and truth of the whole matter is, that all the truths of religion, so far as we are concerned, have their origin in the soul. We must start, in religion, from our own minds. Here, then, we see again, the strength and capacity of nature. Religion is no thing that can be forced or introduced into us, as a foreign substance into the fused matter of the crucible. The very origin of all its truths, so far as we are concerned, is within us. The foundation of religion is the character of God. Now, an outward revelation of his character is only intelligible or possible, on the supposition that in our own minds are the natures and likenesses of the Divinity. I know there have been philosophers who have declared that we must begin, in our conceptions, with the absolute and the Infinite. But the fact is, we must rise to these from our own natures. We can have no conceptions of God, as a moral being, other than those which come from our own attributes of goodness, justice, &c. Our only idea of God is the idea of our own spiritual nature, perfected and infinitely expanded. Suppose, indeed, there were a Deity—an abstract, infinite, irrelative Existence; of what use would be such a

metaphysical notion to us, destitute of all those qualities which form our own minds, and which enable us to comprehend the minds of others?—What would such a being be to us? A mere notion—a nonentity. Thus we see, the spring of all religious knowledge is in the soul itself. Even the Deity's existence is revealed to us by the inward man. Here we need the attribute of intelligence. And many think the origin of their knowledge of God's existence is in marks of design in the outward universe. But the idea of design, of skill and contrivance, comes from consciousness. This, then, is the source; and the soul is, in fact, the origin of all the truths, so far as we are concerned, of the religion we receive.

Now, this is a mighty help to our encouragement of religious culture. We go to work rationally and understandingly. We cultivate the religious powers for the same reason that we cultivate the intellect—for the gratification of nature. Nature must grow, and it must expand in regular proportions, if we would secure the highest happiness of which we are susceptible. Indeed, we are here let into the secret of that unhappiness and discontent which so largely prevails throughout society. How many are there who do not know, precisely, the thing that may be wanting, to give them the peace and contentedness they need. But the fact is, they have forgotten a prime part of their natures. In one almost universal scramble after property and intellectual enjoyments, their religious natures have lain dead and dormant. Or at least, religion has been but a mere form or duty to secure some extraneous reward. And no wonder it is irksome, for labor itself is irksome when the reward is not in itself, but in the property it accumulates. Now, it were a reflection upon God's goodness to suppose he has provided no better, in his revelation, for the happiness of his creatures, than what appears from the condition of many Christian people. And the fact is, a faith—a well-exercised faith in his everlasting goodness and care, and in the truths of the Christian revelation, is all-sufficient for the comfort of the virtuous man, through all the vicissitudes of life. But if we will not attend to these things, the fault is ours. The truth is, God has given us a whole and perfect nature; and surely, with but a partial exercise of it, we can not expect to reap the pleasures of the whole man, walking in the sphere of an entire interest, in the fulness and dignity God designed he should. We might as well expect happiness with a dislocated or dismembered body. Cut off the arms of a man, and leave but a part of a man, and he could not expect to enjoy the pleasures of a perfect body. And so, kill the religious powers, quench the spiritual flame, and improve but a mental wreck or fragment, and you can not expect to walk, whole-souled, into that vastness of mental empire where perfect man was designed to expatiate and be contented. This is the secret.—And it is as philosophical as it is forcible. Indeed, it is the truth that makes it forcible.

He must be a blind observer who does not perceive, in the present age, almost an exclusive tendency to intellectual improvements. I know, indeed, that much is done for religion and morals, but I know the comparison is fearfully unequal.—This may be seen in a familiar occurrence. Man is exceedingly proud of his intellect. Indeed, so much so, that many a time nothing offends him more than a disparagement of this. Not even a detraction from his moral character will give that quick offence, and kindle that dislike and resentment, that you might be sure of to speak meanly of his talent. Many there are who would deem it more of a compliment to be called a bad man than a fool. Tell one of his moral deficiencies, yet still he may linger in your company; convince him that you think he is half-witted, and you may be sure to be troubled no longer with his acquaintance.—This shows the comparative estimation in which the mass are accustomed to hold talent and virtue.

But I must leave this subject to proceed to another. You see now, teachers and friends of the Sabbath School, your duty. You see how rational, how consistent it is, You understand its nature.

It is but to bring out the whole nature; or rather, that part of it which has been so grievously neglected. It is to perfect the human soul. And thus to secure the perfectest human happiness. Understanding religion in this light—in the light of a native and important capacity which slumbers at our peril, you will guard with renewed zeal, such a breach in the natural happiness of man. You will present God's truth to it as the proper food of the soul. And you will be encouraged in your work by the reflection that you are engaged in such cultivation as that, in the language of the Scriptures, "instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree"—a fruitful and fragrant garden of the Lord.

I proceed now, to a notice of some of the means to be used, and errors to be guarded against, in imparting the instruction which we seek to communicate. And the subject I would first bring to notice, and make it the topic of much earnestness, is the error in which schools are too apt to fall, of too formal and mechanical instruction. Here, I think, is the need of great reformation. If religion is that natural thing which we have seen it is, then the subject most intimately connected with this, is the fact that it can only be truly and efficiently taught by the voluntary and untrammelled exercise of nature itself. I mean, that the child is not a piece of marble to be wrought upon merely and hewn into a statue; but a free, voluntary, thinking creature. Many a time he has thoughts which the teacher knows not of, and which, were they not smothered and checked by a mistrusting diffidence, would discover a depth of philosophy more radical and difficult than the elders ever would have cogitated—blinded by familiarity to the most vital truths.—Here is mind unprepossessed by former instruction, simple and free to catch at the most weighty and original principles. It is a great part of adult learning, to unlearn what is learnt. Hence, the boldest and most original and truthful minds are frequently those who have been little trammelled with the learning of the schools—who have had but little learnedly to unlearn—who have started comparatively with free and unoccupied minds. It is so with children. And they should not be contemplated, much less treated, as the mere heaps of passive material, for the intellectual artist to mould and fashion to his own ideal. The child's own thoughts must be set agoing. He must be made to feel his own individuality as a rational and responsible agent. It is not our minds, but their own minds which must form their character. And the whole process of education—what is it but, not to implant our thoughts, or the thoughts of any man or body of men, into the mind of the pupil; but with them to stir up their own minds to the formation of their own ideas and characters? Think it not presumptuous to intimate that a child can have his own ideas. I have no other idea of a rational, responsible being. And I do exceedingly fear the whole process of youthful, religious instruction.—Not that I have any sympathy or patience with the late cry of no doctrinal teaching. The fact is, we can not keep our children from learning, if we would. The whole world in which they move is a school to them. They have ears and can hear; and understandings, and can know. And if we do not teach them, somebody else will—God only knows who or how. But I dread this formal, mechanical instruction. We have much of it. It abounds more or less in all our schools. Even if truth is imparted, it has not the living power and force of the truth. It lies as a dead form in the understanding of the child. I should say, in the memory. It is mere parrot knowledge. It is nothing that the child can evolve in its reason, affections, and thoughts. It can hardly be called a species of thinking. To them, the kingdom is "in word," but not in power. Now, says Dr. Chalmers, satirically enough, in reference to older children, "one of the simplest cases of the kingdom of God in word, and not in power, is that of a child, with its memory stored with passages of Scripture, and all the answers to all the questions of a substantial and well-digested catechism. In such a case, the tongue may be able to rehearse the whole



expression of evangelical truth, while neither the meaning of the truth is perceived by the understanding, nor, of consequence, can the moral influence of the truth be felt in the heart. The learner has got words, and nothing more."

This is the difficulty with which we labor in the Sabbath School. And it demands the teacher's most sedulous care. His duty is to teach the child thoughts, not words. And he who has ever mingled with, or had much to do with children, knows that children *can* think. They sometimes astonish us with the simple and unconscious profundity of their own artless souls. This is the only true way to create and preserve that *interest* which is needed in the Sabbath School, and do away with all the dullness, indifference, and death, which, in some schools especially, sits so like an incubus upon us. Children have no more relish for hollow, wordy, lifeless, ceremonial, mechanical form, than we have. They are creatures of interest, and do not generally live in vacancy. A Sabbath School teacher, therefore, needs to be one of the most flippant, pliant, easy, natural, good-natured, soul-engaging personages imaginable. At any rate, he needs to have thought, and to be able to awaken thought.

Here let me add, that religion is a thoughtful subject. It is serious, profound, comprehensive, vitally interesting. And it is the peculiar property, too, of Christianity, that it is adapted to all minds. It is the highest philosophy adapted to the lowest capacity. While it stretches into the vast—to heights and depths which awake the genius of a Newton, a Priestley, or a Locke; and rolls itself up in the sublime, to the far-reaching vision of a Milton; it also comes down, in condescending simplicity, to the humble capacity of a child. No subject can be made so interesting, and at the same time so fruitful, to a child. And it is only to teach it in the right way, to enlist all his sympathies, and make him eager for instruction.

Here let us ask, what is that way? I have alluded to names connected with the interests of science. How do we teach science? Is it a mere formal introduction to the intellect, of the opinions and theories of others? Do we shut up the pupil from all the operations of outward nature, and merely require his assent to certain systems that have stood the test of observation, and are received as the most modern and approved theories of nature? We know we tax the learner's own thought by submitting him, as far as possible, to the same observation—the same workings of nature; and we even institute the test of experiment and absolute practice upon all her secret influences. Now, how much more may the child see, experiment, and practice, upon the great truths of religion! Religion is nearer to us than science. It is in our own souls. It has, as has before been explained, its origin and foundation there; and it is only for our Sabbath schools to avail themselves of this advantage, that they also may become the—scientific, shall I say? Yes, the scientific, philosophical, experimental Institutions of Religion.

Here let me say to the teacher, that he must, if he would be successful, rely upon his own resources. He must question the pupil from his own thoughts and convictions, and stir up original and spontaneous answers and inquiries. Here I fear the very books we use. They are mostly books with printed questions and answers. Books are necessary, I allow, for a guide to the mind, and especially to the younger children. But they should be used as *only* guides. They are *not* to supply the place of living, natural instruction from the heart and soul. I am impatient with the trammeling influence of these books. I wish, sometimes, there never was a book of the kind for a child over ten years. And I verily believe, that with the present habit of teachers in the general, we should be better off without them than with them. Books without answers are what we need. Arranged in such a way that the answer to one question should suggest the question next to come, and one question and answer, another, conducting the whole process of the lesson in a natural, easy, and systematic way, and throwing the child upon his own wits for the answers.—Better, a hundred fold, assist these wits at every

question, than trammel up a susceptible understanding with "base authority from other's books." Let him learn and inquire at home, or any where, for answers. I speak earnestly here, for I feel it. I have seen too much of automaton teaching and learning. Many schools, or I should say, *some* teachers may be free from it; but it infects, more or less, every school. I would even risk perplexity and incoherency; *any thing* but a formal, mechanical, square-and-compass method—neither word exactly suits—of conveying instruction to the youthful mind. It is *death* to the intellect, and death to the interest of any establishment.

Here let me quote a passage from Channing:—"The great end in religious instruction, whether in the Sunday school or family, is, not to stamp our minds irresistibly on the young, but to stir up their own; not to make them see with our eyes, but to look inquiringly and steadily with their own; not to give them a definite amount of knowledge, but to inspire a fervent love of truth; not to form an outward regularity, but to touch inward springs; not to burden the memory, but to quicken and strengthen the power of thought; not to bind them by ineradicable prejudices to our particular sect or peculiar notions, but to prepare them for impartial, conscientious judging of whatever subjects may, in the course of Providence, be offered to their decision; not to impose religion upon them in the form of arbitrary rules, which rest on no foundation but our own word and will, but to awaken the conscience, the moral discernment, so that they may discern and approve for themselves what is everlastingly right and good; not to tell them that God is good, but to help them to see and feel his love in all that he does within and around them; not to tell them of the dignity of Christ, but to open their inward eye to the beauty and greatness of his character, and to kindle aspirations after a kindred virtue. In a word, the great object of all schools is, to awaken intellectual and moral life in a child.—Hitherto, most religions and governments have very much contrivances for extinguishing life in the human soul. Thanks to God, we live to see the dawning of a better day."

I have said thus much with regard to the defective mode of instruction which teachers are so apt to fall into, because I deem it almost an irreparable evil to the child. I know, from my own remembrances, how like an old song were all the homilies, verses, catechisms and little prayers, through which I once went with all the ease and precision of the old clock that ticked in the corner. And it is a strong fact in the philosophy of association, how, even now, Saturday night suggests the same sounds, with the same vacancy of thought as then. Those verses, to me, need more than common effort, to strike meaning into them. I look upon this defect, then, as an irreparable evil to the child. Indeed, I question whether a child should ever be taught any thing that he does not understand. All such teaching is, to me, the infliction of a positive injury. It is the creating of listless and mechanical habits.

Let me conclude this portion of our subject by reverting to the fact that God has made the human soul singularly susceptible of his truth. The early thought, frequently before we are aware, is running its sallies to the mysteries around it, and, though obscured, none the less real, the Great First Cause—the origin of all things, the soul itself, death and beyond it—these are the themes of broken, though immortal thought, that stir all readily, and lie contracted in the mind of a child. Oh! shall we not lead them through this thicket, out to the fair fields of truth? Shall we not do it faithfully, seriously? But let us not do it mechanically.—Indeed, it is not thus done at all. Rightly done, there is nothing half so interesting to them. And this is the doing of it naturally. By the way side, in the garden walk, out under the clear heavens, they show their interest in questions that sometimes teach and astonish us. If Sabbath Schools would only have the freedom of a child in a walk! then we should rear up a race of little *thinkers*, who would grow up men of serious profundity.

Need I say, here, my brethren, do it cheerfully?

Make not religion a forbidding, an austere thing. Do it not, especially, to the young. More injury, we very believe, has been done to the cause of religion, by the face which it has been made to assume, than by almost any thing else; especially among children and youth. She has been clothed in sackcloth, and brought forth in groans and melancholy, as from among the tombs. She has been dragged as from the den of darkness; and tones of woe put into her mouth, and sorrow in her aspect. And it is no wonder, with such a demeanor and dress, that the young have been frightened from it; for it was more like a haggard ghost of glooms, than an angel of loveliness; and when it approached, farewell to cheerfulness and every laughing spirit, and come ye shades, and horrors, and dim visions! Even the associations of heaven have almost repelled the natural spirit of a child. I remember a child who had known by experience the gloomy and rigid exactions which a Puritan Sabbath required of a formal people; and one day, from the pulpit, the man of faith chanced to portray the attractions of heaven under the figure of an "eternal Sabbath." This was enough. The child returned home sorrowful with the idea of heaven itself. She had no wish, as expressed to her parents, to enter heaven, if heaven was an *eternal Sabbath*. This illustrates the power of a forced, staid, and unnatural religion, over the free and joyous spirit of a child. But I need not enlarge. *True* religion is as cheerful and easy as it is natural. And it should be communicated in the same way. A child knows nothing of affectation. His young and artless heart will inquire of religion as it inquires of any thing else—free, eager, and joyous. And it is a sad thing to have that spirit repulsed by an uncalled-for solemnity which so many assume in honor of religion. I say *assume* in honor of religion; for I fear a little honest hypocrisy here. How many are there, young and old, who from wrong views of religion itself, or respect to the popular manifestation of it, get drawn into unnatural straits—even those, I mean, who make no pretensions to the popular *kind* of religion—and all is uneasy, counterfeited, and fictitious. Nature is checked in its full and free manifestations, and the countenance shaded with an unreal air. Now, children are generally good physiognomists; and if they do not secretly *suspect* appearances, they inwardly shrink from them as they would from terror. There is no running of soul into soul—no power of instant communication—that unaccountable sympathy which charms and mingles kindred minds unconsciously. I am impatient with this drivelling, solemn mimicry in religion. It may be that we have comparatively little of it, but it is not the real, criminal, that I complain of; but that sort of little, innocent, well-meaning hypocrisy, which affects a thousand silly, solemn airs, as an expression of respect to the seriousness of Christian truth. What under heavens is there in a Christian's religion which should check the free outpourings of nature? Let us have it—full and free—joyous, laughing, strong and clear; whose entereth the kingdom of God must do it as a little child; and if we would gain these souls we must conform to their simplicity.

Shall I briefly remark, that we must also do it in love? He who would act the part of a successful teacher must study to gain the affections of his pupils. Nothing can be effectually done without this. Children are attracted by love. Affection and interest will almost supply the place of every other encouragement. This was the spirit which filled the amiable Saviour, when he took little children in his arms and blessed them.

Having detained you sufficiently with regard to the nature of the instruction which we seek to communicate, and the means to be used, and errors to be guarded against, in imparting it, I now proceed, finally, to offer what encouragement can be offered, to be seen in the fruit of our labors. It is needless, here, I trust, for me to dwell, though there are some facts to be considered. We do not *realize* the worth of our labors. Neither, I may say, the weight of our responsibility. If the estimate could only be made, of the amount of usefulness, virtue, and happiness secured, and the amount of worth-



lessness, vice, and misery produced, by the training up of children to habits of religious thought, and impressing the great truths and precepts of the Gospel upon them; and the letting them go untaught, and open to all the influences of the world around them: this estimate alone—the fearful balance then needed to be struck in the causes of good or evil, to a Christian people, would seem enough to rouse every parent and guardian of youth to diligent and untiring labor. How many a case of grievous and pitiable ruin, can be traced to the first act of a drama that commenced in youthful indulgence, inspired by parental neglect! How many a poor culprit upon the gallows has been heard to upbraid his parents or early instructors, in the most heart-searching tones, for not having watched the early developments of principle, and trained them up to virtue and religion! Such instances come like warning notes from the land of the departed—they rend the very air with sepulchral power, to urge upon parents the strong requisitions of the Scriptures; to bring them up in the way of wisdom, and patronize the institutions established for this end.

The young mind has been aptly compared to wax in the hands of the artist—susceptible of almost any impression which the seal of education may impart. True, we admit—we are obliged to admit, a strong, constitutional, innate and organic difference, both for the moral and the intellectual man; but it is also known that even that organic structure may yield and alter by an early discipline. It is here that much may be done in shaping the destinies of men. It is here that the young and tender twig receives its bent; and

“Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.”

It is here that we learn, notwithstanding the varied range of inborn and constitutional powers, the omnipotence of education in fashioning the mind. And it may be remarked, that it is next to impossible to *turn* a mind which is once thoroughly *bent* in youth. *Turn* a mind thus bent? Go out into the forests, and attempt to turn the old gnarled oaks, which have grown into deformity, and curled as they have grown, with the potent influence of a hundred summer's suns. Alas! if you had taken them as saplings, you could have shaped them into beauty, an acre in a day. This is none too strong a figure to portray the yielding susceptibility of youth. The exceptions are not worth counting a discouragement.

The history of a common experience speaks most impressively to us on this subject—the breaking up of the family circle by the demands of the world upon the rising members of community. Many of you have been called thus to attest the saving influence of an early instilled Christianity. And you can all testify, that if there be one spectacle interesting to the heart of man, it is that of a youth going out into the world to enter upon its mazy paths of temptation and allurements, but who, by the influence of years of faithful instruction, and anxious, parental admonition, has formed the noble resolution which has the authority of a commander over him, to keep clear from the whole of it—to turn from iniquity as an accursed thing—and pursue those objects which do honor to his parents' well-directed efforts, and secure for him the blessings and honors of an unsullied integrity and virtue. Now, it is for the honor of our country that many such guardians of youth are to be found.—“Even in the most corrupt and crowded of our cities, (says Chalmers,) parents are to be found who nobly dare the surrender of every vain and flattering delusion, rather than surrender the Christianity of their children—who feel this to be, indeed, the burden of their best and dearest interest; and who, by prayer, and precept, and example, have strenuously labored with their souls from the earliest light of their understanding; and have taught them to tremble at the way of evil doers, and to have no fellowship with those who keep not the commandments of God—nor is there a day more sorrowful and affecting in the annals of this pious family, than when the course of time has brought them onwards to the departure of their eldest boy—and he must bid adieu to his native home, with all the peace

and all the simplicity which abound in it—and as he eyes in fancy the distant town or city whither he is going, does he shrink as from the thought of an unknown wilderness—and it is his firm purpose to keep aloof from the dangers and the profligacies which deform it—and should sinners offer to entice him, not to consent, and never, never to forget, the lessons of a father's vigilance, the tenderness of a mother's prayers.” And oh! if he should forget, and should fall, the hearts that would break and bleed for his unfaithfulness, should possibly then have the effect to reinstate him for their name's sake.

In all this we see the importance of our subject. But alas! while there is one such case of successful moral enterprise, how many are there who, through criminal neglect, are cast out worthless and ruined, and the mercy of God must deliver them!

But we must draw this subject to a close. It is to prevent these consequences that we have established Sabbath schools. Honor to the illustrious Raikes who was the father of them! They furnish aid to the parent's endeavors, by drawing from larger resources, and by the more systematic instruction which they are able to impart. But, teachers and friends, you see your work. It is no trivial task. You are to operate upon the highest powers of humanity. It is a *natural* work that you are to perform. No discouragement from disappointed waitings for miraculous influences—no looking for the interposition of the skies—but you are presented with a ready and susceptible nature. It waits the plastic influence of careful and judicious culture. The germs are there which may expand into a tree of life, and bring forth fruit well worthy of your toils and labors. Yours is a noble vocation: follow it as nobly. Do not make a mechanical work of God's noblest powers, the gifts and capacities of the human soul. Study it more spiritually, and treat with it freely. Consider each mind a living, acting, responsible agent. Do all your work seriously. And do it with cheerfulness and in love. Teach religion as a reality, and not as a mere custom or duty; and in the tone of strong conviction. Let your pupils see that you yourselves are impressed with the truths you would impart to them. And above all, let no teacher assume that office out of mere diversion or sociality with others, or to discharge an unwilling duty.—No! let every one beware how he tampers with such a business as this. Better at once, than to cherish such a thought, renounce his profession, for he has mistaken his calling. A high responsibility rests upon you; though if cheerfully submitted to, and the work performed, the promise of God to the ancients shall be yours, that they which are wise shall shine as the firmament, and “they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever.” Your names will be cherished in grateful remembrance, and posterity shall be your crown. But consider not your work done till you have distinguished in religion the matter of mere transport and exalted feeling, from the sturdier duties of integrity, honesty, and charity to men. One honest purpose created by your teaching is worth a thousand emotions, ever so moving and sincere. Then shall your children be fitted for a truthless, treacherous world. Train them up to honesty and virtue. Lead them on, from thought to thought—from excellence, to the Origin of all thought, excellence, and good. Unite piety and goodness. Then shall our schools be as trees planted by the river's side, and shed their influence upon our children's children, to the third and fourth generation. Then shall “our sons be plants grown up in their youth, and our daughters as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace. Happy is that people that is in such a case; yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord.”

For the Magazine and Advocate.

#### THE CHARACTER AND DESIGN OF GOD.

Paley says:—“When God created the human species, either he wished their happiness, or he wished their misery, or he was indifferent and un-

concerned about both. If he had wished our misery, he might have made sure of his purpose by forming our senses to be so many sores and pains to us, as they are now instruments of gratification and enjoyment; or by placing us amidst objects so ill suited to our perceptions as to have continually offended us, instead of ministering to our refreshment and delight. He might have made, for example, every thing we taste, bitter; every thing we saw, loathsome; every thing we touched, a sting; every smell a stench, and every sound a discord. If he had been indifferent about our happiness or misery, we must impute to our good fortune, as all design by this supposition is excluded, both the capacity of our senses to receive pleasure, and the supply of external objects fitted to produce it. But either of these, and still more both of them, being too much to attribute to chance, nothing remains but the first supposition, that God when he created the human species, wished their happiness, and made for them the provisions which he has made, with that view and for that purpose.

“The same argument may be proposed in different terms, thus:—Contrivance proves design and the predominate tendency of the contrivance indicates the disposition of the designer. The world abounds with contrivance, and all the contrivances with which we are acquainted are directed to beneficial purposes. Evil no doubt exists, but is never, that we can perceive, the object of contrivance.—Teeth are contrived to eat, not to ache; their aching now and then is incidental to the contrivance, perhaps inseparable from it, or even if you will, let it be called a defect; but it is not the *object* of it. This is a distinction that deserves to be attended to. In describing implements of husbandry, you would hardly say of the sickle, that it is made to cut the reaper's fingers; though, from the construction of the instrument and the manner of using it, this mischief often happens. But if you had occasion to describe the instrument of torture or execution, this engine, you would say, was made to extend the sinews, this to dislocate the joints, this to break the bones, this to scorch the soles of the feet. Here pain and misery are the very *object* of the contrivance. Now nothing of this sort is to be found in the works of nature. We never discover a train of contrivance to bring about an evil purpose. No anatomist ever discovered a system of organization calculated to produce pain and disease; or in explaining the parts of the human body, ever said, this is to irritate, this to inflame, this duct is to convey the gravel to the kidneys, this gland to secrete the humors which form the gout; but if by chance he comes to a part of which he knows not the use, the most he can say, is, that it is useless; no one ever suspects that it is put there, to incommode, to annoy or torment. Since then God hath called forth his consummate wisdom to contrive and provide for our happiness, and the world appears to have been constituted for design at first, so long as this constitution is upheld by him, we must in reason suppose the same design to continue.”

The contemplation of universal nature rather bewilders the mind than effects it. There is always a bright spot in the prospect upon which the eye rests; a single example, perhaps, by which each man finds himself more convinced than by all others put together. I seem, for my own part, to see the benevolence of the Deity more clearly in the pleasures of young children, than in any thing in the world. The pleasures of grown persons may be reckoned partly of their own procuring; especially if there has been any industry or contrivance, or pursuit to come at them, or if they are founded like music, painting, &c., upon any qualification of their own acquiring. But the pleasures of a healthy infant are so manifestly provided for by another, and the benevolence of the provision is so unquestionable, that every child I see at its sports, affords to my mind a kind of evidence of the finger of God and of the disposition which directs it.

But the example which strikes each man most strongly, is the example for him; and hardly two men hit upon the same, which shows the abundance of such examples about us. We conclude, therefore, that God wills and wishes the happiness of his



creatures; and this conclusion being once established, we are at liberty to go on with the rule built upon it, namely, "that the method of coming at the will of God concerning any action, by the light of nature, is to inquire into the tendency of that action to promote or diminish the general happiness."

Now if the above are facts, and for one I can not deny them, then we conclude that Christ came here on an errand of mercy, and his object was to benefit mankind—that all to whom the atonement extends are benefited thereby—that the resurrection is the result of the atonement, seeing if Christ had not died no resurrection would take place—hence all who rise, rise by virtue of it, and receive the benefits concomitant thereto. From these views, I can not be surprised that joy at his (Christ's) birth should prevail in heaven, or that at his death, the angels should bend over the battlements of heaven and shed a tear—that the angelic host should hang up their harps—that the sun should mantle his face and refuse to shine—that the moon should be clouded in crimson—that the little warblers as they fly through the vast ether should stop and gaze—that the mountains should rend, and the whole earth be convulsed—in a word, that nought should break the silence of earth, heaven, land or sea, but the piercing cry of a dying Saviour, IT IS FINISHED. I. I. F.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### "ETERNAL LIFE IS TO KNOW GOD AND JESUS CHRIST."

"Vain delusive world adieu,  
With all of creature good;  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified."

"Him to know is life and peace,  
And pleasure without end."

Yes, truly—to know Jesus—in the true sense of the word—is to know "the way, the truth, and the life," which is "peace, and pleasure without end." To know Jesus, is to appreciate, and unite in spirit, with the pure principles which Jesus possessed while he was on earth with his mother and brethren. And what were the principles of Christ, with which we must unite for the purpose of enjoying life and peace? The principles of Christ consisted in being "about his Father's business." And although he was but a youth—yet he was neither afraid, nor ashamed to be found in the midst of the learned doctors—both hearing them and asking them questions. But in all of his conduct, he was meek and lowly—and he was also "subject to his parents." Jesus possessed a philanthropic nature, in every sense of the word. O how did his soul yearn for the welfare of mankind. His arms were continually reached out in administering to suffering humanity! His tongue was continually uttering forth the truth of God, and the truth was that which did give "joy and peace" to all who believed it. All who united in spirit with the truth which Jesus uttered, found "great joy in believing." One great principle which Jesus possessed was love for his enemies! And he exhorted his brethren to love their enemies, for the very purpose that they might be like God. Jesus was the image of God in "blessing them that cursed him." Jesus said "he that hath seen me, hath seen the Father also"—and now if we would be like Jesus—and like "the Father also," we must love our enemies—we must love them that hate us—we must pray for them which despitefully use and persecute us! When an "enemy smites us on one cheek, we must turn the other also." This, I know, is a hard saying—and who can bear it? Perhaps we may say, it is an easy matter to be humble—it is an easy matter to do what appears to be right—but to love an enemy!—one who is continually seeking to injure us—is not in the nature of man to do! Well, if it is not the nature of man, it is the nature of God, to love His enemies and to bless them with a needful blessing—and we can not be "perfect in Christ," until we can feel in our hearts to love our bitterest enemy. And truly there are some dear souls who do love their enemies! The compassionate mother will love the son and daughter who rises in rebellion against her. With feelings of compassion

she will entreat of them to desist from their evil course, and turn to the paths of righteousness, which lead to peace. And though their conduct may be ever so vile—yet she can not be willing that they should suffer—only enough to reform their conduct—and the thoughts of an endless hell for them, makes the blood chill in her veins!

I have heard of an instance where the love of a woman for her husband, was manifested while he was so bitter against her, as to seek to take her life! Although he was continually abusing her—and with an uplifted axe, would threaten to kill her—yet she could not be willing that he should be confined in jail.

An apostle says, "the carnal mind is not subject to the law of God—neither indeed can be."—Although it is not possible for the carnal mind to be subject to the law of God—yet it is possible for a legion of carnal minds to be cast out of a man; and when they are cast out by the power of God, then he is "clothed and in his right mind." And so long as he is in his right mind, he is of the spirit of Christ—which is "meekness, temperance, long suffering, and forbearance"—with a holy love for his enemies, which causes him to wish, and earnestly desire their welfare, both in time and in eternity. While he is of the Gospel spirit, he will not heedlessly see his enemy suffering in excruciating pain, without feeling a desire for his deliverance—and he will endeavor to aid and relieve him—even should he know that after being relieved, he will turn and injure him! And thus being of the spirit of Christ, he unites with that principle which is pure and holy! While we are in the possession of the principle which causes us to love our enemies, so as to earnestly wish and desire their welfare—which also leads us to "live a quiet and peaceable life with all men"—not seeking to injure others because they have injured us; but, being loving and forgiving, are willing to "suffer wrong, rather than do wrong"—we are of the spirit of Christ; and so long as we are of his spirit, we are united with his nature, and are "one with him, even as he is one with the Father."

To know Christ who is the holy spirit of truth, is to appreciate and unite in spirit with "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely." This, truly, is the knowledge of Christ—and

"Other knowledge I disdain,  
'Tis all but vanity."

As we are frail mortals in this state of existence, we can only "know in part" of the glory and happiness of Jesus Christ. But O how transporting is the thought that "when we see Jesus we shall be like him!" O then we shall be divested of all that is evil! We shall then be clothed with the pure robe of righteousness. We shall then "be clothed with humility," and "love on the bond of perfectness." O then there will be "joy, and peace, and pleasure without end."

Elk county, Sept. 29, 1843.

LUCY HORTON.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### NO CHRISTIAN COMFORT IN UNIVERSALISM.

BR. GROSH—Dear Sir, A short time since I had handed me by a Methodist brother whom I verily believe wishes Mount Zion well, but who still believes the tormenting doctrine of endless misery, a work entitled, "Universalism Examined and Refuted; and the doctrine of endless misery of such as do not comply with the terms of the Gospel in this life, clearly established, by Luther Lee, minister of the Methodist Episcopal church." Possessing a spirit, as I think, to "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good," I took the book and read it. I find many things contrary to truth and reason; and out of the multitude is the following, that "there is nothing comforting to the Christian in the doctrine of universal salvation, but much that comforts the sinner." Whether Mr. Lee possesses the heart of a demon, and thinks it that of a Christian, or is dishonest, is not my business at this time to inquire; but one or the other I think must be true—which the Searcher of hearts can tell.

It is my present object to examine the declaration itself. One of these two things must be true—either that the doctrine of endless misery must comfort the Christian, or that of God's universal salvation. If to believe that some will be endlessly miserable, produces joy, satisfaction and comfort; then it is a matter of course that the greater the number that are finally doomed to never ceasing and unutterable woe and torment, the greater will be the amount of happiness produced. And further—if Rev. Luther Lee believes the assertion himself, and he is a Father, what a source of comfort it will be to see his children whom he dearly loves, writhing in the flames of unceasing torment! Does Mr. Lee take pleasure in such a thought? "No!" every sane person must quickly reply. I at least will speak for one; for I have, till quite lately, believed and advocated the doctrine of partial grace, and have been tormented by that fear which hath torment, but the Lord hath delivered me from the fowler's snare, and from him that would willingly destroy. And I am led to inquire, how long, O Lord, how long, before mankind will acknowledge their Father's universal love and impartial grace? W. T.

Cassville, Oneida co., N. Y.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### "THE PRIDE OF LIFE."—ST. PAUL.

BY REV. H. BELDING.

A suitable share of pride is necessary for the well-being of every individual. Without it, decency and respectability are out of the question.—But, while I would encourage that laudable and praiseworthy self-respect which it becomes each one to cultivate; I would bear in mind, that there are extremes in this, as well as in every thing else. There is a point, beyond which, prudence will not allow us to go.

The workings of an inordinate pride are seen in all those petty strifes for the mastery in show and fashion, which to the prudent and unassuming, are justly held in utter contempt. What more disgusting than a rivalry for such distinction as, at best, can be but momentary, conferring neither profit nor honor upon any one! Add to this the circumstance, that attempts are often made by those who have not the means of sustaining themselves in their false positions, and hence, must ultimately suffer, as a consequence attendant upon their folly, and the subject appears in a still more ridiculous light.

How many there are that, in the end, find themselves the companions of wretchedness and woe, merely in consequence of being overcharged with a false pride! How many that are now pining in want, enduring all the miseries attendant upon a state of extreme poverty were once well provided for, and might still have been, had not "the pride of life" blasted all their prospects! How many, black with crime, morally sunk to the lowest state of human degradation, whose first step toward iniquity, and whose after cause was induced by "the pride of life!" Go you to the lawless bandit, whose deeds are deeds of blood, and to the cruel pirate, who hides his murderous works beneath the ocean waves; and often, yes full often, you will find they are they, whose circumstances were first rendered desperate by "the pride of life!"

I might go on enumerating instances, till the catalogue were full. I might name all the sons and daughters of wretchedness, their actual conditions being known, it would be found, that "the pride of life" would claim a full share in having caused the evils they suffer.

The day closes in darkness, the year fades in desolation, and man sleeps in dust; but there is a morning and a spring time for all. Youth that is cut down in its loveliness, like a morning flower, shall bloom afresh in the garden of God; and age that shines in righteousness, till it sinks beneath the sod, shall arise again in glory, like the sun in the firmament.

Virtue is sure to produce happiness.

Be industrious if you would be contented.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## GRATITUDE TO GOD FOR ALL HIS MERCIES!

When I think of the utter dependance of our race upon bounteous Heaven—when I consider our own nothingness in contrast with the sublimity and glory of that blessed Being, who crowns our lives with blessings, my soul is drawn out in ardent gratitude to the Father of mercies! Surely I do love that universal Father and Friend, who is impartially good unto all, and whose tender mercies are over all His works. "God is Love" to ALL mankind—unchangeably "THE SAME YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER!" Can I, then, ever feel gloomy on the subject of the Christian religion? Verily, the *creeds and traditions of men* may render gloomy those who credit them; but a firm believer in God's universal love, can never despond, so long as he maintains his integrity as a FAITHFUL disciple of Jesus the Saviour of all men, especially of those who believe! O! that all would embrace the doctrine, so clearly inculcated in the Bible, of "the restitution of all things"—even the eventual universal salvation of man, which is in very deed THE GOSPEL in all its beauty and glory! Methinks the salutary tendency of so holy a faith, must fill every heart with joyful praise.

"The Record is true,  
And witness is given,  
Our hearts to imbue  
With graces of heaven.  
O may our devotion  
In purity flow,  
And every emotion  
With gratitude glow."

G.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## FAITH.

Jesus said—"if thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." Again it is said—"According to thy faith, so be it unto thee."

These are encouraging words to the Universalist. They are truly encouraging to him who has faith in the "restitution of all things." To him who truly believes in the reconciliation, the holiness and happiness, of the human race, it may justly be said—"According to thy faith so be it." L. H.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

QUESTION. How long did the Sodomites "suffer the vengeance of eternal fire?"

ANSWER. From the time they were first visited with the just judgments of God, to the time when their "death was swallowed up in VICTORY." Cor. xv: 21, 22, 23, 54.

An apostle said—"every transgression and disobedience received a just recompense of reward.—According to these words, the Sodomites received their reward—and were pardoned. L. H.

## MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry

UTICA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1843.

## AT HOME AGAIN.

Having prepared a lot of "copy" before I left home, it may be that the readers have not missed me from my post during my nearly four weeks' absence. It is well that I made those ample preparations; for, on the day I left for Boston, the rheumatism commenced an attack on my right arm and shoulder, which combined with neuralgic symptoms, and increased in severity, until, to avoid a fever and utter prostration, I placed myself under the charge of a worthy brother, Dr. Jonas W. Chapman, 32 Cambridge street. In his Thompsonian Infirmary I met with the best treatment long practiced skill could devise, and the kindest attention and hospitality brotherly and sisterly affection could yield. By these aids I was enabled to preach every Sunday—with constantly decreasing pain each week—and was strengthen-

ed to reach home in comfort. While out of the Infirmary, I was treated with unwearied kindness, and my wants were more than ministered unto as far as hospitality could do so, by brother and sister S. Packard, with whom I made my home. The pain of the disease has been greatly mitigated, but not entirely removed; and may, in this season of frequently and rapidly changing weather, be so much increased as to prevent me from attending to my duties as steadily and promptly as I could wish. All around me—in my own family and among our citizens generally—there are complaints of severe colds, coughs, aches and pains induced by long continued wet and cold weather. Very few families have escaped the universal visitation.

As early as I can, I shall bring up the rear in my editorial labors, correspondence, &c. Several works are waiting notice, and some subjects are calling for discussion. We hope to attend to them all in a week or two—for we expect to remain as well as we now are, even if we do not get any better. A. B. G.

## TOUR OF THE UPPER LAKES.—No. I.

BR. GROSH—Monday, August 15th, bidding my family and friends adieu, I left this place on board the cars, bound for the "Far West," of which so much is "said and sung." Passing through Utica, Syracuse, Auburn, Geneva, Canandaigua and Rochester, I reached Buffalo about 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon.

"Then we are in Buffalo at last," said a fellow passenger. "I should judge so," said I—"Listen." The cars had halted within a high, narrow enclosure, composed of rough boards—being a sort of substitute for a depot—and astride of the top of this, or hanging upon their chins, or peeping in at the entrance—the whole scene reminding one of Bedlam—were men and boys crying out at the top of their voices, "Any baggage for Huff's Hotel!" "Omnibus here from the American—carry passengers and their baggage free of charge!" "Gentlemen, pass your baggage for the Eagle!" "The Temperance House—any passengers for the Temperance House!" and so on to the end of a very long chapter. We were glad to shelter ourselves from this din and confusion in the carriage nearest at hand, and were driven to Huff's Hotel, where we found very comfortable quarters.

Buffalo, for its commercial advantages and its enterprise, has been very justly styled, the "Queen city of the West." Situated upon the outlet of those vast inland seas which stretch far northward for nearly two thousand miles—the point at which the vast tide of emigration gathers, as it were for a mightier flow—its shipping bearing to its wharves the produce and wealth of the westernmost portions of our extended territory—its proud steamers arriving and departing daily with their living freight from and to distant ports and cities on the western boundaries of the great lakes; its busy population engaged in the traffic of many climes, and the din of whose business goes up like the sound of many waters—the number and splendor of its public buildings, and its mercantile establishments—all, *all* go to render Buffalo worthy its proud title, and stamp it as a place of the first importance in the Empire State.

To many, the arrival and departure of a steam boat is of almost infinite moment. Ere the first "note of preparation" had been sounded on board the Illinois, hundreds had gathered on the wharf—not all of them idle spectators—but those whom the love of gain, or stern necessity had brought to the spot. Here, near the bow of the boat, was a hand carriage, in which was displayed to the best advantage, brass and silver wares in the shape of safety chains, breast pins, finger rings, &c.; while the question was being continually asked, "want to buy any jewelry?" A short distance from this carriage was another, similar in construction, containing "fancy articles," pocket-maps, musical instruments, such as fiddles and jewsharps; while pushing about among the crowd were numerous ragged urchins crying, "Two apples for a penny," or "Graham's Magazine, Evening Post, Bennett's Herald." All had their customers, and after disposing of a trifle, joined again in the everlasting din.

The band now ascended the deck and commenced playing a national air. Carriages came rolling up from the various hotels with passengers for the Illinois.—Trunks, valises, and handboxes were thrown in at the gang way pell mell. Men jostled against each other in their haste. Husbands and wives were separated in the glorious confusion that prevailed. And while hurried adieus were being spoken, and kind looks exchanged, and parting hands given, and sweet words uttered on board and on shore, the command was given to "cast off," and amid the scrambling of news-boys and candy-peddlers, the crying of children, the hoarse, hollow rumbling of machinery, the cackling of hens and the squealing of pigs—the steamers flying, and men cheering, and the band playing the Emigrant's Farewell, we took our departure for the Prairie land at 11 o'clock, the 16th day of August.

As soon as the excitement had subsided somewhat, and order began to reign, we found we had as pleasant and agreeable a company as one could wish. Of clergymen there were six or seven; and laying our several heresies aside, we enjoyed ourselves alike with others in friendly converse. The only exciting topic introduced was that of slavery, but ere the debate "ran high," we were told we were near the place where the Erie was burned.—This at once directed our thoughts and reflections into another channel, and a sadness came over the spirits of us all. Perhaps at the very spot we were passing over, the gifted and the fair went down in their winding sheet of flame—perhaps here the strong man and the helpless female, sent one cry to God, and perished! And ere the morrow's sun should rise we might sleep as lowly as they, having struggled with the same destroyer and met the same fate! When we laid our heads upon the pillow at night, it was with the prayer that we might be preserved from so fearful a doom.

Yes, it was a fearful doom! When no suspicions of danger or disaster were lurking in any bosom, and the proud steamer was urging it way towards the Prairie land, a light explosion was heard, and in a moment the tall and writhing flames gleamed out upon the waters, and flashed frightfully in the faces of the sleeping and waking. The rapidity with which they were dashed over the deck, and through the gangways baffled all attempts to extinguish them, or to furnish the means of self-preservation. O, who may tell the feelings of agony and despair that rent the bosom then! Who may know the shrieks and cries that went out over the waters; or the prayers for help, save Him before whom they came up from the fire-girt vessel! Manhood was there in its vigor and prime, and perchance old age with its silvery hairs. Blooming and promising youth, and innocent and prattling childhood were gathered on that fated deck. But all went down, save few, with the blackened hulk of the noble vessel, to sleep in a watery grave! A. C. B.

Fort Plain, Nov. 23d, 1843.

## THE FLOWER VASE.

This is a most beautiful little book—a perfect gem—the neatest little thing we have seen for a long time for philopœnas, (is that orthography correct, Mrs. Drew and Thayer?) Christmas and New Year gifts, tokens, remembrances, &c., &c., of a cheap kind. It is full of the language of flowers, tastefully furnished and selected and arranged by Miss S. C. Edgerton, and as neatly printed by Bagley and Powers, of Lowell, Mass. Br. Tompkins handed me a copy while in Boston, but it was too pretty to keep. I expected to find them for sale by Grosh & Walker on my return home, but was disappointed. So I have to notice it from memory alone, and can give no samples of it to the reader; but Grosh and Walker will soon have some, when (we advise the reader in confidence) those who want them must apply soon, for they will go off like a shadow before the light! A. B. G.

We hope our Southern and Western friends will endeavor to assist us, now that we take their good money at par. Will they just take a glance at our terms for the next volume, also?



## LOOK AT THIS!!!

We hope our patrons and friends will read the following short and *sweet* letter, and we care not how many "go and do likewise." Perhaps it would be asking too much to have them do so well, but how many will take hold of the work and obtain enough new subscribers (see terms) to get their own copy gratis? Are there not a great many who could *easily* do this? But to the letter.

"Chittenango, Nov. 27, 1843.

"Friends Grosh and Walker—Some two weeks since, I received from your office a circular for obtaining new subscribers, and was glad to see you had placed your paper on *right ground*. I have obtained *fifteen* subscribers, of which, six never have read, much less subscribed for a paper advocating the "faith once delivered to the saints," which our friends think is doing very well for this place, where self-styled Orthodoxy has blasted every germ of *true* religion and real happiness around, for years. I think I shall get about twenty subscribers. Your obedient servant,

B. D. FRENCH."

That's encouraging, and though a *large* favor, we assure our friends that small ones, such as one, two, three good cash paying subscribers, will be thankfully received.

## THE SERMON

Published in our last, by some mishap of the printer, was sent into the world destitute of the author's name. The omission was not noticed, (the Editor not being at home to read the proof,) until after the paper was worked off. We therefore state here that the author is Br. Darwin Mott, pastor of the society in Madrid, St. Lawrence county. We thank him cordially for the favor, and thus apologize for the neglect which separated his name from his work. We hope he will excuse it.

A. B. G.

## BR. C. B. BROWN.

We hope that the charitable and liberal among our readers in Central New York, will not forget that this brother is still a helpless sufferer, constantly needing aid, in the form of cash, provisions, bedding, and clothing, for himself and family, but especially at this season of the year. His neighbors have been very kind, and have been for *four years past*; but they can not do *all* he needs. Remember, then, the wants of our excellent brother.

A. B. G.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are very glad to receive a letter from Br. J. L. C. G., of Virginia. We had read occasional articles from his pen in some of our papers, so as to have become somewhat acquainted with him, and by reports had been led to esteem him for his work's sake.

The article he sends us on the unhappy publication named in it, we respectfully decline publishing, and hope that it will end where it began. We avoid as much as we can meddling in any private controversies, especially when they originate in other papers.—Besides, *silence*, now, is best, as the accused has had full opportunity for reply and defence, and the opposite party does not seem disposed to say any thing more on the subject. "Let by-gones be by-gones," is a good rule of action.

The other article we cheerfully publish. The pamphlet we have sent him.

A. B. G.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW noticed by Br. Soule is a capital work, well worth the money. How many of our laymen will prove themselves intelligent, thinking men, men fond of solid information and first rate themes of thought, by subscribing for the work? Send in your subscriptions—which means names and money—early. That Quarterly must be sustained. Each number will contain at least two articles worth double its cost.

A. B. G.

THE ROSE OF SHARON.—Our readers must not forget this elegant and interesting annual. Thanksgiving day is at hand—Christmas and New Year are coming—

birthdays are constantly arriving—gifts of friendship and affection are always in season—and there is no book better suited for any or all those purposes than the Rose of Sharon. It costs but two dollars, and who would grudge that sum (if able at all to purchase the book) in making a present to brother, sister, child, wife, friend, or—some one dearer than a friend? Call and examine, and purchase it, at this office.

A. B. G.

We have received No. 6 of the Theological Library. It is a treatise on the consanguinity and affinity between Christ and his church. It contains 44 pages of closely printed matter and comes at the very low price of 12 1-2 cents.

Br. Tompkins—Credit Miss H. L. Chamberlain, Vermont, N. Y., \$2.00 current Vol. Repository. Also, Miss E. A. Mason, of Perrinton, N. Y., 25 cents, (amount deducted for postage last August) and send her the January (last) No. she has not received it. Charge us.

## RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Services at the Universalist church in this city next Sunday.

In the morning, Br. T. L. HARRIS will preach.

In the afternoon, Br. H. B. SOULE will repeat, by request, his lecture on *Universalism in Utica*.

In the evening, Br. H. B. SOULE will deliver a lecture on *Orthodoxy in the city of Utica—what it has been and what it is*.

There will be preaching on the first Sunday in December, by Br. GROSH in Syracuse—Br. D. SKINNER at German Flats.

There will be preaching on the second Sunday in December, by Br. D. SKINNER at Sullivan.

## MARRIAGES.

In Fort Plain, Oct. 3d, by Rev. A. C. Barray, Mr. JOSEPH SMILH, to Miss NANCY SNELL, all of the town of Minden.

Also, by the same, on the 5th inst., Mr. JONAS NESTELL, of the firm of Nestell & Shuler, to Miss ELIZA A. LIPE, all of Fort Plain.

## PROSPECTUS

For the Fifteenth Volume of the Evangelical Magazine and Gospel Advocate.

Rev. H. B. Soule, Editor;

Revs. A. B. Grosh, A. C. Barray, S. R. Smith, D. Skinner, Corresponding Editors.

THIS old and useful periodical will be continued as heretofore, with the above changes in its Editorial Department; and a change to the CASH, or ADVANCE-PAY system. The principal Editor by becoming Corresponding Editor, secures to our columns the regular and continued productions of his pen. The Editor engaged in his stead is as prudent and talented, if not experienced; and will serve while he remains in this city. Should he remove, another, as well qualified, and entitled to public confidence, will be secured. The other Editors are too well known to need our commendations; and the engagement of Mrs. Smith and Skinner will, we hope, be taken as an earnest that we mean to endeavor deserving what we ask—the support of a liberal public.

We intend to test the *substantiality* of our patronage, by placing the Magazine and Advocate on the CASH system. Every paper sent out after the present volume, must be paid for in advance—and will be sent only as long as it is thus paid for. This plan is best for both subscribers and publishers, if both will unite in it. To subscribers, who will save the enhanced price, which now goes toward making up the loss on bad subscribers—and to publishers, who can then purchase for cash, and of course at a cheaper rate; and who will no longer lose what even the enhanced price does not make up. To both it will save the necessity—the disgusting and painful necessity—of writing and reading duns, complaints, and coaxing entreaties to delinquents, &c., &c.; which, on the credit system must always lumber our columns to the injury of the paper's credit and usefulness. Will our subscribers, one and all—for there can be no exceptions—support us in this mutually advantageous system? If so, let every one pay for next year before January next—in time for us to receive the money and enter them on our list before

the first number of the new volume is issued. Those who send by mail, can remit a one or two dollar bill, (the Post Master will frank it, of course, if properly requested,) and we will send papers till the money is exhausted.

Our principles are the same as ever—Universalism in word and in deed—in theory and in practice—in heart, and soul, and daily conversation—in life and in death—now and forever! And every rational and proper means to bring its believers to the full adoption of this sentiment—to build them up, and make them "a peculiar people, zealous of good works"—and to bring out opposers to a knowledge and practice of the truth; will be mildly, but earnestly and constantly advocated by this paper, so as to render it increasingly worthy of a liberal support from liberal Christians generally, and from true-hearted, devoted Universalists especially.

## TERMS.

The Magazine and Advocate is published every Friday, on a royal sheet, quarto form, for binding, at \$1.50 per annum, invariably in advance.

Any person sending us the names of six subscribers, and paying for the same (\$9.00), free of postage, shall receive a copy gratis. Eleven copies will be sent for fourteen dollars, and fifteen copies for twenty dollars.

All communications to the Publishers or Editors, must be POST PAID or FREE. Postmasters will usually frank remittances.

Names of new subscribers should be returned by the first of January, 1844, or as soon thereafter as possible, to the Publishers. The names, with their post office, county, and State, should be written plainly and in full.

In case New York or New England money can not be obtained, the following will be received at par:—New Jersey, good Pennsylvania, do. Delaware, do. Maryland, do. District of Columbia, do. Virginia, do. North and South Carolina, do. Georgia, do. Louisiana (of New Orleans banks), do. Ohio, do. Kentucky, do. Indiana (State bank), do. Tennessee, do. Canada.

Address, "GROSH & WALKER, UTICA, N. Y."

## LIST OF BOOKS

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE

No. 32, Genesee street, (up stairs.)

Universalist Register and Almanac for 1844,	13
" " " 1843,	8
Rose of Sharon for 1844,	2.00
Washingtonian Pocket Companion,	19, 25 and 38
Winchester's Dialogues,	19
Thoughts on the Divine Goodness,	13
Bailou on the 24th & 25th chapters of Matthew	06
Layman's Legacy, vol. 1,	1.00
Balfour's Second Inquiry,	1.00
Sawyer's Review of Hatfield,	50
Law of Kindness, by Rev. G. W. Montgomery,	50
Universalist Manual, by Rev. M. Rayner,	50
Duties of Young Men, by Rev. E. H. Chapin,	50
Discourses, by do.	50
Lectures, by do.	38
Christian Comforter, by Rev. H. Bacon,	50
Universalist Belief, by Rev. A. Moore,	50
Sermons, by Rev. O. A. Skinner,	50
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Hymns of Zion, by Rev. A. C. Thomas,	50
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The Universalist's Guide,	1.00
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Bacon on Religion,	50
Endless Hell Torments Overthrown,	38
Family Prayer Book, by Otis A. Skinner,	50
Names and Titles of Jesus, by Rev. C. Spear,	1.00
Combe's Moral Philosophy,	62
" on the Constitution of Man,	62
" Digestion,	62

## LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P. M., Pomaria, (S. C.) for H. S.—P. M., Gainesville, for E. G., L. B., A. W., I. S. and E. B.—P. M., Versailles, for J. T., M. M. P. and J. S.—P. M., Perrinton, for J. C. E. and H. J.



From the United States Gazette.  
HEART LONGINGS.

BY THOMAS MCKELLAR.

I long to be beloved. My bosom yearns  
Tow'rd's all that's pure and beautiful; and fain  
Would find a recompense of love again.  
My pensive soul with ardent thirsting turns  
To heaven and earth to seek its fill of love.  
Beyond the sun's domain, in realms above,  
Abideth many whom I loved on earth;  
My father liveth there, and there my mother;  
My sister there, and there my elder brother;  
(For coldness rests on our paternal hearth;)   
Though kin and friends remain who love me well;  
I long to hear again my parents' voice—  
With early loved ones fain would I rejoice,  
And in God's presence, reunited dwell.

THE WITHERED GERANIUM.

Tell him my heart is with him still,  
Though many days have passed,  
Since in my pride and happiness  
I gazed upon him last;  
That all the love this bosom knew  
When life was young and fair,  
And his dear smile upon me beamed,  
Is still unchanging there.

Go tell him that I treasured thee  
And loved thee for his sake,  
And how, when by my warm heart laid,  
Its pulses thou wouldst wake;  
O say how many a burning tale,  
Thy little leaves have known,  
To that of pure and fadeless love  
For him and him alone.

Go tell him that I saw thee die,  
When growing faint and weak,  
And pressed thee still with thoughts of love  
Close to my hectic cheek;  
And trembled when the thought would come  
That from the parent tree,  
He plucked thee first with his own hand,  
Then gave thee up to me.

Go tell him that the rosy bower  
Has lost its summer bloom,  
And she who sat within its shade  
Is ripening for the tomb;  
O tell him that I send thee back,  
A faded gift to him,  
To cast his kindling eye upon,  
Long after mine is dim.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

In the summer of 1779, during one of the darkest periods of our revolutionary struggle, in the then village of S——, (though it now bears a more dignified title,) in this state, lived Judge V., one of the finest and truest patriots within the limits of the "Old Thirteen," and deep in the confidence of Washington. Like most men of his time and substance, he had furnished himself with arms and ammunition sufficient for the males of his household. They consisted of himself, three sons, and about twenty-five negroes. The female part of the family consisted of his wife and daughter Catharine, about eighteen years of age, the heroine of our tale, and several slaves. In the second story of his dwelling house, immediately over the door was a room called the "armory," in which the arms were deposited, and always kept ready for immediate use. About the time at which we introduce our story, the neighborhood was much annoyed by the nocturnal prowling and depredations of numerous Tories.

It was on a calm, bright Sabbath afternoon of the said summer, when Judge V. and his family, with the exception of his daughter Catharine, and an old indisposed slave, were attending service in a village church. Not a breath disturbed the serenity of the atmosphere—no sound profaned the sacredness of the day; the times were dangerous, and Catharine had locked herself and the old slave in the house, until the return of the family from church. A rap was heard at the front door.—"Surely," said Catharine to the slave, "the family have

not come home; church can not be dismissed." The rap was repeated. "I'll see what it is," said Catharine, as she ran up stairs into the armory. On opening the window and looking down, she saw six men standing at the front door and on the opposite side of the street, three of whom were Tories, who formerly resided in that village; their names were Van Zandt, Finley and Sheldon; the other three were strangers, but she had reason to believe them to be of the same political stamp from the company in which she found them.

Van Zandt was a notorious character, and the number and enormity of his crimes had rendered his name infamous in that vicinity. Not a murder or robbery was committed within miles of S——, that he did not get the credit of planning or executing. The characters of Finley and Sheldon were also deeply stained with crime, but Van Zandt was a master spirit of iniquity. The appearance of such circumstances must have been truly alarming to a young lady of Catharine's age, if not to any lady young or old. But Catharine V. possessed her father's spirit—the spirit of the times. Van Zandt was standing on the step, rapping at the door, while his companions were talking in a whisper on the sidewalk on the opposite side of the street.

"Is Judge V. at home?" asked Van Zandt, when he saw Catharine at the window above.

"He is not," said she.

"We have business of importance with him, and if you will open the door," said Van Zandt, "we will walk in and remain till he returns."

"No," said Catharine, "when he went to church, he left particular directions not to have the doors opened till he and his family returned. You had better call when church is dismissed."

"No," retorted the villain, "we will enter now or never."

"Impossible," cried she, "you can not enter until he returns."

"Open the door," cried he, "or we'll break it down, and burn you and the house up together." So saying, he threw himself with all the force he possessed against the door, at the same time calling upon his companions to assist him. The door, however, resisted his efforts.

"Do not attempt that again," said Catharine, "or you are a dead man;" at the same time presenting from the window a heavy horseman's pistol, ready cocked.

At the sight of this formidable weapon, the companions of Van Zandt, who had crossed the street at his call, retreated.

"What!" cried their leader—"you are cowards, are you frightened at the threat of a girl?" And again he threw himself against the door; the weapon was discharged, and Van Zandt fell.

The report was heard at the church, and males and females at once rushed out to ascertain the cause. On looking toward the residence of Judge V., they perceived five men running at full speed to whom the Judge's negroes and several others gave chase, and from an upper window of his residence, a white handkerchief was waving as if beckoning for aid.

All rushed towards the place, and on their arrival, Van Zandt was in the agonies of death. He still retained strength to acknowledge that they had been frequently concealed in the neighborhood for that purpose, but no opportunity had offered until that day, when, lying concealed in the woods, they had seen the Judge and his family going to church.

The body of the dead Tory was taken up and buried by the Sexton of the church, as he had no relations in that vicinity.

After the absence of two hours or thereabouts, the negroes returned, having succeeded in capturing Finley and one of the strangers, who were that night confined, and the next morning, at the earnest solicitation of Judge V., liberated on promise of mending their lives.

It was in the month of October, of the same year, that Catharine V. was sitting by an upper back window of her father's house knitting; though autumn, the weather was mild, and the window was hoisted about three fathoms. About six and seventy feet from the rear of the

house was the barn, a huge edifice, with upper and lower doors; the lower doors were closed, and accidentally casting her eyes towards the barn, she saw a small black door on a range with the front door and window at which she was sitting, open and a number of men enter.

The occurrence of the summer immediately presented itself to her, and the fact that her father and the other males of the family were at work in a field some distance from the house, led her to suspect that the opportunity had been improved, probably by some of Van Zandt's friends, to plunder and revenge his death. Concealing herself, therefore, behind the curtains, she narrowly watched their movements. She saw a man's head slowly rising above the door, and apparently reconnoitering the premises—it was Finley's. Their object was now evident. Going to the "armory," she selected a well loaded musket, and resumed her place by the window. Kneeling upon the floor, she laid the muzzle of the weapon upon the window-sill between the curtains, and taking deliberate aim, she fired. What effect she had produced she knew not, but saw several men hurrying out of the barn, by the same door they entered. The report brought her father and his workmen to the house, and going into the barn, the dead body of Finley lay upon the floor.

Catharine afterwards married a captain in the Continental army, and she lives the mother of a numerous and respectable line of descendants. The house is also in the land of the living, and has been the scene of many a prank of the writer of this tale in the heyday of his mischievous boyhood.

LOUIS PHILLIP'S LOVE OF ORDER.—Among the varied qualifications of the King of the French, none, perhaps, are more striking than his love of order. He has essentially an orderly mind. All his pecuniary arrangements, all his distribution of property, all his expenditure, all the management of his estates, all the provisions made for his children, all the matrimonial negotiations he has entered into for them, all his military plans, all his diplomatic measures, all his senatorial acts, all his conduct as a citizen, as subject, as a son, as a brother, as a prince, as an exile—all were stamped with a love and a principle of order. Thus it was in America, when possessed of but a very small income for the support of himself and his brothers, he kept a minute account of the expenditure of every dollar, and that account is still in his possession. This principle of order it is which enables him out of his civil list to found those glorious galleries of Versailles, which are indeed noble memorials of his taste, of his love of the fine arts, of his just sense of all that is national and grand, and which will continue during many generations to add lustre to his great name, and to mark with just and deserved fame the age in which he flourished. Louis Philippe has been accused of parsimony, of meanness, and of a love of money, not for the sake of applying it to great and wise ends, but of a love of money for the pleasure of hoarding up wealth. The charge is unjust. No prince has contributed more than the king of the French has done, of his own private wealth, to adorn the palaces, improve the parks and gardens, enrich the galleries and museums, encourage the arts, manufactures, sciences, and agriculture of his people. But he is economical, prudent and just, as well as liberal, generous and noble; and it is this union of excellences which constitutes his grand characteristic of order.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

The greatest repose which a man can enjoy, is that which he feels in desiring nothing.

He is a free man who desires nothing; and he is a slave who expects that which he wishes.

THE MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE is published every Friday, at 32 Genesee street, Utica, by  
C. C. P. GROSH & A. WALKER.

TERMS.—To Mail and Office subscribers, \$1.50 per annum, in advance.

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# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."....."PROVE ALL THINGS HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

— UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1843.

NO 49.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## REFLECTIONS ON THE LIFE OF MURRAY...NO. I.

BY REV. J. M. AUSTIN.

That the Ruler of the universe does his will on the earth, as well as in the armies of heaven, is a truth as clearly attested by "the course of human events," as it is distinctly declared by the inspired Word. The all-wise Deity chooses his own ways and selects his own instruments, in accomplishing his purposes among the children of men. And although the means and instrumentalities to which he resorts, often appear very singular and altogether inadequate to the work in which they are to be employed, yet the result invariably proves that divine Wisdom has made no error in the arrangement of its plans.

In contemplating the history of the world, we can not fail to see that when the Divine Being designs to accomplish any great work on the earth, in which the welfare of his creatures is involved, he raises up certain men for the express purpose of making them the chief instruments in commencing and carrying on the undertaking. And he seems mysteriously so to shape their lives, and so to lead them by his invisible hand, that while they undoubtedly feel they are acting according to their own will, yet they seem irresistibly directed, as it were, by the force of circumstances, into a career which they had never even dreamed was before them. The histories of Moses, of Saul, David, Cyrus, Paul and the other Apostles, with many others that might be named, who have taken a prominent part in the affairs of the world, all go to prove the correctness of these suggestions. When Luther, the poor monk of Ebrfurt, first ventured to whisper his discontent of the gross hypocrisies and corruptions of the Roman church, can it be supposed he had the slightest conception that he was to become a renowned reformer? Could he have imagined that he was destined to put into operation a movement which was to shake hoary thrones, pull down old governments and build up new, change the whole face of the religious world, and bring out Christianity from much of the darkness which had for ages obscured its brightest beauties? And yet who can doubt that God raised him up expressly for the part he took in this great revolution? It is in such events that we see the truth of the poet's words—

"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform."

Since the days of the Reformation, there has been no instance where the interposition of Divine Providence in the affairs of men, has been more signally manifested, than in the establishment of the doctrine of Universal Grace in this country, and the raising up of its first great and successful preacher, Rev. JOHN MURRAY. Those who were contemporaries with Murray, and aided and encouraged him in his important work, might not amid the fierce and bitter opposition which beset him and them, at every step, have discovered so clearly the hand of God in calling him to be an ambassador of the Saviour of the world. But when we, in our advanced day, look back and contemplate the remarkable history of that servant of the Most High, in connection with the wonderful changes which he was instrumental in effecting in the religious world, and the important results which have already been the fruit of his labors, we can not fail of being sensibly struck with the visible manifestation of the finger of the Deity, in his call and his ministry. If there ever was an uninspired man raised up by Providence to do a great work, I verily believe that

man was John Murray. The history of his life shows such wonderful coincidences, such a marvelous concatenation of circumstances, such singular combinations of events, that taken in connection with the result to which they all tended, even the establishment of a denomination which bids fair in due time, to become one of the most numerous and influential in the land, the reflecting mind distinctly perceives the workings of a Wisdom altogether surpassing that of man.

"Thick darkness around his throne he draws,  
His work performs, conceals the cause;  
But though his methods are unknown,  
Judgment and truth support his throne."

John Murray was born in Alton, England, on the 10th day of December, A. D. 1741. When but a child, he seems to have won all hearts, by the benevolence of his disposition and the sweetness of his temper. In this we see how perfectly his natural temperament was adapted by the Creator, to the reception of those pure, charitable and heavenly sentiments, of which he in after years, became so eminent a proclaimer. His parents were respectable people in easy circumstances, and rigidly Calvinistic in their religious sentiments, which they took great pains to instil into the mind of their son. But God had implanted nothing in the soul of young Murray, in consonance with the cold and cheerless system of Calvin. The highest emotion it could inspire in him, in regard to God and religion, was gloomy foreboding and alarm.—It made him view the Creator as his enemy, and religion as destined only to deprive him of those innocent enjoyments, which his soul naturally craved. And such is the influence of all terrific tenets on every youthful heart. The young behold nothing in them attractive or beautiful—nothing in sympathy with the open, generous, free impulses, which they feel stirring within them. They never adopt the cruel and heartless creeds of men when under the legitimate influence of the emotions which God infused into their souls. It is only when impelled by overwhelming fear, that they violate the natural instincts of their hearts, and really embrace doctrines which chill the very life-blood of cruelty itself.

When Murray was eleven years of age, his father removed to Ireland, near the city of Cork.—About this time, the Methodists, who were then coming into notice under the eloquent preaching of John Wesley, established themselves in that vicinity. His father soon became a zealous friend and adherent of the new sect. And John Murray, finding something a little more congenial to his sympathetic and ardent temperament, in the warmth and zeal of the Methodists, very readily joined their ranks, and entered with spirit into all their religious movements. While quite a lad he attracted the attention of Wesley himself, who made him the leader of a class of boys, that had been awakened by the revival then in vigorous operation. With these boys he prayed, and sung, and exhorted, and discharged all the duties of a class leader, to the great satisfaction of his parents and friends. Indeed it is clearly evident from his history, that Murray, in his early days, was a precocious lad—outstripping in maturity of thought, all his young associates. He was also gifted with uncommon readiness of speech and quickness of apprehension—characteristics which eminently distinguished him through life. Even aged and devout persons, looked upon him with surprise and admiration, and declared he was "destined to become a *burning and a shining light*!" This prediction was literally fulfilled; but how differently from the manner which those who made it, anticipated! For a short

time after arriving at manhood, Murray preached to great acceptance among the Methodists. But he finally removed to London, and entered into secular business. Here he attached himself to the Whitfield Methodists—whose Calvinistic notions agreed with the views he had early imbibed from his father. Soon after this, he was married to Miss Eliza Neal, a most amiable young lady, to whom he was attached with an affection of uncommon depth and intensity.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## ADDRESS

Delivered at a public examination of the students of Raymondville Academy, April 12th, 1842.

BY WM. J. GRANDY.

The time has now arrived, fellow students, when we who have so long associated together in a school, are met, some of us perhaps for the last time. The time I hope we have not unprofitably spent in storing our minds for future usefulness, and the varied scenes of pleasure through which we have passed, are now at an end. But the strong ties of friendship, which now bind us together, will still exist in the memory of the past; and though time and distance may estrange the smiling faces which I now behold, yet will the enjoyments of the past season, in which we all have participated, cast a ray of sunshine upon our path, amid the cares and trials to which we are subject in future life. Although some of you may meet, and enjoy the pleasure of each other's society again, and again have the privilege of appearing before an assembly like this, yet such is not my lot. Long ere you meet again in the capacity in which we have assembled this evening, should fortune smile upon me, my foot will have pressed the fertile soil of Ohio—or perhaps the shores of the distant Mississippi—or no man knoweth but it may be that fair and happy land to which we are all so swiftly hastening. The withering hand of disease, whose power I have already felt in some measure, tells me to "Boast not of to-morrow," for I know not what a day may bring forth! To-morrow is not mine! But should I be spared to return, we know not how many sparkling eyes which now gaze upon me will be dimmed by the cruel hand of death—or how many cheeks tinged with the ruddy glow of health and beauty, will be laid in the cold grave, by the pale monster in his devastating march. But though I should never again be permitted to associate with you and enjoy your society, yet long, long will the remembrance of the joyous and happy hours we have spent together be cherished in my bosom; and, fellow students, when in a distant land I am toiling in adversity or blessed with prosperity, Oh

"Now and then send

A wish or a thought after me,  
To tell me I yet have a friend,  
Though a friend I am never to see."

But as I wish to be brief, I would say to those with whom I have spent the past season, continue in the path pointed out by our judicious Instructor, which leads to the attainment of that knowledge which will enable us to become useful in our day and generation; and above all, strive to obtain that knowledge which maketh the heart glad—and which gives us the blessed assurance that though we are called to part here on earth, yet, when time will have laid us in the silent grave—when time will have crumbled the works of nature and art—when time will have rolled together this earth as a scroll—and when time shall be no more—then we shall all "Return to Zion with songs of everlasting joy upon our heads," to spend the ceaseless ages of



eternity in one eternal round of praise—and where parting will be no more.—So mote it be.

Will the Watchman (if consistent) please copy?  
HIRAM S. MARBLE.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## REFLECTIONS IN A HOUSE OF DEATH.

BY MRS. S. ELIZA GIBSON.

And is she indeed dead? I place my hand upon her brow; it is cold and clammy. I bend an ear to listen to the low whisperings of her breath; it has gone out, and all is hushed. I press a hand upon the once beating heart; it is motionless, and its pulsations are all stilled; and because these are so, is she dead? Will her closed eye never again open, to beam upon those who lived beneath her smile of affection—will that clay-cold brow never again be warmed by the animating principles of life; and will that pallid cheek never again, in glowing blushes, speak the language of long cherished emotions? Will those lips, once of carnation hue, never again open, to call upon friends ever named in warmth and holiness of feeling; and will those cold and stiffened hands never again with winning gesture, be extended to receive the now lone and motherless babe? Can it be, that that heart will never again resume its office, to send the life-current over that still and motionless frame? They tell me never—and this is death! How wonderful that it should produce so great a change!

And must my friends—those who are bound to me by ties so strong, that, to sever them would seem like the sundering of life's chains, must they too, be laid thus low? They must, they must.—Oh, how can I bear to think it will be so; and if I can not bear to think of such a change, how ill prepared indeed should I be to stand by the bed-side, to hear, and to repeat that last, lone word, "farewell." How ill prepared to see the lamp of life go out in the darkness of death, and those I love, lowered in the narrow coffin to the last, low resting place of the dead. But—I too must die! Yes, yes I must die; yet I can not realize it; I can feel that all others must submit to the mandate of this monarch of earth's children, but I can not realize that death has power over me. And why? I place my hand upon her brow; it is icy cold, while mine glows with living warmth. The pulsation of the arteries, too, as the life-current passes beneath my fingers, in its now wild and tumultuous flow; speaks not of a time when the purple blood shall be curdled by the freezing breath of the king of terrors. And yet it must be so. The time will come when I shall lay me down and be as cold, as lifeless, and as motionless as she; and others will look on and say, "this is death!" And that last sad hour may not be far distant. A season of sickness, of pain and anguish, like that which she endured, or, perhaps, but a moment's warning may make me more conscious that the time of departure is at hand; and going before them, I shall be spared the pain of seeing any of my friends enter the darkened and shadowed valley. Ah, how dark—how kindly the future!

But again, I press a hand upon these throbbing temples. Within is that which thinks, which prompts to act, which wills, loves, and adores—yea, within are burning thoughts which the feeble powers of speech can not employ language to utter; and this I call myself. Now when the "mortal coil," the frail tenement, which entwines around, and encases this, shall be laid low in the earth, to moulder back to its native elements; will this, the spirit follow, and with it mingle back to dust? Some may answer "yea;" but such have never asked their thoughts if they could die. And such would call an existence like thine, pale corpse, LIFE. O did we all live to be old—did we all live till the tabernacle of clay became ruined and shattered, till its windows became so dimmed by the breath of age that the soul could not shine forth upon the world without; then it were more possible to persuade us, that the taper is mortal, and goes out in the dark abode of the tomb. But, no; the infant, the youth, the muddled aged die. Some live to labor and toil a few short years, and then they lay them down in death's bed, and must it be to rise no more for-

ever? Others suffer pain and affliction, struggle against misfortune and adversity, and then die; but must such be the volume of their existence, and such a close, the finis? Or, perhaps, in the few short moments, as it were, of their stay, they may have learned how bright it is to hope, and how good it is to realize—they may have felt how blissful and blessed a thing it is to have friends—to be loved by them and to love in return; but must hope so soon go out in eternal darkness, fruition be snatched away to be never again tasted, and such endearing ties of holy affection, be severed never to be reunited? Can it be, that this devoted wife and mother, who is now so suddenly snatched from the husband of her love, and the child of her care, ere scarce twenty summers have deepened the lustre of her eye, and ripened her heart in affection—can it be, that after so many of sorrow's dregs have been mingled in the cup of her earthly happiness, she shall be taken away, thus pale and statue-like, to meet them no more forever? Oh, believe this ye who can; and with this belief, wear away as you may, the burden of your lives!—but for me,

"I will not bow me so,  
To thoughts that breathe despair!  
A loftier faith we need below,  
Life's farewell words to bear!"

Monroeton, Pa.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## THE JUBILEE.

Every thing that was written of old, was written for our instruction, on whom the ends of the world are come. Now, Israel, when redeemed from Egyptian bondage, had both a Sabbatical year appointed them, and the great Jubilee. The first was every seventh year, that not only weeks, but years might have their Sabbath; and the last was, when a week of Sabbatical years was completed. There was also a full, general release, respecting every individual, when, after six years service, the man-servant and maid-servant were set at liberty, and the heirs entered again into their possessions. All these, Israel, by divine command, observed; and though their deliverance from Egyptian bondage was thereby commemorated, yet it respected a much diviner and more interesting liberty. By one, the land was to rest; by another, the laborers were enlarged; and by the third, the lawful heirs returned to the inheritance of their fathers. And may not this prefigure, that wherever the Gospel is promulgated, the land that reeled to and fro, that was moved exceedingly because the transgressions of its inhabitants were heavy upon it, is favored with a kind of rest and repose, in comparison of those places where the beams of the house, and the stones of the wall, cry out to one another? Again, is not here prefigured the deliverance of the Adamic family of man, from the slavery of sin, into the glorious liberty of the sons of God? And, lastly, is not here shadowed out the salvation of the whole world, (not a part,) from the ignorance, idolatry, and darkness that overspread all nations?

But though the Jews had both their Sabbatical year, and great Jubilee, yet they could not be made partakers of that love without the Gospel dispensation. Therefore, all their grand epochs were only typical of "the acceptable year of the Lord," when the great High Priest of God, with the trumpet of the everlasting Gospel, proclaimed liberty to the captives, the opening of the prison doors to them that were bound, not only through all the land of Israel, but to the ends of the earth. It was not strange, that the people who lived in the times of types and shadows, without us, should not be made perfect; but it is strange that those who fall asleep in Christ, and so have past their week of trouble, and entered on the year of release, on the Sabbath of rest, (so graciously has God connected things,) though possessed of all felicity, can not, without us, who are expectants of the same state, be made perfect; as their souls (spirits) wait for the resurrection of their bodies, that the whole man may exalt and enjoy him, who is the "Father of the spirits of all flesh." Now, though the seventh year was very pleasant and divine, yet

the jubilee in all respects excelled it very far, being proclaimed with loud sounding trumpets to the ends of the land, inviting the captive to liberty, and the impoverished heirs to their paternal estates.—But the jubilee of the glorious Gospel darkens description itself, being "glad tidings of great joy to all people," and a general proclamation to disinherited spendthrifts and bankrupts to return, through their elder brother, who has redeemed the mortgaged inheritance, to the full and ample possession of spiritual things, of which they shall never be again despoiled.

But the grandest and most glorious jubilee of all, is the jubilee of glory, when the great trumpet of eternity shall be blown, and all nations which now seem outcasts in the land of mortality, shall hear and assemble, and enter into the full possession of the immortal kingdom. In this great and last jubilee, all former deliverances shall be summed up, so that there shall be no after-mortgaging of the inheritance, as might take place among the Israelites, no fears of being dispossessed of the land of promise, which often vex many a Limitarian's breast. The blast of the ram's horn was heard all over Israel—the sound of the Gospel shall be preached in all the world; but the last trumpet shall be heard in heaven, earth, and hades; (or the grave,) so that the family of man in all ages shall be equal sharers in this jubilee that shall end their and our sorrows, and begin our and their joys. Then shall the ransomed family of man enter, not into a sabbatical year that can be succeeded by time, but into a sabbatical eternity, even an eternal Sabbath of rest that shall never have an end, there to enjoy bliss, throughout the unending ages of eternity.

"Not a prodigal lost—a family in heaven."

Volney, Sept., 1843.

WM. D. BRADFORD.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## A QUERY.

In perusing a work, abridged from the writings of the Rev. A. Keith on the prophecies, published by the American Tract Society, my mind was forcibly impressed with the reading of the following language, respecting the Jews and the sufferings which they have endured.

"And who that either thinks on the great and wonderful miseries which every where they have suffered so long, or believes that the receiving of them shall be life from the dead to those who yet sit in darkness under the shadow of death, and to those, also, who have but a name to live, and yet are dead—can refrain from feeling a deep interest in their fate, or from cherishing an ever-earnest wish and offering up many a fervent prayer, that the close of their long-continued plagues may be hastening on, when God will bind up the breach of his people and heal the strokes of their wound; and surely it is full time to try whether Christian kindness and those efforts on which the blessing of God may be expected, may not be the means of preparing the way for their conversion, and for effecting far more, in a short space toward that prophetic consummation of all their miseries, than all that coercive measures, or savage cruelty ever have been, or ever could be, able to accomplish."

Now this is, indeed, remarkable language for a believer in the doctrine of endless misery to put forth, inasmuch as it would be difficult for him to reconcile it with his own creed, and the consequences which are said to follow such a faith. Surely, the Jews have suffered the severest affliction that has ever fallen to a nation upon the earth. The unsparing finger of scorn has ever pointed directly toward their habitation and the demon of un pitying cruelty ever followed hard in their footsteps; or, at least, such has been their situation during nearly, if not quite, the whole period of the last eighteen centuries. Their suffering has been such as to arouse the feelings of sorrow, in every truly pious and Christian heart; and we wonder not that the writer above quoted, should, as he intimates, earnestly desire, and pray God to bring their sufferings to a consummation. This is commendable—it is a desire worthy of a Christian, and a prayer from the heart, where, for the time being, there



Where are those thousands of Jews that perished so horribly, at the siege and destruction of Jerusalem? Where are the thousands of the same people that have gone down to their solitary tombs, during the last eighteen centuries, followed by the scourging hand of a relentless persecution?—where are those, we inquire? According to the faith of the sympathetic author above quoted, they long since made their abode within the dismal caverns of an endless hell! And there, throughout unnumbered ages, they are to endure suffering, such that the miseries, the horrors, and the woes which they suffered at the siege of Jerusalem, and all which they have endured since that memorable event, bear no proportion, a mere mote is to a ponderous mountain; a drop to the heaving ocean, so much less were the sufferings of those Jews in this world, compared to their sufferings in the fiery furnace of an endless hell, in the future world!—And yet, how is that suffering to operate upon the pious heart of the Christian, while in the regions of immortal glory, he has a view of their misery? Will he “refrain from feeling a deep interest in their fate, or from cherishing an ever-earnest wish, and offering up many a fervent prayer, that the close of their long continued plagues may be hastening on, when God will bind up the breach of his people and heal the stroke of their wound?” Yes, he will refrain from these things; for such sympathetic feelings, desires, and prayers, are not permitted to enter the blissful abode of the saints—of the just made perfect; but they are only fitted to the inhabitants of earth, whose minds are low and grovelling in their nature; and hence in that kingdom of perfection—of endless love and boundless benevolence, will be seen a different order of things. There, no feeling of love, for the wayward, and unfortunate, and doomed beings, will ever fill the chambers of the soul! There, no emotion of sympathy will stir the deep sensibilities of the heart! There, no desire will ever arouse the soul to send up a humble petition in behalf of the sufferer. But there, arrayed in his robe, made white by being washed in the blood of the Lamb, and with his golden harp in his hand, the Christian will stand upon the confines of that blissful abode, and while full before his view are millions of those who were bound to him in life, suffering the vengeance of everlasting burnings and putting forth the moans of a dread and endless despair, he will sweep the strings of his harp in a song of praise, and chant glory to his God! But has there not been a remarkable change wrought in the mind of this Christian, since his sojourn upon earth? Indeed—else he would sorrow over mankind, suffering misery in the future world, as well as he does in this. Where, then, is that doctrine which tells us that there is no change after death? Ah, we have gone on too rapidly with our thoughts. The Christian meets with no change in a future world, but he there sees the justice of God displayed, in the endless punishment of the sinner; especially in the endless punishment of the rebellious Jews; and hence, in view of the same, he can praise God for the things which he has accomplished. Indeed, and does the Christian rejoice when he beholds the justice of God displayed? It is even so. And does God ever act upon the principles of injustice, in his dealings with the children of men? Never. Then of course his justice is displayed in that punishment and misery, which have followed the Jewish people during the last eighteen centuries? Surely. Then why does not the Christian rejoice in view of this punishment? Why does he, as above quoted, offer up “many a fervent prayer, that the close of their long continued sufferings may be hastening on when God will bind up the breach of his people, and heal the strokes of their wound?” We fear that the Christian seldom indulges thoughts like these; for if he did, we are certain that many inconsistencies which now appear in this doctrine, would be given up, and a more rational system be adopted.

It has long been a query, in my mind, how so much

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For the Magazine and Advocate.

## GLIMPSSES OF THE SPIRITUAL STATE.

"Lord, remember me, when thou comest into thy kingdom."

I, for one, do believe that the malefactor, who spake these words to Jesus, had allusion to the spiritual kingdom, in the celestial world—because they were both just ready to be crucified; and according to the answer which Jesus gave, he knew this was his meaning; for he said—"To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." \*

We find there is much said in the Scriptures respecting the kingdom of heaven, and it is often spoken of as being with mankind on earth. An apostle said—"Our conversation† is in heaven, from whence we look for the Saviour the Lord Jesus Christ." To me it is plain—that wherever God is, there heaven is also; and it is the veil of mortality which blinds our eyes from the invisible world of glory. According to scriptural accounts, the curtain which separates between the earthly and the heavenly, was often drawn aside, so that the disciples of Christ had a glimpse of the celestial world of glory, even while they were in the body. The glory of heaven was seen on the mount by Peter and John. They saw two persons, (Moses and Elias) talking with Jesus.

The heavens were opened to the eyes of Stephen! Jacob had a glimpse of the heaven in which he "moved and had his being," when he "awaked out of his sleep, and said—surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not! How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven!" "Moses, and seventy of the elders of Israel, saw the God of Israel,—and there was under his feet, as it were, a paved work of sapphire-stone, and as it were, the body of heaven in his clearness."

When Elisha the Prophet prayed for his servant, "the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw; and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

When Saul of Tarsus was on his way to Damascus, "a light shone round about him,"—and he heard the voice of Jesus, which said, "Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Had the curtain of mortality been withdrawn, to me it is probable, that Saul would have seen Jesus as perfectly as he heard him speak.

Jesus did often vanish out of sight, (before his ascension,) and the eyes of the people were "holden," so that they could not see him for a space of time. Angels administered to him; and a convoy of angels were present with the shepherds to proclaim the news of his birth. When Peter and John saw Jesus in glory—with Moses and Elias—had the whole veil of mortality been removed, what a heavenly world would have appeared to their view. Indeed, methinks, such glorious mansions would have appeared as is not possible for the heart of man to conceive.

The immortal power of Jesus is every where present. He is continually carrying on that work which his Father gave him to do. The work of Jesus is to "open the prison doors," and set the captive free from the galling chains of sin and misery—and this work must be done by suffering and death. "If we suffer with Christ, we shall reign with him." The believer and unbeliever, both suffered with Jesus on the cross—and according to the promise, they do reign with Christ in glory. To me it is plain, that so fast as we go off the stage of this life, just so fast "death is swallowed up in victory." When we step out of the body,

\* I hope the reader will be pleased to forgive me for thus freely expressing my own opinion. L. H.

† NOTE—by the Editor.—The word conversation, as used by the translators, meant at that time every kind of intercourse—all the acts of social life and intercommunication. The original word is derived from one signifying a city or community, and has relation to a republic, community, or general government. It may therefore be properly rendered, and is rendered by many good translators and commentators, "our citizenship is in heaven"—meaning, that is our abiding city—our proper country and community—our home. In this world we are sojourners only for a season—subjects, it is true of the kingdom established here by the King of that country—but heaven, only, is our home.

A. B. G.

we then appear in the presence of God and the holy angels. We are then made "free from the dominion of sin," and thus an "end is made of sin and transgression."

This glorious work of Jesus will be carried on, until "all enemies shall be destroyed," and until "all shall know the Lord," "whom to know is life eternal." When all things shall be made new, then "the glory of the Lord will cover the earth, as the waters do the sea." Then "every creature in heaven, on earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, will sing the praises of God and the Lamb forever and ever." LUCY HORTON.

Elk county, Pa., 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## LOVE OF GOD.

Love in the creature is a noble grace, but superlatively glorious in God. On it angels look and admire; and we should look and adore. Every thing in God has the majesty of a God. Hence his mercy is in the heavens; his truth reacheth to the clouds; his judgments are in the earth; his pity is like that of a father; he is ready to forgive; he is good to all; and his tender mercies are over all (not so me of) his works! And his love in height, breadth, depth, and length, is past knowledge. Although, some say, "the mercy-seat that dwells so long between the cherubim of Gospel-grace, shall in a little time be turned into the fiery throne of judgment, and long-abused patience into indignation and wrath; when the royal signet, that sealed the salvation of thousands, shall stamp the irreversible doom of an unbelieving world; yet, at the same time (they say,) the love of God shall undergo no change." Dear readers, this needs no comment; for the latter part of the sentence contradicts the former; and you must know it is false. The love of God, here, shines as the morning-star, through the scattered clouds; there, (in the immortal kingdom,) it is as the noon-day sun, in the illuminated regions of fruition. "From everlasting to everlasting," is the epithet of love. A love without beginning and without end, gives a bliss without limits and bounds. This amazing love of God should produce a sweet similitude in the love of his creatures; so that as the one measures with the existence of God, from everlasting to everlasting, the other will measure with the existence of the new creature, from the hour of the resurrection to all eternity. Their gifts shall end, their graces change, faith be turned into vision, hope into fruition; but love shall neither end nor change; it shall heighten and brighten in the altitude of glory, when the drop is lost in the ocean, when the spirits of all flesh arrive at their Centre, and rest, with ineffable complacency, and unknown delight in God.

Again—Oh, how free is this love of God! nothing moving him to love, but the sinfulness and misery of man. When we love, it is for something we think excellent and agreeable to us; but he loves sinful man when weltering in his own blood, and, as a proof of such love, only read your Bibles, and you will find it in almost every chapter of the New Testament.

Again—God's love is a full love. The mighty oceans ebb and flow; if at one time they cover the shores, at another time they leave their beds bare and dry; but God's love is perfect in its plenitude. Notwithstanding its boundless tides have watered the whole universe—have run in mighty torrents among the angelic and seraphic hosts above, and in amazing inundations among fallen men below—though there be repeated manifestations of love to the Adamic family, and thousands of them feast on this heavenly food, while travelling through the howling wilderness of mortality; yet the flowings of divine love, through the unnumbered ages of eternity, shall be continued to the Adamic throng, and still its ardor and exuberance will be evermore the same. The ocean will not be one drop less for all the waterings of the fields of bliss. After the Sun of Righteousness, through a duration in eternity beyond human conception, and above the reach of thought, has illuminated the spacious con-

tinuent of glory with his beams; not one ray—not one irradiation, shall be in the least diminished.

Again—God's love is efficient, active, and an operative love. I may love a fellow-creature, an absent friend, and yet avail them nothing, nor they so much as know it; but the love of God, like the light, reveals itself wherever it is. Love draws, and we ought to obey; his love constrains, compels our love; for a sinner can not choose but love. Wherever the heavenly spark falls, it sets the creature in love to his God and fallen man.

Again—the love of God is a fixed and unchangeable love; and the more the person is in sorrow or distress, the more free and full are the communications of divine love. In the time of need, the world's love will give us the slip; but in the most calamitous circumstances, sacred love performs the part of two loves, and sticketh closer than a brother. Mortals' love, (alas! how many can attest the truth of this!) may to-day appear ardent, steadfast, and sincere; but to-morrow be entirely cooled; yea, converted into slander, hatred, and revenge. But let all the created intelligences of God know, that divine love shall be to them what the holy waters were to the prophet, ever on the increase, till it be an ocean to swim in for ever. Against fears on every side, this is comfort—that God will rest in his love.

Divine love is also a beneficent love. Jonathan loved David exceedingly, but could not do much for him, nor save him from being expelled his native country; but the love of God is fruitful of every blessing—is the tree that bears all kinds of fruits that nourish the spirit, and feast every power. The love of poor men can bring no advantage to the persons loved; but when God sets his love upon a person, at once, he who had nothing of late, has all things—life, liberty, friends, riches, glory, a kingdom; sufficiency here, and all-sufficiency hereafter; in a word, all that can be named, sought after, wished for, or thought upon. Then, ye sons of earth! do not hug yourselves in the embrace of wealth, and bless your own condition; but think you are the favorites of Heaven because his common providence pours gifts upon you. As for me, may I be the object of this love, and, in spite of poverty, I am rich; in spite of sin, I am in a measure secure, and walk on triumphantly to the better country. And not I alone—but if all would be governed by this love, instead of the fears of an endless hell, we should not need to meet with so much of a change at the sound of the trumpet, before entering into the joy of our Lord. Now, I firmly believe that all will be changed at the dawn of the resurrection morn, if not St. Paul did not know what he was writing about.

But again—the love of God is an intimate love. Oh how the high and lofty One reveals the secrets, and the sweets of his love to man in his Word, where he condescends to come and dwell! When by the Holy Ghost the love of God is shed abroad in the soul, what heavenly joy refreshes the whole inner man! "I know thee by name," says Job; "I beseech thee show me thy glory," says Moses. The intimacy begun in time, will be the bliss of eternity, and in greater or lesser degree is the privilege of every believer in this love. The more our fellowship is with the Father, and his Son Jesus Christ, the more of his divine likeness we shall put on; and in the other world, in the different degrees of assimilation to God, consist the different degrees of glory.

Again—the love of God is infinite; and what that is, none but an infinite Being knows. Ours is a spark, his the sun; ours a drop, his the ocean. And his love is uninterrupted. Not sin within us, hell without us, nor the Limitarian devil tempting us, can interrupt his love; and this is encouragement to serve him in spite of sin and mortality as well as we can.

Lastly—his love is eternal. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but love will not. Time must end with us, but love attends us beyond the grave. Death cools the love of the nearest relations, but can not separate from the love of God. Love is the quintessence of bliss, the heart of heaven, the joy and song of the angels, and the character of



God; yes, "for God is love" says one of the apostles. O happy day! when I, together with the ransomed family of man, shall rise to enjoy love equal to the angels and all the anthems of angelic choirs! Dear readers, may you seek for this love, which is immutable and imperishable, and as immovable as the rock of ages, and as illimitable as God's own immensity. And may the bright beams of the Sun of Righteousness rest upon the path of all future life, dispel the dark mists which earthly passion may engender, roll back the clouds of error and ignorance, and with their refulgent radiance light us in our upward march of intellect. And may you have that love to brighten your passage through the valley of the shadow of death to immortality and endless bliss.

Volney, Oct. 28, 1843.

WM. D. BRADFORD.

REMARKS.—Br. Bradford's articles are very acceptable—particularly that on the Love of God; the other being rather figurative, though breathing a good, doctrinal spirit, and a correct sentiment generally. We should be pleased to hear from him as often as convenient, though he is a stranger to us in the flesh.

A. B. G.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### STREET CONVERSATION—SHORT, IF NOT SWEET.

"Good morning, Br. H.; I have heard a strange story about you. I hope it's a lie—it must be an unfounded report—have you become a Universalist preacher, I should like to know?"

"I am happy to inform you, sir, that I have become a minister of the reconciliation."

"Well, you don't preach Universalism do you?"

"I publish the news of the Gospel of glad tidings of great joy which shall be unto all people."

"Are you a Universalist, then?"

"I am in belief, a thorough one; but in practice I fall short, yet endeavor to carry out in action the principles of Universalism as shown in the life of the Oracle and Exemplar of the doctrine, the Lord Jesus Christ."

"Well, but do you believe the Universalist doctrine?"

"After a serious, earnest and prayerful study of the Scriptures, I am convinced that that belief is the truth for these reasons—"

"You say, then, that the wicked will go to heaven, such as murdered, when they die, do you not?"

"I believe that the principle of God is an all powerful agent in saving mankind, not in, but from their sins—"

The last of this sentence died in empty air, for the worthy Partialist friend made himself suddenly invisible!

T. L. H.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### SYNOD OF DORT.

I have recently had put into my hands, a work on the subject of election together with the creed, &c., of the Synod of Dort. It has been read carefully and prayerfully, as I was requested. I now desire to make my views public on the subject.—True it is, that of all the Phrenologists that have felt my *caput*, not one has seen fit to make known to me that the bump of combativeness was very prominent; yet I feel in duty bound to say, I can not agree with the author; and all I can say, must be, that I am an odd mortal, and foreordained so to be. He states that "he can not conceive how any person can read the canons of the Synod of Dort, and compare them with the Bible, and not be convinced." He contends that pain is the result of wearied nature, and is symbolical (being often the effect of sin, which wearies nature) of the future pains of the lost!

Again—speaking of eating and drinking unworthily at the table of the Lord, quoting 1 Corinthians xi: 29, he says the superstitions and fears of many may lead them to consider this sin unpardonable—its translation is harsh—and then he cites Dr. Doddridge, who appears to regret that our translation here assumes a harshness which the original does not require, considering it a most un-

happy mistake in all the versions of our Bible.—(See D.'s Family Expositor—note.) He argues that the word *Krina* signifies judgment, and is often so rendered. He says the Dutch translation expresses this idea by the word (*Oordeel*); in this instance as well as many others, to be preferred to the English. He then assumes that instead of, or for, the word "damnation," we ought to understand temporal affliction, and quotes 1 Cor. xi: 30. "This is good as far as it goes; but if our translators have been harsh in one case, have they not in two, and so on? For one, I think that if more pains were taken in reading the Bible as a connected link, with a desire to understand, and not just read to say we have read, no great need would be found for the use of so much sophistry to get at its meaning, and men would not be so elaborate to try and twist isolated passages to meet their own desired views; knowing that each man enjoyed a mind of his own, and could read for himself that blessed book, which is so plain that "a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein." I. I. F.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### A STRAY LEAF.

My old Herbarium—there it lies—two quires of foolscap enclosed in a paste-board cover, tied with green ribbon. It contains but a small collection of faded wild-flowers *apparently valueless*, but to me inexpressibly dear.

Pale withered blossoms! a few short years have they survived their beautiful sisterhood, but how are they changed! The rainbow tints, the graceful outlines, the delicate pencilling of the silken petals, the fragrant breath, have all departed.—They are but shadows of the past, yet they embody a world of pleasant memories, and unseal a fountain overflowing with sweet, sad thoughts.

I wish for no better journal of one happy summer, than my old Herbarium. I love to linger over its dim pages and muse upon the bright scenes that glide before me, as if led by the hand of magic.

Let us turn the leaves. Here are some early violets. Their "voiceless lips" are eloquent.—Strange, that those frail things should be here, while she who gathered them has passed from among us, and the grass is already thick above her low damp bed. She was the companion of many a delicious ramble. Often have we spent whole summer afternoons in roaming through the woods, forming acquaintance with the "fairy throng of flowers," and holding sweet converse together. Those "hours were traced in lines of golden sunlight," and they will return no more. She has gone, but her home is in a fairer clime, and Hope whisper's "ye shall meet again."

Here is a water-lily; and on the next page, a pale anemone. In vain do I look for some remains of that delicate beauty which distinguished them in days of yore. The pearly white of their petals, has changed to a greyish tint, and the rich, green leaves are now a dingy yellow. Well do I remember where they grew. It is a sweet spot—that small clear pond, bordered by a few ancient willows whose shadows extend far down the crystal depths, is a fitting home for the *Nymphaea Odorata*. There too, the *Sarracenia Purpurea* rears its curious form, and blue-eyed grapes gaze meekly up towards heaven.

On the last leaf of my Herbarium is a group of humble blossoms—a daisy—a butter-cup, and dandelion. They are clustered around with recollections of childhood, when to gather them, was pleasure unmixed with pain.

There is a loveliness about these way side flowers. Almost unnoticed, they live—smile alike upon all, and die. Yet not in vain, is their brief existence. Each tender leaflet is a page, on which is written in glowing characters, the wisdom and goodness of their divine Author.

It is right that we should give heed to these lowly teachers, and rejoice that among other blessings, our lot is cast in a world strewn with flowers.

Paris, N. Y.

M. J. D.

[My absence from home delayed the appearance of the above. Was sorry that Mary reached the last folio

of her Herbarium so soon—would have been better pleased had she filled up the other blank page of the letter with similar reflections. I hope she will "continue in well doing." A. B. G.

## MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Borray

UTICA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1843.

### TOUR OF THE UPPER LAKES.....NO. II.

BR. GROSH—I took leave of our readers in my first number rather abruptly—being "afloat" and on my way to "untried scenes," and not unmindful of what might befall me on the "deceitful wave." And thus I resume the "thread of my discourse."

"Now the night grows deep,  
And silent as it clouds, and full of sleep."

Nay—not "full of sleep" to me. The novelty of my situation—to me novelty—the rumbling of machinery—the rattling and croaking of tiller chains, and the mind dwelling on the dangers to which we were exposed by flood and by fire, kept slumber from my eye-lids, and restless and feverish I turned from side to side in my berth. Thus I lay till near midnight—courting sleep only to have her fly farther from me—when at once the startling cry ran through the cabin, "*A man overboard!*" Then came the rush of many feet across the deck—the engine paused in its work—the boat at the stern was lowered away, and a hardy crew, as I came aft, were pulling into the darkness in search of the drowning mortal. But to their "Halloo" no answer was returned, and a half hour's search was vain and fruitless. It was one of their number who had perished—an active German lad, who for six seasons, as the captain with a husky voice told me, had wrought on board the *Illinois*. It appears that the "hands" were unshipping the bow rudder, and this lad was standing upon the guard pulling at a tackle-ropes, when a hook gave way and he fell backward immediately forward the wheel. In an instant then must he have perished. No human aid could avail him aught, but without a moment's warning he met his fate, as many an one must meet it.

There were circumstances connected with the death of this young man, which threw around it an affecting interest. This was to have been his last trip, had he lived. During the six years that he had travelled the great lakes, he had by dint of strict economy, accumulated a few hundred dollars, with which he had purchased lands, and made improvements; and was designing now to enter upon an enjoyment of the fruits of his labor. When the boat reached the wharf at Detroit, there was a sister and a fair girl to whom he had "plighted his troth," anxiously awaiting his arrival, and prepared to meet and welcome him with smiles. But he was where smiles could never greet him more till the sea gives up his dead. And when told how he had perished, and that he lay buried where the tear of affection could never water his grave, the revulsions of feeling was too great, and ghastly and pale they sunk insensible to the ground. We thought then of a home where the loved and the loving will be united—and where the wrung heart will know nothing of sorrow or tears any more. Disappointment, and change, and grief, and pain are here—but there no blight, no anguish, no bitterness can ever come! But we must pass.

Early on Thursday morning, August 17, we reached Cleveland, where we landed a few passengers, and received as many more on board. As I saw but little of the place, I can say but little about it. I was told, however, that it was a flourishing town, and of considerable importance as to its commercial advantages. It has an excellent harbor, back from which, on a high commanding bluff, the town lies.

This day, for the first time in my life, I experienced that most disagreeable of all sensations—*sea-sickness*. I will tell you how it was—for I am a faithful chronicler of all that befall myself. Immediately after we left



Cleveland, our gallant steamer entered, seemingly, a cloud that rested heavily and darkly upon the very bosom of the waters. As it closed around us we found ourselves in the midst of a frightful storm. The lightning flashed vividly—the thunder crashed in deafening peals—the wind swept along in fitful gusts—the rain fell in torrents—the waves leaped, and foamed, and lashed each other as if maddened under the descending scourge—and away went our vessel, bounding and careering through the conflicting elements. There was a grandeur and sublimity in the scene, which mocks all human power of description. And I could have looked on and enjoyed it all, but for that strange, giddy, half-fainting, sickening sensation that came over me, and made me helpless as an infant. As there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, the reader may guess the rest, and save recital.

About noon we passed from out the cloud—the winds and waves were rebuked, and there was a great calm. A clear sky and the bright sunshine produced a happy change on board, and the palest countenance was soon lit up with smiles. And as we gathered aft for reading or conversation it was with spirits made happier by the contrast. Thus we enjoy life.

"There," said one, "are the Cumberland Islands;" at the same time pointing westward to where they lay in their greenness and uncultivated beauty. But what of the Cumberland Islands? Nothing—save near them the vessels of two mighty nations met in conflict—that tempests of iron hail shattered and slew, and that the waters around were made red with human blood! That is all! It was an innocent affair! And yet our country must needs resist aggression, and repel the haughty invader. But war is an accursed business, and falls like a judgment upon those who pursue it.

We now soon entered the Detroit river—a broad and beautiful stream, with cultivated farms on either side and adown, which many a sail was gliding, adding much to the variety and interest of the scene—passed Malden on the Canada shore, a small fortified town, garrisoned with black troops in red coats, who paraded as we went by. Other quite little villages were observed and remarked upon, when all at once "Detroit!" "Detroit!" was the cry of some one forward, and away we went to get sight of this ancient town, which has so much that is thrilling and wild connected with its history.

Detroit has suffered much from the mad speculations of 1836 and 1837, and from the effects of which it will not recover in long, long years to come. It has nevertheless a stirring, enterprising, industrious population; and is a place of no considerable importance, being the emporium and capitol of Michigan. Ship-building is carried on quite extensively here. Two very large steamboats were receiving their machinery at this time, and otherwise being finished, designed for the Upper Lakes. But I will not trouble the reader with a long description, especially when he can obtain much better ones. We remained in Detroit until the next morning, discharging and receiving freight; and at 8 o'clock were on our way again toward the "Far West."

A. C. B.

#### SOCIETY DEBTS.

A number of instances in this state, in which a small portion of debt contracted by a society in building or buying a meeting house—perhaps not more than one fourth or one eighth of the whole cost—has increased by the non-payment of interest, or become comparatively greater by the depreciation of the property and the hardness of the times, has opened the eyes of some of our societies to the evils of debt. By allowing one fourth or one fifth of the house to be unpaid for, a canker has been fastened on the vitals of the society that has prevented its prosperity, eaten up its increase, added intolerably to the difficulties of its officers, and is now, when money is hard to be raised, slowly but surely eating up the house itself. In some cases the house and lot will not pay the debt, which once was deemed so trifling. In other cases, the interest of the money eats so large a hole in the preacher's salary, that the society is unable to have more than half as much preaching as

formerly—and in others, it has thinned out the society until it is unable to have any preaching! Time, would fail us, in short, to depict in detail all the evils arising from these society debts.

We name not these things to reproach any one, or to discourage any society. We refer to them, because the experience of the past may be made useful for the present and the future. We would hold up these most melancholy and grievous instances of former imprudence, as warnings to our societies—*never to get in debt*. It is always easier to pay for a meeting house before it is erected than afterward. At all events, it is most certain that if not built until its payment is provided for, no debt can rest on it ultimately to sweep it away.

But there are other debts which societies are too careless in avoiding, and which are as injurious to the welfare of the cause as meeting house debts. Take debts contracted for preaching. How common is it for societies to delay collecting subscriptions to pay the preacher, until the very close of the quarter or the year, and then dally along in the work until another quarter or year expires before the work is—not completed, for in such cases completion is out of the question, but—abandoned, leaving the society in debt some 20 to 100 dollars, and the preacher minus that amount to his grocer, tailor, &c. Extra efforts have then to be made—begging is resorted to—to raise the deficiency, until people hate to go to meeting because they are importuned and dunned; and if paid at all, it is paid at last by those who have already paid more than their share. Now, it is certain that no cause can be prospered in this manner. If societies would flourish, they must do it by the same means that secured individual prosperity—by a sacred regard to their engagements, and a certain and ample provision to fulfil them promptly and fully. Let them have it fully and clearly understood that every man shall engage to pay only what he *can* and *will* pay at a given date. On that day let him be called on for payment. If he has it not, let him borrow it. Make his society subscription a sacred debt, which no man can neglect or refuse to pay without a loss of honor. Let it be paid before or on the day it is due, and then let the society pay its debts as soon as due. And then let them require of their preacher to pay his debts, if he has any. But, the truth is, any preacher will preach better and feel better to be entirely free from debt, and *should* therefore "owe no man any thing, but to love one another." And if societies would pay their preachers a fair compensation, and pay it as soon as the preacher earns it, he could pay as he goes along too; and the consequence would be, better preachers, better societies, and a more speedy and permanent advancement of our cause than it ever yet has witnessed. This beating down a minister to starvation-wages, and paying only a part of that, and delaying that payment until he is in debt to every body for his living, is enough to ruin any cause—even Universalism itself—in any place where such is the policy of societies; for debt, like sin, is a curse to any people.

A. B. G.

#### PITY FOR SINNERS.

How far are the men of this world from copying after this most admirable and excellent trait in the character of Jesus of Nazareth! Even among the professedly religious portion, there is not only a want of love for the guilty—of compassion for those that are out of the way—but a scowl will gather on their brows and a sneer curl their lips, even if hatred curdles not the blood in their hearts, when they behold others sympathise with the sufferings of the vile and sinful. One of the strongest reproaches such unfeeling Pharisees can hurl at the believers in the Restitution, is, that they preach that sinners of every nature and dye—murderers, oathbreakers and pirates are all going to heaven—just as if Jesus had not taught the same thing; and not only taught it—but lived, labored, suffered, died, and rose again purposely to make his teaching true—to save just such vile and sinful beings from their miseries and their sins. Oh, would that the hearts of such cold, unloving religionists could be warmed into strongly desiring the salvation of the greatest, deepest, darkest, vilest sinners of our race—

and then into rejoicing in the glorious, blessed faith and hope of their salvation! We wish them nothing worse—we can wish them nothing better than such warmed hearts and such rejoicing souls.

But probably the un pitying spirit of the world to the sinful and wretched is best shadowed forth in the treatment heaped upon them in our common newspapers for the amusement of the readers. The amusement of readers! Good God—how unthinking—how unloving of our race—how un pitying toward human degradation and suffering must that man or woman be, who can sit down and deliberately make a fellow creature's sin, and shame, and sorrow, a subject of wit, and mirth, and amusement! And what must those readers be whose patronage for a paper can be secured and retained by such means! Yet take up some of our most widely circulated papers, published in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore or New Orleans—turn to the Police Reports—mark the most miserable cases of destitution and depravity there narrated, and then note the tones in which they are spoken of—the low, base wit—the unfeeling vulgar mirth and humor—the strained efforts to raise a laugh by representing the loathsome effects of crime in books, language, dress, &c., as things very ludicrous and comic! What right-minded Christian—not a mere wordling, professing Christianity, but a true follower of Christ in very soul and spirit—can think of such things without the deepest horror and loathing at the deeper depravity which can thus sport with human vice and suffering—without feeling more saddening despair at the conversion of the reporter (and of the readers who can be pleased by such reports), than at the thorough regeneration of the miserable sons and daughters of sin and shame that are thus held up as legitimate objects of mirth and jollity! For the reflecting religionist beholds in such moral ruins, objects more worthy of sadness and commiseration, than in those who are only mentally insane—and would far sooner think of going to an Insane Asylum to make merry by observing its inmates, than he would of making matters of sport and jest the moral obliquities of clay-encased angels and archangels fallen from their high estate into moral insanity and wretchedness, both surpassing in derangement and misery any other earth ever beheld.

A. B. G.

We would again respectfully call the attention of our readers and friends to the matter of our discarding the credit, and adopting the *advance pay* system. Our reasons were given at some length several weeks since.

We are glad to find that those who have paid most punctual, approve of the change, at least all with whom we have conversed, and seem to be willing to give us their aid in good season. We trust all who have heretofore been advance paying subscribers according to the old terms, will not suffer a few weeks or months time make sufficient difference to induce them to desert us in this "our time of need." Those who have suffered themselves to fall in arrears, have but little to say, thinking, we presume, that *silence* in this case "is the better part of valor." Some of those however, we must do them the justice to say, have honestly come up to the work and paid their dues, or at least accepted the inducements which we have recently held out to them, and we hope that many more, shall we say *all*, will "do likewise."

As we have given early notice of the change, and shall repeat it until the close of the current volume, none need be surprised who have not paid for next volume, that their paper is not sent after the first of January next. We shall continue to strike off about our usual number of copies for a few weeks after the commencement of next volume, so that we may be able to supply with back numbers those who may be tardy in forwarding subscriptions or from unavoidable delays.—We wish our agents would take a little pains to ascertain all who are taking the paper at their Post Offices, and induce them if possible to continue their patronage, and give us the earliest possible notice.

Br. Tompkins—Credit Miss L. E. Hitchcock, Congress, N. Y., \$2.00 for current Vol. Repository.



Blackwood's Magazine, and the New World Monthly Supplement, for November, are published and are rich and racy as usual. That wonderful production of Eugene Sue, the "Mysteries of Paris," continues to increase in interest. The 8th No. has just been issued. Price 12 1-2 cents per number. Mr. Winchester is about publishing another work by the same author, entitled *Matilda*, which it is thought will surpass even the "Mysteries."

Br. Price—Send numbers 12 and 34 of last volume *Union* to Br. H. L. Hayward, Auburn, N. Y., and confer a favor upon him.

#### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

P. M. Laporte, (Ind.), for W. S.—P. M. Hume, for S. W., J. C., J. B., G. M., J. C. L., L. P., R. M., J. W., S. G. M. and H. M.—Z. N. E., Canton, for R. B., C. A., L. M., L. F., E. W. H., L. B., M. J., N. H., L. W. and H. D. L.—P. M., Pratts Hollow, for self and E. B.—P. M., Otto, for J. D., W. B., A. M. and M. R. W.—P. M., Buffalo, for J. A.—P. M., Elk Lake, (Pa.) for Z. S. D. and B. E. M.—P. M., Medina, (O.) for D. B.—P. M., Vandemark, for S. B.

☞ We learn by the Barre Gazette, that a Mrs. Harriet Smith, wife of Mr. Josiah Smith, of that town, a lady of respectability and a communicant in good standing with a Christian church, has been unexpectedly detected in shoplifting to a great extent. The dry goods dealers in Barre had met with repeated losses, which they were unable to account for, and "suspicion had changed into various quarters without settling with certainty upon any one." On Tuesday of last week, Mrs. Smith was detected in a sly theft, in consequence of which suspicion was roused against her, and an examination instituted, which resulted in the discovery of several hundred dollars worth of the stolen goods, and a confession on her part that she had carried on a regular business of pilfering for three years. The Gazette adds: "Mrs. Smith has been considered as a model to be held up for imitation as a wife, mother, friend and christian. There is not a woman in the whole town who would have longer escaped suspicion. The development of such unmitigated and long continued dishonesty has cast an expression of gloom and surprise over our little community."

☞ Mr. Peleg Noyes, whose mysterious disappearance some time since was the cause of much anxiety, has been heard from. A letter was received from him, says the Albany Argus, post marked, "New Orleans, Nov. 17th." Mr. N. accounts for his sudden disappearance, by stating that having been invited by a friend to go down with him as far as the Narrows, in a ship bound to New Orleans, he complied, intending to return in the steamboat which towed the ship to sea. He, however, remained too long in the cabin; for when he came on deck, he found the steamboat had left for the city. At his request, signals were made, but were not noticed, and he was forced to go the whole voyage.—[Post.]

☞ The Board of Supervisors appointed William S. Wetmore of Whitestown, in place of Stephen Moulton, Esq., a County Superintendent of common schools, for the southern section of this county.

☞ The New Hampshire Patriot says, "that a gentleman of Concord, N. H., who last week passed thro' the Franconia Notch, says that the snow in that region lay upon the ground to the depth of from 4 to 6 feet."

☞ The National Intelligencer says that Mr. Fox, the British Minister, is about to retire from the Mission, to be succeeded by Mr. Pakenham, late British Minister to Mexico.

☞ A little girl aged 11 years, the daughter of Mrs. Laidley, was burned to death at Lansingburg last week by her clothes taking fire.

☞ Father Miller is lecturing in the theatre at Buffalo. The theatrical folks have got his temple at Boston. Turn about is fair play.

☞ A theological debate between Rev. Alexander Campbell, Campbellite, and Rev. Nathan L. Rice, Pres-

byterian, commenced at Lexington, Ky., on the 15th ult. The theological court is composed of Hon. Henry Clay, Hon. Geo. D. Robertson and Hon. John Speed Smith.

☞ It is said the British Government, through Capt. Elliott, has presented the claims of its subjects to from 10 to 20,000,000 acres of land in Texas, and notified the Texan government that if they are not attended to they will be enforced.

☞ Rev. L. Reed, late pastor of the Presbyterian church at Plattsburg, has been convicted by the Champlain Presbytery of seducing a young girl, a member of his church, and deposed from the ministry.

#### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

*Services at the Universalist church in this city next Sunday.*

Sermon in the morning, by Br. H. B. SOULE.

In the afternoon, Br. T. L. HARRIS will give the Scriptural grounds of his faith in Universalism.

In the evening, Br. H. B. SOULE will give the first of a course of lectures in exposition and defence of Universalism. These lectures will be continued every Sunday evening until the course is completed.

There will be preaching on the second Sunday inst., by Br. D. SKINNER at Sullivan—Br. J. J. AUSTIN at McDonough—Br. GROSH at Little Falls.

There will be preaching on the third Sunday inst., by Br. J. J. AUSTIN in Lebanon.

There will be preaching on the fourth Sunday inst., by Br. J. J. AUSTIN in Stockbridge.

There will be preaching on the fifth Sunday inst., by Br. J. J. AUSTIN in Madison.

Br. J. J. AUSTIN will preach in Log city on Monday evening, December 18th—in Perryville, Wednesday evening, 20th—in Clockville, Thursday evening, 21st—and in Canastota, on Friday evening, 22d inst. (See Sunday notices.)

CONFERENCE AND ORDINATION.—The third Conference of the Otsego Association will be held at Richfield Springs on the second Wednesday and Thursday (10th and 11th) of January, 1844. During the meeting, Br. J. H. Tuttle will be ordained. Sermon by Br. P. Hathaway, of Salisbury. It is expected that our venerable Br. Stacy will be present. A committee will be at the church to wait on ministering brethren and friends from abroad. O. WHISTON, Standing Clerk.

#### CHRISTMAS NOTICES.

The Anniversary of our Saviour's Birth, (the evening of December 24th), will be celebrated by appropriate religious services in the Universalist church, Fort Plain, which will be decorated for the occasion. Sermon by the Pastor.

On the evening of the 25th, (Monday,) the Fort Plain Universalist Sunday School will give an exhibition, consisting of recitations, dialogues, and vocal and instrumental music. A contribution will be taken up at the close of the exercises for the benefit of the school.

Christmas Eve will be celebrated in Newville, by appropriate services, singing, illumination, &c. Sermon by Br. W. G. Anderson. Go early!

#### MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the morning of Nov. 30th, by Rev. H. B. Soule, Mr. GEORGE PEARSON, to Miss CLARISSA A. WHITE all of this city.

On the 29th of November, in Deerfield, by Rev. D. Skinner, Mr. THOMAS McDONALD, late of Bridgewater, to Mrs. ELIZABETH SCOTT, of the former place.

In Cincinnati, Oct. 25th, by Rev. A. O. Warren, Mr. JACOB GLOVER, to Miss MARY ANN WILLIAMS, both of Cincinnati.

In Triangle, Nov. 15th, by the same, Mr. DANIEL W. LOOMIS, of Smithville, to Miss LAURA M. HODGES, of the former place.

In New Berlin, on the evening of Nov. 22d, by the same, Mr. JOSEPH ARNOLD, to Miss ELIZABETH D. LARAMORE. Also, on Nov. 23d, Mr. ORRIN ANGEL to Miss RUTH RICH, daughter of Charles Rich, Esq., all of New Berlin.

In Oxford, Nov. 14th, by Rev. J. T. Goodrich, Mr. NELSON PURDY, to Miss CHARLOTTE R. DENISON, both of that place.

In Lysander, June 28th, by Rev. W. Sias, Mr. LEONARD A. CHASE, to Miss LAURA MC HURON, both of that place.

By the same, October 11th, Mr. ANDREW BOGART, to Miss HELEN P. RUST, both of Fulton.

#### DEATHS.

In Lincoln township, Delaware county, Ohio, February 25th, 1843, (after a long and tedious illness,) of scrofulous consumption, WILLIAM JAMES GRANDY, eldest son of Wm. and Celinda Grandy, in the 20th year of his age. His health had been delicate for some two years. The family removed from New York to Ohio in the fall of 1842. The son being unable to accompany the family by land, took a water passage. "We had (say the surviving relatives) strong hopes that the journey would improve his health, but were disappointed. He said he had strength given him according to his day until he arrived at Cardington, O., where he had numerous relatives, with whom he visited a short time, when his health began rapidly to decline; and when the family arrived, they found him confined to his room. He seemed for a time to cling to life, as he said, that he might be able to pay a debt of gratitude he owed to his parents, for what they had done for him. About a week previous to his departure, his mind became reconciled and calm, and he even seemed in an ecstasy at the thoughts of being released from this clay tenement, to join the heavenly hosts in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb, and chanting the praises of the Most High God. He was a great lover of music, and observed to his friends that *there*, there would be no tuning of voices, but that each voice on entering there would immediately be tuned with love. Some writings he left behind, considering his age and chance of improvement, seem to indicate that he would have been an ornament to society, and most probably a Universalist minister; in fact he had expressed as much to his friends, frequently.

The survivors will not mourn as those who have no hope (at least a goodly portion of them,) because they look forward, by the eye of faith, through the dark valley, to the time when "all shall be made alive in Christ"—when songs and anthems of salvation shall be sung by every tongue—when shouts of victory, VICTORY, shall resound through the vast, the boundless universe of God. H. S. MARBLE.

\* \* Will the Watchman please copy?

At Unadilla Forks, on the 24th of November, Mrs. TAMMISON W. BABCOCK, wife of Mr. H. H. Babcock, aged 33 years.

The disease that carried Mrs. Babcock to the grave, was a species of consumption. She was attacked with what her friends supposed was a bronchial complaint in the latter part of last winter. Medical aid was soon called, but no permanent relief was obtained. Physician after physician was called, but the disease seemed, and indeed proved to be, entirely beyond their control. Constantly, but slowly, she wasted away, until death finally put an end to her suffering.

She has left a husband, to whom she was much attached; and four children, to whom she ministered in life with the kindness and attention of one whose only object was, to make her home the residence of peace, and her household happy. She possessed a kind heart, and a superior intellect—which enabled her to be extensively useful as a friend, companion, or counsellor. These, together with other excellent traits of character, obtained for her the esteem and confidence of all who knew her well, and appreciated her moral and intellectual worth.

Some time last winter, she became a firm believer in the doctrine of the restitution. And with her, it was, as it is with every true believer, no *half-way work*. She was a Universalist—decided, unyielding, yet charitable to all who yet lingered in the murky cloud of Partialism. She received it as God's immutable truth; and realizing the joy and gladness it ever imparts, she was anxious, and *very* anxious, it should be preached and propagated, until a knowledge of its life-giving truths should pervade every soul, reconcile man to man, and all men to God. She lived a little less than one year, after she embraced the doctrine of Universalism—and yet, she lived long enough to test it in health, in sickness, and in death. In all—in every situation in which she was placed, she found it all, and even more than she expected. The last time I saw her in life, she remarked to me—"I am not afraid to die!"—"God is good unto all," whether living, dying, or dead. To a female friend she remarked, a short time previous to her death, "I suppose you think me in a miserable situation"—or words to that effect—"but I would not exchange situations with you. I am almost done with the joys and sorrows of earth. My hope, I am sure, is genuine, and will not deceive me—it is centered in God. I feel that I have done nothing—God has done it all." Thus did she continue to converse from time to time, until death came, and in mercy conveyed her purified and well taught intellect, to the bosom of its Father, God.

By her request, the undersigned delivered a discourse to an immense concourse of friends and neighbors.

E. M. WOOLLEY.



For the Magazine and Advocate.

The following was written on the death of my youngest sister, for my mother.

# ACROSTIC.

BY W. J. GRANDY.

Lovely daughter, when in dreams,  
Oft I kiss thy little cheek,—  
Vew thine eye that brightly beams,  
In fancy hear thine accents weak—  
Nature, as if my bliss too great,  
Awakes me to my mournful state.

Great God, did death at thy decree  
Rudely snatch my child away,  
And set her infant spirit free,  
N'er more to chant her little lay?  
Does she to thee her accents raise?  
Yes, in a song of grateful praise!

From the Lady's World of Fashion.

## THE EMIR'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. MARY Y. SPENCER.

"Sing again, Christian," said the Emir's daughter to the captive who knelt at her feet.

"What shall I sing," asked the minstrel, starting from a reverie, and carelessly running his fingers over the instrument, giving utterance to a prelude of wild, but exquisitely melodious tones.

"Shall I sing of war, or of love, or," and he become suddenly sad, "of captivity?"

That princess turned her large dark eyes on the speaker, and involuntarily sighed, for she felt how much that little word meant.

"No—no, not of captivity—sing of some gayer theme—let—let it be of love," she continued, and the blood mounted to her forehead as she spoke.

"There is but one song I remember of that kind," replied the minstrel, in a sad but musical voice, whose softened accents told how grateful he felt for the sympathy of the maiden. "There is but one song of that kind I remember, and it is of my own far off home. Lady, I know not that I can sing it, for it fills my heart with tears, when I think of it now, but your wish is my law," and again running his fingers over the instrument, he evoked a strain of melody that might have been from the stars.

The maiden leaned her face on her hand to listen; and as she reclined thus the minstrel thought he had never seen anything so beautiful. Her brow was as smooth as marble; her mouth and chin cut in the most exquisite proportions, while her long lashes drooping over her eyes gave them the depth of shaded water. If there was majesty in that face, there was also grace. If the classic features made it for a moment seem stern, the kind smile and softened look relieved you instantly from the feeling. And now, as she gazed on the minstrel, there was a dewy tenderness in those full dark orbs which might have said volumes to him if he had noticed them closely, which perhaps he did. He raised his head and spoke:

"The words are my own language, but the music you can understand."

The princess nodded, and he began. The song was mournful, and before the minstrel had finished, he had drawn tears into the eyes of the listener, merely by the touching pathos of his voice. A pause ensued.

"Sir minstrel," she said suddenly, "you pine for your country—do you not?"

"Can I forget the home where I was born, or the churchyard where my fathers sleep?" he answered sadly. Again there was a pause, and there seemed a struggle in the lady's bosom. When she spoke there was a deep emotion in her voice.

"And would you run the peril of reaching the Christian camp, if your escape thence was connived at?"

"Dear lady, yes!"

"You shall go. To-night there will be one at the seaward postern—you are allowed the freedom of the interior—the gate will be opened for you and a boat at hand. And may the God you worship bless and preserve you"—and she turned away to hide her tears.

A new light broke on the minstrel. Could it be that he was beloved? Was this the cause of the kindness with which he had been treated? With a sudden hope he was about to fling himself at the feet of the princess, when one of her father's eunuchs entered the apartment, and he was forced to resume his instruments in order to conceal his emotion. No further opportunity to speak with his mistress occurred during the day, and he left her presence towards the evening in despair.

Should he avail himself of her offer to escape? If he were certain of her love, nothing could induce him to fly without her; but *did* she love him? This question the captive could not answer. Harassed with doubts he saw the appointed hour arrive, without having come to any conclusion. A new hope now arose. He would meet his mistress at the postern. Alas! there was no one there but a eunuch whom she had bribed, he was perversely silent. The minstrel was still in doubts, when lights were seen in the garden advancing towards the postern. No time was to be lost. The eunuch pushed him into the boat, the crew of which instantly rowed off from the land, and the captive yielding to his fate, bade farewell forever, to the Emir's daughter.

But he could not forget her. Even after arriving at the Christian camp, and resuming his round, (for all had thought him dead,) his only thought was of the Saracen beauty, and long he lingered in Palestine, when his interest should have called him home, hoping to hear of her. But despair at length took possession of him, and he returned sadly to Europe, where the fairest ladies of his own gay province strove in vain to win him by their smiles.

Oh, had he known the agony with which the Emir's daughter watched, from her tower, his departure—had he been told how, day by day, she sought to glean some intelligence of his arrival at the Christian camp, he would have left his broad possessions at once, and found his way back to her, through a thousand perils, rather than she should consider him ungrateful. But little did he imagine the sacrifice she had made. Since the first day she had seen the pale but still noble looking captive, she had surrendered to him her heart, and the offer of his freedom sprang from the heroic wish to see him happy, even at the sacrifice of his company. Had he spoken his love then, and she almost wished he would, few words could have induced her to sacrifice father, country and faith, to follow him; but he was silent, and she feared her love was despised. Still her noble heart refused to take its revenge by interrupting his escape; but she watched his departure, hoping to the last that he would communicate with her; and when she could no more catch the shadowy figure of the receding boat, she flung herself on her cushions and wept as if her heart would break. From that day her attendants noticed that she grew paler and thinner as if some secret malady was eating out her life. But none suspected the truth.

In the proud castle of Limoges sat the owner leaning his head upon his hand. He was thinking of her who had set him free from Moslem slavery, and when he recalled her beauty and gentleness, he felt as if it would be no sacrifice to surrender houses and lauds and knightly honors, to be again the captive minstrel at her feet, enjoying her smiles and her sympathy, even though denied her love.

"It is vain," he said, "I can find no happiness here. Beauty has no charms for me. I will go again to Palestine, and never return till I see her." He was about to summon his squire, when that individual entered the room.

"There is a page, my lord, without," he said, "who wishes to see you on urgent business."

"Let him enter."

A youth, apparently of Italian origin, appeared and stood humbly at the door, until the knight signed to him to advance. The page looked at the squire, when his master understanding the hint, ordered him to leave the room. Then hastily advancing, the youth threw off his hat, and exposed to view a countenance of singularly feminine beauty, for one of his sex.

"Henri! Henri!" said the page, and bursting into tears, fell at the knight's feet.

"My own Zenora!" and the knight clasped her to his bosom, for it was the Emir's daughter.

"And how did you thread your way through such innumerable dangers?" the knight asked, using her own tongue, when, after weeping long upon his bosom, she was somewhat composed.

"I know not. Your God—for him I now serve—protected me. I fled bearing with me a few jewels, determined to seek you out, and be your minstrel as you have been mine. I assumed this disguise, and knowing nothing of your language but your name and nation, found my way hither, where for three months, I wandered up and down, repeating 'Henry de Limoges.' At length a jewel of some price induced a man to bring me hither, and now—now may I be your minstrel, anything?—only do not send me away."

"You shall be my own *bride*!" and so it was; and never in Languedoc was a more beautiful couple than the Count de Limoges and the Emir's daughter.

## THE YANKEE IN MAIN STREET.

"I calculate I couldn't drive a trade with you to-day," said a true specimen of the Yankee pedlar, as he stood at the door of a merchant in Main-street. "I calculate you calculate about right, for you can not," was the sneering reply. "Wal, I guess you need not get huffy about it. Now here's a dozen real genuine razor strops, worth two dollars and a half—you may have 'em for two dollars." "I tell you, I don't want any of your trash, so you had better be going." "Wal now, I declare! I'll bet you five dollars, if you make me an offer for them are strops, we'll have a trade yet." "Done!" replied the merchant, placing the money in the hands of a bystander. The Yankee deposited the like sum—when the merchant offered him a picayune for the strops. "They're yours," said the Yankee, as he quietly fob'd the stakes. "But," he added, with great apparent honesty, "I calculate a joke's a joke, and if you don't want them strops, I'll trade back." The merchant's countenance brightened. "You're not so bad a chap, after all; here are your strops, give me the money." "There it is," said the Yankee, as he received the strops, and passed over the picayune. "A trade's a trade—and now you're wide awake, in airnest. I guess, the next time you trade with that are pic, you'll do a little better than to buy razor strops." And away walked the pedlar, with his strops and his wagger, amid the shouts of the laughing crowd.—*St. Louis Ariel.*

A glass of new milk, taken two or three times a day, is said to be a remedy for the headache, when occasioned by a disorderly state of the stomach.

The headache may generally be relieved by rubbing fine salt on the head. The hair of the patient should be opened, a little fine salt laid on the head, and then it should be rubbed hard and quick with the palm of the hand, until the friction produces considerable irritation which will cause a tendency of the blood outward, and relieve the brain. The operation should be performed on five or six places on the head. Salt is said to be good to promote the growth of the hair.—[Boston Cultivator.]

**HAPPINESS.**—An eminent modern writer beautifully says; "The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman. The foundation of political happiness is faith in the integrity of man. The foundation of all happiness, temporal and eternal—reliance on the goodness of God."

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# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL,"....."PROVE ALL THINGS HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

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For the Magazine and Advocate.

## THE REFORMED.

A Sketch from Real Life.

BY REV. I. GEORGE.

"What did you think of the remarks of Mr. Sherman, this evening?" said Emily Stowell to her husband, as they were returning from a meeting of the Washingtonians, a few evenings since.

After a moment's silence, her husband replied, "Well, really, Emily, I am not prepared to give your question, what I should deem a satisfactory answer. But I assure you, my dear, that I am firmly resolved to test their practical utility, by which you may learn from the fruits of my conduct, an answer which will be more satisfactory to your mind."

"Satisfactory," said Emily, throwing her arms around her husband's neck. "dear Henry, the satisfaction which I now feel for your noble and promising resolution, it appears to me, could only be superseded by the *infinite*." And the tear of gratitude which moistened her now glowing cheek, sparkled in the moon's silver beams as they passed silently on—their hearts too big for utterance—to their humble dwelling; where we will leave them for the present, while we endeavor to give the reader a more elaborate history of the two characters thus unceremoniously introduced to his notice.

Henry Stowell was an only son, of highly respectable, though not wealthy parents, residing in the western part of what is politically called the "Empire State." Possessing in a good degree, the necessary qualifications of life, both moral and mental, he soon won, and was justly entitled to that share of confidence and respect, which naturally grow out of the same when regulated by prudence and economy. At the age of nineteen he made choice of the legal profession, as an object to engage his attention in future life, and accordingly entered as student, the office of Hon. T. M. C., of his native town; where, by strict application to his studies and the duties of his profession, he soon gained an honorable reputation, and was admitted to the Bar of his country under the most encouraging prospects, at the age of twenty-two. During this period he had become acquainted with Emily Scott, the daughter of a reputable and wealthy merchant of a neighboring city, whose admirable qualities of mind, and singularly prepossessing appearance, soon won his warmest and most devoted affections. And although he had reason to believe that the current of her affections had not been left unmoved by their past acquaintance and now growing intimacy, when he looked upon the vast difference of their situation in life, he could not but distrust the "mystic powers of love," and regret that his circumstances were not less unlike her own. His future prospects, although far from being unenviable, did not afford the present desideratum. He knew not how far worldly opulence and riches might influence Emily's parents; and he was determined, that he would never enter into an alliance with any lady, against the pleasure and will of those who were entrusted with her protection and interest.

Thus time passed on. The flame of love already kindled in kindred hearts, increased with the same, until their hearts were evidently beating in unison to the purest anticipations of conjugal felicity and happiness. Although Henry's attachment to Miss Scott had become both warm and ardent, he had not dared to broach the question; nor, indeed, did he feel disposed to, until he had learned the feelings of her parents upon this, to them, important subject. And how he should accomplish

this object, properly, was a question with him, which needed some farther reflection. He however resolved that, at the first opportunity, he would forward a line to Mr. Scott, informing him of his partiality for his daughter, and requesting him to grant his permission, at a proper time to visit her at her father's house.

This resolution was soon put into execution; and Mr. Scott received direction to several influential gentlemen, of whom all necessary information respecting the character and standing of the writer might be obtained, and farther, stating the reasons for his adopting the present policy, at so early a period of his acquaintance with Miss Scott. A few weeks now passed by, which to the mind of Henry were almost interminable. He was waiting between hope and fear; the result of this correspondence.

Reader, had you been seated near the parlor window of Mr. Scott's pleasant mansion, on a certain evening in the latter part of May, 1835, beside receiving the mellow fragrance of an almost innumerable multitude of flowers, that adorned a spacious garden; you might have discovered two gentle lovers walking hand in hand along those gravelly aisles, that tended to beautify the same, and heard those vows of mutual love and affection which doubtless have their origin in hearts cast in the same heavenly moulds. It would seem unnecessary for me to describe the conversation as it passed between them; suffice it to say, that it consisted in the usual parlance of lovers. Henry had received from Mr. Scott a reply to his communication, in which the open and frank manner in which it was written, was highly complimented; and he was informed that he (Mr. S.) "had no objection to any engagement that his correspondent might enter into with his daughter, which was laudable and honest. For his part, he had never considered it the prerogative of parents to exercise supreme authority over the 'love affairs' of their children. He, indeed, considered it unwise to seem to take from children those responsibilities which were innately their own. He had ever labored to impress upon the minds of his children the fact, that these responsibilities were their own, and that they would tell upon the future pages of their life with what wisdom they had been discharged, and with what skill they had been controlled. He considered it a principle fraught with very evil consequences, that would take, or seem to take this burden from the world. Without it man would be like a ship upon the ocean without ballast; liable to be capsized by every wind and wave with which it comes in contact. And, in short, he sincerely hoped that his correspondent was well aware, that in following the course which his anxiety had suggested, he was but increasing his own responsibilities, which it was his duty, by every principle of honor to discharge."

Although these truths fell with emphasis upon his mind, and caused him for a moment to forget the enthusiastic ardor of his love; the fact that every barrier was thrown down between him and his beloved Emily, whose feelings he had but too plainly read in nature's language, her eyes, all other impressions than those to visit her immediately, were banished from his mind. And in accordance with this idea, he soon repaired to the city, where he was received with every mark of attention and respect by both Emily and her parents; where, and at which time, those familiar vows were plighted at which we have before hinted. From this time arrangements were being made by all parties concerned for the celebration of nuptials.

A joyous party was that which assembled at the

house of the father of Emily, on a pleasant afternoon in early Autumn; to witness the farewell of the latter to "single blessedness," as many of her companions were pleased to term it. But notwithstanding that Emily was as sensible as her companions of the joys and pleasures of "single life" beneath a parents' roof and care; she nevertheless believed with the poet, that

"Marriage, rightly understood,  
Gives to the virtuous and the good  
A paradise below."

And she could not but believe from the confidence she had been led to place in Henry Stowell, that he would faithfully perform the part of a companion and friend to her, and thus, as far as he was capable, gratify her fondest hopes and most ardent anticipations. Meantime Henry felt that no sacrifice in his power would be too great, providing it was to enhance the happiness of the object of his affections—the much admired and lovely Emily Scott, who was now to become his companion in life—the sharer of his joys and sorrows.

Few young men; perhaps, start in life under more promising circumstances. His increasing wealth, and rapidly growing fame, drew around him numerous admirers, who were now impatiently waiting to salute the happy couple, and wish them the richest joys of conjugal life. Under circumstances like these, the marriage vows of Henry Stowell and Emily Scott were solemnized, which made them one in life—one till death.

According to arrangements which had been previously entered into, Henry Stowell removed with his young bride, to the "far West," where he purchased a pleasant location in one of the most flourishing villages of this, then, fast populating district of the Union. Here he soon established a reputation for talent and pure integrity, which promised much for future life.

We will now pass hastily over about four years, a period, during which nothing transpired worthy of note to ruffle the smooth current of affairs which had existed heretofore. This being a time when the speculating mania was at its highest flood in that section, Mr. Stowell had embarked, with many others, in what was supposed to be the money-making enterprises of the day; and from some fortunate movements, had become so intoxicated with the idea of immediate wealth and splendor; that he had exposed all his honest earnings upon this popular and much admired "wheel of fortune." He however, ere long, found himself among the many unfortunates who were driven to bankruptcy, and the lowest ebb of poverty; and being naturally of a sensitive mind, he was left in a state of indisposition not very flattering to his friends, and especially to his fond and doating Emily. She, however, was firm to her trust, and undeviating in her attendance to the wants of her husband, whose life and happiness were closely bound within her own. She threw around him by her cheerful words and enlivening smiles, every object of encouragement, which she hoped might have a tendency to calm the current of his feelings, and restore the even tenor of his mind. She stood by him like an angel of mercy, administering comfort to his every want; and when he would speak to her of her former privileges and advantages, and contrast them with her present condition, brought about, as he said, by his folly and enthusiasm, she would with much kindness and presence of mind, tell him that the treasures for which she had been induced to leave her home, and the undimmed gladness of girlish joy, did not consist of the miser's choice, but in that offering of affection, his own kind heart, which she would be content to share, and pass uncomplainingly with him through



life's bright weal or life's dark wo, on to the end; until a shadowy hand should separate them at the grave! With many other evidences of a generous heart, fraught with prudence and economy from his beloved Emily, Henry Stowell soon found himself again able to attend to the duties of his profession.

Thus time passed on without any particular change; yet Henry was not that joyous and happy being, that he had been in earlier days. A deep melancholy seemed to rest upon his mind, which at times would throw a dark shadow upon the future. He gradually became forgetful of the allurements of home—the society of her who leaned upon his breast as her only earthly stay—and passed his time in the bar-room, and among the idle crowd. Emily murmured not; for she thought that such a course might better tend to throw off that embarrassment which seemed to rest upon him. But it was not long, before suspicions arose in her mind which she would have gladly refrained from cherishing. The truth was—a truth which she viewed with agonizing regret—that Henry, her chosen of earth, had sought refuge from his troubles in the cup of dissipation! Oh, how sad and painful are tidings of this description, to the ears of the young and tender wife! How must her gentle soul yearn within her, as she views, for the first time, its unhallowed traces upon the once fair features of the one she loves! O could Emily Stowell have seen that proud form, before it had been thus tainted, stretched in its manliness upon the narrow bier, her tears could not have been half so bitter, nor her anguish half so great.

Her course was still the same; every means within her power was exerted to make him happy, though she trembled with anxiety for his safety. She dared not—indeed she wished not to upbraid him, for fear that it might increase, his already aggravated and disconsolate feelings. She chose rather to suffer, than to do wrong. She had learned from her beloved parents, who were strangers to the sorrows that now weighed heavily upon her heart, that kindness was a powerful and effectual engine when skillfully arrayed against the force of error, and she felt that in this case, at least, she could act the part of a true Christian. She hoped, she prayed, she sighed and wept for one who was daily becoming deeper and deeper involved in the mazes of intemperance and folly. Those who had been his professed friends in brighter days, were forsaking him; while there were gathering around him a new array, whose every path was marked with death and ruin! Emily found herself obliged to forego many inconveniences on account of her destitute circumstances, which soon induced her to seek employment among her neighbors, to defray the necessary expenses of her family. Yet she hoped that Henry would reform—yea, she believed that she should yet see brighter days—she trusted in the Christian's God; nor was her trust in vain. That day had at length arrived when Emily Stowell's prayers were to be effectual—when the voice of the Almighty was to break with emphasis upon the heart of the dissipated Henry Stowell. "Your paper 'Squire,'" said the carrier as he passed the bar-room door of one of the inns of the village on a summer's morning—Esquire Stowell, as he was called, standing at the door. He took his paper, and seating himself in the portico, fronting the house, he was glancing his eyes busily over the weekly news, when his attention was arrested by the following

#### "NOTICE."

##### "WASHINGTONIAN TEMPERANCE MEETING."

"Our voice, Inebriate, is to thee—Love and Responsibility. "Mr. S. T. Sherman will lecture at the 'Free Hall' in this village this evening. Subject—The Responsibilities of every man should lead him to exert himself in behalf of the cause of Temperance. A general attendance is requested. Per order of the Committee."

He read the "Notice," and unconsciously caught its inspiration. He began to read other items, as they met the passing glance of his eye, but his mind was not there. A restlessness seemed to agitate his frame. He turned the paper again to read that "notice." He read it again, and again. It was chaining his attention with an iron hand. Yet he scarcely knew why! He carelessly laid th

paper upon the floor by his side, and resting his head upon his hand, he seemed for a while unconscious of the world around him. At length arising as if awakened from a dreamy slumber, he began to pace the portico with a quick and agitated step. He tried in vain to shake off the spell. It clung to him, and coiled around his heart, stinging him like the poisonous viper. At length he exclaimed in a wild and melancholy tone, "Oh that responsibility—how have I discharged it! how have I mocked the expectations of my dearest friends! how have I slighted to meet the sanguine hopes of my confiding Emily! With what seeming contempt have I trampled under foot the rich counsel of her venerated father, and scorned the prayers of her affectionate mother! O that responsibility!" He left the tavern, and crossing the street, walked toward his humble residence.

Emily, who was a stranger to the miseries that were now preying upon her husband's heart, had resolved that at the first opportunity, she would pour out to him the grief of her soul—she would tell him of her love and attachment to him—of their early vows and anticipations—what they had been—what they now were, and what they might be, if he would but forsake his intemperance, and become again a sober man. And as she reflected upon this subject, again the pleasures and delights of other days rolled in beauty over that gentle mind, and were met by an involuntary flood of tears. She knelt in humility beneath that cottage roof, and once more breathed out her spirit in prayer. She knew not that she was heard save by Him "who suffers not a sparrow to fall to the ground without his notice." Yet there was another listener. Another who listened to those tender effusions of woman's love. There was one to whom that familiar voice was harsher than the thunders of a righteous law! Her words fell upon his heart like the arrows of death; and he vainly strove to hide himself from their burning reproaches. He heard those stifled sobs of grief, and they seemed to search the very depths of his soul. The truth of his degenerate and abandoned situation came home to his mind, with a power and effect that he had never felt before. And Henry Stowell resolved, from that moment to become a sober man. He turned quickly from the house to avoid being discovered by his wife, and with hurried steps returned to the tavern but for another purpose than to revel in his former unhallowed practices. He took measures to induce all his associates, to attend the evening lecture, and then returned home to surprise his wife, by giving her an invitation, to accompany him in doing the same. His wife was so much overjoyed to see her husband return home a sober man, that her resolution to upbraid him for his follies entirely forsook her mind. She quickly went about preparing him some supper, during which time their conversation was cheerful and enlivening. Indeed we have reason to believe, that in the tone of their language there was no deception on either side. For while Emily was cheered by the sober appearance of her husband; he could not but rejoice that he had been led to view himself in a proper light, and to make wise resolutions in regard to the future. After supper was prepared, and they sat partaking of the same, Mr. Stowell informed his wife of the expected lecture, and asked her if she would not like to accompany him to hear it. She, with much readiness, assented. And surely, all this in appearance, was something which she felt it out of her power to divine. She, however, asked no questions, but was soon ready, and with her husband on her way to the lecture. Not a word passed between them, until they found themselves comfortably seated within the hall, when Mrs. Scott remarked to her husband that she had promised to call on a sick neighbor that evening, and that she should probably leave a short time before the close of the lecture, in which case she wished him to call and accompany her home, at the close of the meeting. This being acceded to by her husband, they were now prepared to listen to the speaker. Mr. Sherman arose, and in his interesting and easy manner called the attention of his assembly, to the important proposition, which he felt him-

self called upon to illustrate. It is not my intention to attempt any thing like a description of this lecture, but will merely give the reader an idea of the ground occupied by the speaker, by a few notes taken by Henry Stowell himself, during the progress of the same, for his special benefit, as a future reference. It was briefly as follows:

"Man's responsibility, is that distinguishing trait in his character, which renders him superior to the beasts of the field. It is not the result of any laws human or divine, but is innate in the nature of man. Law does not make man 'responsible,' but merely speaks as a monitor, warning him of the existence of those responsibilities, and the evils resulting from their abuse. Law is to a moral and intelligent being, what light is to the natural vision—it serves to guide him in the darkness of his inexperienced and undisciplined imagination, through the intricate mazes and labyrinths of this imperfect state of existence. For this object was the law given by the Almighty, not as an arbitrary, unmeaning requirement, binding man to perform, or to refrain from performing, various isolated and otherwise non-essential acts; but to discover to him through their medium, those responsibilities, which are the great sources of human happiness and melioration. And a knowledge of these responsibilities, is the very mainspring and essence of moral and intellectual improvement and progression. Their light first shone upon the altar of man's heart in the garden of Eden, causing him after his disobedience to their holy requirements, to view himself as a naked, helpless, unprotected and guilty being. "And since that fatal period," said the speaker, "has the guilty and mistaken mind, startled by the rustling of every harmless leaf, fled from the presence of the voice of wisdom and reform; and supposing that he had lost all affinity to the holy sympathies of his fellow beings, he has been content to sit down beneath the dark shades of sin and error, to linger out a life of wretchedness and wo, and at last to go down to the shades of death,

'Unwept, uncoffined and unmourned.'

"But why these fears? Why this canine and slavish wretchedness, by those who can justly claim affinity to the holy throne above? Arise, O fellow man! assert the imperial dignity of your nature. Lay hold upon those sacred privileges which surround you and tear yourselves from the iron hand of sin and dissipation. Close not your ears to that 'still small voice.' It is the voice of responsibility! it is the voice of God, your Father! it is the voice of love, and human sympathy! It will awake in your soul the sleeping numbers of nature's lyre, and tune the mind of down-trodden and degraded man, in unison with that of angels! Say what we may of worldly distinctions, grades and conditions, there is a chord in every heart which, when rightly touched, will be felt with electric power throughout the vast arena of moral and intellectual existence!"

With much force and precision the speaker now proceeded to point out the evils of intemperance in the land, and the most efficient means of reclaiming its victims from the downward road to ruin. And he verily proved himself a skilful workman. He closed amidst shouts of applause, laden with tears!

Mrs. Scott, who had found not opportunity during the lecture to leave, now hastily left the house to fulfil her engagement. Just as she passed out of the door, Mr. Sherman arose and requested all who felt disposed, to come forward and sign the "pledge." He had scarcely closed his lips, when his congregation rushed toward the "stand," almost *en masse*, and I think I need not inform the reader that Henry Stowell was among that number. And many a countenance revealed expressions of gladness as he signed that "noble declaration." In a short time the assembly dispersed, and Henry, as previously agreed upon, sought his beloved Emily in the house of sickness and distress, where she was administering to the wants of the afflicted. After affording the assistance that her circumstances would admit, to comfort her friend, she left in company with her husband for their residence. It was at this time, that our introductory *tete a tete* had its origin. After our happy couple (for surely happy



they must have been) had seated themselves before a blazing fire. Henry informed Emily of all that had passed during the day, which had induced him to declare before the world, that he would, come weal or come woe in future live a sober man.—Reader, that was a happier hour to Henry and Emily Stowell, than that in which they were made one for life. They are now reaping together, the rewards of honesty, virtue and kindness. And since his reform Henry Stowell has often been heard to say, that he believed the last named principle, to be the most powerful weapon in the universe.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### IS THE DOCTRINE OF ENDLESS MISERY TRUE?

BY REV. A. M. WORDEN.

If it is, the advocates of that sentiment will please answer the following important questions.

First, if mankind are rewarded in another state of existence for their conduct in this; and if the righteous merit endless happiness and the wicked endless misery; suppose the conduct of a man should be equally good as it was bad, and equally bad as it was good—that his piety should exactly balance his sins—I ask, what will become of such a person? He can not be received to heaven as a reward; for his sins are equal to his holiness—and it would be unjust to send him to hell; for his righteousness is equal to his sins. If the doctrine of future rewards is true, I know of no other way that such a person can be rewarded according to his deeds, but be doomed to hell half of the time, and received to heaven the other half. Will my Partialist brethren be so kind as to solve the question?

Second—If there is a reward after death, why did the wise man teach to the contrary, by saying, “the living know they shall die but the dead know not any thing, neither have they any more a reward; for the memory of them is forgotten.” Ecclesiastes ix: 5.

Third—If we enter the spiritual world with the same dispositions and principles which we imbibe in this, why does he say (verse 6) “Also their love and their hatred and their envy is now perished, neither have they any more a portion forever in any thing that is done under the sun.”

Fourth—We are told by our Partialist brethren, that God will contend forever—that he will be always wroth, and the spirit of the sinner shall always endure his wrath and never fail. If this be so, why did Isaiah say in his 57th chapter and 16 verse, or why did God say by the mouth of the prophet, “For I will not contend forever neither will I be always wroth; for the spirit should fail before me, and the souls that I have made?”

Fifth—Our Partialist brethren tell us that God will cast off forever a part of the souls which he has made. If that is so, why did the prophet Jeremiah say in his Lamentations, iii: 31, “For the Lord will not cast off forever?”

In the above questions there appears to be a plain contradiction between our Partialist friends and the ancient prophets whom God inspired to speak the truth. Now if their words be true, what shall we say of those who reverse and contradict them? Let God be true and every man a liar.

Fowler, St. Lawrence co., Nov. 24th, 1843.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### LETTER FROM BR. G. W. LAWRENCE, OF ILLINOIS.

Elk Lake, Susquehanna co., Pa., Nov. 25, 1843.

Having communicated such business items as I had designed, and much of my sheet remaining yet a blank, I will improve the opportunity of penning a few sentences in reference to Universalism in this vicinity; feeling confident you are always grateful for information on this subject from those who are “set for the defence of the Gospel” on the watch towers of Zion.

I would remark in the outset, that something more than five years ago I left this vicinity, and took up a permanent abode among the prairies of the West. At the time I left here, I was a votary

of Partialism; I was, in fact, well-nigh a bigot.—Universalism, in my estimation, constituted one of the most egregious errors that had ever crept into the mind of man. Yet how frequently are the opinions of men doomed to undergo a radical change; especially when those opinions savor more of error than of truth. I had not been long in the land of prairies before I found myself obliged to reject the absurd, unholy and soul-chilling doctrine which teaches the endless misery of a portion of the human family. I have not space on this sheet to delineate the causes that contribute to my rejection of this dogma. Suffice it to say, in process of time, though the medium of careful investigation, I was constrained to acknowledge belief in that doctrine I once hastily condemned—Universalism.

Five years have rolled around, and I have been graciously permitted by the Father of mercies to return to the place of my nativity. During my absence, I find changes have been wrought in other minds as well as in my own. Some, who were Partialists when I left here, are now rejoicing in the belief cherished by the apostle Paul, and for which he labored and suffered reproach, to wit—that “God is the Saviour of all men.” Others, who although they might have been Universalists, yet were nothing more than nominally such, are now actively engaged in the dissemination of their religious views. There appears also to exist in the hearts of all a more ardent desire to cultivate the heavenly graces of Christianity, and to be governed in their deportment by the wholesome requirements of the blessed Jesus. Thank God, there is vastly more of the spirit of Universalism here now, than there was when I left. The leaven of the Gospel is at work, and the fruits of the spirit are beginning to be made more plainly apparent than formerly. And that our most holy faith may continue to exert its healthful influence in the hearts of the believers here, and not only here, but elsewhere, yea, everywhere, is the sincere prayer of him who pens this short epistle.

There are in this country quite a goodly number of believers in the Abrahamic faith, and this number is gradually augmenting. Brs. J. R. Mack and O. G. Hempstead are here zealously engaged in the defence of our principles; and being men who know whereof they affirm, are doing much for the advancement of our cause in this region.—Another public advocate of Universalism, to say the least, might be supported in this county; and ere long another will be obtained. The friends of our cause in Montrose, the county seat, are now busy in the erection of a house of worship to be devoted to the service of the one living and true God—the God of salvation. The house will probably be completed sometime during the coming Winter or ensuing Spring. There will then be an opening in the village for the admission of some herald of the Gospel of peace who may proclaim the word of life and salvation, and instruct the people in the various duties and graces of the Christian profession. May a worthy man become their pastor, and may Universalism flourish under his ministration of the word.

Since I came here I have preached in several places, and am rejoiced to say that a spirit of inquiry is abroad among the people. True, there are many whose prejudices in reference to our doctrine seem to be as deeply rooted as ever; yet, thank the Lord, there are also many who feel disposed to canvass our views and ascertain what evidence we have confirmatory of our faith and hope in reference to the destiny of the undivided family of man. Investigation seems to be going on in their minds; and may this state of things continue until every inquirer after truth shall see our system of Gospel faith in all its beauty, and be led to appreciate its excellences. Heaven grant it for the truth's sake.

I shall soon leave this place for my home in Illinois. By the way, Br. Grosh, let me say, Universalism is rapidly “running down” in that region. It is running down, too, in the right manner. Its influence is beginning to be felt in the hearts of thousands who have sought their homes among the beautiful prairies of the “far West.” Evangelical faith,

and Christian love are at work, kindling up the fires of devotion upon the altar of their hearts, imbuing them richly with the heavenly spirit of the Gospel of Jesus. They are beginning to awaken to the importance of cultivating a living faith in the Son of God. They are beginning to say with St. Paul, we are not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, and are consequently making an effort to be governed by its introduction. In this way Universalism is running down at the West. I have not space left for further remarks at present. In the Gospel of Jesus, yours truly,  
G. W. LAWRENCE.

### REV. JOHN GRAY.

This name has been several times presented to our readers in calls for information respecting his conduct and character in various places. We now present it, (I hope for the last time,) in the way of caution. He is a vain, supercilious, arrogant, dogmatic, abusive modern revivalist—with all the impudence of his tribe, though not endowed with the calmness and talent of some of them. He was well attended to in Frankfort, and his trickery and dishonesty were boldly exposed, and his arts defeated, by our friend E. T. Marsh, Esq., of that place, who won the thanks of many of Mr. Gray's own denomination for saving them from Mr. Gray's impositions. The following extract from Br. Marsh's letter will conclude all we have to say on the subject.

A. B. G.

“His stay in Frankfort has been blessed with a number of conversions to Universalism. His departure was hastened by the investigation of the Committee sent here by the Montgomery Classis. He had made application to join that body for the purpose of fingering \$200 of the Home Missionary funds. He did not get into the Classis, and in consequence lost what was a matter of great grief to him—the cash. He was sustained here by a set of zealots and fanatics, and a few mistaken friends. The latter number diminished daily, until the number of his supporters were reduced to a corporal's guard. In him we had a living witness of the truth of Universalism. His letters written from here to persons in Camden and other places, prove clearly, “that the way of the transgressor is hard.” He was brought here from Cohoes Falls to put down the Universalists and their doctrine; but, unlike Samson of old, he bowed his head and pulled down his own church on himself and friends. He has gone to palm himself off on other communities. I hope some one will give me information of his future location, as I have a number of uncollected executions against him.  
ELY T. MARSH.

Frankfort, Herkimer co., N. Y.

MAIL ROBBERY AT HUDSON.—We learn from the Albany papers that the mail bag from the Albany post office, containing the mails of Wednesday and Thursday last, for New York, was stolen from the post coach or coach office, at Hudson, on Friday evening, cut open, its contents examined, and afterwards thrown into the river, where it was picked up by the steamboat Utica. There were drafts to the amount of 60 or \$70 000 in it. The amount of money uncertain.—[Observer of Times.

It is somewhat dangerous for man to be a Judge in Arkansas if the statement of Judge Field can be believed. In a charge to the Grand Jury, he lately held the following language:—“In some parts of Arkansas it is really dangerous for a Judge to protect his station from insult, or assert his authority. If what he says or does is not exactly agreeable to the taste of some, he is in danger of annihilation. One or two prosecuting attorneys in the northern part of the State, have been waylaid and murdered for doing their duty. In another part a Judge was barred out of the court house by the populace, and his life put in danger merely because he wished to hold his court as the law directed. Another Judge was near being attacked whilst on his bench, for exercising his authority in keeping silence in the court house during business hours. Another was forced by an armed ruffian to leave the bench and drink with him, and this whilst the court was in session.”



For the Magazine and Advocate.

REFLECTIONS ON THE LIFE OF  
MURRAY...NO. II.

BY REV. J. M. AUSTIN.

There was at this time in London, a preacher by the name of *Relly*, who proclaimed the doctrine of the final restoration of all mankind to holiness and happiness. He was a man gifted with great eloquence, and much originality of thought; and preaching a doctrine which at that time, was new to the community, he created no small stir and excitement in the religious world. Like many who have preached the *fulness* of gospel salvation since his day, he was greatly calumniated by religious professors of different sects. The most unfounded charges and wicked misrepresentations were uttered in regard to his character and his doctrines.

Murray had heard of this preacher, and had imbibed a deep-seated prejudice against him—considering him but little less wicked than the Evil One, in whom he then strongly believed. A young lady belonging to the same Methodist Society with Murray, had frequently listened to the preaching of *Relly*, and had finally become converted to a belief in Jesus as the Saviour of the world. This caused no small stir in the Society; and Murray, being a class-leader, was sent with several of the brethren, to converse with the lady, and bring her back again to the fold. The interview which succeeded was one of uncommon interest, and is most graphically described in the *Life of Murray*. He entered upon the task with the utmost self-conceit, fully believing it would require but a very few words to convince the deluded young lady, of the error she had imbibed. How little he was then aware of the power of truth!—how unconscious that even in the most unskilful hands, it is a mighty weapon, capable of overthrowing giant defenders of error. It required but a short time to open the eyes of Murray to the difficulties of the task he had undertaken, and to bring down his high crest. He soon found himself utterly confounded and silenced by the reasoning of the young lady; and he was finally compelled to leave her presence, filled with shame that he was so easily overthrown by one so young and inexperienced.

At this period Mr. *Relly* published a book which has since become very celebrated, called "*Relly's Union*." It was an able production, supporting the doctrine of Universal Salvation on Calvinistic grounds. This book making some noise in the religious world, a Mr. Mason, a member of the same Methodist society with Murray, and his intimate friend, prepared an answer to the "*Union*," and submitted the manuscript to the inspection of Murray, previous to its publication. He read it through with great care, but with the deepest disappointment. He clearly saw that Mason had failed to touch the strong points in *Relly's* work—and saw, too, that the reason was, they were beyond his reach.

While in this state of mind, Murray accidentally got possession for the first time, of the book which had made so much talk—*Relly's Union*. At first he hesitated whether he should read it at all; but urged on by a strong curiosity, and encouraged by his wife, he finally ventured to open its pages. In describing this event, Mr. Murray says—"After thus weeping and supplicating [God for wisdom to direct] we opened the Bible and began to read the book, looking into the Bible for the passages to which the writer referred. We were astonished and delighted at the beauty of the Scriptures thus exhibited. It seemed as if every sentence was an apple of gold in a picture of silver. And still as we proceeded the wonder was, that so much divine truth should be spoken by so heinous a transgressor—that is, by a man whom they had been made to believe was so very wicked as Mr. *Relly*. The reading of this book produced a very singular effect on Murray. "At one moment," he says, "I wished from my soul I had never seen the *Union*; and the next moment my heart was enlarged and lifted up by considerations which swelled my bosom to ecstasy." Those who have been situated as Murray then was, can well enter into his feelings.—

They vividly remember the powerful conflict in their minds between the principles of light and darkness, when the truth first began to break upon their understandings. But such a conflict will invariably lead to the full development of truth, whenever the judgment becomes sufficiently unbiased to weigh and consider with candor the merits of the question.

As might naturally be expected, after reading this book, Murray and his wife had a strong desire to hear *Relly* preach. Accordingly one Sabbath when their own minister was absent, they summoned courage to go to *Relly's* meeting. While proceeding there, they were very much alarmed lest some of their Methodist brethren should meet them—an alarm in which many a Niodemus in later years, can sympathize with him. On entering the place of meeting they were surprised to witness so much decorum and devotion, where they had been told there was nothing but irreligion and confusion. In the wise providence of God, it was so ordered that Mr. *Relly* on this occasion, preached a very eloquent and able discourse, peculiarly adapted to the case of Murray. It seems to have let in a flood of light on his mind, and opened his eyes to the peculiar beauty and glory of the great plan of a world's salvation. On their return home his wife inquired his opinion of the discourse to which they had listened. To which he replied with great emphasis—"I never heard truth, unadulterated truth, before; so sure as there is a God in heaven, if the Scriptures be the word of God, the testimony this day delivered is the truth of God. *It is the first consistent sermon I ever heard!*" Here we discover the confidence which is immediately inspired by truth.—It makes the most timid bold and strong. In this case, also, we see another quality of religious truth—that while it is consistent to the mind, it is also grateful to the heart; and that its testimony is no more consonant with the dictates of reason, than it is joyful to the best feelings of the soul! Murray's wife fully concurred with him in regard to *Relly's* sermon. From that time they were both frequent listeners to *Relly's* preaching, and in a short period became confirmed, ardent and happy believers in a world's salvation.

The church soon began to deal with Murray for imbibing heresy. He frankly acknowledged he had attended the meetings of *Relly*, and had become a believer in the salvation of the world. But in this, he contended, he had not violated the articles to which he subscribed when he joined the Methodist church. His brethren were much more troubled at his publicly attending the Universalist meeting, and exerting his influence in that direction, than at the peculiar characteristics of the new doctrine he had imbibed. This is evident from the proposition they made to him, that if he would confine his sentiments to his own bosom, they would continue him a member of their communion. This proposal Murray indignantly rejected. Finding all efforts to make him hide the new light God had given him, unavailing, the Methodists finally cast him out from their synagogue. This endeavor to have Murray conceal his real sentiments, and willingness in such case, to continue him in the church, has been imitated in many instances, since that period. Most Partialist churches are willing to keep a Universalist in their midst, provided he will conceal his real sentiments. Propositions to this effect, have frequently been made, and in numerous cases, have been honorably rejected. In how many instances they have been *accepted*, we have no means of knowing. But that believers in the boundless grace of God, are to be found in all the Partialist churches throughout the land at the present day, is made certain by the admission of eminent Partialist divines. There is reason to believe their numbers, both clergymen and laymen, are by no means small! Would they could hear and heed the voice of the Most High in his commandment—"Come out from among them."

A great misfortune now overtook Murray. His wife sickened and died. His affection for her possessed an uncommon ardor, and her decease plunged him into the very depths of despair. This event broke up all his plans of life. For some months

he was so depressed in spirits that his bodily health was greatly affected. He was sick of the world, and yearned for some place where he might plunge into solitude, and live the remainder of his days alone. At this period his thoughts for the first time, turned towards America. He believed that in its vast forests he might find the retirement he longed for. His relatives and friends in vain used every effort to persuade him to relinquish this project. Although the thought of leaving his native land was, he says, worse than death, yet some secret voice seemed to call him away. "I was impelled to go," he declares, "and go I must." Ah! little did he then understand that the affliction which weighed him down so heavily, was designed by the Creator, to prepare him for a new theatre upon which he was soon to enter! Little did he know that an Invisible Hand was there stretched out to lead him across the Atlantic, and engage him in a work marvellous in character and wonderful in results! It is by the infliction of sorrow and misfortune, that divine Providence frequently raises up the most successful instruments to accomplish his great and good designs. On the 21st day of July, A. D. 1770, Murray embarked at London on board the brig "*Hand-in-hand*," and sailed for America, with no other design but to find some secluded spot where he could spend his days in undisturbed solitude. But how different was God's design!

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## WHAT IS IT TO BELIEVE IN CHRIST?

According to the Scriptures, it is to believe the TRUTH as it is in JESUS. What is the TRUTH of Jesus? All his precepts and examples, of which we have an account in the New Testament. Jesus taught the people to "love one another," to "do unto others, as they would wish others to do unto them." He taught humility, and self abasement. He exhorted them against trying to excel each other in greatness. He even told them, "whoever would humble himself as a little child, should be greatest in the kingdom of heaven." The fruits of the spirit are, "love, joy and peace." When we have "love one for another," and are "humble as a child," then we are of the nature of Christ. When we are "clothed with humility"—then we are "clothed with Christ." A "faith is the substance of things hoped for," so when we hope for the welfare of mankind, then we have "that faith which works by love and purifies the heart."

Is it possible for any one to have faith in Christ, who never heard of him? Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life;"—and he also said, "Before Abraham was, I am." Abraham believed in the TRUTH of Jesus, even before the Bible was in existence; he believed the very truth which the Bible contains—and that is that "truth and holiness," and all that is glorious, (which is Christ,) will prevail, and overcome all that is evil; and that "the son of perdition will be raised up," and all things will be restored to peace and happiness.—And thus in the glorious spirit of "TRUTH and HOLINESS" "all the families of the earth will be blessed."

The infant has no external knowledge of the Saviour, and yet he is a partaker of his nature, because he is "clothed with humility." He is meek and lowly, his little heart is drawn out in love for his mother, even the same as the heart of Jesus was drawn out in love for his mother while he was on the cross! Often while the mother is in distress, the infant will look and gaze; and with tears in his eyes will look to sympathize with her, while she is groaning because of pain! and he will appear to earnestly wish and hope for her recovery, when she looks and smiles on him, his little face will shine with "joy and peace," and what is this, but the spirit of Jesus? Surely, the germ of Christ is in the infant. The infant possesses the very nature of Christ in being humble, and in having a desire for the welfare of his "mother, and sister, and brother." And whoever possesses the spirit of "meekness, temperance, long suffering, and forbearance," with a holy desire and "hope" for the welfare of mankind, is truly a disciple of Jesus, al-



though he may not know that there is such a personage in existence.

To know Christ, (or to believe in Christ,) is to unite in spirit with that which is "pure and holy"—and wherever we see "truth and holiness," there we see Jesus. Wherever we see "joy, love and peace," there also we see Jesus. Whenever we administer to suffering humanity, then we administer to Christ. When the apostles spake the truth, it was "Christ which spake in them"—and whenever we hear the truth, we hear it from Jesus. And when we put on "the board of perfectness," then we "put on Christ." Such as make a feast for the poor, the maimed, the lame, and the blind, have the promise of being "recompensed at the Resurrection of the Just." "The meek, the merciful, the pure in heart," and the peace maker, are "of the kingdom of heaven." And may not a person possess those virtues, and yet not know there is such a man as Jesus Christ? In the time of Jesus and the apostles, the blind and the lame had faith to be healed—and yet they did not know as Jesus was the Christ. And so in like manner, a man may have faith to be healed of sin and iniquity—by turning from his evil ways, to the ways of righteousness.

LUCY HORTON.

\* "Jesus is the Resurrection" and the "Just," and in his spirit "the poor in spirit" are blessed, for "theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

L. H.

## MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and L. C. Darrow

UTICA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1843.

### MRS. SCOTT'S POEMS.

With mingled feelings of sorrow, indignation and pity, I read in the Universalist Union and Christian Messenger of the 2d inst., a criticism on this work, by Br. T. J. Sawyer. It censures without mercy or palliation, the Editor (Miss Edgerton) and the Publisher (Br. Tompkins), for the manner in which they have got up and published the Poems, and especially charges the omissions of pieces of a certain character to improper motives in the Editor. As one who judging by the last written letters of Mrs. Scott herself, published in the Memoir) had some share in persuading her to consent to the publication of her poems; and who conversed much with her personally, as well as corresponded with her by letter, upon the subject, it may not be improper for me to express thus plainly my feelings and views in regard to that most severe, unjust and illiberal article. Br. Sawyer speaks of his great regard for the deceased, and his knowledge of her character; and yet his article gives plain contradiction to his profession of the first, and betrays his ignorance of the latter! (I pass by his manifest perversion of Miss Edgerton's language and meaning, in relation to Mrs. Scott's aversion to have her controversial articles published—no one but a mere critic who "hacks to expose," would so misunderstand her.) For some of the very things he censures Miss Edgerton for omitting were among the portions I urged Mrs. Scott to publish, but which she was unwilling should appear in book form. (See her own letter in the Memoir.) In my last conversations with her—some of which were in the presence of Miss Edgerton—I urged her to publish all that was considered of merit—her controversial and descriptive religious articles, and her humorous sallies, (many of which she had in manuscript,) included. It will be seen by her letter in the Memoir that she alluded to this, and dissented from my taste and opinions: I yet regret her dissent, and disagree with her final decision, while I admire the modest humility which led her to undervalue her productions, and the delicacy which led her to shrink from appearing prominently before the public, after her death, and in book form, as a female controversialist—for that was the light in which she seemed strangely constrained to look upon and feel the subject in our conversations and correspondence in relation to it. And she thought and felt thus

without any, even the least, abatement of her love for Universalism, or of devotion to its interests—but solely, because she undervalued the merits and influence of her writings; and looked upon the contemplated book from her peculiar position alone. This latter (her position) was more especially the case with her humorous pieces. She was an invalid—was just recovering from a severe and (as we all thought) dangerous illness with which she had been suddenly attacked while on a visit at my residence—and she looked forward to a probably not distant departure from this life, and the publication of the book as bearing her dying approbation of its contents—as, in fact, her dying deed—and consequently her feelings could not be changed by my reasons and entreaties. But it shows a very needless disregard for her feelings, (wrong though they may have been,) and disrespect for her memory and character, to censure her best and most faithful friends for complying with her wishes; and to account for those feelings by supposing that their existence was incompatible with a sincere belief and hearty love of, and constant devotion to, Universalism. This Br. Sawyer has done—hastily and unthinkingly I would hope, and in the recklessness which ignorance only could create; for I would fain believe him sincere in his professions of regard for Mrs. Scott's memory.—Miss Edgerton would have been deserving of Br. Sawyer's harsh and unmanly burst of denunciation and censure had she disregarded the confidence and feelings with which the manuscripts and printed articles of her friend were committed to her charge for editorship.—In some few of her omissions she was guided by the advice of Dr. Scott himself, the husband of the deceased, who surely had some right to dictate in the matter, and who, it must be allowed, is not behind even Br. Sawyer in his knowledge of Mrs. Scott's character and last wishes, or in his regard for her memory, or in his will and ability to carry them out in deeds which shall prove them more judicious and real than such a criticism as I am noticing. I repeat it—I differ from the final decision of Mrs. Scott and her most amiable and excellent husband on the subject; but I can not accuse the former by implication of having by the exercise of her wishes and feelings lost any of her faith in or love for Universalism; nor, when I look at the numerous, constant, long continued acts of tender devotion and self-sacrifice of the husband to his sick and dying wife during her years of illness—when I look at all that, and remember her own bursts of deep gratitude as she recounted them to me by word and in letter, I can not impliedly insinuate that he was moved by selfish, or pecuniary, or popularity-seeking motives in this business, and prate of my regard for her memory in contrast with his!

I repeat it, then—Br. Sawyer's criticism has excited my mingled sorrow, indignation and pity. Sorrow that he should in such an ungenerous and unmanly manner, visit with severe censure a young and gentle female who had, at the expense of much pains, time and labor, and in despite of the difficulties of getting her letters answered and materials collected, and finding a publisher, obeyed the injunctions and wishes of Mrs. Scott without charge—with, indeed, an absolute refusal to receive one cent for her arduous task. Oh, it is most cruel, unjust, and tyrannous in any man thus to visit with condemnation, where praise alone should wait! Indignation, that any man connected with the Universalist press, should, while so utterly ignorant of facts as the article itself proves Br. S. to be, deal out its thunders so lavishly and mercilessly on Mrs. Scott and her best and truest friends, even while pretending to a knowledge of her character. The man who wilfully shuts, or neglects to open, his eyes, and then flings around indiscriminately firebrands, arrows and death among gentle and sensitive natures, and on the verdant grave of the lamented and lovely dead, may call it "sport" or "justice," as best it pleases himself; but men of common humanity and reflection, not to say Christian ministers and editors, should first look where the brand and blast is to fall, before they deal in such missiles. And, I add, in pity—for if Br. Sawyer is a man, when he comes to know the facts he should have known before he wrote that article, he will wish to God that it had never been written. If he is

what he should be, when that event takes place, no sum of money would hire me to take his place (were it possible) for even a single hour! May God grant him a mind to seek that knowledge, that his repentance may be speedy, and his forgiveness from those he has cruelly and unjustly injured, and from God, may be the sooner experienced; and that in future he may be less severe and more wise, before he enters on the work of criticism.

A. B. G.

P. S.—The above was written last week; but I did not get home from Syracuse until it was too late to prepare it for the press and get it into the last week's paper. I regret this the more, as I learn that Br. Whittemore has taken up the foul and black brands after Br. Sawyer has flung them, and is engaged in flinging them about for his diversion. I did hope that there was not more than one editor among us, who would be guilty of the folly (not to say wickedness and unmanliness) which two have exhibited.

A. B. G.

### TOUR OF THE UPPER LAKES.....No. III.

BR. GROSH—At Detroit we parted with our Captain—who, by-the-bye, is a perfect oddity of his kind—with an outside as rough as that of a Greenland Bear, and yet possessed of as big and kind a heart as ever beat in mortal bosom. An incident or two will give you an idea of him. During the storm I have described, a lady went to him and asked if they were not in danger of being lost. Such questions, I was told, always offended him. "Yes, Ma'am," said he—"you will be in—h—l in five minutes." And yet at any other time, no man could be more attentive and polite to the ladies than Captain Blake—ready and willing to answer any inquiry, and to impart any information in his possession. But rough as was the reply, it was not prompted by an unkind nature—for a little while after this, I saw him weeping, absolutely, at the tale of a poor lad on board, who had no money to pay his passage; and who consequently was carried free of charge.

Captain Blake is a well known and experienced commander on the lakes—brave and resolute—constantly busy in inspecting every part of his boat—sleeping only two hours in twenty-four, and maintaining the most perfect order in every department. Travellers always feel safe with him, for he is a safe captain, has a safe vessel, and a safe crew.

We left Detroit, as I gave you to understand in my last, on the morning of Friday, Aug. 18. Passing up the Detroit river, which abounds on either side with the finest scenery, and across lake St. Clair, and up the river St. Clair—a noble stream,—we reached Fort Gratiot, which commands the entrance to lake Huron, about sunset. The fortification here named, so far as I was capable of judging by an inspection from the boat, is one of considerable strength, and of no mean importance—at least, would be, in case of an invasion from this quarter, which is not very likely to happen at present. The mounted cannon, the glittering musket, the silent round of the sentinel, the roll of the drum, the parades of soldiery, and all the "pomp and circumstance of war," are now only an innocent show; and long may it be ere these peaceful scenes are disturbed by the sound of conflict, and the accompaniments of battle.

Saturday morning, Aug. 19. Awoke—so says my journal—and saw nothing around me but water—no land in sight, and ignorant of my "whereabouts," save that I was on board the Steam Packet Illinois, which was driving along at no mean rate over the calm and unruffled lake. Soon after breakfast, Thunder Bay Island appeared like a speck in the distance, which, an hour's time brought us along side of—when the larder was supplied with some excellent fish—I say excellent, for they proved to be such, when tested at the dinner table. This island is inhabited only by a few fishermen, and is not cultivated.

After leaving Presque Isle, where we "wooded"—20 miles distant from Thunder Bay Island—we began to think and talk of Mackinaw; and many took their stations forward, in order to get the first sight of it. Not being ambitious of that honor, I sat down on deck, under the awning, to the perusal of a book with which I



had been engaged for a day or two past. This I had just finished, and had thrown myself back, and stretched my arms upward, and opened my mouth preparatory to a yawn, when several voices shouting, "Mackinaw!" "There is Mackinaw!" brought me instantly on my feet, and I relinquished "gaping" to gaze. Sure enough, right ahead of us was Mackinaw, which the point of an island had for a long while hidden from us. And there, high above the town, on a rocky eminence, were the white walls of the fort, thick and towering. And there, skirting the beach for a mile, were hundreds of the cone-shaped tenements of the Red men—real wigwams, while moored near them were the bark canoes. There was much of romance in the scene, and we seemed transported back to "other times and early days," so like was it to the picture of the olden period, seventy years ago.

Mackinaw, situated on an island of the same name, is an old French town, built in the seventeenth century, and contains outside the garrison, about six hundred inhabitants. Ever since its settlement, it has been a famous resort of fur traders and Indians; and for many years was subject to great vicissitudes, and many a thrilling legend is connected with its history. It is now a station at which many tribes receive their yearly pay, and they had at this time assembled for that purpose.

In visiting the Fort, I was made acquainted with Capt. Scott, at present in command, whose fondness for hunting, and whose unerring skill as a marksman, have become almost proverbial. Even birds and beasts stand in awe of him, and on learning his name, instantly surrender. At one time—so the story runs—while enjoying himself at his favorite sport in the forest, he spied a 'coon at the very top of a tall pine. He instantly made preparations for bringing him down from the commanding station he occupied; but ere trigger was pulled, he was asked to "hold on" for a moment. "What is your name, if I may be so bold?" inquired his honor, the 'coon. "My name is Scott, sir, at your service"—and a "tip of the beaver" accompanied the answer, "Capt. Scott?" "Yes, Capt. Scott." "What, Captain Scott of the army?" "Yes." "Well, you needn't fire—I'll come down—I'm a dead 'coon!" And so down he came. I can not vouch for the correctness of this, but such is substantially the story that is told.

At the ringing of the last bell, we hurried on board, and were soon, "under weigh." The darkness prevented us from viewing objects along shore, each retired to his berth to sleep, perchance to dream of friends and home. "Tired nature's sweet restorer" never was more grateful to me, and my eyes unclosed not, until the morning's sun had risen, "Where are we?" I inquired, perceiving the boat was not in motion, and at the same time hurrying on my clothes. "We are at the Manitou Island," was the reply. Well, what of the Manitou Island, thought I. So up I went, and found that here was a wooding station, as it is termed. We had a fine walk along on the beach, while the boat was receiving the trifle of *sixty cords* of wood. It was a delightful morning, and we enjoyed our exercise much.

At half-past ten, the bell was rung for religious worship. An excellent congregation assembled aft, when a prayer was offered, a hymn sung, and an appropriate and interesting discourse delivered by a Presbyterian divine, whose name I have forgotten. At two o'clock, divine service was again performed, and though on the "open sea," yet that deck on which we gathered, became to us the house of God, from which the heart's warmest thanks went up we trust acceptably. Our several sectarianisms were laid aside, and we met as brethren should meet.

We were now, it will be understood, on lake Michigan, or, as it was anciently termed, lake Illinese—a vast sea of itself, nearly four hundred miles long, and one hundred broad. Until four o'clock, from the time the Manitou Island sank below the horizon, no land appeared in sight. We then saw in the distance the Wisconsin shore, and were told that the far-famed city of Milwaukee would be reached by the hour of eight, as it was. I did not go on shore here, as it was not the point

of my destination at that present time. Many of our fellow passengers landed at this port, and those who had contributed largely toward rendering our voyage pleasant. In the language of the Persian benediction, "May they live a thousand years!"

I will conclude this number by saying, that I was put ashore at Racine, in the territory of Wisconsin, on the morning of Monday, at half-past two o'clock, having by the aid of steam performed a journey of thirteen hundred miles, in less than one week's time.

A. C. BARRY.

#### OUR NEXT VOLUME.

I confess that I had some serious doubts in regard to the adoption of the advance paying or cash system for this paper—I feared that the change would not be sustained by a sufficient number of the subscribers. But every day is bringing proofs to the contrary, and rejoicing my heart with a glimpse of more prosperous times for the Proprietors. Subscribers generally applaud the measure—even delinquents declare it the best plan and wish it had been adopted long ago. And our best and most active agents say that it will greatly lessen their labors, simplify their accounts with subscribers and proprietors, and shorten their letters. Some of the agents have already sent in new names—others say they shall succeed in retaining all the old subscribers and adding many new ones. And these, be it remembered will all be cash subscriptions. There are many agents not yet heard from, but we hope they also are busy in the good work; and if so, they will, very generally, be successful also. In some cases, persons of whom we never heard, have aroused up, and are engaged in trying to get new subscribers for the paper.

Now all this is encouraging. True, the danger is not all past. It takes more than one swallow to make a summer, and more than a dozen active and successful agents are needed to sustain the paper in passing through its change from the credit to the cash system. In fact, it needs *every subscriber's* aid—first, to convert himself into a cash paying patron, (if he is not one already)—and, second, to get as many as possible of his neighbors and friends to do likewise. We look for much aid of this kind. We hope each subscriber will do all he consistently can in getting new cash subscribers, and in sending in his own subscription *immediately*.

But there are other changes which have given us no fears—among the *Editors*. The new broom will sweep cleaner than the old one. Br. Soule is busy engaging some capital new correspondents, and in enlivening some of the old ones. We are certain he will succeed—and we hope all the old ones will continue their very friendly and acceptable favors. Give Br. Soule plenty of communications to select from, and he will give the world a capital paper.

Of the Editors themselves it becomes me, perhaps to say little. Br. Smith will furnish an article at least every two weeks. Br. Skinner will do no less, and probably more. He has rested for a long time, and will prove that he has not rested in vain. Br. Barry is mending his pens and getting ready for a lot of good articles. Br. Soule will do his full share. And as it is certain (almost) that I shall be at home all this winter—and as it is probable (to say the least) that I will remain in this section of the state for another year. (though I shall leave Utica in the spring—where to go, I know not yet,) I hope to let the readers hear from me every week during the next volume.

Such are the prospects for the next volume—and the Editors will do their best to realize them to the subscribers. Will not the subscribers and agents do their best, to realize to us our expectations as to the support of the paper. It will need a large income to pay for all the good things we shall furnish.

A. B. G.

REMOVAL.—Br. D. S. MOREY has accepted an invitation to take the pastoral charge of the society in Clinton, and has removed there. He wishes to be addressed accordingly. We are happy to learn by a note from Br. M. that the prospects of this society "are beginning to look up again." The congregation is increasing in num-

bers and zeal, and every thing seems to speak encouragingly for the future. There is a field open in Clinton for a noble work—there are materials there for one of the strongest societies in the State, and we trust, that under the united labors of Br. M. and the society, this good work will be speedily accomplished. Let the society and the preacher *both work*, and work *together*, and they can not fail in building up there one of our strongest societies. *Unity in feeling—unity in action*, and a strong, enlightened zeal, will do the work. May the blessing of God attend their efforts.

H. B. S.

#### APPROVAL OF OUR ADVANCE PAY SYSTEM BY SUBSCRIBERS.

Our friends have now had time to consider well our plan of placing the Magazine and Advocate on the cash-in-advance system; and we are happy to say, that so far as we have heard, it is meeting with general approbation. Almost daily we are receiving letters from our subscribers, in which they speak plainly and warmly in favor of our plan. We have two letters now before us, from which we will take the liberty to make a few short extracts. The following is from a subscriber in Ravenna, Ohio.

"MESSRS. GROSH AND WALKER:—I have just been reading for the third or fourth time the 'plain talk' from the pen of the Editor of your excellent paper. It is just the sort of address I have been expecting for some time. I think the course you have determined to pursue, is the very best; that it is indeed the only one that will ever enable you to realize anything from the publishing of your paper. I am fully satisfied that it will be far better for you, and the subscribers also, to have 300 subscribers who pay in advance, than three times that number who do not pay, for the most part, for several years in succession.....With my best wishes and most ardent prayers for yourselves and the glorious cause in which you are engaged, I subscribe myself,

Your obedient servant,

ED. T. TREMAINE."

We take the following extracts from a letter from a subscriber in Lindley, Steuben co., N. Y.

"MESSRS. GROSH AND WALKER:—I see you are about placing your paper on the advance pay system. This is right; yes, make us pay as we go; it will be better for you, and it certainly will be better for us. I firmly believe this course will enable you to make our paper more valuable, more richly worth the small sum we pay for it, while we shall be more improved by it, enjoy ourselves more in reading it, and altogether escape the remorse, the unpleasant reflections arising from felt neglect of duty to our publisher. I here enclose \$3.00 for the present, and next year.....I am as willing to pay for 'The Magazine and Advocate' as I am for the bread I eat; and I can not see how any one can feel different....I am glad you have resolved to place your paper on the advance pay system.....I shall do all I can for it; I shall spend a day or two with your Prospectus this week, and I hope it will receive the same attention from every honest subscriber.

Yours in the faith,

JOHN FENDERSON."

It has been suggested to us that our terms have not been explicitly stated with regard to the amount of copies to be sent, or rather, that it is not distinctly understood whether the person obtaining the subscribers is entitled to a copy gratis. We will here state that any person sending us the pay for 6 subscribers (9.00) shall receive a copy gratis. Eleven copies will be sent for fourteen dollars, which includes the agents copy. We will send sixteen copies (instead of fifteen as before published,) for \$20.00—the sixteenth copy being sent to the agent. It will be seen that if the agent obtains 10 subscribers and receives pay at the regular price of the paper (1.50 per copy,) and sends us \$14.00, he will receive one dollar and a copy of the paper for his trouble. In the case of fifteen subscribers and \$20.00 he receives two dollars and fifty cents and a copy of the paper. It must be at his option to give the subscribers the benefit of clubbing, and thereby receiving the paper at less than the subscription price. Will those who have received



CONFERENCE.—The Fifth Conference of the Central As-

C B Lebanon, (O)—P M, Pekin, for C P N, J K and L B—S E, Leesville, for self, B E, P B and L J S—P M, Russell, (O), for S G—P M, Gainesville, for A B C and G H.



## WHAT IS POVERTY.

Is it that we possess no earthly store  
To stand neglected at the rich man's door;  
To pass unheeded, in a mean attire,  
To take the humblest walk nor dare look higher?  
*This is not poverty.*

To know that all who pass us idly by  
See in us nothing, that can please the eye;  
Perhaps would rather shun us than advance;  
Or if when noticed, knew us not, perchance:  
*This is not poverty.*

Though 'lorn our aspect, not so hard our fate,  
Though scant'd as nothing, by the worldly great  
With aspirations which to Heaven ascend,  
Viewing above this earth a steadfast friend:  
*This is not poverty.*

If in our hearts we feel the cheering glow  
Which gilds, and animates, where'er we go;  
If we possess a conscience void of guile;  
If resignation dwell with us the while:  
*This is not poverty.*

But—should we glitter with the brightest gem  
That might adorn a monarch's diadem;  
And 'mong the highest take the loftiest place,  
And there—add lustre—dignity and grace,  
To know that in our minds no room is given  
For God—for Christ—not e'en a wish for Heaven;  
A beaming creature, with a thankless soul,  
O'er which the world holds absolute control;  
Receiving all that Heaven on man bestows,  
And not adore the source from whence it flows:  
*This—this—is poverty.*

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## RIDICULE.

Is the fact, that ridicule exerts a powerful influence upon the feelings of all, as deeply impressed upon our minds as it should be? Do we always act as though we were fully sensible, that a word or a look, a curve of the lip, or a motion of the hand, were arrows producing more painful wounds, than bitter words in open contest? And yet is it not so? Have we not felt the warm blood start back in our veins, while chilling cold followed quick its rapid retreat; and our hearts in their fulness, to forbid all utterance, save the sound of their own quick and impatient beatings? Have we not felt the scalding tears press hard against the eyelids, which strove still harder to imprison them, and the flush of indignation fever our brows, when we have been aware that we were the subjects of hateful, jeering ridicule? Truly we have; for none of us are so fortunate or circumspect in our lives, as to be entirely exempt from these hated attacks; and none are so constituted as to be beyond the reach of their painful influence. And why not then always act, as though this truth had been brought home?

Some may reply in justification, that there are certain individuals whose improprieties of conduct can be remedied only by a resort to ridicule; and others still, who will assert that the fear of this, in common with all other principles of the human mind, has its sphere of action, and consequently it can not be wrong to exercise it. Without entering into any disquisition concerning the soundness of these positions, we would inquire of the one class, if it be quite certain that no other appeal would prove equally successful?—of the other, if the fear of ridicule, is indeed, a principle in the human mind requiring such a sphere of action?—and of all, if the innocent or undeserving, are not more frequently made to suffer than the deserving, and more pain than profit always effected by such means?

I have known an instance, (and parallels are not few and far between,) in which a modest, intelligent and worthy young female, was made, in public, the subject of contemptuous merriment, merely because her dress was destitute of the appendages of wealth and fashion. True, it was in accordance with the means of those on whom she was dependant, or perhaps it was all her own hard earned but scanty pittance would procure, aside from that devoted to the adornings of her mind; but what of that; such considerations could not screen her,

and she turned aside, and while the tears which she could no longer force back, fell fast, she resolved that, in future, the decorations of her person should shield her from the piercing darts of ridicule! And who, who levelled the arrows? The same who talked long and loud of the folly of the sex in kneeling at fashion's shrine—the same who could not be interested in the conversation of females, because it was always of new styles and late cotillions! O Consistency! be thou the friend, the guide, and teacher of man!

We could speak of others who are sneered at, because precision and correctness do not mark the construction of their sentences; and of others still who are ridiculed because they are careful in conversation, to clothe their ideas in language expressive of their meaning; but to point out instances like these was not the only purpose for which we took up the pen. There is a class, and it is far from numbering the least of those ridiculed, who having the "audacity" to appear before the public as writers, it may be of only a few brief thoughts, are supposed by some, to set themselves up as targets, at which any one may aim the shafts of merriment and contempt. And it is for this reason that many, very many, who are well calculated to aid in the researches of science—to instruct and to improve others, in the various departments of knowledge and in morals, confine their influence to the small circle of their friends and acquaintances; and it may be for this reason too, that some who have promised much in their first efforts, have suddenly ceased their labors. But some may ask, "would you wish that criticism should be laid entirely aside?" No: there are none so perfect but they may sometimes err; and their errors may be so gross that even those incompetent to criticise, may see and point them out; but there are few, who would not thankfully receive any improvement or correction, which should be kindly suggested. But it is not criticisms like these which effect the evil to which we have alluded. It is the scanning closely of the written productions of others, not so much for the improvement of any one as for the purpose of detecting something which may afford subject for laughter. And of what class are such critics? Are they not those who are unable to compete with the productions at which they laugh?

In proof of the evil which we have mentioned, and to illustrate the characters of such critics, we will speak of one, out of the many instances which have fallen beneath our notice. One there was whose early life was passed amid all the disadvantages and inconveniences which surround the children of the poor; yet these prevented not the yearnings of her feelings and affection for sympathy, nor the ardent desires of her mind for cultivation and improvement. Time passed by, as it will by the doors of the poor as well as the rich; the situation of those beneath the same roof, had taught her to feel—the bright blue sky and singing birds, the falling dew and scented flowers had taught her to love; and labor and toil, physical as well as mental, had schooled and ripened her thoughts till, as thoughts will do, they struggled for utterance; and when none congenial were near into whose listening ear she could whisper them, she seized a pen and they stood before her, and then—before the public. Needed she an excuse? Let it be an honest desire to correct those opinions which she had been taught to feel, and which were associated with her early life. Another there was, who had known her in her infancy; around whose pathway had been showered paternal smiles and fortune's favors; and into whose hands these productions fell. And what were the feelings which actuated her mind? Did she rejoice that one of her sex had met the tide of adversity with fortitude, and had triumphed over difficulties which had thickly strown her pathway? Let her comments answer. To one they were; "well, who will write next? Why her advantages for a common education, have been very limited;" to another, "whew! she actually makes pretence to sentiment"—to a third, "I could make a great many corrections."—This was well; but to the fourth; "well the girl has one merit, she remem-

bers all she reads." Now, these sayings reached the ear of her, who had struggled and toiled with none to assist or encourage; and what was their effect? We know that she cared not for the praise, the commendation, or even the sanction of such an one; but when she has since seated herself to write for publication, the grin of the literary old maid has been pictured to her mind, and her scientific "whew" and other comments have been sounded in her ears, till she has turned from the desk; and while her lips trembled with emotion, they have whispered, "O, why could not thought, and feeling, and sentiment grow and expand, as well when nurtured by the poor, as when cultivated by the rich!" Now this critic may be unlike others belonging to the same class, for she was an author! True, she was too modest to place any of her productions in any of the periodicals of the day, but then she wrote "poetry" in albums sometimes! We will give one specimen which the reader may rest assured, she never remembered reading, for it is perfectly "original." It was perpetrated on the dedicatory page after she had been expressly told, that it was reserved for a friend who had not as yet found leisure to fulfil a promise. We give it below, "*verbatim et literatim*"

"Fair damsel, the whole wide worlds is before thee;  
Look upon it not in despair;  
Although I fain thyself not in "Cupid's" vast sea  
Where men and women are so fair;  
Yet we have no reason for to complain;  
I say "we," because it is you and me;  
For years (3) we have continued to remain  
Perfectly in friendship it seems to me."

Little indeed did the writer of the above album tribute think, when ridiculing the writings of others, that she was assailing them with that which might with seven-fold power be turned upon herself. And let us all consider, that there are many things respecting our situations and actions, which might be made the subject of ridicule; and hence let us never stoop to indulge in it, but ever extend to others that which we would receive in return.

ELIZA.

Monroeton, Pa.

ANECDOTE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.—I saw it stated in some city paper lately, that the Croton fountain in the Bowling Green, occupied the spot upon which stood the statue of George the Third, at the commencement of the revolutionary war. This statement brought fresh to my recollection the account of that statue which I have often had from William Barrows, Esq., late of Hebron, Maine, who deceased about five years since, at the age of eighty-two years. He was a soldier of that war and fought in the battles of Long Island and Trenton.

He said when stationed at or near the city of New-York, he with ten or fifteen young men went one evening without any order or knowledge of his commander, with the intention of compassing the death and destruction of his Majesty the King, so far as overthrowing his statue would effect it. On reaching the spot his companions hoisted him up upon the house, behind his Majesty and gave him an axe with which he commenced cutting off his head, applying the blows thick and heavy to the back part of his neck—but the task was not easily accomplished—his instrument was soon dulled, and soon the noise attracted the notice of the Tories, who collected with lanterns in great numbers and threatened his party with violence—and as they far outnumbered the whig soldiers, the latter thought it advisable to retire. He however, had the pleasure a few days after, of making one of a party detached by order of their commanding officer, who went in full day light, when all the Tories in the vicinity could have a view of them and their sacrilegious conduct, and threw a rope around his Majesty's neck and prostrated him horse and all upon the ground. On removing the bronze, the statue of the King and his horse was found to be composed of lead, which those who demolished them run up into bullets and afterwards fired at his Majesty's more loyal subjects. The statue was of George the Second and not George the Third, if my recollection is correct.

THE SON OF A SOLDIER.



# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE

## AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."....."PROVE ALL THINGS HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1843.

NO. 51.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### DISCOURSES ON PRAYER....NO. V.

BY REV. DAY K. LEE.

"Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness." Psal. xxix: 2.

We will conclude our series of discourses on prayer, with a sermon on Family Worship. If there is a subject to which the text will apply with a touching and a tender import, it is to the services of Family Worship. "Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness!" There is, methinks, in established, stated family worship, a *BEAUTY*,—*day*, a beauty of holiness,—a beauty of example, enjoyment, blessing; surpassing that of any other form of divine service. Oh, it is a service, and a sight, upon which I conceive, the radiant spirits of the skies must look down with rapture; and increase their own lofty joys, and gladden their own heavenly devotions by the contemplation!

The family altar! It is a sacred structure, around which the tenderest associations rise, the fondest recollections cluster; and from which the divinest benefactions are gathered. It is an altar reared on the cold shores of time, to the love of Christ, to the communion and adoration of God, and the hope and cheering anticipations of future immortality!

And it is, we again say, a sight of *beauty*, to behold a whole household engaged in the acts and the meditations of family worship. To see the reverend father, with his snowy locks whitening for the grave, his ardent spirit struggling for the skies; and his no less venerable consort, with whom he has shared the mingled joys and sorrows, duties and devotions of a long and a blessed life; together with his little circle of loving and dutiful children around him; himself leading the solemn and endearing service—himself making interesting comments on the morning and the evening lesson, imparting excellent counsels, encouragements, instructions; and at last directing the minds of the happy worshippers, by his own devout spirit, up to the Father of men, through the utterances and emotions of full, and free, and fervent prayer;—each confessing his many faults; each calling to mind the enjoyment of past benefits and mercies; each looking forward in joyous anticipation to the fulfilment of all divine purposes, and promises; each forming higher hopes and holier resolutions in his bosom;—this, *this* is a scene more than interesting, it is sublimely, heavenly beautiful! No outward, material pageant; no worldly, sensual parade or procession, can be compared with it. It affords, I apprehend, the best idea we can conceive of the assembly and the worship of those who rejoice, and lift their glad hosannas around the dazzling throne of Jerusalem above!

The dedication service—the ceremonies, offerings, anthems, praises of Solomon's Temple, were of a scene, and a spectacle of rare magnificence, perhaps unparalleled by any like convocation that was ever held below. The sacrifice and offering of a hundred and twenty thousand sheep, and twenty two thousand oxen during the festival on which that sublime service was performed; the appearance of a choir of four thousand singers and musicians, all standing arrayed in a single line around the great brazen altar that rose in the court of the priests before the door of the temple—all robed in white linen; a hundred and twenty of them having trumpets, and the rest of them having psalteries, harps and cymbals; all chanting some of those noble odes in which it was sung—"Lift up your heads, oh ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in"—the sight of a whole nation crowded with rejoic-

ings, within the same gates,—the bright, brazen scaffold of the King, and the supreme magnificence of every apartment, court and cloister of the building—the appearance of this scene of unparalleled architectural and ceremonial grandeur, must have struck the eye, and filled the hearts of beholders with an admiration and a transport verging on heaven!

But there was one sight on that august occasion which, for true sublimity, transcended even the grandeur of what we have named. It was Solomon, the monarch, father, chieftain of that mighty and rejoicing people—*Solomon upon his knees*, with his hands raised toward heaven, and his lofty spirit directing their thoughts, their thanks, their thrilling devotions to God, in prayer! It was Solomon, lifting to the ear of Jehovah such words as these:—"Will God, in very deed, dwell with men on the earth? Behold, heaven, and the heaven of heavens can not contain thee; how much less this house which I have built! Have respect therefore to the prayer of thy servant and to his supplication, O Lord my God, to hearken unto the cry and the prayer which thy servant prayeth before thee..... Let thy priests, O Lord God, be clothed with salvation, and let thy saints rejoice in goodness!"

And we repeat the affirmation, that there is no sight or scene on earth of which we can conceive, that would appear to us more sublime, more divinely beautiful, than the appearance of a whole family or a whole nation, in one assembly of worship, through one venerable leader directing their thanks, their supplications, and lifting their soaring spirits to the blest communion of the God of glory!

As it regards the *season* of family worship, we would recommend that it be chosen morning and evening. The train of our sympathies, the nature of our obligations, and the proper arrangement of time, would seem to suggest that we sanctify a portion of our many hours to this sacred and endearing employment, and that it be done morning and evening. In the morning, as the family rise from the refreshing slumbers of the night,—while yet their minds are free, vigorous, unoppressed by the cares and anxieties of business—at this delightful season should the father and husband call together his circle of affectionate hearts, and for a few moments direct them to the communion of that merciful Father, who has watched over them during their recent slumbers,—when their eyes and their minds were sealed in a sleep as profound as that of the tomb, when no arm but his own could protect and shield,—watched over them all—preserved their lives, embosomed their very spirits in his own overshadowing, overfolding mercy, protected them from accidents of the elements, from sickness, sorrow, bereavement, and raised them up to the beamings of another morning whose outgoings he maketh to rejoice!

They should call to mind the benefits of an existence, which, though commenced in a mortal world, where sufferings abound, is to continue in a higher and heavenlier sphere; and ascend in its approaches toward the sublime standard of his own freedom, pleasure, glory; while he himself exists to impart to the shouting, soaring myriads that surround his throne, of the fulness of his own beatitude.

They should remember the blessings of Christ and the Gospel by which we have the irrefragable assurance of immortality; they should remember Sabbath joys and sanctuary pleasures; they should think of the endearments of friendship, affection, society and home; and grateful, generous thanksgivings should go up to the heavens for them all.

They should not forget that they will need his care and protection during the day before them;

that they will want his strengthening and restraining grace to hold them from temptation and deliver them from evil, calamity and grief; that they depend upon His own sovereign mercy for food, and gladness, and friends; and they should supplicate, lifting up holy hands and holier hearts, for a continuance of his favor toward themselves, toward their absent friends, their needy neighbors, and dependent fellow beings.

In the evening also; should the family altar attract its votaries, and parents and children should surround it and seek communion with God. It is a season of peculiar advantage, and of the selectest influence. All nature is at rest. The woodlands and meadows sleep. The pastures are clothed with slumbering flocks, and the cattle upon a thousand hills participate in the general, hushed repose. Earth's solemn silence seems prophetic of the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

The broad and beautiful heavens above have a sweeter, tenderer look than the loving mother casts, with the soft benisons of her spirit, upon her sleeping babe. They more than intimate that they have joy and glory, an eternal night for us all, in their far off habitations! They declare the glory, goodness, kindness, of our Father; and seem to suggest that our meditations be placed upon His love, and our petitions rise for a continuance of his excellent benefits! We have gone through with the labors, the afflictions, instructions, enjoyments of the departed day. Worn and sinking nature pleads for repose; a repose too, in the arms of One who will give us back our life in the morning. We should assemble our household and our thoughts; read a portion of that Word which assures us of God's existence and man's future immortality; and then our offering of gratitude should rise for the mercies that are past, and our desires go up for protection from harm and distress, till the morning cometh, when we hope to feel refreshed from the toils of departed hours, and with sins forgiven, and hearts set free, go out with joy, and be led forth with peace.

Let not this service fall from its high significance to a mere outward show of mummery and noise; but let it be a *worship* in the fervency of feeling; in the spirit, and ardor, and beauty of holiness! Let the whole soul be moved by a conviction of the import and sanctity of religious meditation, by a wakeful sense of the high and endearing privilege of communing with the Father of all. Let the morning and evening worship minister to the enlargement, the elevation of the soul, and the refinement, and exaltation of its divine affections. Let us feel that we are commending ourselves to the care of the kindest and tenderest of all parents,—a parent in the infinitude of that word's lofty meaning; who will purpose for his children's good; who will deliver them from unnecessary evil; and either in this world, or the world to come, continue our being, and immortalize our fondest joys, and noblest love, and our holiest recollections!

Let it be a season of devotion—reverent, spiritual self-devotion, when new pledges are made to God, when the trespasses of our enemies are forgiven, and we feel at peace with all men, and desire the greatest good, and the greatest conceivable happiness of all our Father's children.

Among the benefits of true family devotion, we may consider the salutary, the refining, the ennobling effect which it is likely to produce on the children of pious parents. Many religious parents, it is true, have the misfortune of wayward and ungodly offspring, but I believe this is a fault not to be charged upon the services of worship. Let parents begin with their children when they are



young, and susceptible of tender and exalted impressions, and teach them to *pray*,—tell them about the goodness of their Father in heaven, of his nearness to them, of his love for them, of the infinite tenderness, and the infinite abundance of his mercy; of the home which he has built for them and for all in the bright world of his immediate habitation. Cultivate in them devotional feelings, and spiritual inclinations; and they will be engaged, and interested, and enlightened in prayers and thanksgiving. They will spring up as goodly willows by the water courses. They will make glad parents, and will be ranked among that amiable company whose feet are beautiful upon the mountains.

I have seen the effect of such teaching. I might name many instances of the kind, but one will suffice. I know a boy, a bright and beautiful boy, who has scarcely attained to twelve years of age, that is already "an example of the believers," in spiritual refinement, and devotional feeling and inclination. His parents are practical Universalists. They knew of the fulness and tenderness of the Father's love; they had felt peculiarly embosomed and beatified in that love at the family altar, and they taught this little one to pray, even before he could distinctly articulate the expressions of his pious thoughts. They taught him to repeat from memory the Lord's Prayer; and often as he was about to go to his evening rest, have I seen him kneel by his mother, and utter that prayer, in all the expressiveness of its sublime significance; and then retire, as to the tender embrace of a loving Father. They impressed his young heart with a living conviction of God's goodness, of his infinite kindness to all his creatures, of his benevolent design, of bringing all men to future purity, happiness and glory. And before ten summers had shone upon him, his mind had soared above his years, and he would talk like a Christian philosopher of divine government, and human duty and destiny. He read in nature the beautiful revelations of our Father, as he would tenderly speak of God, and his whole heart was continually inclined to pious thoughts and lovely anticipations. He seemed to live in no material atmosphere, and to have come to the assembly of the "just made perfect." No irreverent expression escaped his lips, and no profane or malicious thoughts seemed to rise in his bosom. I have seen him laid low in sickness, when hope of his recovery could be but faintly entertained, and he would converse as one who was reconciled to God, and who contemplated death as but a step from a gloomy wilderness to a beautiful garden of rosiest flowers and rarest fragrance, in the great embosoming paradise of heavenly love! On the departure of some little playmate to whom he was attached, I have heard him say, with a tear of mingled regret and rejoicing bursting from his eye—"he has gone to be folded in the arms, and to rest upon the bosom, and receive the caresses of our Father. We shall meet again. Heaven is our home."

Such is the effect of prayer, and devotional culture, and clear, decided religious impressions upon one child. And I believe what he was made, others may become also. Thus we discover the benefits which children derive from the services of family worship. Their influence upon those of mature years is a blessing of equal value. It is a softening, refining, exalting influence upon all who enter into its delightful meditations. It perpetuates the holiest inclinations, it establishes and carries forward from one period of life to another, the most tender and endearing recollections. It is the shrine at which we have offered up our thanksgivings.—God has been gracious to us in a thousand ways, and in a thousand signal blessings. He has lent an abundant increase to the earth. The harvests have been ample. The pastures have been clothed with flocks. The showers and the dews have descended. Our lives have been preserved. Our friends have been permitted to gladden our homes. Our hearts have been filled with joy and rejoicing. Our sicknesses have been mitigated. Our prospects have been brightened, and our existence made radiant and blessed in the land of the living. And from time to time, we have gathered in communion

with home's loving inmates around this shrine and offered up emotions of gratitude for all of life's favors, and prayed that every blessing be sanctified to our good. And from a recollection of the devotions which have there been paid, and the mercies which they have seemed to call down upon us, remembrances, and endearments, which we would be pained to lose, are revised and perpetuated. In fancy it transports us back to other times, and other seasons, when we were reaping in joy, or sowing in tears and bitterness. The services of this altar are waymarks on the ascending scale of existence, at which we have rested, and held glad communings, and received encouragement and invigoration.

It is our resort in dark and discouraging moments. The gloomy cloud has come over, the tempest of tribulation descends; our tabernacle is dreary and cheerless. We feel insufficient for our sorrows! They compass us about, and press heavily upon us. God has been gracious hitherto. He is unchangeable in his love and mercy. He is kind, he is compassionate, from everlasting to everlasting. Will he forsake us, now? Ah no, we trust that he will not! We will seek the strengthening of his pitying spirit! The service of family devotion is enjoyed. We bow before him in confidence and contrition, and invoke his mercy upon our household. Our anguish is mitigated. God seems to hear, and pity, and bless. His unseen hand wipes away the gathering tears. His sweet consolations spring up in our hearts, and we experience a good deliverance. We see once more "with open face" the strength of our hope, the blessedness of our faith, and the end of our salvation.

From its being the spot around which we gather in the extremes of happiness and misery, of peace and tribulation, it has a sacredness, and imparts a hallowing virtue that savors of heaven. It has an influence to attach us to home, and to friends, and to God. It puts us in fruition of faith's sweetest and holiest transports; and gives us visions and earnest of the joys of paradise! There we have commune with God in the presence of his overshadowing spirit, as the Priest of the Hebrews did beneath the outspread wings of the glorious cherubim! There we have received his blessings and his consolations. There we have offered up with rejoicing hearts, our free thanksgivings. There perhaps our father and mother have been wont to bend with snowy locks, and trembling voice, and struggling heart; for strengthening grace in declining years; for an increase of faith, and hope, and pious emotions; and to invoke rich blessings and richer mercies upon their children. There we remember to have seen them last in their moments of health and devotion; and when they are passed into the skies, to join the family worship of our Father in heaven, the dearest, and the sweetest recollections that we can have of them will cluster about the old Family Altar; and the attachments that will link our spirits most indissolubly to things, will seem to have assumed their strength and endearment, in the hallowing dews of its blessed communings!

There two have we joined the affectionate brother, and the loving sister in the morning and evening worship. There we have jointly presented our thanks and our supplications. There confessed our sins; there made our vows to be more devoted to duty and to God. Our affections have there been increased, and our attachments to them have been rendered more warm and sacred. There husband and wife have knelt in loveliness and affection,—as well when the lifting joy has gladdened their hearts, as when the heavy sorrow has darkened their dwelling;—there they have knelt like the primal pair in the Garden, and communed—O, how deeply! with him who has shown himself their FATHER; who has sanctified their union; who has blessed their evenings and their mornings; who has chastened them with a father's love, guarded them with a father's care, beheld their prosperities with a father's joy, and showered the divinest benefits upon them! They feel that he is never so near, never so tender in his kindness, never so liberal in his consolations, as when they seek him there.—

That place is the gate of heaven, and through its lifted portals, the angels of paradise are seen going and coming, ascending and descending on their missions of mercy, and their errands of blessing! More and more do they come to realize that "they twain are one flesh," one bosom, one spirit, sharing jointly the benefits and endearments of this world, and anticipating in the world to come, a reunion of persons, and increase of all sacred affections, and a full measure of heaven's sweetest and sublimest beatitude in the "house not made with hands."

The family altar stands, indeed, in a holy place! It is a symbol, on the shore of time, of that throne in the heavenly country, around which the spirits of the ascended gather, as God's dear children, to enjoy his worship. Nay, methinks the high praises of our departed kindred, and the glad hosannas of the burning and adoring seraphim, are but songs that go up from the family worship of man's long home! And, O, transporting thought! the prayers and the praises that ascend morning and evening from our homes below, are the inarticulate breathings of those celestial devotions, and those ravishing pleasures!

The family worship here may render our dwellings an anticipated heaven. We may find it a source of joys more satisfying, of emotions more blessed, of endearments more exalted and extatic, than can be attained this side the radiant world of our high inheritance! We can there strengthen our resolutions to resist temptation, and to walk in righteousness. We can there lay up treasures in heaven—treasures whose intrinsic riches shall consist in heaven—heaven on earth. We can there increase our faith in God, by calling to mind the mercies that are passed, and supplicating for future joys and future prosperities.

Above all the services of that ordinance will prepare us for such a death as the Christian, and the man should die. Its altar was erected for our comfort, for our consolation. Its contemplations were instituted to perfect our faith, to elevate our trust; to increase, exalt, exhilarate our hopes of future life and blessedness. We can there so frame our mind, so train our sympathies, so brighten our visions, our anticipations, so anchor our souls in the very haven of immortality, that when death comes to call a dear one from our fold, although we may weep and lament in heaviness of sorrow, yet we will possess so much of the fulness of the kingdom, and wing our lofty way so above the scenes of earth's griefs and separations, that we can behold the departed standing among the seraphs of glory, sharing their holy joys, and lifting to God their rapturous hallelujahs!

And when Death comes to summon our own spirits, and bear us away from earthly friends and earthly tribulations, we will feel prepared to go. We will know assuredly that it is the gate to endless joy for every human soul—our thousand past services of devotion, have impressed deeper and deeper this glad conviction upon our minds,—and now we are prepared to meet the change, to pass the vale and go home rejoicing!—go home to that world whose services are typified, whose joys are anticipated, whose songs and thanksgivings are symbolized by the sacred rite, and the sweet meditations of the family altar! Nothing, I believe, under God, can establish us more firmly in the divine assurance of the Universalist faith, than this portion of its practical duties. It brings us frequently to contemplate life, and death, and immortality, in all that we can conceive of their conditions, circumstances, relations, import,—and to feel that God in the infinity of his mercy and the ubiquity of his love, hath ordered all things well for his children!

In conclusion of this series, and of this discourse, let me, brethren, express a hope that we shall all think more earnestly, and more solemnly upon the duty and privilege of prayer—especially *family prayer*, and be strict and be habitual, and devotional in its delightful services. Let us come before God with our family, morning and evening, continually with trusting and grateful hearts, and spend a season in his service. Let us there unbo-



som our heavy sorrows, and offer up our sincere gratitude. Let us there seek to grow in grace, and in the knowledge, and the love, and the joy of Christ. There let the wounded heart seek to be bound up, and the happy heart learn to be obedient and true to its nature and to God. There let us increase and sanctify those affections for friends, which we believe we shall possess in an Eden land—and so familiarize our thoughts with the dispensation of death, that we feel that its bitterness and sting are passed, and glance up to the gracious heavens upon joy unbounded and life everlasting.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

### UNIVERSAL SALVATION.

After a long and patient investigation of the subject, by the light of reason and revelation, I have been led to the following results; not willingly, because I wished so to believe, but irresistibly—my judgment has been convinced against my will.—And if by investigation I have been led into error, I trust that by continued investigation I may yet arrive at truth. I count not myself to have apprehended, but I follow after, that I may apprehend. The apostle saw but in part. But to the result of my investigation.

First. All men are God's offspring, or children, for "God created man in his own image," Gen. i: 27; and he "giveth to all life, and breath, and all things;" "in him we live, and move, and have our being," "we are the offspring of God." Acts xvii: 25-29. "The spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me life." Job xxxiii: 4. "O God, the God of the spirits of all flesh." Num. xvi: 22. "Behold all souls are mine." Ezek. xviii: 4.

Second. All men are given to Christ, that he may give them all eternal life. "All things are delivered to me of my Father." Luke x: 22. "And all mine are thine, and thine are mine; and I am glorified in them." "As thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him." John xvii: 2, 10. "The Father loveth the Son and hath given all things into his hand." iii: 35. "All that the Father giveth me, shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out. For I come down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me. And this is the Father's will which hath sent me, that of all which he hath given me, I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day." vi: 37, 38, 39. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." xii: 32. That "to draw," means, to teach in such a manner as to lead others to conform to the mind of the teacher, will appear from Acts xx: 30. Heb. vii: 19, and x: 22.—Jesus has also given this meaning of the word "draw," in John vi: 44, 45. "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me, draw him; and I will raise him up at the last day. It is written in the prophets, And they shall all be taught of God. Every man, therefore, that hath heard, and hath learned of the Father, cometh unto me." This "drawing" and "teaching" mean the same thing. Christ also says, vi: 65, "Therefore said I unto you, that no man can come unto me, except it were given unto him of my Father." Jesus tells us of the extent of this drawing, that it shall include all men. John xii: 32. "That the eternal salvation of all men is intended by their being drawn to Christ, is also certain from Gen. xlix: 10, "And unto him shall the gathering of the people be." The apostle Peter has given us an infallible rule for interpreting the prophecies of Scripture, and we are always safe in attending to that rule, which may be found in his 2 Epist. i: 20, 21, where it is said, "that no prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpreting." According to this, every private interpretation of the prophecies, on every explanation which leaves out a part of God's offspring, is false. All the prophecies, when publicly interpreted, will come out in the end that all are given to Christ, that all are to be redeemed by him; that all people, nations, and tongues, shall at last serve and obey him. Num. xiv: 21. Ps.

ii: 8; xxii: 27; lxxv: 1-3; lxxvi: 3, 4; lxxxvi: 9. Isa. xi: 9; xxv: 6-8, and xlv: 22-25, (in the 24th verse leave out the supplied word "one" which annihilates the text.) Isa. liii: 6, 10, 11, and lv: 8-11. Dan. vii: 19. Hosea xiii: 14. Hab. ii: 14. Mal. i: 11. According to the above rule, all these prophecies are easy to be understood. With this rule in view, look at the first great and precious promise and prophecy to man in the Old Testament, Gen. iii: 15, God, speaking to the serpent, (or devil) said, "And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." On this passage, all after revelation may be considered as larger commentaries; for that this passage means the complete destruction of Satan and sin, and the full and eternal deliverance of all men from his power, may be learned from the apostle's comment in Heb. ii: 14, 15 and 1 John iii: 8. Look, also at the great and precious promise and prophecy delivered to Abraham, Gen. xxii: 18. "And in thy seed," (which is Christ, Gal. iii: 16.) "shall all the nations of the earth be blessed"—compared with Acts iii: 25, 26, "Ye are the children of the covenant which God made with the fathers, (or Abraham) see Gal. iii: 8, 17, 18. This promise or covenant "that was confirmed before, of God, by an oath," (Heb. vi: 17, and farther explained in Heb. viii: 10-13, and x: 16, 17,) may be compared to a vested right, which, it is well known, the government that gives can not take away. The apostle confirms this idea in Titus, i: 2, when he speaks of "eternal life, which God that can not lie, promised before the world began." Thus it will be seen that the covenant was a voluntary obligation, which God bound himself to perform, to all the nations, kindreds, and families of the earth, without any conditions or respects of persons, "for God is no respecter of persons;" and the blessing goes beyond every threatening in the Scriptures, even to a glorious immortality. Now believing or disbelieving this covenant of promise can make no possible difference respecting its truth or fulfillment. "If we believe not, yet God abideth faithful; he can not deny himself." 2 Tim. ii: 13. Rom. iii: 34. "For what if some did not believe? Shall their unbelief make the faith of God without effect? God forbid: yea let God be true, but every man a liar," (that does not believe.) For, so John explains it in his 1 Epistle v: 10, 11. "He that believeth on the Son of God, hath the witness in himself: he that believeth not God hath made him a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave of his Son. And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son." Here unbelievers, as well as believers are said to have eternal life in Christ. One has that faith in the record "which works by love and purifies the heart," the other has not that faith, but the record is yet true. That it was given to them "before the foundation of the world," will further appear from 2 Tim. i: 9, "Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus, before the world began." Dear readers, may we practice the precepts of the Gospel of the Son of God, and finally be admitted into his heavenly kingdom, to bask in his love throughout the unending and ceaseless ages of eternity.

W. O. BRADFORD.

### MARRIAGES.

In the city, on Thanksgiving evening, (14th inst.), by Rev. A. B. Grosh, Mr. NATHAN E. PLATT, to Miss M. EVELINE COLEURN, all of this city.

In Guilford, Dec. 4th, by Rev. J. T. Goodrich, Mr. AUGUSTUS DOUD, of Pitcher, to Miss SARAH HAYEN, of Guilford.

### DEATHS.

Darien, November 3d, MARY JANE, daughter of Mr. W. Sawtelle, aged 2 years and 6 months. \* \* \* Trumpet please copy.

In Alexander, November 18th, Mr. MORRIS RAWORTH, aged 43 years. Mr. R. was formerly a resident of the city

of New York. In the place where he died, he had won a large number of friends by his uprightness as a citizen. He was an excellent man; and has left a widow and three children. But the language of his widow is—"How can I give you up, my husband? But I shall meet you again! We shall meet again!" God bless the widow and the fatherless.

\* \* \* Union and Messenger please copy.

E. W. L.

### PROSPECTUS

For the Fifteenth Volume of the Evangelical Magazine and Gospel Advocate.

Rev. H. B. Soule, Editor;

Revs. A. B. Grosh, A. C. Barray, S. R. Smith, D. Skinner, Corresponding Editors.

THIS old and useful periodical will be continued as heretofore, with the above changes in its Editorial Department; and a change to the CASH, or ADVANCE-PAY system. The principal Editor by becoming Corresponding Editor, secures to our columns the regular and continued productions of his pen. The Editor engaged in his stead is as prudent and talented, if not experienced; and will serve while he remains in this city. Should he remove, another, as well qualified, and entitled to public confidence, will be secured. The other Editors are too well known to need our commendations; and the engagement of Mrs. Smith and Skinner will, we hope, be taken as an earnest that we mean to endeavor deserving what we ask—the support of a liberal public.

We intend to test the substantiality of our patronage, by placing the Magazine and Advocate on the CASH system. Every paper sent out after the present volume, must be paid for in advance—and will be sent only as long as it is thus paid for. This plan is best for both subscribers and publishers, if both will unite in it. To subscribers, who will save the enhanced price, which now goes toward making up the loss on bad subscribers—and to publishers, who can then purchase for cash, and of course at a cheaper rate; and who will no longer lose what even the enhanced price does not make up. To both it will save the necessity—the disgusting and painful necessity—of writing and reading duns, complaints, and coaxing entreaties to delinquents, &c., &c.; which, on the credit system must always lumber our columns to the injury of the paper's credit and usefulness. Will our subscribers, one and all—for there can be no exceptions—support us in this mutually advantageous system? If so, let every one pay for next year before January next—in time for us to receive the money and enter them on our list before the first number of the new volume is issued. Those who send by mail, can remit a one or two dollar bill, (the Post Master will frank it, of course, if properly requested,) and we will send papers till the money is exhausted.

Our principles are the same as ever—Universalism in word and in deed—in theory and in practice—in heart, and soul, and daily conversation—in life and in death—now and forever! And every rational and proper means to bring its believers to the full adoption of this sentiment—to build them up, and make them—"a peculiar people, zealous of good works"—and to bring our opposers to a knowledge and practice of the truth; will be mildly, but earnestly, and constantly advocated by this paper, so as to render it increasingly worthy of a liberal support from liberal Christians generally, and from true-hearted, devoted Universalists especially.

### TERMS.

The Magazine and Advocate is published every Friday, on a royal sheet, quarto form, for binding, at \$1.50 per annum, invariably in advance.

Any person sending us the names of six subscribers, and paying for the same (\$9.00), free of postage, shall receive a copy gratis. Eleven copies will be sent for fourteen dollars, and sixteen copies for twenty dollars.

All communications to the Publishers or Editors, must be POST PAID or FREE. Postmasters will usually frank remittances.

Names of new subscribers should be returned by the first of January, 1844, or as soon thereafter as possible, to the Publishers. The names, with their post office, county, and State, should be written plainly and in full.

In case New York or New England money can not be obtained, the following will be received at par:—New Jersey, good Pennsylvania, do. Delaware, do. Maryland, do. District of Columbia, do. Virginia, do. North and South Carolina, do. Georgia, do. Louisiana (of New Orleans bank), do. Ohio, do. Kentucky, do. Indiana (State bank), do. Tennessee, do. Canada.

Address, "GROSH & WALKER, UTICA, N. Y."



For the Magazine and Advocate.

## LINES

To the memory of Barnabas Eldredge, who died Sept. 5th,  
1843, aged 75 years.

Written by his surviving partner, MRS. SARAH ELDREDGE.

When thy blest spirit took its flight, and left this earthly  
clod

To soar above this world of sin and hold commune with  
God,

O how I wish'd in that dread hour, I by thy side might lay,  
My spirit soar along with thine to realms of endless day!

My guide, my counsellor and friend; my hope, my stay, my  
all—

The souter of my woes on earth, to whom now shall I call?  
Who will forgive my weaknesses, my wanderings yet in  
time?

Thou God of love, I pray to thee to ease my troubled mind!

Blest shade, look down from realms above on thy bereav'd  
one here,

Assuage my grief, if souls above can drop a blissful tear;  
A guardian angel may'st thou be to all thy children here,  
O may they meet thee in the heavens, with their own Mo-  
ther, dear.

The consort of thy latest years, whom thou hast left to  
mourn,

I've cherish'd and beguill'd thy age through all the wintry  
storm—

A wintry storm it was not so thy health was hale and good,  
Thy form erect, thy intellect with equal firmness stood.

Not in the freshness of thy youth could I have lov'd thee  
more,

Thy presence and thy converse came like an enchanting  
power.

O death, thou tyrant of the world, could no entreaty stay  
Thy icy arms, that marr'd his form and took him thus away?

Thy neighbors and acquaintances have lost in thee a friend,  
The poor man's wants thou hast supplied, and help to all  
did lend;

A father to the fatherless, thou hast dried the orphan's tears;  
Oh if on earth thou could'st remain to cheer their future  
years!

But hark, a voice from realms above bids all my murmurs  
cease;

The gates of death we all must pass, they lead to life and  
peace—

The Saviour vanquish'd death and hell, and left to us a way  
Whence sinners may come home to God and ever with him  
stay.

Then why, my soul, art thou cast down? have confidence in  
God;

Consider has chastisements just, 'tis he appoints the rod—  
The hour will soon arrive, when I from flesh shall be set  
free,

At heaven's gate be thou the first to greet and welcome me.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

REFLECTIONS ON THE LIFE OF  
MURRAY...NO. III.

BY REV. J. M. AUSTIN.

While Murray is voyaging across the Atlantic, let us turn our attention to another field, where Providence had been making singular preparations for his reception. In an obscure place on the coast of New Jersey, called "Good Luck," (and a place of good luck it was for the religious world,) which is situated on Cranberry Inlet, lived an individual named Potter. He was one of nature's original characters—a man of strong mind, great discernment, unbounded benevolence, and strictly upright and honest. Possessing a religious turn of mind, he reflected much on sacred things; yet he was not at all satisfied with the doctrines proclaimed by the sects which prevailed around him. They were altogether too contracted for his enlarged soul—the greatest good they pretended to be able to accomplish for mankind, was vastly too small to gratify his expanded benevolence. It would seem the Creator had implanted naturally in his heart, the rudiments of the doctrine of a world's salvation, and that he had obtained some indistinct glimpses of that doctrine, in his meditations on the character of the Supreme Being and the works of his hand; although he did not know that there was another mortal on

the earth who entertained similar views, much less that any preacher ever proclaimed them as the Gospel of Christ.

Potter being a man of wealth, voluntarily erected a meeting house at his own expense, refusing all assistance proffered by his neighbors. In conformity with his native liberality, he allowed Christians of every denomination to occupy it, but strenuously refused to give it into the exclusive possession of any sect—saying he had built it for a preacher after his own heart, which God in due time would send him. He felt perfectly confident a messenger would soon arrive, who would proclaim a doctrine fully according with his own views; and nothing that his friends or neighbors could say, either in ridicule or serious expostulation, could divest him of this firm persuasion. Strange presentiment—singular reliance upon the righteous ways of Providence! What but God himself, could have fixed such an expectation in his mind! He had no conception that the Almighty was even then, leading just such a preacher across the Atlantic—although then not a preacher, nor entertaining the most distant idea of ever becoming one. But Murray sailed for New York—how, then, could the destination of the ship be altered? And if altered, how incredible that in the long stretch of the American coast, some thousands of miles in extent, the vessel containing him, would come into so obscure a place as Cranberry Inlet, and the town of Good Luck! It was true, a young, heart-broken man, was sailing across the Atlantic, himself unconscious of being sent on any errand; but how was this man to find Potter and make his acquaintance, and be induced to preach in his house? All these events were hidden from mortal eyes, but they were seen by an eye that never slumbers, and brought about singularly and marvelously by a Wisdom that never errs!

In the meantime Murray prospered on his voyage. The master of the vessel having for commercial reasons changed its destination from New York to Philadelphia, it arrived in the month of September, at the latter city. Murray being anxious to visit New York, determined to go on immediately by land. He accordingly made arrangements to take a seat in the stage, which then run but once a week between the two cities. But the stage had departed! On what trivial events do matters of the most momentous importance often depend!—How insignificant the hinge on which they frequently turn! Had that stage coach delayed its departure for a short time, until Murray had got a seat, the whole current of his life would have been changed. It is not at all probable he would have ever visited Good Luck, or known Potter, or have become a preacher of impartial grace—and so far as human knowledge can foresee, the large denomination of Universalists would not now have been in being!

Having been thus disappointed in going to New York by land, and the captain of the "Hand-in-hand," concluding to sail for that city, to find a better market for his cargo, Murray again embarked with him. They had pleasant weather during the first part of the voyage; but suddenly there came up a dense fog, which so bewildered them that they soon found the brig in the midst of breakers. The vessel struck on a bar, but soon passed over uninjured, into a small bay, where they cast anchor. Finding it would be impossible to get out over the bar again, with the full cargo aboard, the captain engaged a sloop lying near by, to take a part to lighten the brig. This was accordingly done; and Murray was requested to go on board the sloop, to keep an oversight of the goods. The next morning the wind being fair, both vessels got under way for New York. The brig passed out over the bar in safety; but as the sloop was about to follow, the wind suddenly changed dead ahead. Thus Murray and his small craft, were detained in the bay, while the brig passed on to New York.

Being in charge of the sloop, and finding no provisions on board, Murray went on shore to procure food for himself and the crew. He accordingly landed. Passing along, he was surprised to see a small meeting-house on the borders of a grove of

trees. He could not imagine where there were people enough to make it an object to erect a place of worship. A short distance beyond the church, he saw a dwelling, before the door of which lay a large pile of newly caught fish. Supposing he could procure some of these for the sailors, he approached and accosted a tall, elderly man, who was standing near by. *Murray and Potter stood face to face!* Strangers in person, but brothers in spirit! From far distant lands, across trackless oceans, by a most remarkable and unexampled combination of circumstances, God had at last brought these kindred spirits into conjunction, for the purpose of opening a new dispensation, as it were, in the Christian religion. Strange that from the meeting of these two individuals, both of humble stations in life, moving hitherto in circles far remote, and entirely dissimilar—one in the dense throngs of the city of London, and the other in the obscure wilds of America—should flow consequences which will be felt in the religious world, through all coming generations! But God chooses his own instruments and his own times to accomplish his gracious purposes. And although his ways are such frequently as to seem inadequate to the object he has in view, yet the result vindicates the perfection of divine wisdom!

The remarkable interview which Murray first had with Potter—so strange as to seem almost the dreamings of romance—must be given in Murray's own words: "Pray sir, will you have the goodness to sell me one of those fish?" "No sir!" That is strange, when you have so many, to refuse me a single fish! "I did not refuse you a fish, sir; you are welcome to as many as you please, but I do not sell them. I do not sell fish, sir; I have them for taking up, and you may obtain them the same way." Potter then urged Murray to return after he had supplied the sailors with their provision, and pass the night with him. This kind invitation Murray accepted—not dreaming that Potter had any other object in view than simply to show a mark of courtesy towards a stranger. But the mysterious providence which had led him so strangely round the world, and which had so often seemingly crossed his path with sudden and needless disappointments, was about to reveal its purposes in a clearer beam of light, to his astonished vision. "I was greatly astonished," says Murray, "to see so much genuine politeness and urbanity under so rough a form; but my astonishment was greatly increased on my return. His room was prepared, his fire bright, and his heart open. 'Come,' said he, 'my friend, I am glad you have returned. I have longed to see you—I have been expecting you a long time!'" I was perfectly amazed. "What do you mean sir?" In reply to this question, Potter went on to give a brief history of his life to Murray. In regard to building the meeting house, he remarked, "I had no children, and I know I was beholden to Almighty God for every thing which I possessed; and it seemed right I should appropriate a part of what he had bestowed, for his service. My neighbors offered their assistance. But no, said I, God has given me enough to do his work without your aid, and as he has put it into my heart to do, so will I do. And who, it was asked, will be your preacher? I answered, *God will send me a preacher, and of a very different stamp, from those who have heretofore preached in my house.* The preachers we have heard are perpetually contradicting themselves; but that God who has put it into my heart to build this house, will send one who shall deliver unto me his own truth; who shall speak of Jesus and his salvation. When the house was finished, I received an application from the Baptists; and I told them if they could make it appear that God Almighty was a Baptist, the building should be theirs at once. The Quakers and Presbyterians received similar answers. No, said I, as I firmly believe that all mankind are equally dear to Almighty God, they shall be equally welcome to preach in this house which I have built. My neighbors assured me I never should see a preacher whose sentiments corresponded with my own. But my uniform reply was, that *I assuredly should!* \* \* \* \* My friends often asked me—



"Where is the preacher of whom you speak?"—And my constant reply has been, he will by and by make his appearance. The moment I beheld your vessel on shore, it seemed as if a voice had audibly sounded in my ears. *There, Potter, in that vessel, is the preacher you have been so long expecting!* I heard the voice and I believed the report. And when you come up to my door, and asked for the fish the same voice seemed to repeat: Potter, this is the man, this is the person, whom I have sent to preach in your house!"

There is nothing in history more wonderful than this good man's faith that God would send him a preacher of the truth, and its singular fulfilment. To what can we attribute it, that the ship which bore Murray should become bewildered in the fog, and without any design or knowledge of those on board, should be led into that obscure inlet—that Potter, on first seeing the brig, should immediately feel a presentiment that it contained his long expected preacher—and that he should at once recognize Murray as the messenger sent to declare the Gospel—to what can we attribute all this, but to the direct interposition of divine Providence? So Potter considered it—so Murray—and so must all, it would seem, who believe God exercises a controlling influence over the affairs of the world.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## EDITORS.

BY E. W. LOCKE.

How great to be an editor! The editorial chair—what itching there is to get into it! Who is greater than an editor? No one—that is, in his own estimation. Not but there are some editors who can see themselves in a mirror less than six feet, but editorship tends greatly to self-importance. Who is a more privileged man than he? The lawyer has a right to feed the malice and revenge of his client till he robs him of all his money; he has a right to call his opponent of the green bag, a liar, a knave, and a scoundrel; he has the privilege of accusing innocence of vice and shame, and truth of perjury. The physician has a right to make any pale or spleeny fool believe death is near by, chasing him with his huge scythe in hand, and then to swallow such stuff as makes well men sick, and for which many besides those accounted fools have to pay their money; he has a right to know what a man lives on, and how much he eats; and more, he tells *when* and *what* he may eat; and the doctor must be obeyed. The doctor is a privileged man, and so is the minister. The minister has a right to know when a man experienced religion, how many times a day he prays, if he has any doubts, if he has difficulty in conquering the devil; he has a right to know all the jealousy, backbiting, and scandal of his church; he has a right to call whom he will a child of Satan, to send whom he pleases to hell, and admit whom he will to heaven; he has the right to apply his spiritual gauge to any heart, and tell the world whether it has any religion, and if any the precise amount. Congressmen are privileged characters. They can make two, three, and five hundred dollars out of their travelling fees to and from the seat of government, have eight dollars a day for gambling and chatting, and promenading with the ladies, and voting with their leaders. But editors are the most privileged of all. If any body writes a book, why, he must go to an editor and take off his hat, and say, "Your most humble servant, sir! and will you be so kind as to say a *good* word?" or, some afternoon, when this knight of the quill has just been exercising with knives and forks, and giving an ocular demonstration of the affinity between human and animal flesh, he will seize upon the knife of criticism, and cut away at the poor book and its author till he is out of breath, and send this fruit of an overloaded stomach off to his devil. If it is philosophy, it is shallow and sickening, or dangerous, though all this sage knows of philosophy he got from half a section of Locke on the Understanding. If it is romance that the book is filled with, the plot is miserable, the conclusion wrong, the filling up bad, and the moral licentious,

though he may not have read one page in ten, and if he has, he knows no more of the rules of fiction than of legerdemain. If it is divinity, it is superstition, heretical, or infidel. If a lecturer enters a town or city he must send the editor a very polite invitation to attend his lecture, or he may take the neglect in high dudgeon, and call him an ignoramus, a clown, a pretender. If any body gets an office, and the editor is dissatisfied, he puts the steam to his slander-machine, hunts up every bit of dirty scandal ever propagated about his relations, and when he has loaded his sheet with his filth, sends it off to hundreds, and perhaps thousands, who read it and think it must be true, because it is in the newspaper. Character! why, character is nothing in the estimation of some of these friends of the public. If they can get the least fault of an unpopular man, then comes a mighty blast from their shells, totally indifferent as to the hearts they may make sad. Rumor tells them that somebody is not what he should be. Then comes a note of warning from them to the dear public. They make the public a god, always hungering for the sacrifice of human character, and most cheerfully do they offer up the victims. They make one think of burying a man before he is dead, who, when aroused by the falling of the earth upon his coffin, or perhaps by the surgeon's knife, looks up in astonishment, asking what is being done to him, and gets in reply, "Really, sir, we thought you were dead; to be sure we did; and it was for the public good that we were doing this." No matter how mean a man is—he can be an editor. If a man gets up, and puts one article into a monthly folio, six by five, he is an editor. Both have got the privilege of abusing whom they please. Yes; yes; editors are great men, privileged men, and they ought to be allowed to do just what they please.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## PUBLIC DISCUSSION.

The Mechanic's Association in Homer, thinking religious subjects as well as others come within their province, the following question was taken up for discussion, "Does the Bible teach the doctrine of endless punishment?" the Association then passed a resolution that the clergy of the place be invited to attend, and take a part in the debate.

The affirmative opened by introducing the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, and "these shall go away into everlasting punishment"—which, with all other texts produced, were ably answered the first evening; and then the negative produced some of the many strong arguments to be found in the Bible in favor of the restitution; which changed the position of the two parties, bringing the negative in advance of the affirmative, and during the remainder of the debate they had to answer the negative as well as they could—but it was a feeble effort. The third evening a Mr. Cook, from Scott, who has lately commenced preaching the doctrine of impartial grace, came in and spoke, which I think caused our Orthodox brethren to think their covenant with death should be disannulled, and their agreement with hell should not stand. A Baptist preacher Rev. C. Darby, of Greene, being present, was urged by his brethren to stand up and lend a helping hand. His reply was, that enough had already been said. No doubt he was convinced that it would be bad policy to contend against the doctrines of the Bible, when held forth in so lucid a manner, the Partialists went from the scene of action this evening, discomfited and crest fallen.

On the fourth and last evening our opponents had called to their aid several preachers—one, only, had opportunity to speak, Rev. Bigsby, of the M. E. church in this place; he was aided by Mr. Rollo, teacher in the Academy in this place. Our opponents, seemed to think they had the advantage this evening, (as they really had in public speakers, for there were none but mechanic's to oppose them—but mechanics who were filled with that spirit that casteth out fear.) The opposition put much dependence on said Bigsby, for it is said he is a converted Universalist. He took the stand with all the dig-

nity belonging to one of his profession; but alas! how soon was it lost. His attack upon Universalists was ungentlemanly and outrageous. If noise and confusion could be called argument, he alone gained the question. But two of the judges were men of sound minds, and could not be led astray from the point at issue by sophistry and misstatements. They are men who do not adhere to any religious sect, consequently were well calculated to judge. The other disagreed, being a Baptist in theory. The decision was given in favor of the negative, or Universalism. AN ATTENDANT.

## MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry

UTICA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1843.

### TOUR OF THE UPPER LAKES.....NO. IV.

BR. GROSH—We had a "funny time"—as a Scotch acquaintance of mine would say—in landing at Racine. There were three of us; a heavy, dead sea was running in shore; the Illinois lay off three quarters of a mile, pitching and rolling, from which we tumbled with our baggage into a small boat manned by four oarsmen. We were told by our fellow passengers that we would swamp on the way, but the word "land" sounded pleasantly in our ears, and we were willing to run the risk for the purpose of treading once more of terra firma. And away we went, now mounting on the top of a huge swell, and then sinking down into darkness. Approaching the shore we could see the white crested breakers lashing the beach, and making any thing but grateful music. But into them our frail bark dashed—we clung instinctively to its sides and held our breath, when a returning swell lifting us up and holding us for a moment, a beachward sea rolled completely over us, drenching us thoroughly from head to toe. I never was very fond of a cold bath, and this tremendous showering was little to my liking. However, we reached the landing in safety, and a good warm bed at the Temperance Hotel, soon put every thing "to rights."

I was then in Wisconsin; so I cogitated on awaking the next morning; the "El Dorado" of so many hopes and wishes, and the point toward which the mighty tide of immigration is directed. Should I find it all my fancy had pictured? a land flowing with milk and honey, peopled with "fair women and brave men?" I will up and out, and see if the one half that has been told me is true. So up I got, but hardly had I finished dressing, and performed my ablutions ere the breakfast bell rang, and as I was getting a marvellous appetite, away I went to despatch a cup of coffee and a warm biscuit, and other etceteras, before seeing, for the stomach is more impatient than the eyes.

Well, on sitting down to the table, I saw opposite me a familiar face but could not recollect the name of the owner. "Sir," said I, "we have met before—may I inquire your name?" "My name is Carpenter." "My name is Barry." So we shook hands across the table and entered into conversation. He is a young lawyer who formerly resided in this State, but visiting that country, fell in love with it, and located himself in the village of Racine. So here was one acquaintance and friend to start with.

Breakfast being over, out we sallied for a walk through the town. We first repaired to the store of Mr. Ly Brand, formerly of Philadelphia, a gentleman with whom I had corresponded, and now had business pertaining to the denomination of which I am a member. By him I was warmly welcomed to Wisconsin, and during my whole stay he showed me every kindness. And I may as well remark here, that the people throughout that whole country, so far as I became acquainted, are all very attentive to strangers, and there is a continued exertion on their part to render his stay pleasant. There is a warm heartedness and liberality, and familiarity about them that does the soul good. I must now give you the result of my observations during my morning's walk, by way of description.



Racine, the county seat of Racine, W. T., is a fine flourishing village, beautifully located on Lake Michigan, at the mouth of Root river, 26 miles from Milwaukee, and 65 from Chicago. Its settlement as I was told was commenced in 1836 or 1837; and it now contains between 1200 and 1400 inhabitants. It has all the requisite county edifices finished in good taste and style; two large and flourishing hotels, besides other public and boarding establishments, an academy, two churches, a printing office, twenty or more mercantile shops, and all the various professional offices and mechanic's establishments found in our Eastern villages. Its private dwellings are all of them neat and many of them elegant. Its streets are regularly laid out, the principal one of which is lined on each side with beautiful white cottages, stores, shops, and offices for nearly a mile in extent. But there is a newness, a *primitiveness* about the whole place, and about all the towns in the "Far West" that first strikes the eye of the visitor from this side of the lakes. Tall oaks are left standing here and there; stumps yet remain in many places, and you may see pretty residences stretching themselves far away into the forest, and surrounded with all its unshorn wildness and beauty.

Racine is a busy town—has an industrious and enterprising population, and is fast increasing in size and importance. It is perhaps already the greatest wheat market in the territory, and the largest share of her one million surplus, will probably be shipped from its warehouses. An excellent harbor is being built at the mouth of Root River, which when finished, will add much to the importance of Racine, as also to its growth and prosperity, making it second to none on the lake.

At one thing I was perfectly astonished, and that was the number of religious societies in a village of this size—of which there are seven; Universalist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Baptist, Catholic, and Whitfieldian. Verily, one must be hard to please, if he could not suit himself with preaching here.

Tuesday, August 22d, I set out in company with Mr. Ly Brand for Rochester, on Fox river, 25 miles West of Racine. Our way lay across the prairie, the greater part of the distance. All was new, delightful, and enchanting. White farm houses and cultivated fields, dotted here and there the vast expanse; occasionally large herds of cattle were seen cropping the herbage in the distance; flowers of every hue were blooming all around upon the unturned sod; and as we journeyed along, flocks of grouse and brant would start up before us, and now and then various small animals would dart across the road into the tall grass on the other side. The scene was picturesque and sublime beyond description—at times, wild and awe-inspiring; when the vast plain stretched out beyond the horizon, with no human habitation in sight, and treeless, save patches of forest, looking like islands in the midst of the ocean.

The prairies have a rich and productive soil, covered to a considerable depth with black sand and vegetable mould. A team consisting of four or five yoke of oxen is required to break them up—after this, a single yoke, or a span of horses is all that is required. They produce most crops in great abundance, though they are not considered quite as safe for wheat. Their yield, however, in this grain the past season, was large—say thirty bushels, on an average to the acre. A gentleman near Southport had a small field of four hundred acres which yielded him 13,000 bushels of good wheat.

Traveling leisurely through this delightful section of country, we reached Rochester near the middle of the afternoon. This is a small town containing about six hundred inhabitants. It has two public houses, three stores, several mechanic shops, and a flouring mill nearly completed. A short distance from here my parents and brother and sister reside: also my wife's mother and two brothers. Of course I paused not until I reached them.

Immediately after crossing the Fox river, a fine broad stream, you enter the "oak openings." The soil here is dry and undulating, and is composed of a sandy loam, intermixed occasionally with lime stone pebbles,—

When first broken it has a light appearance, but soon turns black by reason of the lime in its composition. The trees, which are mostly white oak, are scattered thinly over its surface, forming natural parks, through which the wild deer roams, and where vast quantities of game are found. I think I would prefer this land above the prairies. It is as easily improved, has the advantage with respect to timber, is better watered, and will produce as much grain of all kinds. "Although containing apparently but a thin covering of decomposed vegetable matter, the absence of that material is made up by the admixture of lime in its composition, which is favorable to vegetation; and in Summer the surface is almost entirely covered with red, yellow, white and purple flowers, spread a gorgeous carpet through the forest as far as the eye can reach."

The "oak openings" are fast receiving a hardy and industrious population. Where but a little time ago the red man dwelt, and the wild beast roamed, the sun shines and the rain falls upon the cultivated fields teeming with the rich fruits of the honest husbandman's toil. And the period is certainly not far distant, when every rood of this rich soil will be upturned by the busy plow, and when the hum of industry will go up in the midst of these wilds, making them glad. Already we may in more than fancy, hear

"The sound of the advancing multitude,  
Which soon shall fill these deserts. From the ground  
Comes up the laugh of children; the soft voice  
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn,  
Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds,  
Bleats with the rustling of the heavy grain,  
Over the dark brown furrows."

Saturday, September 9th, bidding my friends adieu, I set out for Milwaukee, the Emporium of Wisconsin. I had heard much of this place and found that I had not been deceived in regard to it. It is situated on lake Michigan, 180 miles from Mackinaw, 90 from Chicago, and 910 from Buffalo. Its settlement was begun in 1836—it numbers now between six and seven thousand inhabitants, which fact exhibits a rapidity of growth not much, if any, excelled by the history of any place. There are in this village—or city, as it is called—eight religious societies, six of which have churches—the Congregational, Presbyterian, Universalist, Unitarian, Methodist, and Catholic.

As a place of business, it is not to be outdone, and its merchants at least, are driving a profitable trade. Hundreds of emigrants are arriving here weekly, and one may find representatives from almost every nation under heaven—Germans, Poles, Swiss, Welsh, Irish, Norwegians, and the wild Indian in his paint.

This flourishing town has many large and elegant buildings, and its hotels, for comfort and accommodations, are scarcely surpassed in many of our Eastern cities. Standing in Water street and casting his eye upon the large brick blocks which adorn it, and around upon the busy bustling crowds that throng about them, one forgets that he is in a city scarcely eight years old. But when he is reminded of this fact, he is astonished at all he sees, and finds cause for renewed wonder at every step.

On the afternoon of the day in which I landed, I enjoyed a ride to Southport, distant from Racine 10 miles. The road winds along through the forest near the lake shore—was at that time perfectly dry and hard, with no ups and downs, free from stone, and overshadowed by the branches of the oak and linden, among whose branches the wild birds with many toned voices made sweet music. Need I tell you I was delighted and in ecstasies?

Southport is also situated on lake Michigan, ten miles above Racine; and is a fine flourishing village of the same number of inhabitants. It is beautifully laid out and arranged, and is a place of extensive business, has a pier or steamboat landing, and efforts are being made to obtain for it a harbor; which when obtained will enable it to keep pace with its sister villages on the lake.

Now for leave taking of Wisconsin. We found it a beautiful country—we believe it will be a great coun-

try—greater than it now is, when its resources come to be developed. It has a healthful climate, a rich, productive soil, an enterprising, industrious, and intelligent population—it possesses exalted commercial advantages, and it must advance rapidly toward wealth and prosperity. "Seven years ago," says a recent writer, "and the Territory was almost a trackless wilderness. Now, flourishing towns, and villages, and settlements are sprinkled over the whole country.—Roads are built, markets are at hand, all the conveniences and luxuries of life are easily and cheaply procured, the hardships incident to the first settlement of a new country are over, and the way fully open and prepared for that influx of wealth and population, which sets toward a country perfectly new, but which in a rapidly increasing ratio pours in, as improvements are made and society formed." A. C. B.

## THE IMPORTANCE OF CHRISTIAN ACTION. No. I.

"But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves."—ST. JAMES I: 22.

### CARELESS AND WORLDLY HEARERS.

It is lamentably true, as the existing state of things testifies, that the great mass who attend upon the ministration of the divine word, are hearers only. The Gospel is preached to them Sabbath after Sabbath, and year after year—its warnings and entreaties are faithfully sounded in their ears; and yet, they remain cold, and careless, and indifferent, as though they were under no obligations to God or their fellow-men. If there is ever a time when the preacher feels utterly discouraged and sick at heart, it is when he looks around upon the attendants on his ministry, and reads the fact in their inactivity and unconcern, that he might as well have wasted his words on the stones of the street. God knows that he has discouragements enough without this—with this added, I tell you his heart will faint within him.

Why is it, I ask, that vice prevails to the extent that it does? that carnality triumphs? that the bleeding cause of virtue pleads in vain? that the great moral enterprises of the day languish?—why is it, but that the uttered precepts of God's word fall upon unlistening ears, or that men steel their hearts against the conviction of right and duty? Why is it, but that there are more hearers than doers; and that the great lessons of the sanctuary are unfelt and unheeded?

Do not take a word of this to yourselves, my friends, unless you feel that it is applicable; nor of any thing that may come after; but if there shall be a truth uttered that may have a personal application, take it home with you, for it was intended for you.

Among all denominations will be found different classes of hearers. Of these, one class may be denominated *careless hearers*. I mean those, who, while they seem to pay considerable attention to what is being uttered, yet hear indifferently, and who treasure up no holy truths in their hearts. They know that a preacher stands before them, that words are falling from his lips, but they interest themselves but little in his discourse—they do not even think that a part of it may be applicable to themselves; and though some passing remark may interest them for the moment, yet it soon passes from their minds, perhaps never to be recalled.

This carelessness is many times the offspring of indifference. They have never yet perhaps thought seriously of their responsibilities, or that they had many and great duties to perform. So long as they are not guilty of any outbreking sins, they set themselves down as being good enough, and consequently need not trouble themselves with anything further. Their hearts thus become frozen over with the ice of indifference; and though the demands of God and truth may be set home with power—though the precepts of the Gospel may be eloquently enforced—yet they seem to be unconscious that there is any thing demanded of them, or that there is any work for them to do. They do not hear as though they themselves were personally addressed, but rather as those who have no interest in,



the matter, who have cancelled the demands of Heaven, and fully and forever discharged every moral obligation. I do not say that this is a settled conviction of their hearts, but that they seem to hear for others and not for themselves. And hence they derive but little or no benefit from the preached word—the calls, and warnings, and rebukes, are unheeded, or passed over to their neighbor, while they slumber on in their carelessness and unconcern, putting forth no efforts in obedience to God's command, neglecting their own spiritual interests, and looking coldly upon the evils, that, like a consuming fire, make desolate the Eden of the world.

2. Another class may be denominated *worldly hearers*—those who are drawn to the house of God by worldly considerations, or who think, perhaps, to advance their pecuniary interests by so doing. True, such will be generally found in the most popular churches, but wherever found they are the same. They too will seem to be the most attentive of hearers; but this is not true of them in fact. There is a certain respect due to the place they are in; and motives of prudence would suggest the importance of an interest in the services of the sanctuary. But with all their *seemingness*—if I may be allowed to coin a word for present use—with the show of attention they manifest, the heart has neither part nor lot in the matter. And thus, while the demands of God's word upon the soul and life are being presented with energy, and the principles of moral action enforced in burning and eloquent words—while the sublime truths of the Gospel are being proclaimed in all their melting and subduing power—while the whole duty of man is being set forth, and enforced by the most powerful motives; and the sanctions of the divine law are arrayed in all their startling emphasis; their minds perhaps at the same time will be dwelling on stocks and exchanges—on bonds and mortgages—on goods and merchandize, or on some profitable investment of dollars and cents. If farmers, they will perhaps be thinking of a choice bit of ground that may be bought at a bargain, or of the depreciation in value of real estate, or of the probable prices of produce in the fall market. And thus, no matter what may be the trade, occupation or profession—instead of leaving the cares, and excitements, and business, and speculations of the world at home with their week-day garb, they bring them along into the house of God, and suffer them to steal their thoughts away from the most important and sacred subjects. Thus they hear without being profited—they prevent any deep and durable impression being made on the heart—the seed falls on stony ground, or among thorns, where it can neither vegetate nor bear fruit.

A. C. B.

#### UNION CONFERENCES—AGAIN.

In giving an account of my first trip to Boston last September, I incidentally, in three or four lines, referred to some remarks I had heard in relation to excesses that had been committed in these meetings last winter. Br. Austin of the Evangelist took up the incidental remarks in an article of about two columns length (of this paper), and ridiculed my remarks, and my informants, to which I replied—not “in dudgeon,” as he asserts, by any means. He has rejoined in the same strain of ridicule; but declaring that he meant no disrespect to myself or my informants; but merely to ridicule the idea that any excesses were committed in any of those meetings. So be it, then.

He requests me to publish his first article, that our readers may judge of its tone and meaning for themselves. I have not been able to find a copy, or I would do so; and have therefore given his denial of intention, to hold up my informants as falsifiers, or myself as a dupe. He also requests me to state what the excesses were, &c., &c. I have no time at present for a controversy with him, especially on that subject, and in the strain in which he seems disposed to treat it, all serious as he deems it. Our readers, also, have no interest in the subject.

Br. Everett represents me as making an “assault on those who differ in opinion from” me “concerning Union Conferences,” and opposing the Conferences

themselves! This is unfair, because not strictly true. I merely alluded to the Conferences incidentally, and in a few lines—and said nothing of persons who favored them—and for so doing, was *attacked*—was “*assaulted*” myself—with a long article full of ridicule. I never opposed those Conferences, but rather approved them—it was only the *excesses* that I deplored, and rejoiced they had done very little injury.

Brs. Austin and Everett can now do as they list in regard to the whole subject—I shall, most certainly, not enter into any controversy with them, on any subject, unless I deem it profitable to our readers, and can be treated soberly, candidly, truthfully and respectfully—They may have *meant* to treat me and this affair thus; but I do not think they have succeeded in their intentions, (certainly not to my mind,) and I therefore respectfully, and without any ill feeling toward them or the subject, leave them in possession of the whole road—they can occupy it as they please. A. B. G.

P. S. Since writing the foregoing we have received another number of the Evangelist which contains the following disclaimer. We are glad to read it; for we had understood Br. Austin's remarks on Brs. Bacon and Harris in a light far from friendly and fraternal—and so did several others whom we heard speak of the subject—even as we understood his remarks in relation to us and our informants as being far from respectful to us, or in accordance with his alleged importance, and seriousness, and divine origin of the subject. As to my feelings, I will not disguise the fact that I was wounded in my feelings; for I thought that I and my friends deserved better treatment; but I spoke not in anger—in “dudgeon” as Br. A. says—but in sincere sorrow, and with a desire, even a hope, that my respectfully meant and earnest remonstrance would not be met by a repetition of the same wanton levity, ridicule and sarcasm (for so I deemed it) which had called it forth. Had I supposed otherwise, I had not noticed the first article, except to decline any such controversy; for whether I have or have not, any skill in the use of such weapons, I do not choose to use them among brethren, and on subjects which both of us deem serious. For, I repeat it, I have ever been in favor of Society Conferences—I am disposed to favor Union Conferences, so far as I know any thing of them—and only alluded, incidentally to excesses which (whether I was rightly informed or not) I deemed of no benefit to them or the cause. However, Br. Austin's disclaimer of evil intention satisfies me that I (and others) misunderstood him, even as he and Br. Everett misunderstood me; and there I am willing to drop the subject.

Our senior editor thinks I have “wasted labor” in reply to Br. Grosh. I am sensible I have occupied a large portion of the columns of the Evangelist in this matter—perhaps too much. But I consider the subject of no little importance. Union Conference Meetings, I am satisfied, can be made a source of immense benefit to our righteous cause—they have already been so, in those sections where they have been held—and I am anxious to prevent, so far as in my power, any prejudices being disseminated in regard to them, which will have a tendency to prevent our brethren from establishing them in those sections where they are yet unknown. This must account for the time and space I have given to the subject, and for the interest I may have exhibited. I was very much surprised that my playful, or at least, good natured remarks, on Br. Grosh's allusion to Union Conferences, should have stirred up just the feelings in his bosom they seem to have done. They certainly were never intended to produce such an effect. And I take this opportunity to disclaim emphatically and distinctly, the cherishing any feelings but those of the utmost friendship and of the most warm fraternal regard and affection, for Brs. Grosh, Bacon, Harris, or any other brethren with whom I have had an occasional “tilt” in regard to Union Conferences. Those who know me, will believe this disclaimer to be perfectly sincere. I would not have an enemy in the world, and especially among my ministering brethren; and I bless God for the belief that I have none. J. M. A.

#### NOTICE.

All those who have been in the habit of sending their subscriptions for the Universalist and Ladies' Repository to this office, will hereafter remit directly to the publisher, Br. Abel Tompkins, Boston, Mass., as our agency for that work closes by mutual agreement with the present month.

“THE FLOWER VASE,” by Miss Edgarton—a most beautiful purse or wallet volume, (for it is less than pocket size) which we noticed a few weeks ago—has been received at this Office. Retail price 44 cents. Capital little gift for the holidays, philopenes, &c.; as the Rose of Sharon is for large gifts.

Br. Locke—Your letter and notices came to hand while I was yet in a flurry after my return from Boston, and unwell also. They were mislaid, and found only a few days before your last letter arrived. All is right. A. B. G.

What aileth the Trumpet? We have not received the last number, (16th inst.,) nor the number due three weeks ago. Please send them Br. W.

Br. Tompkins—Credit Miss S. M. Curtiss, Bridge water, N. Y., \$2 50 for Repository, and discontinue at end of volume. Charge us.

#### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

There will be preaching on the fifth Sunday inst., by Br. J. J. AUSTIN in Madison—Br. SKINNER at Little Falls, and Br. T. L. HARRIS at Remington's Corners.

There will be preaching on the first Sunday in January, by Br. GROSH at Little Falls.

Christmas Eve will be celebrated in Alexander, Genesee county. Services will commence at 6 o'clock. Sermon by Br. E. W. Locke.

Br. W. B. COOK will preach in Mottville on the first and third Sundays in each month until further notice.

The First Conference of the Chenango Association of Universalists will be held in Triangle, (Upper Lisle,) Broome county, on the third Tuesday and Wednesday, (16th and 17th,) of January.

The Second Conference of the Chenango Association of Universalists will be held in the Baptist Meeting house at the village of Greene, Chenango county, on the third Thursday and Friday, (18th and 19th,) of January.

Every society in the Association is earnestly requested to send two delegates to the Conference at Greene. A Council will there be organized—and undoubtedly a plan will be adopted to support, and measures taken to enable us soon to employ a Missionary to labor constantly within our bounds. AS BUSINESS OF GREAT IMPORTANCE IS TO BE TRANSACTED, we shall confidently rely, not only on the attendance of every preacher and delegates from every society in the Association, but of our lay brethren generally.—And as Greene is a flourishing village, and as no Universalist meetings have been held in it for many years, we trust that our ministering brethren from other Associations will not fail to be with us. The Council will convene on Thursday at 9 o'clock, A. M. Friends from a distance can call on A. Johnson, Esq., and he will direct them to places of entertainment.

The Third Conference will be held in the Methodist church at the village of Sherburne, Chenango county, on the fourth Tuesday and Wednesday, (23d and 24th,) of January.

Sherburne is an important place where Universalism has seldom been preached. A spirit of inquiry is now abroad and judicious efforts may accomplish great good. So to our clerical brethren from the surrounding counties, one and all, we say, “come over and help us.” They, and all our friends unacquainted at S., can call on Dr. Lyman, and he will send them where provision will be made for them.

J. T. GOODRICH, Standing Clerk.

CONFERENCE AND ORDINATION.—The third Conference of the Otsego Association will be held at Richfield Springs on the second Wednesday and Thursday (10th and 11th) of January, 1844. During the meeting, Br. J. H. Tuttle will be ordained. Sermon by Br. P. Hathaway, of Salisbury. It is expected that our venerable Br. Stacy will be present. A committee will be at the church to wait on ministering brethren and friends from abroad.

O. WHISTON,  
Standing Clerk.



From the Young Lady's Friend.  
THE DUEL.

BY THE EDITOR OF ZION'S HERALD AND JOURNAL.

The Rev. Mr. M—— was a veteran itinerant preacher of the West. He relates many incidents of his itinerant life. Among them was the following which I give in his own words as much as possible.

About four miles from N—— is an extensive grove, well known as the scene of several fatal duels. As I passed it one morning on my way to my appointment in that town, I perceived a horse and vehicle among the trees, guarded by a solitary man, who appeared to be the driver. My suspicions were immediately excited, but I rode on. About a mile beyond I met another carriage, containing four persons besides the driver, and hastening with all speed.

My fears were confirmed, and I could scarcely doubt that another scene of blood was about to be enacted in those quiet solitudes. What was my duty in the case? I knew too well the tenacity of those factitious and absurd sentiments of honor which prevailed in that section of the country, and which give to the duel a character of exalted chivalry, to suppose that my interference could be successful, yet I thought it was my duty to rebuke the sin if I could not prevent it: and in the name of the Lord I would do it. I immediately wheeled about and returned with the utmost speed to the grove.

The second carriage had arrived and was fastened to a tree. I rode up, attached my horse near it, and throwing the driver a piece of silver, requested him to guard him. While threading my way into the forest, my thoughts were intensely agitated to know how to present myself most successfully. The occasion admitted of no delay. I hastened on and soon emerged into an oval space surrounded on all sides by dense woods.

At the opposite extremity stood the principals, their boots drawn over their pantaloons, their coats, vests and hats off, handkerchiefs tied over their heads, and tightly belting their waists. A friend and a surgeon were conversing with each, while the seconds were about midway between them, arranging the dreadful conflict. One of the principals, the challenged, appeared but twenty years of age. His countenance was singularly expressive of sensibility, but also of cool determination. The other had a stout ruffian-like bearing—a countenance easy but sinister and heartless, and he seemed impatient to wreak his vengeance upon his antagonist.

I advanced immediately to the seconds and declared my character and object. "Gentlemen," said I, "excuse my intrusion. I am a minister of the Gospel. I know not the merits of the quarrel, but both my heart and my office require me to bring about a reconciliation between the parties, if possible."

"Sir," replied one of them, "the utmost has been done to effect it, without success, and this is no place to make farther attempts."

"Under any circumstances, in any place, gentlemen," I replied, "it is appropriate to prevent murder; and such, in the sight of God, is the deed you are aiding. It must not be, gentlemen. In the name of the law which prohibits it—in the name of your friends, the principals—in the name of God who looks down upon you in this solitary place, I beseech you prevent it at once; at least wash your own hands from the blood of these men. Retire from the field and refuse to assist in this mutual murder."

My emphatic remonstrance had a momentary effect. They seemed not indisposed to come to terms, if I could get the concurrence of the principals.

I passed immediately to the oldest of them. His countenance became more repulsive as I approached him. It was deeply pitted with small pox, and there was upon it the most cold blooded leer I ever saw on a human face. He had given the challenge. I besought him by every consideration of humanity and morality to recall it. I referred to the youth and inexperience of his antagonist—the conciliatory disposition of the seconds—the fearful consequences to his soul if he should fall, and the withering remorse which must ever

follow him if he should kill the young man. He evidently thirsted for the blood of his antagonist, but observing that his friend and the surgeon seconded my reasoning, he replied with undissembled reluctance, that he gave the challenge for sufficient reasons, and that if these reasons were removed, he might recall it, but not otherwise.

I passed to the other. I admonished him of the sin he was about to perpetrate. He suddenly wiped a tear from his eye. "Yes Sir," said he, "there are hearts that would break if they knew I was here."

I referred to my conversation with the seconds and the other principal, and remarked that nothing was now necessary to effect a reconciliation but a retraction of the language which offended his antagonist. "Sir," replied he, planting his foot firmly on the ground, and assuming a look which would have been sublime in a better cause, "Sir, I have uttered nothing but the truth respecting that man, and though I sink into the grave, I will not sanction his villainous character by a retraction."

I reasoned with increased vehemence, but no appeal to his judgment or his heart could shake his desperate firmness, and I left him with tears which I have no doubt he would have shed under other circumstances. What could I do farther? I appealed again to the first principal, but he spurned me with a cool smile. I flew to the seconds and entreated them on any terms to adjust the matter, and save the shedding of blood. But they had already measured the ground, and were ready to place the principals. "Gentlemen," said I, "the blood of this dreadful deed be upon your souls. I have acquitted myself of it." I then proceeded from the area towards my horse.

What were my emotions as I turned away in despair? What! thought I, must the duel proceed? Is there no expedient to prevent it? Can I not pluck them as brands from the burning? My spirit was in a tumult of anxiety; in a moment and just as the principals were taking their positions, I was again on the ground. Standing on the line between them, I exclaimed, "in the name of God I adjure you to stop this murderous work. It must not, it can not proceed." "Knock him down," cried the eldest duelist, with a fearful imprecation. "Sir," exclaimed the younger, "I appreciate your motives, but I demand of you to interfere no more with our arrangements." The seconds seized me by the arms and compelled me to retire. But I warned them at every step. Never before did I feel so deeply the value and hazard of the human soul. My remarks were without effect, except on one of the friends of the younger principal. "This is a horrible place," said he, "I can not endure it," and he turned with me from the scene.

"Now then for it," cried one of the seconds, as they returned. "Take your places." Shudderingly I hastened my pace to escape the dreaded result.

"One—two"—and the next sound was lost in the explosion of the pistols! "O God," shrieked a voice of agony! I turned round. The younger principal, with his hand to his face, shrieked again, quivered, and fell to the ground! I rushed to him. With one hand he clung to the earth, the fingers penetrating the sod, while with the other he grasped his left jaw, which was shattered with a horrid wound. I turned with faintness from the sight. The charge had passed through the left side of the mouth, crossing the teeth, severing the jugular and passing out at the back part of the head, laying open entirely one side of the face and neck. In this ghastly wound, amid blood and shattered teeth, had he fixed his grasp with a tenacity which could not be removed. Bleeding profusely and convulsively with agony, he lay for several minutes, the most frightful spectacle I had ever witnessed. The countenances of the spectators expressed a conscious relief when it was announced by the surgeon that death had ended the scene. Meanwhile the murderer and his party had left ground.

One of the company was despatched on my horse to communicate the dreadful news to the family. The dead young man was cleansed from his blood and borne

immediately to his carriage. I accompanied it. It stopped before a small but elegant house. The driver ran to the door and rapped. An elderly lady opened it, with frantic agitation, at the instant we were lifting the ghastly remains from the carriage. She gazed for a moment, as if thunder struck, and fell fainting in the doorway. A servant removed her into the parlor, and, as we passed with the corpse into a rear room, I observed her extended on a sofa, as pale as her hapless son.

We placed the corpse on the table, with the stiffened hand still grasping the wound, when a young lady, neatly attired in white, and with a face delicately beautiful, rushed frantically into the room and threw her arms around it, weeping with uncontrollable emotion, and exclaiming with an agony of feeling, "My brother, my dear, dear brother! Can it be!—O, can it be?" The attendants bore her away. I shall never forget the look of utter wretchedness she wore as they led her away—her eyes dissolving in tears, and her bosom stained with her brother's blood.

The unfortunate young man was of New-England origin. He had settled in the town of N——, where his business had prospered so well that he had invited his mother and sister to reside with him. His home, endeared by gentleness and love and every temporal comfort, was a scene of unalloyed happiness, but in an evil hour he yielded to an absurd local prejudice—a sentiment of honor, falsely so called, which his education should have taught him to despise. He was less excusable than his malicious murderer, for he had more light and better sentiments. This one step ruined him and his happy family. He was interred the next day with the regrets of the whole community.

His poor mother never left the house till she was carried to the grave, to be laid by the side of her son. She died after a delirious fever of two week's duration, throughout which she ceased not to implore the attendants, with tears, to preserve her hapless son from the hands of assassins, whom she imagined kept him concealed for their murderous purpose. His sister still lives, but poor and broken hearted. Her beauty and energies have been wasted by sorrow, and she is dependent on others for her daily bread. I have heard some uncertain reports of his antagonist, the most probable of which is, that he died three years after, of the yellow fever, at New-Orleans, raging with the horrors of remorse. Such was the local estimation of this bloody deed, that scarcely an effort was made to bring him to justice. Alas for the influence of fashionable opinion! It can silence by its dictates the laws of man and of God, and exalt murder to the glory of chivalry!

When we consider how many hearts of mothers, sisters and wives have been made to bleed by this cruel and deadly custom, shall we not invoke the influence of woman to abolish it? It rests upon an accidental state of public opinion, a fictitious sentiment of honor.—Whose influence is more effectual in correcting or promoting such sentiments than woman's? Human laws have failed to correct it, but her influence can do it. Let her, then, disdain the duelist as stained with blood. Let her repel him from her society as one who has wrongly escaped the gallows. Let her exert all the benign influence of her virtues and her charms to bring into disgrace the murderous sentiment which tolerates him, and it can not be long before the distinction between the duelist and the assassin will cease.

Boston, Mass., October, 1843.

Mankind are not satisfied with the bitter schools of affliction through which they pass, but rather seem to court the shadowy clouds, to drink still deeper grief.

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# EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."....."PROVE ALL THINGS HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOL. XIV. [NEW SERIES.]

UTICA, N. Y., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1843.

NO. 52.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

## REFLECTIONS ON THE LIFE OF MURRAY....NO. IV.

BY REV. J. M. AUSTIN.

When Murray listened to the words of Potter, above recorded, he was overwhelmed with surprise. "I was astonished," he says, "immeasurably astonished at Mr. Potter's narrative; but yet I had not the smallest idea it ever could be realized. I requested to know what he could discern in my appearance which could lead him to mistake me for a preacher? "What," said he, "could I discern when you were in the vessel, that could induce this conclusion? No, sir; it is not what I saw, or see, but what I feel, which produces in my mind a full conviction." But, my dear sir, you are deceived, indeed you are deceived; I never shall preach in this place, nor any where else. "Have you never preached? Can you say you have never preached?" I can not; but I never intend to preach again. "Has not God lifted up the light of his countenance upon you? Has he not shown you his truth?" I must be has. "And how dare you hide his truth? \* \* \* \* If God has shown you his salvation, why should you not show it to your fellow men? But I know that you will; I am sure God Almighty has sent you to us for this purpose. I am not deceived—I am sure I am not deceived.

"I was terrified," says Murray, "as the man thus went on. And I began to fear that God, who orders all things after the counsel of his own will, had ordained that thus it should be, and my heart trembled at the idea. I endeavored, however, to banish my own fears, and to silence the warm-hearted man by observing that I was in the place of a supercargo—that property to a large amount had been entrusted to my care; and that the moment the wind changed, I was under the most solemn obligations to depart. Said Potter—"The wind will never change, sir, until you have delivered to us in that meeting-house, a message from God." What an unheard-of reliance upon the purposes of God! Wonderful man! his anticipations were all abundantly realized, to the inexpressible joy of his heart.

"The effect of this man's perfect assurance that God had sent him to preach the Gospel in the new world, was at first painful to Murray in the extreme. It filled him with astonishment, and with anguish of spirit. On retiring for the night, Murray says—"When I entered my chamber and shut the door, I burst into tears. I would have given the world that I had never left England. I felt as if the hand of God was in the events which had brought me to this place; and I prayed most ardently that God would assist and direct me by his counsel."

The next morning Potter renewed his solicitations for Murray to tarry and preach in his meeting house on the following Sunday. Although it was entirely against his inclinations, his wishes and designs, yet Murray finally yielded a reluctant promise, that he would preach *if the wind did not change*. This satisfied Potter, for he felt perfectly positive the wind would not change, until the stranger whom he believed God had sent to him, had delivered his message.

In the mean time Murray was in great labor and agony of mind. To enter public life as a preacher of the Gospel was so opposite to his feelings, and to his purposes in coming to America—so contrary to his ardent desire for retirement and seclusion—that the very thought was painful in the extreme. And yet "an overruling Providence," he says, "seemed to operate in an unusual and remarkable manner. I could not forbear looking back on the mis-

takes made during our passage, even to the coming in to this particular inlet, where no vessel of the size of the brig "Hand-in-hand" had ever before entered. Every circumstance contributed to bring me to this house. Mr. Potter's address on seeing me; his assurance that he knew I was on board the vessel, when he saw her at a distance—all these considerations pressed with powerful conviction on my mind."

The Sabbath finally came. *The wind had not changed*—and Potter had sent his servants far and near, to notify the inhabitants of the meeting.—They repaired to the meeting-house, and Murray delivered his message from God. Those only who afterwards had the happiness of knowing Murray, can conceive how he must have preached under circumstances so peculiarly exciting. Potter's heart was full of triumphant joy. "He looked up to the pulpit," says Murray, "with eyes sparkling with pleasure. It appeared to him as the fulfilment of a promise long deferred; and he reflected with abundant consolation, on the strong faith which he had cherished. \* \* \* \* Tears of transport filled his eyes; he looked round on the people, and every feature seemed to say, "There, what think you now!"

This was the first public discourse Murray ever preached in defence of the salvation of the world. It was undoubtedly an eloquent and soul-stirring production; for few were endowed with higher gifts of oratory and eloquence, than this then young man. And it was unquestionably to these gifts, together with the reasonable, Scriptural, and sublime system of doctrines, he proclaimed, that he was indebted under Providence for the unparalleled success which accompanied him throughout his whole career in the ministry of reconciliation.

When the services were over the warm-hearted Potter was in ecstasies. The ensuing scene is thus described by Murray. "When I returned to his house, he caught me in his arms, exclaiming, "Now, now, I am willing to depart, oh, my God! I will praise thee; thou hast granted me my desire. After this truth I have been seeking, but I have never found it until now. I knew that God, who put it into my heart to build a house for his worship, would send a servant of his own to proclaim his own Gospel. I knew he would!! I knew the time was come when I saw the vessel grounded. I knew that you were the man when I saw you approach my door, and my heart leaped for joy." Visitors poured into the house; he took each by the hand—"This is the happiest day in my life," said the transported man—"there, neighbors, there is the minister God promised to send me; how do you like God's minister?"

Murray himself was greatly affected as well as astonished, at the singular career which Providence seemed so mysteriously to open before him. "I ran," he says, "from the company, and prostrating myself before the throne of grace, besought my God to take me, and to do with me whatever he pleased. I am, said I, O Lord God, in thine hand, as clay in the hand of the potter. If thou, in thy Providence hast brought me into this new world to make known unto this people the grace and the blessings of the new covenant—if thou hast thought proper by making choice of so weak an instrument to confound the wise—if thou hast been pleased to show to a babe, possessing neither wisdom nor prudence, what thou has hid from the wise and prudent—be it so, O Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight!"

And so it did seem good in the sight of God! From that hour John Murray became an open, bold, eloquent, and eminently successful preacher of the Gospel of Universal Reconciliation. He

threw himself upon God as his protector, and for forty-five years proclaimed that Gospel in the midst of storms of opposition and persecution, of almost every conceivable description. But his Protector carried him through all in safety, and prolonging his life to a good old age, enabled him to die at last in calmness and peace. He died while pastor of the First Universalist Society in Boston, on Sunday morning, September 3d, 1815, aged 74 years. His last words were full of the inspirations of his glorious faith—"To him shall the gathering of the people be, and his rest shall be glorious, glorious, glorious. I am blessed with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus. Nor I alone; Jesus Christ hath tasted death for every man."

Such are some of the singular events connected with the first establishment of the denomination of Universalists in America. When we take all the connecting circumstances into view—when we remember the trials through which Murray was called to pass in England, designedly as it would seem, to direct his attention to America and prepare him for the great work in which he was here to be called to engage—when we recall the singular accidents, disappointments, and frustrations of his purposes and expectations, which so frequently and strangely met him, and turned him in directions entirely different from what he designed to go and all of which combined to bring him into the obscure and out-of-the-way place of Good Luck, and to the house of Potter—when we recollect the wonderful presentiment of the warm-hearted Potter, that God would assuredly send a minister, who should proclaim a new doctrine, and one in which his soul should delight—when we pass in review the reluctance of Murray to preach and to enter a public career, so opposite the purpose that led him to America, and realize that probably no other man but Potter, and no other circumstances but such as surrounded him at Good Luck, could possibly have induced him to commence the life of a preacher—and then when we look around and behold the results of this marvellous and unheard of combination of events, even the establishment of a new Christian Denomination, which in a little more than half a century, has become the fifth in size in our country, numbering 600 preachers, over 900 Societies, and at least 150,000 believers—when these things are passed in review, who can fail to see the hand of Providence clearly revealed? Who can doubt that the Divine Being ordered this marvellous concatenation of events, for the express purpose of raising up a sect who should present to the world the purer, brighter, and more valuable features of the Gospel, which for ages had been hid from mankind, and of appealing to higher and nobler principles of human nature, in efforts to turn man from sin and error! Let others believe, if they will, that these things were the effects of chance! I can plainly see in them the workings of infinite and unerring Wisdom. I can behold by the same Hand which raised up a Moses, a Paul, a Luther, also engaged in raising up a Murray, and sending him to a New World to proclaim the fulness of the salvation of Christ!

In conclusion, I would recommend the "Life of Murray" to all who have never perused it. It not only gives an account of the numerous obstacles which had to be encountered by the first advocates and professors of Universalism in America, but is full of detail and adventure, as exciting and interesting as the most romantic work of the present day.

False friendship, like the ivy decays and ruins the wall it embraces; but true friendship gives new life and animation to the subject it supports.



## MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

EDITED BY

Revs. A. B. Grosh, G. W. Montgomery and A. C. Barry

UTICA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1843.

## VALEDICTORY.

The difference between my past and my future relations to the paper, must be so very slight to the reader, however great it may be to myself, that I long hesitated to write any valedictory. For months to come, I shall probably write as much for its columns as ever—the only difference will be in labors, the results of which are seldom noticed by the reader; and which in this case will be so well performed by my successor, that I doubt not mine will never be missed.

But from henceforth I no longer have the care and direction of the paper—its character will no longer be moulded, and measurably formed, by me—the responsibility for what it contains, or for rejecting aught from its columns, will no longer rest on my mind and conscience. This—is the greatest care, the most arduous portion of editorial life—and my release from this may well call forth some valedictory remarks.

I have always felt willing to abide the judgment that might be passed on my labors as an Editor during the years 1836 and 1837; for then I had (supposedly, at least,) very nearly all the means I needed for the employment of assistance in editing, and for procuring numerous good correspondents, and employing them on such special subjects as I deemed most interesting and valuable to our readers. I lacked only a little more cash, leisure and experience to have made the paper all I think it should be. But since then, I have waded through many most trying difficulties—all I was able to make by editing and preaching, and keeping boards, became transformed into charges against subscribers and others who seem never to think of paying what they owe—and my partner and myself floated down, down even to bankruptcy in fact, if not in form! My thoughts, and feelings, and energies, were thus forcibly drawn aside to subjects and employments very ungenial and unfavorable to my success as an Editor—and my means became more and more limited and deficient, even to exhaustion, until, for years past, I have been dependant almost on charity for the aid received from my co-editors and our numerous correspondents. And though they have done nobly for me—far, far more than I dared to ask, or had any reason to expect—yet still, I could not do all I wished, or get all I wanted. Since then no proprietor of the paper could afford to engage persons to furnish such valuable articles as we furnished in the articles on Episcopalianism, Voice to Youth, Voice to the Married, Difficulties of Infidelity Removed, and the Law of Kindness—the last four of which continue to be published in the book form, as valuable and standard works. Indeed, I could not, even in regard to myself, write as, nor what, I wished much to write; for often I had not leisure, and my mind was not always under my own control—other duties, cares and perplexities, demanded too much of my thoughts and exertions. It is for these and similar reasons that I feel justified in asking the public to be lenient toward me on account of the numerous errors and failures I have undoubtedly committed from these untoward causes alone.

But there are cases of a different kind from these, where it becomes me humbly to confess my faults and ask forgiveness. I have generally endeavored to cause the paper to breathe a truly Christian spirit—to strive for the peace, and harmony, and unity of the denomination in all things essential; and to urge a charitable, tolerant, liberality in those things in which we differ—to keep out all merely personal squabbles and difficulties, which always grow worse the more they are indulged, and become only the more unforgivable by being made public—and to prevent all undue and unnecessary agitation of mere measures of expediency or cases of discipline, to the increased difficulty of settling them, because the parties became thus more excited, and the public mind biased. Thus have I generally

endeavored—but on looking back over my course, (as I frequently have done in passing over it,) I behold too many cases where warm feelings outran the dictates of cool reason; and where my judgment formed from seeing only a part of the subject, led me to act very injudiciously. In other cases, also, I have written in too much haste, and under the impulse of excited feelings, and therefore have violated the spirit of peace or propriety, or went beyond what Christian indignation and justice demanded. I most heartily have regretted these instances, and if there are any whom I have thus injured and not yet apologized to them, I now solicit their forgiveness, and hope the readers will forget those manifestations of my infirmities of mind and temper.

With these occasional exceptions, I can truly say that I have endeavored faithfully to do unto others as I would be done by—to teach plainly and clearly the great truths of Christianity—to be as liberal in regard to those opinions and practices held by brethren, from which I dissented, as I asked them to be in regard to my peculiarities of religious faith and practice—to urge a union of zeal and effort among Universalists in those things wherein all are agreed, rather than to contend with each other, and waste time in endeavoring to convert the world to the belief and practice of those things in which we differ—and to exhibit in a practical manner the spirit and precepts of our faith, to our readers and the world. I wish I had been more earnest and persevering in these things than I have been—that I had more frequently addressed our societies on their duties as societies; and our readers, on their obligations to God, to the world, to their preachers, and to each other, as members of the Universalist denomination. And this I will yet do, if God permit. In short, with the exceptions named, I have endeavored to be honest, conscientious and faithful as an Editor, whether the parties concerned applauded, or censured, my acts or my motives. And I believe I can truly say, that I have borne and suffered more wrong than I have resented—avoided and suppressed more quarrels and difficulties than I have engendered or fanned into a flame—given more in money, time and labor, than I have received pay for—endured more from the neglect of subscribers, than I have ever caused them to endure for my neglect—and received more favors from the Editors of our various periodicals, and my co-editors and our numerous excellent correspondents (God bless them!) than I can ever repay. I part from all in good will—and forgive those who have injured me in any way, as I hope to be forgiven. And thus, after five years of pretty constant labor as Assistant Editor of this paper while owned by Br. Skinner; and eight years of severe toil and cares as its principal Editor, I become its contributing Editor only; and as its Editor in chief I bid its subscribers and readers an affectionate Farewell.

A. B. GROSH.

## A WORD TO THE PATRONS OF THIS PAPER.

"Suffer me a little, and I will show thee that I have yet to speak on God's behalf." Job xxxvi: 2.

Brethren, Patrons of the Magazine and Advocate, with many of you I have been long and intimately acquainted, having held weekly intercourse with you for many years through the columns of this paper, and shared with you in all the joys and sorrows, hopes and disappointments, connected with the prosperity and adversity of the cause which we espouse. For eleven years, I was a constant editor, and several of those years the sole editor of this paper. I began in the comparative infancy of our cause in this State, in the midst of persecution, "in much patience and tribulation," with a patronage of only 200 or 300 subscribers, with prospects gloomy and dark enough in every respect but the goodness of the cause.

We have together witnessed the gradual increase of patronage, the uprising of numerous friends, the spread of truth, the extension of a more enlightened devotion, and the diffusion of a more ample charity. For the last three years that I published this paper and the succeeding four years, while published by Messrs. Grosh and Hutchinson, the average weekly circulation was seven thousands, while tens of thousands of readers read

weekly the contents of its pages, and doubtless scores of thousands were added to the number of believers.

But about the close of that period (1839) a change, a sad change came over this whole community, this whole country, in the monetary derangements and pecuniary embarrassments which many of us have since but too well known and felt. And though the number of believers in the great and glorious truths we advocate has evidently not diminished, yet the patronage of this paper was most sensibly affected. It commenced decreasing in the ratio of its former increase, and has diminished to less than half its former numbers; thereby materially and greatly curtailing its usefulness, and most seriously embarrassing its present young and worthy publishers. The cause producing this diminished circulation, has occasioned the total loss of many thousands of dollars justly due to the former and present publishers, and compelled the present proprietors at last to the adoption of the *exclusively cash system, of no pay, no paper*. This is at present their only safe course. And I am truly glad to find the plan so generally, nay I may say, so universally approved by all their honest and honorable patrons.

The monetary derangements and pecuniary embarrassments that have been so severely felt for a few years past, have begun to subside: and we trust, that, by the economy and persevering industry of the community, they will soon be entirely gone. Prosperity is surely, though slowly returning. With the returning prosperity of the country, I hope to see the prosperity of this paper fully restored—to see it circulate as widely, yea, still more extensively than it ever did during its palmiest days—to see its worthy publishers fully and amply rewarded for all their sacrifices and persevering toil—and especially to see the cause its pages advocate triumphantly spreading wider and yet wider, shedding the halo of its glory over every city and village, every town and hamlet, every hill and valley, along every stream and lake, every ocean and river, among the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the old and the young; carrying light to the benighted, consolation to the afflicted, knowledge to the ignorant, reproof to the sinner, encouragement to the virtuous, faith to the wavering, hope to the desponding, and charity to the illiberal; pulling down the strong holds of error and delusion, and to see the ample folds of its broad banner waving triumphantly over every citadel of darkness.

To this glorious end would I invite all of my old friends and patrons, once more to put their shoulders to the wheel and their hands to the work, and see what an impetus they can give to the good work at the commencement of the coming year. Each one can do something—some can procure a dozen new subscribers, some half a dozen, and nearly every one can procure at least one additional subscriber, and get the Post Master to send on the names and remittances.—Brethren, I shall be with you, another year, God willing; and our venerable Br. S. R. Smith, my former, faithful and tried co-laborer in these columns, will be with you; and a number of other brethren, strong, tried and faithful will be with you. Shall we write in vain? Shall we speak to the winds, to vacancy, or to only a few scattering subscribers? or shall we speak to tens of thousands, and have the encouragement that "by our voice we may edify others," and spread the knowledge of the truth over the whole length and breadth of our happy country? Take at once the prospectus or the paper, go with it to your neighbor, ask him to subscribe, and become one of the patrons of this old soldier and Advocate of liberal Christianity, of truth and righteousness, and I pledge my self to use my best efforts to prevent him from saying at the end of the year that he has not got the worth of his money.

My health, which for several years was so impaired that I could not write much, or confine myself to sedentary habits, or speak in public, without injury, is now so far restored that I think I can safely promise to address you frequently hereafter in these columns. I have moreover some things to say to you which I trust will neither be uninteresting nor unprofitable. Therefore, in the language of Elihu, "suffer me a little, and I will show thee that I have yet to speak on God's behalf."

D. SKINNER,



## TOUR OF THE UPPER LAKES.....NO. V.

Br. Grosz!—In my last, I took rather short leave of Wisconsin, and find that I overlooked many particulars which might be considered important. You will therefore allow me to go back for a space, and bring to the notice of your readers some items of historical information relative to the "North-Western Territory." This section of country, lying and being west of the great Lakes, was discovered and explored by some French Missionaries from Canada, between the years 1660 and 1680. In 1672, two of their number set out to carry the cross and establish posts throughout the whole length of this vast territory, inhabited only by savages, and undisturbed as yet by the sounds of approaching civilization. Upon the Milwaukee they found the Kickapoos, and farther down on Lake Michigan, the Miami, and west, across a broad belt of prairie, and on the Fox river, the Foxes. Deriving assistance from these tribes, and being joined by others from Canada of their own countrymen, they continued their tour of exploration to the Mississippi, or Great River, passing down the Wisconsin, a broad stream with green islands, and skirted by the most beautiful scenery. Reaching the Mississippi the 17th of June, 1773, they passed on to the mouth of the Missouri, and thence to the mouth of the Ohio, and from thence into the country south, making the acquaintance of many tribes, to whom a "Pale Face" was before unknown, and leaving with them some knowledge of the Gospel, which is retained by their descendants even to this day.

By the assistance of the French Government, Missionary stations and Forts were erected in various parts of what is now known as Wisconsin and Illinois; and every possible pains taken, by a few devoted men, to christianize and enlighten the rude and untutored sons of the forest. But to them and with them this vast country seems to have been left; and the wars, which were of such long continuance, withdrew attention from it; and a long interval elapsed ere the steps of the white man were attracted thitherward, save to barter with the Indian. It was not until within a few years past, that its excellence and resources became known, and that its settlement was attempted. Now, however, it is rapidly filling up, by a hardy, industrious, enterprising, and intelligent population; the light of civilization has broken in upon the untrodden wilderness, and where once the Red Man dwelt and the wild beast prowled, goes up the busy hum of industry, and the sweet, solemn hymn of the Sabbath worshipper. Villages have sprung up in the very depths of the forest, partaking of all the refinements and elegances of our Eastern towns; and upon those vast inland seas which form the eastern boundary of this beautiful country, commerce unfurls her sails, to bear to foreign markets the fruits of its rich and productive soil.

You may suppose me now, if you please at 2 o'clock, Tuesday morning, Sept. 12, on board the steam packet Madison, bound for Buffalo. The wind at this time was blowing fresh from the northeast, against which and a heavy sea, we were obliged to make our way. Our progress was therefore necessarily slow—say from four to five miles an hour. On Thursday night, the wind increased to a perfect gale, attended by rain and hail. We were now on lake Huron. At times the waters seemed heaved up, as if by some mighty hand, from their very foundations, lifting us up a hundred feet, and then plunging down into the depths below. There was something grand and awful in the scene! The waves were running this while as high as the wheelhouse, and dashing every few minutes over the hurricane deck. But on our noble vessel went, battling its way through the storm, and cleaving for itself a path through the opposing seas.

There were not more than one hundred passengers, and the most of these were sick in their rooms. We could count, for three days, no more than twenty at the table, either morning, noon, or night. And those twenty made sad work at eating—they spilt their coffee in their attempts to drink it—(what had not been spilt by the waiters on their heads)—they thrust forks into their faces, and fastened upon their fingers, while the bread

they contained stuck fast in the throat. And then to get to and from table—that was *so* still. Such pitching and staggering, such tumbling and bracing, such jostling and knocking of heads, was altogether laughable, had we been in a laughing mood. As it was, we felt like saying with the yankee—"I b'lieve I'll go ashore!"

Our passage was a rough one all through. Scarcely had we entered Lake Erie, ere we encountered a furious storm; but the wind being in our favor, we dashed along over the "mountain wave" at a rapid rate. We entered the harbor at Buffalo about 2 o'clock on Sunday morning, having been five days in performing the trip from Milwaukee. Glad was I to step once more upon the soil of the Empire State, and to think that but a solitary three hundred miles was between me and my home, and that that distance could be passed over in a few hours. I reached this village Monday night, Sept. 19, having been absent five weeks, and travelling within that time nearly three thousand miles. I now make my bow to your readers, and thus ends the "Tour of the Upper Lakes."

A. C. B.

## A HARD CASE—CONFESSION.

Some brethren in the Black River Association are punishing with discontinuances, the *proprietors* of this paper, for what they deem my wrong-doing; (I believe my *only* offence, my *first* error, of which they complain!)—and that, too, just as I am leaving the editorial charge! This is rather a *vicarious* mode of punishing for *Universalists* to be engaged in. However, every one to his own mode of doing his own business, in a free country!

My offence consisted in the following. The Black River Association published some proceedings in a long, continued and complicated case of discipline reflecting severely on a ministering brother and the Committee of discipline, both of the St. Lawrence Association; which proceedings the B. R. A. intends bringing up in an appeal to the next State Convention. Those proceedings so far as that case is concerned were not published I believe either by Br. Price, or in the *Luminary*; and Br. Hammond in the latter paper, even censured the B. R. A. for publishing the brother *as guilty, before he was tried*. We published their whole proceedings. The Committee of discipline of the St. L. A., believing themselves, and their Association and preacher wronged, demanded the privilege of replying; which we granted. The Committee of the B. R. A., deeming themselves aggrieved by said reply, sent in a rejoinder. On looking over it I thought (and yet think) that it was in some particulars irrelevant, in others left the public for private matters, and in others introduced entire new matters. These needless matters (as I deemed them) would, I supposed, call for a reply from the St. L. A. Committee, still more long and severe—and that would call forth a yet longer and angrier one from the B. R. A. Committee; and so on, *ad infinitum* until our columns were burdened with it, to the disgust of our readers, to the increased enmity of the parties and their special friends, to the multiplying of difficulties in getting a fair and candid decision of the case, and to the injury of our cause, the shame of our friends, and the exultation of our foes. There must be a stop put to the endless controversy sometime, and by excluding some article. The B. R. A. Committee did not deem their article any out of the way, and refused to alter or omit any part of it, and I therefore rejected it. This refusal of mine, is my offence, which is now being visited in a few discontinuances on Messrs. Grosz and Walker.

Now I am willing to confess, and do freely confess, that I erred greatly in that affair—not wilfully, or from bad motives, or partial feelings; but from a wrong judgment. But my error was not in *refusing to publish the last article*—it was in *publishing the first*, the proceedings of the B. R. Association relating to the case. That was the *beginning* of what *would have been* a long, complicated, angry and extremely injurious controversy, had I not stopped it. Br. Price did not publish that part—Br. Hammond did not, and even censured it; and I believe they are not punished with discontinuances. I erred, then—but not as charged;—and should (per-

haps!) be punished for my well-meant error—but not by those who are inflicting it, nor yet in the person of a proxy. I do not believe in *vicarious atonement*, and demand, therefore, that I may be punished, if at all, in my own person, property, or reputation, especially by *Universalists*! I have said.

A. B. G.

## IMPORTANT, BECAUSE TRUE.

To agents or friends who use their exertions to collect and forward money for subscribers, we would say, that they will be allowed for what they do, according to our new terms, for the subscriptions of those who have taken the paper as well as those who have not, for all are *new* subscribers under the new arrangement.

Many complain that \$1.50 can not be sent by mail free of postage. We say it *can*, provided the Post Master does not take a large fool's cap sheet for his letter so as to make the package weigh 3-4 of an ounce.

The above complaints need *never* be made even if \$1.50 could not be sent, for *one* dollar can be sent, which will pay for the paper 8 months, and then another dollar can be sent, and so on.

We shall discontinue all who have not paid, except those for whom a responsible agent has vouched to settle, in a short time. We shall continue however to print about the usual number of copies for 2 or 3 weeks, so as to be able to supply new subscribers from the commencement of the Volume, as well as old ones who may have paid an agent, but who has not been able to make his returns by the time the first No. is issued.

We shall hereafter send receipts to subscribers, or to the agent who sends money for them, in their or his paper, instead of noticing receipts by initials in the old way, through the paper. Although this will make us extra labor, it will show the subscriber how his account stands, and thus avoid misunderstanding.

A FEW QUESTIONS, AND WE ARE DONE.—Who, (if he can not collect and forward to us the pay for six subscribers \$9.00 and thereby get his own copy for his trouble) will not obtain at least *one* subscriber and send us \$3.00?

Who, if he can not obtain even one subscriber, does not want the paper enough to get his Post Master to forward one dollar for him, if he can spare no more, and thus continue to lend us his support?

Who, that will wait for an agent to call on him, and thus suffer his paper to be stopped, when he can step into the Post Office and get the Post Master to forward his subscription, and thus be in season for the next volume?

ERRATA.—Br. Lee's last Sermon on Prayer contained several errors which we desire to correct. The manuscript was evidently written in haste, and therefore some words were difficult to make out. It was delayed until a busy season, the close of the volume, when mistakes are more apt to occur. But the proof was carefully read, *twice*. The following are the errors.

Column 3, line 23, for "eternal night," read "eternal weight." Column 3, line 13 from the bottom, for "self devotion," read "soul-felt devotion." Column 5, line 8, for "revised and perpetuated," read "revised and perpetuated." Column 5, line 26 from bottom, for "things," read "theirs"—and line 22 from bottom, for "two," read "too." Column 6, line 9, for "and increase" read "an increase." This last error was in the copy.

A. B. G.

Will those subscribers who are yet owing for the Magazine for this and past years, in Canton and vicinity, have the kindness to pay their dues to Br. Z. N. Ellis, of that place, so that he may be enabled to make his returns to us as early as possible. Br. Ellis has long acted as our agent, and for his exertions in our behalf we tender him our sincere thanks. Br. W. H. Waggoner by mutual arrangement, will hereafter act as our agent in Canton and vicinity, and will transact business with regard to the paper for us. We should be glad to have Br. Ellis continue to do what he can for us consistently.

Will agents make returns of what they do as soon as possible so as to cause us the least possible trouble in regulating our lists, &c. Also subscribers who attend to sending their subscriptions themselves will confer a favor by doing so early.



## THE IMPORTANCE OF CHRISTIAN ACTION. NO. II.

### FASHIONABLE, CRITICAL AND HYPOCRITICAL HEARERS.

3. Another class may be denominated *fashionable hearers*. I mean those who attend church to see and be seen—to exhibit a new coat or a new shawl—to attract attention by some article of dress, or to observe and criticise the garb of others. Such will be better able to tell you on their return from church, how such and such an one was dressed—the color of this bonnet, or the set of that cape, than what was the subject of discourse, or what spiritual lesson was taught. They may be pleased with the speaker if he was fashionably dressed; and his deportment be squared by fashionable rules; and if in addition to this, he possess a fine voice, and is graceful in his style and manner, and introduces flights of poetry and flourishes of oratory into his discourses, they may ever be delighted with him; but the naked, solemn truths of God are unnoticed, and the heart unimpressed with their reality and importance. And when they recross the threshold of the sanctuary, it is not with the prayer that the divine blessing may attend their efforts to act agreeably to the lessons of wisdom imparted; nor with the firm resolve that the heart's best affections shall be laid on religion's altar, an acceptable offering to the living God. Earth and vanity mingle with their thoughts; as though the fleeting, perishable things of this world, were the only sources of pure and permanent enjoyment.

4. Another class may be denominated *critical hearers*—those who attend church—not for religious improvement—not to pay their vows and offerings unto the Lord—not to seek the blessing of God in their humble endeavors to serve him; but to criticise and find fault. This preacher, with them, is too young, or that one is too old. This one has too rapid an utterance, and that one speaks too slow. Such a prayer was too long, and another one was not *feeling enough*. A certain gesture was very awkward, and a certain word was not rendered sufficiently emphatic. This sentiment was too liberal, and that point was not dwelt long enough upon. The morning discourse was too doctrinal, and that of the afternoon was not delivered with sufficient energy. And so on to the end of a long catalogue of faults—every thing almost seems to be wrong, or imperfect, or inappropriate.

Such individuals do not listen to the speaker's communications for the purpose of receiving instruction, but to gather subjects on which to exercise their critical powers, to the further cultivation of a fault-finding disposition. And thus every thing that is said or done, is doomed to pass through a fiery ordeal at their hands; and though strictly speaking they may have no evil intentions or designs, yet they serve to unsettle the minds of many, to beget feelings of indifference, to alienate the affections of the people from their preacher, and to inflict deep and lasting wounds on the cause, which they perhaps profess to love. They are unprofited themselves by any thing they may have heard, and in many instances are instrumental in erasing the good impressions made on the hearts of others.

5. Another class may be denominated *hypocritical hearers*. These will assemble in the house of God on the Sabbath, because they have some object to promote, or some scheme to advance by so doing. They care nothing, or but little, for the worship of Jehovah—they have no thoughts or aspirations that go upward to the Eternal throne; and though they seem to unite in the exercises of devotion, yet it is all a mockery and an abomination in the sight of God.

An individual of this class, who has some personal and private ends to attain, will seem to pay the most marked attention to whatever is being advanced by the speaker, will smile occasionally and nod an approval of some remark, and will appear much affected when a warm and fervent appeal is made to the sympathies, or some strong feeling in the human soul; and as he goes from the house he will be heard to remark to Deacon A., or B.,—"What an excellent sermon your preacher has given us! I really think him as talented and elo-

quent a man as I ever heard; and you may put me down as a regular attendant upon his ministry." But this is only an empty form of words, and from beginning to end he has been acting the base and detestable part of the hypocrite. For he soon meets with an acquaintance of his, and a member of another church, who says to him, "You did not attend to day at our house." "No," he says, "I went to hear Mr. A., and really I never was so disappointed in my life—he is decidedly the *finest* preacher we have in the place, and I have about made up my mind that I will never hear him again."

Such is the hypocritical hearer. His sentiments, if he has any, he keeps concealed—his true feelings are disguised, and his principles masked, for fear of injuring his popularity and high standing, or of being defeated in his designs and purposes. And hence, while he is listening with much apparent interest to the instructions of the sacred desk, he is perhaps framing an excuse with which to meet his neighbor who is a member of another church; or revolving in his mind the probable results of this line of conduct he is pursuing. And if truth should find its way to his heart, and search its innermost depths, and leave its burning impressions there, he will resist the demands of an awakened conscience, and maintain still the character of a hypocrite in the sight of God.

### UNFAITHFUL HEARERS.

6. Another class may be denominated *unfaithful hearers*. I now mean those who visit the sanctuary with good intentions—who take a deep interest in all its services, and who have really a desire to be profited by the preached word. They listen attentively to the instructions drawn from the Bible, and at times are made to feel deeply; and when shown the obligations they are under to God and their fellow-men, and are presented with the demands that truth and Heaven have upon their bodies and souls, they determine within themselves that they will go forth to the toils of their mission—that they will yield obedience to the principles and requirements of the Gospel, and fearlessly and fully discharge every moral obligation. This is their firm resolve—that they will no more yield their hearts to the seductions of the world; but will be faithful to the cause they have espoused—faithful to themselves, to the Saviour who redeemed them, and the God who has cherished them as the creatures of his care. And for a season, perhaps, they are so; but after a little time, and in some cases as soon as they come in contact with the world, they lose the impressions they had received, and fail in their most determined resolves. And thus they will be alternately hot and cold. They will form determinations in the house of God to be forgotten in an hour after they cross its threshold; and resolve upon doing their duty only to fail and resolve again. They are drawn away and enticed by worldly allurements, and the vows they have plighted at Heaven's altar, are flung idly away. They accomplish nothing—neither advance their own spiritual interests, nor better the condition of humanity. Their goodness is as the early cloud and the morning dew, it soon passes away. The work they commence is stopped short in the beginning, and from making one or two efforts, they will turn around and fold their hands, and sit down to dream, until they shall again be aroused to activity and renewed toil.

I have now introduced six classes of hearers—the careless, the worldly, the fashionable, the critical, the hypocritical, and the unfaithful. Such, it will be borne in mind are hearers only; and most miserably deceived they are. Blind to their own true interests, and ignorant of the direction in which enjoyment lies, they are keeping back from duty, and trifling with the sacred things of God. The commands, and exhortations, and injunctions of the divine word are faithfully proclaimed, illustrated and enforced, and yet they heed them not, as though they were unimportant and might be slighted with impunity. What fatal self-deception is this! For the time will come, when they will look back in sorrow, and regret that they had not been obedient to the teach-

ings of former days, and devoted their lives to Christ and his cause.

"Be ye, therefore *doers* of the word, and not *hearers* only." Let your hearts and hands be engaged in the duties and callings of a religious life, for it is only in obedience to God that you can find the happiness you seek. Disobey him, and you find trouble and sorrow. You can not do it and have peace. You may conceal your sin from every human being but yourself. The darkness of midnight may hide it, or thick stone walls may enclose it, but a voice will speak unto your souls as it spoke unto Cain, and you will bear about with you a greater punishment than the arm of human justice could inflict!

May the blessing of God so attend your efforts to serve him, that living, you may live the life of the righteous; and dying, your last end be like his. A. C. B.

### BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

During my absence from home—twice, several weeks each time—and my illness after my return, and the indolence caused by so long a resting spell from hard editorial labor, (I am determined to have excuses enough, and thus prove myself good at one thing, if at no other!) a number of items have accumulated on my table which I shall be entirely unable to notice before the close of the present volume, unless I lump them up in the manner storekeepers do their small particles in making out their bills at the close of the year. The first lumping bill we will attend to, shall be books and papers.

"*The Rush Light*"—a new Child's paper—is published in St. Charles, Ills., by Br. William Rounseville. It is a quarto (8 pages) of common octavo sized paper, and will be published semi-monthly, at 50 cents per annum, or 10 copies for \$4.50 if sent to one address.

"*The Universalist Quarterly and General Review*"—commences the volume with next month. We hope all our laymen who can spare two dollars, for real, solid, useful reading will not wait for our promised further notice of this excellent work; (for we have not time and room to give it in season;) but will send off to A. Tompkins forthwith, and review the work for themselves.

"*The Universalist Union*," (the octavo form of,) and "*The Christian Messenger*" (folio) commenced new volumes several weeks ago, and have not yet been noticed by us! The oversight was not intentional, however. This is an excellent paper—well filled with useful and interesting matter—and ably edited by Mrs. P. Price, T. J. Sawyer, C. F. Lefevre, and Mrs. C. M. Sawyer—the latter edits the Youth's Department. It is published by C. L. Stickney, Proprietor—weekly—at \$2. per annum for the Messenger, and \$2.50 for the Union form—Cash, of course; for the custom of giving credit, for newspapers, gave Br. Price, its former proprietor, some ten thousand dollars of uncollectable accounts for all he was worth in the world, and nearly shipwrecked the paper. He still has some interest in the paper, so that he can be helped, by those who wish to do so, by taking the paper he edits.

### DEBTORS TO GROSH AND HUTCHINSON.

One-half the amount you owe, if paid as you should do, would enable me to pay every cent I owe, legally or morally, and leave a little to compensate me in part for what we have suffered by your delinquency. Some borrowed money which we owe, and for which we ask no release from our creditors, must be paid out of what you owe us, or from our future toil. Will you not pay us, and so release us at least from these debts, which bear heavily on my mind? Consider the case well—and send in the money to Grosh and Walker who hold our books, and are authorized to receive the money, and receipt it.

"Will not agents who can, use their influence to get us a little of the much that is owing us? This is probably my last appeal to you. A. B. Grosh.

P. S. Persons who owe me *individually*, will see that I have use for my money. Will they not pay me soon? I want to pay my debts as soon and as fast as I can.























